

The Waverley Novels by
Sir Walter Scott

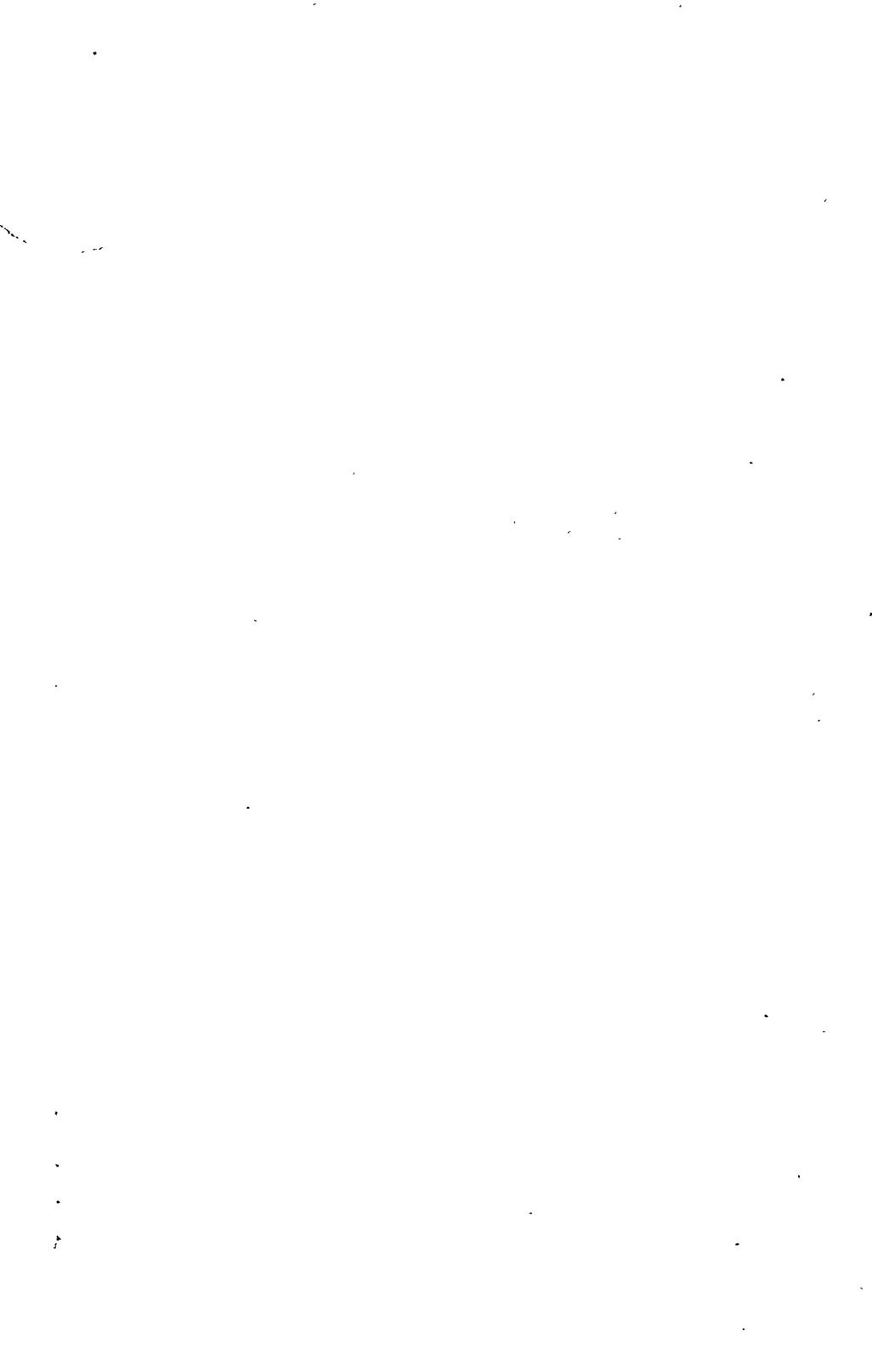
Peveril of the Peak
The Antiquary



THE KELMSCOTT SOCIETY
PUBLISHERS : : NEW YORK

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK

'If my readers should at any time remark that I am particularly dull, they may be assured there is a design under it.'—*British Essayist*.



INTRODUCTION TO PEVERIL OF THE PEAK

IF I had valued my own reputation, as it is said I ought in prudence to have done, I might have now drawn a line, and remained for life, or (who knows?) perhaps for some years after death, the 'ingenious author of *Waverley*.' I was not, however, more desirous of this sort of immortality, which might have lasted some twenty or thirty years, than Falstaff of the embowelling which was promised him after the field of Shrewsbury, by his patron the Prince of Wales. 'Embowel'd? If you embowel me to-day, you may powder and eat me to-morrow!'

If my occupation as a romancer were taken from me, I felt I should have at a late hour in life to find me out another; when I could hardly expect to acquire those new tricks which are proverbially said not to be learned by those dogs who are getting old. Besides, I had yet to learn from the public that my intrusions were disagreeable; and while I was endured with some patience, I felt I had all the reputation which I greatly coveted. My memory was well stored, both with historical, local, and traditional notices, and I had become almost as licensed a plague to the public as the well-remembered beggar of the ward, whom men distinguish by their favour, perhaps for no better reason than that they had been in the habit of giving him alms, as a part of the business of their daily promenade. The general fact is undeniable: all men grow old, all men must wear out; but men of ordinary wisdom, however aware of the general fact, are unwilling to admit in their own case any special instances of failure. Indeed, they can hardly be expected themselves to distinguish the effects of the Archbishop of Granada's apoplexy, and are not unwilling to pass over in their composition, as instances of mere carelessness or bad luck, what others may consider as symptoms of mortal decay. I had no choice save that of absolutely laying aside the pen, the use of which at my time of life was become a

habit, or to continue its vagaries, until the public should let me plainly understand they would no more of me -- a hint which I was not unlikely to meet with, and which I was determined to take without waiting for a repetition. This hint, that the reader may plainly understand me, I was determined to take when the publication of a new Waverley novel should not be the subject of some attention in the literary world.¹

An accidental circumstance decided my choice of a subject for the present work. It was now several years since my immediate younger brother, Thomas Scott, already mentioned in these notes,² had resided for two or three seasons in the Isle of Man, and having access to the registers of that singular territory, had copied many of them, which he subjected to my perusal. These papers were put into my hands while my brother had thoughts of making some literary use of them, I do not well remember what; but he never came to any decision on that head, and grew tired of the task of transcription. The papers, I suppose, were lost in the course of a military man's life. The tenor of them, that is, of the most remarkable, remained engraved on the memory of the Author.

The interesting and romantic story of William Christian especially struck my fancy. I found the same individual, as well as his father, particularly noticed in some memorials of the island, preserved by the Earl of Derby, and published in Dr. Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*. This gentleman was the son of Edward, formerly governor of the island; and William himself was afterwards one of its two Dempsters, or supreme judges. Both father and son embraced the party of the islanders, and contested some feudal rights claimed by the Earl of Derby as king of the island. When the earl had suffered death at Bolton-le-Moors, Captain Christian placed himself at the head of the Roundheads, if they might be so called, and found the means of holding communication with a fleet sent by the Parliament. The island was surrendered to the Parliament by the insurgent Manxmen. The high-spirited countess and her son were arrested and cast into prison, where they were long detained, and very indifferently treated. When the restoration took place, the countess, or by title the queen-dowager of the island, seized upon William Dhône, or Fair-haired William, as William Christian was termed, and caused him to be tried and executed, according to the laws of the

¹ [See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vii. pp. 117-126.]

² [See *Waverley*, Introduction, p. xxi.]

island, for having dethroned his liege mistress and imprisoned her and her family. Romancers, and readers of romance, will generally allow that the fate of Christian, and the contrast of his character with that of the high-minded but vindictive Countess of Derby, famous during the civil wars for her valiant defence of Latham House, contained the essence of an interesting tale. I have, however, dwelt little either on the death of William Christian or on the manner in which Charles II. viewed that stretch of feudal power, and the heavy fine which he imposed upon the Derby estates for that stretch of jurisdiction of which the countess had been guilty. Far less have I given any opinion on the justice or guilt of that action, which is to this day judged of by the people of the island as they happen to be connected with the sufferer, or perhaps as they may look back with the eyes of favour upon the Cavaliers or Roundheads of those contentious days. I do not conceive that I have done injury to the memory of this gentleman or any of his descendants in his person; at the same time I have most willingly given his representative an opportunity of stating in this edition of the Novel what he thinks necessary for the vindication of his ancestor, and the reader will find the exposition in the Notices, for which Mr. Christian desires admission.¹ I could do no less, considering the polite and gentlemanlike manner in which he stated feelings concerning his ancestry, to which a Scotsman can hardly be supposed to be indifferent.

In another respect, Mr. Christian with justice complains, that Edward Christian, described in the romance as the brother of the gentleman executed in consequence of the countess's arbitrary act of authority, is portrayed as a wretch of unbounded depravity, having only ingenuity and courage to rescue him from abhorrence, as well as hatred. Any personal allusion was entirely undesigned on the part of the Author. The Edward Christian of the tale is a mere creature of the imagination. Commentators have naturally enough identified him with a brother of William Christian, named Edward, who died in prison after being confined seven or eight years in Peel Castle, in the year 1650. Of him I had no access to know anything; and as I was not aware that such a person had existed, I could hardly be said to have traduced his character. It is sufficient for my justification that there lived at the period of my story a person named Edward Christian, 'with whom connected, or by whom begot,' I am a perfect stranger, but who

¹ See Appendix No. I.

we know to have been engaged in such actions as may imply his having been guilty of anything bad. The fact is, that upon the 25th June 1680, Thomas Blood, the famous crown-stealer, Edward Christian, Arthur O'Brien, and others, were found guilty of being concerned in a conspiracy for taking away the life and character of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham; but that this Edward was the same with the brother of William Christian is impossible, since that brother died in 1650; nor would I have used his christened name of Edward, had I supposed there was a chance of its being connected with any existing family. These genealogical matters are fully illustrated in the notes to the Appendix.

I ought to have mentioned in the former editions of this romance, that Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, represented as a Catholic, was, in fact, a French Protestant. For misrepresenting the noble dame in this manner, I have only Lucio's excuse: 'I spoke according to the trick.' In a story where the greater part is avowedly fiction, the author is at liberty to introduce such variations from actual fact as his plot requires, or which are calculated to enhance it; in which predicament the religion of the Countess of Derby, during the Popish Plot, appeared to fall. If I have over-estimated a romancer's privileges and immunities, I am afraid this is not the only, nor most important, case in which I have done so. To speak big words, the heroic countess has far less grounds for an action of scandal than the memory of Virgil might be liable to for his posthumous scandal of Dido.

The character of Fenella, which, from its peculiarity, made a favourable impression on the public, was far from being original. The fine sketch of Mignon in *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, a celebrated work from the pen of Goethe, gave the idea of such a being. But the copy will be found greatly different from my great prototype; nor can I be accused of borrowing anything, save the general idea, from an author, the honour of his own country and an example to the authors of other kingdoms, to whom all must be proud to own an obligation.

Family tradition supplied me with two circumstances, which are somewhat analogous to that in question. The first is an account of a lawsuit, taken from a Scottish report of adjudged cases, quoted in Note 16, p. 601. The other — of which the editor has no reason to doubt, having often heard it from those who were witnesses of the fact — relates to the power of a

female in keeping a secret, sarcastically said to be impossible, even when that secret refers to the exercise of her tongue.

In the middle of the 18th century, a female wanderer came to the door of Mr. Robert Scott, grandfather of the present author, an opulent farmer in Roxburghshire, and made signs that she desired shelter for the night, which, according to the custom of the times, was readily granted. The next day the country was covered with snow, and the departure of the wanderer was rendered impossible. She remained for many days, her maintenance adding little to the expense of a considerable household; and by the time that the weather grew milder, she had learned to hold intercourse by signs with the household around her, and could intimate to them that she was desirous of staying where she was, and working at the wheel and other employment, to compensate for her food. This was a compact not unfrequent at that time, and the dumb woman entered upon her thrift, and proved a useful member of the patriarchal household. She was a good spinner, knitter, carder, and so forth, but her excellence lay in attending to the feeding and bringing up the domestic poultry. Her mode of whistling to call them together was so peculiarly elfish and shrill, that it was thought by those who heard it more like that of a fairy than a human being.

In this manner she lived three or four years, nor was there the slightest idea entertained in the family that she was other than the mute and deprived person she had always appeared. But in a moment of surprise she dropped the mask which she had worn so long.

It chanced upon a Sunday that the whole inhabitants of the household were at church excepting Dumb Lizzie, whose infirmity was supposed to render her incapable of profiting by divine service, and who therefore stayed at home to take charge of the house. It happened that, as she was sitting in the kitchen, a mischievous shepherd-boy, instead of looking after his flock on the lea, as was his duty, slunk into the house to see what he could pick up, or perhaps out of mere curiosity. Being tempted by something which was in his eyes a nicety, he put forth his hand unseen, as he conceived, to appropriate it. The dumb woman came suddenly upon him, and in the surprise forgot her part, and exclaimed, in loud Scotch and with distinct articulation, 'Ah, you little deevil's limb!' The boy, terrified more by the character of the person who rebuked him than by the mere circumstance of having been taken in

the insignificant offence, fled in great dismay to the church, to carry the miraculous news that the dumb woman had found her tongue.

The family returned home in great surprise, but found that their inmate had relapsed into her usual mute condition, would communicate with them only by signs, and in that manner denied positively what the boy affirmed.

From this time confidence was broken betwixt the other inmates of the family and their dumb, or rather silent, guest. Traps were laid for the supposed impostor, all of which she skilfully eluded; firearms were often suddenly discharged near her, but never on such occasions was she seen to start. It seems probable, however, that Lizzie grew tired of all this mistrust, for she one morning disappeared as she came, without any ceremony of leave-taking.

She was seen, it is said, upon the other side of the English Border, in perfect possession of her speech. Whether this was exactly the case or not, my informers were no way anxious in inquiring, nor am I able to authenticate the fact. The shepherd-boy lived to be a man, and always averred that she had spoken distinctly to him. What could be the woman's reason for persevering so long in a disguise as unnecessary as it was severe could never be guessed, and was perhaps the consequence of a certain aberration of the mind. I can only add, that I have every reason to believe the tale to be perfectly authentic, so far as it is here given, and it may serve to parallel the supposed case of Fenella.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st July 1831.

PREFATORY LETTER

FROM

THE REV. DR. DRYASDUST OF YORK

TO

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK,

Residing at Fairy Lodge, near Kennaquhair, N.B.

VERY WORTHY AND DEAR SIR,

TO your last letter I might have answered, with the classic, *Haud equidem invideo, miror magis*. For though my converse, from infancy, has been with things of antiquity, yet I love not ghosts or spectres to be commentators thereon; and truly your account of the conversation you held with our great parent, in the crypt, or most intimate recess, of the publishers at Edinburgh, had upon me much the effect of the apparition of Hector's phantom on the hero of the *Æneid* —

Obstupui, steteruntque comæ.

And, as I said above, I repeat that I wondered at the vision, without envying you the pleasure of seeing our great progenitor. But it seems that he is now permitted to show himself to his family more freely than formerly; or that the old gentleman is turned somewhat garrulous in these latter days; or, in short, not to exhaust your patience with conjectures of the cause, I also have seen the vision of the Author of *Waverley*. I do not mean to take any undue state on myself, when I observe, that this interview was marked with circumstances in some degree more formally complaisant than those which attended your meeting with him in our worthy publisher's; for yours had the appearance of a fortuitous rencontre, whereas mine was

preceded by the communication of a large roll of papers, containing a new history, called *Peveril of the Peak*.

I no sooner found that this manuscript consisted of a narrative, running to the length of perhaps three hundred and thirty pages in each volume, or thereabouts, than it instantly occurred to me from whom this boon came; and having set myself to peruse the written sheets, I began to entertain strong expectations that I might, peradventure, next see the Author himself.

Again, it seems to me a marked circumstance that, whereas an inner apartment of Mr. Constable's shop was thought a place of sufficient solemnity for your audience, our venerable senior was pleased to afford mine in the recesses of my own lodgings, *intra parietes*, as it were, and without the chance of interruption. I must also remark, that the features, form, and dress of the *eidolon*, as you well term the apparition of our parent, seemed to me more precisely distinct than was vouchsafed to you on the former occasion. Of this hereafter; but Heaven forbid I should glory or set up any claim of superiority over the other descendants of our common parent from such decided marks of his preference. *Laus propria sordet*. I am well satisfied that the honour was bestowed not on my person, but my cloth: that the preference did not elevate Jonas Dryasdust over Clutterbuck, but the doctor of divinity over the captain. *Cedant arma togæ*—a maxim never to be forgotten at any time, but especially to be remembered when the soldier is upon half-pay.

But I bethink me that I am keeping you all this while in the porch, and wearying you with long inductions, when you would have me *properare in mediam rem*. As you will, it shall be done; for, as his Grace is wont to say of me wittily, 'No man tells a story so well as Dr. Dryasdust, when he has once got up to the starting-post.' *Jocose hoc*. But to continue.

I had skimmed the cream of the narrative which I had received about a week before, and that with no small cost and pain; for the hand of our parent is become so small and so crabbed that I was obliged to use strong magnifiers. Feeling my eyes a little exhausted towards the close of the second volume, I leaned back in my easy-chair, and began to consider whether several of the objections which have been particularly urged against our father and patron might not be considered as applying, in an especial manner, to the papers I had just perused. 'Here are figments enough,' said I to myself, 'to

confuse the march of a whole history — anachronisms enough to overset all chronology ! 'The old gentleman hath broken all bounds : *abiit, evasit, erupit.*'

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I fell into a fit of musing, which is not uncommon with me after dinner, when I am altogether alone, or have no one with me but my curate. I was awake, however ; for I remembered seeing, in the embers of the fire, a representation of a mitre, with the towers of a cathedral in the background ; moreover, I recollect gazing for a certain time on the comely countenance of Dr. Whiterose, my uncle by the mother's side — the same who is mentioned in *The Heart of Midlothian* — whose portrait, graceful in wig and canonicals, hangs above my mantelpiece. Farther, I remember marking the flowers in the frame of carved oak, and casting my eye on the pistols which hang beneath, being the firearms with which, in the eventful year 1746, my uncle meant to have espoused the cause of Prince Charles Edward ; for, indeed, so little did he esteem personal safety in comparison of steady High Church principle, that he waited but the news of the Adventurer's reaching London to hasten to join his standard.

Such a doze as I then enjoyed, I find compatible with indulging the best and deepest cogitations which at any time arise in my mind. I chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, in a state betwixt sleeping and waking, which I consider as so highly favourable to philosophy, that I have no doubt some of its most distinguished systems have been composed under its influence. My servant is, therefore, instructed to tread as if upon down ; my door-hinges are carefully oiled, and all appliances used to prevent me from being prematurely and harshly called back to the broad waking-day of a laborious world. My custom, in this particular, is so well known, that the very schoolboys cross the alley on tiptoe, betwixt the hours of four and five. My cell is the very dwelling of Morpheus. There is indeed a bawling knave of a broom-man, *quem ego* — But this is matter for the quarter-sessions.

As my head sunk back upon the easy-chair in the philosophical mood which I have just described, and the eyes of my body began to close, in order, doubtless, that those of my understanding might be the more widely opened, I was startled by a knock at the door, of a kind more authoritatively boisterous than is given at that hour by any visitor acquainted with my habits. I started up in my seat, and heard the step of my servant hurrying along the passage, followed by a very heavy

and measured pace, which shook the long oak-floored gallery in such a manner as forcibly to arrest my attention. 'A stranger, sir, just arrived from Edinburgh by the north mail, desires to speak with your reverence.' Such were the words with which Jacob threw the door to the wall; and the startled tone in which he pronounced them, although there was nothing particular in the annunciation itself, prepared me for the approach of a visitor of uncommon dignity and importance.

The Author of *Waverley* entered, a bulky and tall man, in a travelling great-coat, which covered a suit of snuff-brown, cut in imitation of that worn by the great Rambler.¹ His flapped hat — for he disdained the modern frivolities of a travelling-cap — was bound over his head with a large silk handkerchief, so as to protect his ears from cold at once and from the babble of his pleasant companions in the public coach from which he had just alighted. There was somewhat of a sarcastic shrewdness and sense which sat on the heavy penthouse of his shaggy grey eyebrow; his features were in other respects largely shaped, and rather heavy than promising wit or genius; but he had a notable projection of the nose, similar to that line of the Latin poet —

Immodicum surgit pro cuspidē rostrum.

A stout walking-stick stayed his hand; a double Barcelona protected his neck; his belly was something prominent, 'but that's not much'; his breeches were substantial thick-set; and a pair of top-boots, which were slipped down to ease his sturdy calves, did not conceal his comfortable travelling stockings of lamb's wool, wrought, not on the loom, but on wires, and after the venerable ancient fashion known in Scotland by the name of 'ridge-and-furrow.' His age seemed to be considerably above fifty, but could not amount to threescore, which I observed with pleasure, trusting there may be a good deal of work had out of him yet; especially as a general haleness of appearance — the compass and strength of his voice, the steadiness of his step, the rotundity of his calf, the depth of his 'hem,' and the sonorous emphasis of his sneeze, were all signs of a constitution built for permanence.

It struck me forcibly, as I gazed on this portly person, that he realised, in my imagination, the Stout Gentleman in No. II., who afforded such subject of varying speculation to our most amusing and elegant Utopian traveller, Master Geoffrey Crayon.

¹ Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of *The Rambler* (Laing).

Indeed, but for one little trait in the conduct of the said Stout Gentleman — I mean the gallantry towards his landlady, a thing which would greatly derogate from our senior's character — I should be disposed to conclude that Master Crayon had, on that memorable occasion, actually passed his time in the vicinity of the Author of *Waverley*. But our worthy patriarch, be it spoken to his praise, far from cultivating the society of the fair sex, seems, in avoiding the company of womankind, rather to imitate the humour of our friend and relation, Master Jonathan Oldbuck, as I was led to conjecture, from a circumstance which occurred immediately after his entrance.

Having acknowledged his presence with fitting thanks and gratulations, I proposed to my venerated visitor, as the refreshment best suited to the hour of the day, to summon my cousin and housekeeper, Miss Catharine Whiterose, with the tea-equipage; but he rejected my proposal with disdain worthy of the Laird of Monkbarns. 'No scandal-broth,' he exclaimed — 'no unidea'd woman's chatter for me. Fill the frothed tankard — slice the fatted rump; I desire no society but yours, and no refreshment but what the cask and the gridiron can supply.'

The beefsteak, and toast, and tankard were speedily got ready; and whether an apparition or a bodily presentation, my visitor displayed dexterity as a trencherman which might have attracted the envy of a hungry hunter after a fox-chase of forty miles. Neither did he fail to make some deep and solemn appeals not only to the tankard aforesaid, but to two decanters of London particular Madeira and old port; the first of which I had extracted from its ripening place of deposition within reach of the genial warmth of the oven; the other, from a deep crypt in mine own ancient cellar, which whilom may have held the vintages of the victors of the world, the arch being composed of Roman brick. I could not help admiring and congratulating the old gentleman upon the vigorous appetite which he displayed for the genial cheer of Old England. 'Sir,' was his reply, 'I must eat as an Englishman to qualify myself for taking my place at one of the most select companies of right English spirits which ever girdled in and hewed asunder a mountainous sirloin and a generous plum-pudding.'

I inquired, but with all deference and modesty, whither he was bound, and to what distinguished society he applied a description so general. I shall proceed, in humble imitation of your example, to give the subsequent dialogue in a dramatic form, unless when description becomes necessary.

Author of Waverley. To whom should I apply such a description, save to the only society to whom it can be thoroughly applicable — those unerring judges of old books and old wine — the Roxburgh Club of London? Have you not heard that I have been chosen a member of that society of select bibliomaniacs?¹

Dryasdust. (Rummaging in his pocket.) I did hear something of it from Captain Clutterbuck, who wrote to me — ay, here is his letter — that such a report was current among the Scottish antiquaries, who were much alarmed lest you should be seduced into the heresy of preferring English beef to seven-year-old black-faced mutton, Maraschino to whisky, and turtle-soup to cock-a-leekie; in which case, they must needs renounce you as a lost man. 'But,' adds our friend, looking at the letter, his hand is rather of a military description, better used to handle the sword than the pen — 'our friend is so much upon the *shun*' — the *shun*, I think it is — 'that it must be no light temptation which will withdraw him from his incognito.'

Author. No light temptation, unquestionably; but this is a powerful one, to hob-or-nob with the lords of the literary treasures of Althorpe and Hodnet,² in Madeira negus, brewed by the classical Dibdin; to share those profound debates which stamp accurately on each 'small volume, dark with tarnished gold,' its colour, not of S. S. but of R. R.; to toast the immortal memory of Caxton, Valdarar, Pynson, and the other fathers of that great art which has made all, and each of us, what we are. These, my dear son, are temptations to which you see me now in the act of resigning that quiet chimney-corner of life in which, unknowing and unknown — save by means of the hopeful family to which I have given birth — I proposed to wear out the end of life's evening grey.

So saying, our venerable friend took another emphatic touch of the tankard, as if the very expression had suggested that specific remedy against the evils of life recommended in the celebrated response of Johnson's anchorite —

¹ The Author has pride in recording that he had the honour to be elected a member of this distinguished association, merely as the Author of *Waverley*, without any other designation; and it was an additional inducement to throw off the masque of an anonymous author, that it gives him a right to occupy the vacant chair at that festive board.

² Althorpe, the seat of the Earls Spencer, in the county of Northampton, contains perhaps the most valuable private collection of early printed books either in England or elsewhere. Full justice has been rendered to this library by the Rev. Dr. Dibdin, in his *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, and his *Edes Althorpiana*, forming seven large and handsome volumes, profusely illustrated. Mr. Heber's collection, intended for his seat of Hodnet, in Shropshire, was much less fortunate. The greater portion of his library remained in London, until the entire collection, after his death, was dispersed by auction in the years 1834-1837 (*Laing*).

Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

When he had placed on the table the silver tankard, and fetched a deep sigh to collect the respiration which the long draught had interrupted, I could not help echoing it in a note so pathetically compassionate that he fixed his eyes on me with surprise. 'How is this?' said he, somewhat angrily; 'do you, the creature of my will, grudge me my preferment? Have I dedicated to you and your fellows the best hours of my life for these seven years past; and do you presume to grumble or repine because, in those which are to come, I seek for some enjoyment of life in society so congenial to my pursuits?' I humbled myself before the offended senior, and professed my innocence in all that could possibly give him displeasure. He seemed partly appeased, but still bent on me an eye of suspicion, while he questioned me in the words of old Norton, in the ballad of the *Rising in the North Country*.

Author. What wouldst thou have, Francis Norton?

Thou art my youngest son and heir;
Something lies brooding at thy heart—
Whate'er it be, to me declare.

Dryasdust. Craving, then, your paternal forgiveness for my presumption, I only sighed at the possibility of your venturing yourself amongst a body of critics to whom, in the capacity of skilful antiquaries, the investigation of truth is an especial duty, and who may therefore visit with the more severe censure those aberrations which it is so often your pleasure to make from the path of true history.

Author. I understand you. You mean to say these learned persons will have but little toleration for a romance or a fictitious narrative founded upon history?

Dryasdust. Why, sir, I do rather apprehend that their respect for the foundation will be such that they may be apt to quarrel with the inconsistent nature of the superstructure; just as every classical traveller pours forth expressions of sorrow and indignation when, in travelling through Greece, he chances to see a Turkish kiosk rising on the ruins of an ancient temple.

Author. But since we cannot rebuild the temple, a kiosk may be a pretty thing, may it not? Not quite correct in architecture, strictly and classically criticised; but presenting something uncommon to the eye, and something fantastic to the imagination, on which the spectator gazes with pleasure of the same description which arises from the perusal of an Eastern tale.

Dryasdust. I am unable to dispute with you in metaphor, sir ; but I must say, in discharge of my conscience, that you stand much censured for adulterating the pure sources of historical knowledge. You approach them, men say, like the drunken yeoman who, once upon a time, polluted the crystal spring which supplied the thirst of his family, with a score of sugar loaves and a hogshead of rum ; and thereby converted a simple and wholesome beverage into a stupifying, brutifying, and intoxicating fluid, sweeter, indeed, to the taste than the natural lymph, but, for that very reason, more seductively dangerous.

Author. I allow your metaphor, doctor ; but yet, though good punch cannot supply the want of spring water, it is, when modestly used, no *malum in se* ; and I should have thought it a shabby thing of the parson of the parish had he helped to drink out the well on Saturday night and preached against the honest, hospitable yeoman on Sunday morning. I should have answered him that the very flavour of the liquor should have put him at once upon his guard ; and that, if he had taken a drop over much, he ought to blame his own imprudence more than the hospitality of his entertainer.

Dryasdust. I profess I do not exactly see how this applies.

Author. No ; you are one of those numerous disputants who will never follow their metaphor a step farther than it goes their own way. I will explain. A poor fellow, like myself, weary with ransacking his own barren and bounded imagination, looks out for some general subject in the huge and boundless field of history, which holds forth examples of every kind ; lights on some personage, or some combination of circumstances, or some striking trait of manners, which he thinks may be advantageously used as the basis of a fictitious narrative ; bedizens it with such colouring as his skill suggests, ornaments it with such romantic circumstances as may heighten the general effect, invests it with such shades of character as will best contrast with each other, and thinks, perhaps, he has done some service to the public, if he can present to them a lively fictitious picture, for which the original anecdote or circumstance which he made free to press into his service only furnished a slight sketch. Now I cannot perceive any harm in this. The stores of history are accessible to every one, and are no more exhausted or impoverished by the hints thus borrowed from them than the fountain is drained by the water which we subtract for domestic purposes. And in reply to

the sober charge of falsehood against a narrative announced positively to be fictitious, one can only answer by Prior's exclamation —

Odzooks, must one swear to the truth of a song ?

Dryasdust. Nay ; but I fear me that you are here eluding the charge. Men do not seriously accuse you of misrepresenting history ; although I assure you I have seen some grave treatises in which it was thought necessary to contradict your assertions.

Author. That certainly was to point a discharge of artillery against a wreath of morning mist.

Dryasdust. But besides, and especially, it is said that you are in danger of causing history to be neglected, readers being contented with such frothy and superficial knowledge as they acquire from your works, to the effect of inducing them to neglect the severer and more accurate sources of information.

Author. I deny the consequence. On the contrary, I rather hope that I have turned the attention of the public on various points which have received elucidation from writers of more learning and research, in consequence of my novels having attached some interest to them. I might give instances, but I hate vanity — I hate vanity. The history of the divining-rod is well known : it is a slight, valueless twig in itself, but indicates, by its motion, where veins of precious metal are concealed below the earth, which afterwards enrich the adventurers by whom they are laboriously and carefully wrought. I claim no more merit for my historical hints ; but this is something.

Dryasdust. We severer antiquaries, sir, may grant that this is true ; to wit, that your works may occasionally have put men of solid judgment upon researches which they would not perhaps have otherwise thought of undertaking. But this will leave you still accountable for misleading the young, the indolent, and the giddy, by thrusting into their hands works which, while they have so much the appearance of conveying information as may prove perhaps a salve to their consciences for employing their leisure in the perusal, yet leave their giddy brains contented with the crude, uncertain, and often false, statements which your novels abound with.

Author. It would be very unbecoming in me, reverend sir, to accuse a gentleman of your cloth of cant ; but, pray, is there not something like it in the pathos with which you enforce these dangers ? I aver, on the contrary, that, by introducing

the busy and the youthful to 'truths severe in fairy fiction dressed,'¹ I am doing a real service to the more ingenious and the more apt among them; for the love of knowledge wants but a beginning — the least spark will give fire when the train is properly prepared; and having been interested in fictitious adventures, ascribed to an historical period and characters, the reader begins next to be anxious to learn what the facts really were, and how far the novelist has justly represented them.

But even where the mind of the more careless reader remains satisfied with the light perusal he has afforded to a tale of fiction, he will still lay down the book with a degree of knowledge, not perhaps of the most accurate kind, but such as he might not otherwise have acquired. Nor is this limited to minds of a low and incurious description; but, on the contrary, comprehends many persons otherwise of high talents, who, nevertheless, either from lack of time or of perseverance, are willing to sit down contented with the slight information which is acquired in such a manner. The great Duke of Marlborough, for example, having quoted in conversation some fact of English history rather inaccurately, was requested to name his authority. 'Shakspeare's historical plays,' answered the conqueror of Blenheim; 'the only English history I ever read in my life.' And a hasty recollection will convince any of us how much better we are acquainted with those parts of English history which that immortal bard has dramatised than with any other portion of British story.

Dryasdust. And you, worthy sir, are ambitious to render a similar service to posterity?

Author. May the saints forefend I should be guilty of such unfounded vanity! I only show what has been done when there were giants in the land. We pigmies of the present day may at least, however, do something; and it is well to keep a pattern before our eyes, though that pattern be inimitable.

Dryasdust. Well, sir, with me you must have your own course; and for reasons well known to you it is impossible for me to reply to you in argument. But I doubt if all you have said will reconcile the public to the anachronisms of your present volumes. Here you have a Countess of Derby fetched out of her cold grave and saddled with a set of adventures

¹ The doctor has denied the Author's title to shelter himself under this quotation; but the Author continues to think himself entitled to all the shelter which, threadbare as it is, it may yet be able to afford him. The truth severe applies not to the narrative itself, but to the moral it conveys. In which the Author has not been thought deficient. The 'fairy fiction' is the conduct of the story which the tale is invented to elucidate.

dated twenty years after her death, besides being given up as a Catholic, when she was in fact a zealous Huguenot.

Author. She may sue me for damages, as in the case *Dido versus Virgil*.

Dryasdust. A worse fault is, that your manners are even more incorrect than usual. Your Puritan is faintly traced in comparison to your Cameronian.

Author. I agree to the charge; but although I still consider hypocrisy and enthusiasm as fit food for ridicule and satire, yet I am sensible of the difficulty of holding fanaticism up to laughter or abhorrence without using colouring which may give offence to the sincerely worthy and religious. Many things are lawful which, we are taught, are not convenient; and there are many tones of feeling which are too respectable to be insulted, though we do not altogether sympathise with them.

Dryasdust. Not to mention, my worthy sir, that perhaps you may think the subject exhausted.

Author. The devil take the men of this generation for putting the worst construction on their neighbour's conduct!

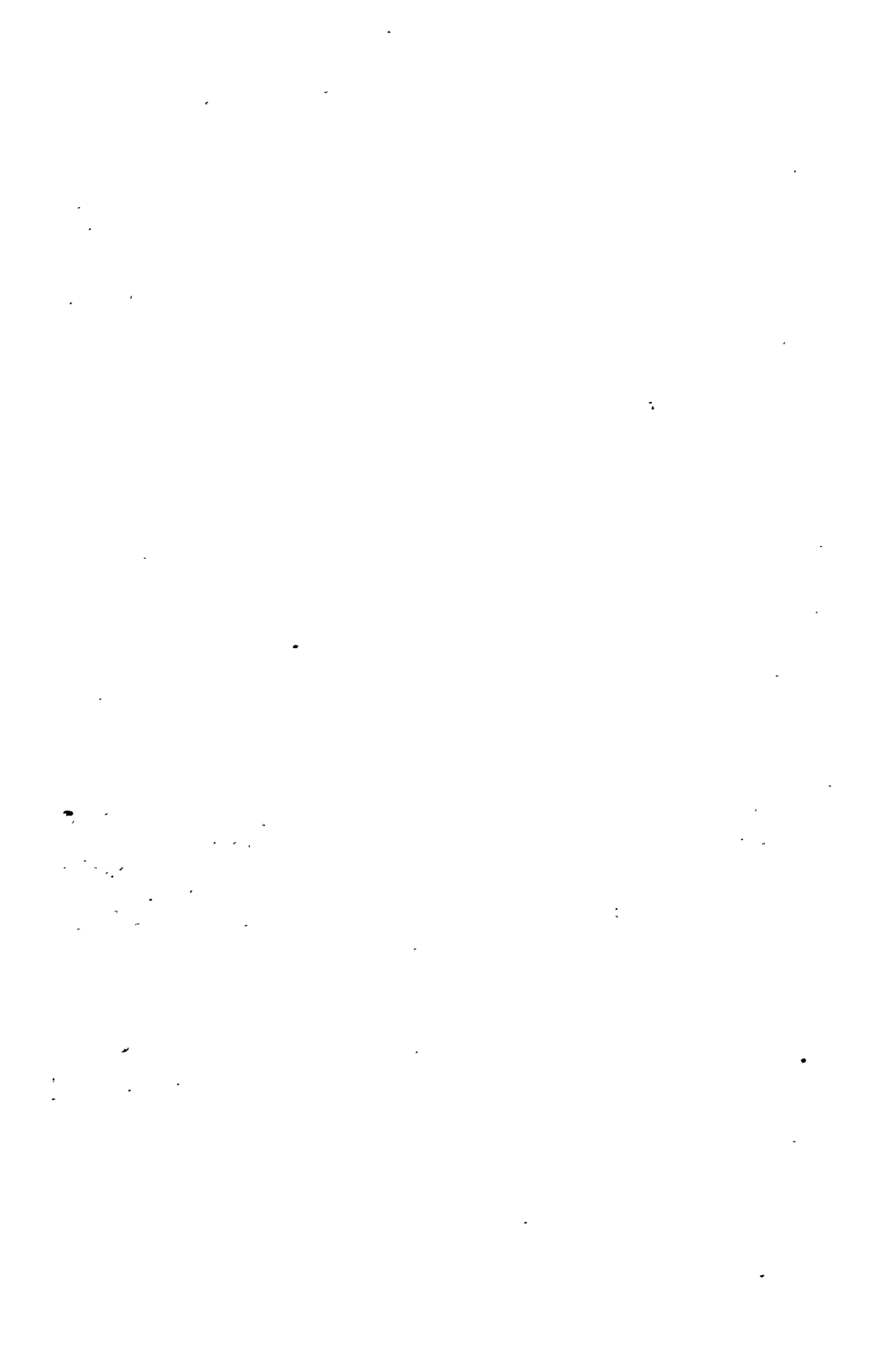
So saying, and flinging a testy sort of adieu towards me with his hand, he opened the door and ran hastily downstairs. I started on my feet and rang for my servant, who instantly came. I demanded what had become of the stranger. He denied that any such had been admitted. I pointed to the empty decanters, and he—he—he had the assurance to intimate that such vacancies were sometimes made when I had no better company than my own. I do not know what to make of this doubtful matter, but will certainly imitate your example in placing this dialogue, with my present letter, at the head of *Peveril of the Peak*.

I am, Dear Sir, very much,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

JONAS DRYASDUST.

Michaelmas Day, 1822,
YORK.



PEVERIL OF THE PEAK

CHAPTER I

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When foul words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folk together by the ears.

BUTLER.

WILLIAM, the Conqueror of England, was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William Peveril, who attended him to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself. The liberal-minded monarch, who assumed in his charters the veritable title of Gulielmus Bastardus, was not likely to let his son's illegitimacy be any bar to the course of his royal favour, when the laws of England were issued from the mouth of the Norman victor, and the lands of the Saxons were at his unlimited disposal. William Peveril obtained a liberal grant of property and lordships in Derbyshire, and became the erector of that Gothic fortress which, hanging over the mouth of the Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, gives the name of Castleton to the adjacent village.

From this feudal baron, who chose his nest upon the principles on which an eagle selects her eyrie, and built it in such a fashion as if he had intended it, as an Irishman said of the Martello towers, for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity, there was, or conceived themselves to be, descended (for their pedigree was rather hypothetical) an opulent family of knightly rank, in the same county of Derby. The great fief of Castleton, with its adjacent wastes and forests, and all the wonders which they contain, had been forfeited in King John's stormy days by one William Peveril, and had been granted anew to the Lord Ferrers of that day. Yet this William's descendants, though no longer possessed of what they alleged to have been

their original property, were long distinguished by the proud title of Peverils of the Peak, which served to mark their high descent and lofty pretensions.

In Charles the Second's time, the representative of this ancient family was Sir Geoffrey Peveril, a man who had many of the ordinary attributes of an old-fashioned country gentleman, and very few individual traits to distinguish him from the general portrait of that worthy class of mankind. He was proud of small advantages, angry at small disappointments, incapable of forming any resolution or opinion abstracted from his own prejudices; he was proud of his birth, lavish in his housekeeping, convivial with those kindred and acquaintances who would allow his superiority in rank; contentious and quarrelsome with all that crossed his pretensions; kind to the poor, except when they plundered his game; a Royalist in his political opinions, and one who detested alike a Roundhead, a poacher, and a Presbyterian. In religion, Sir Geoffrey was a High Churchman of so exalted a strain that many thought he still nourished in private the Roman Catholic tenets, which his family had only renounced in his father's time, and that he had a dispensation for conforming in outward observances to the Protestant faith. There was at least such a scandal amongst the Puritans, and the influence which Sir Geoffrey Peveril certainly appeared to possess amongst the Catholic gentlemen of Derbyshire and Cheshire seemed to give countenance to the rumour.

Such was Sir Geoffrey, who might have passed to his grave without farther distinction than a brass plate in the chancel, had he not lived in times which forced the most inactive spirits into exertion, as a tempest influences the sluggish waters of the deadest meer. When the Civil Wars broke out, Peveril of the Peak, proud from pedigree and brave by constitution, raised a regiment for the King, and showed upon several occasions more capacity for command than men had heretofore given him credit for.

Even in the midst of the civil turmoil, he fell in love with, and married, a beautiful and amiable young lady of the noble house of Stanley; and from that time had the more merit in his loyalty, as it divorced him from her society, unless at very brief intervals, when his duty permitted an occasional visit to his home. Scorning to be allured from his military duty by domestic inducements, Peveril of the Peak fought on for several rough years of civil war, and performed his part with

sufficient gallantry, until his regiment was surprised and cut to pieces by Poyntz, Cromwell's enterprising and successful general of cavalry. The defeated Cavalier escaped from the field of battle, and, like a true descendant of William the Conqueror, disdaining submission, threw himself into his own castellated mansion, which was attacked and defended in a siege of that irregular kind which caused the destruction of so many baronial residences during the course of those unhappy wars. Martindale Castle, after having suffered severely from the cannon which Cromwell himself brought against it, was at length surrendered when in the last extremity. Sir Geoffrey himself became a prisoner, and while his liberty was only restored upon a promise of remaining a peaceful subject to the Commonwealth in future, his former delinquencies, as they were termed by the ruling party, were severely punished by fine and sequestration.

But neither his forced promise nor the fear of farther unpleasant consequences to his person or property could prevent Peveril of the Peak from joining the gallant Earl of Derby the night before the fatal engagement in Wiggan Lane, where the earl's forces were dispersed. Sir Geoffrey, having had his share in that action, escaped with the relics of the Royalists after the defeat, to join Charles II. He witnessed also the final defeat of Worcester, where he was a second time made prisoner; and as, in the opinion of Cromwell and the language of the times, he was regarded as an obstinate Malignant, he was in great danger of having shared with the Earl of Derby his execution at Bolton-le-Moors, having partaken with him the dangers of two actions. But Sir Geoffrey's life was preserved by the interest of a friend, who possessed influence in the councils of Oliver. This was a Mr. Bridgenorth, a gentleman of middling quality, whose father had been successful in some commercial adventure during the peaceful reign of James I.; and who had bequeathed his son a considerable sum of money, in addition to the moderate patrimony which he inherited from his father.

The substantial, though small-sized, brick building of Moul-trassie Hall was but two miles distant from Martindale Castle, and the young Bridgenorth attended the same school with the heir of the Peverils. A sort of companionship, if not intimacy, took place betwixt them, which continued during their youthful sports—the rather that Bridgenorth, though he did not at heart admit Sir Geoffrey's claims of superiority to the extent which the other's vanity would have exacted, paid deference in



CASTLETON.
From a recent photograph.

for his estate on easier terms than many who had been less obstinate in malignancy; and finally, when, in order to raise the money to pay the composition, the knight was obliged to sell a considerable portion of his patrimony, Major Bridgenorth became the purchaser, and that at a larger price than had been paid to any Cavalier under such circumstances by a member of the Committee for Sequestrations. It is true, the prudent committeeman did not, by any means, lose sight of his own interest in the transaction, for the price was, after all, very moderate, and the property lay adjacent to Moultrassie Hall, the value of which was at least trebled by the acquisition. But then it was also true that the unfortunate owner must have submitted to much worse conditions had the committeeman used, as others did, the full advantages which his situation gave him; and Bridgenorth took credit to himself, and received it from others, for having, on this occasion, fairly sacrificed his interest to his liberality.

Sir Geoffrey Peveril was of the same opinion, and the rather that Mr. Bridgenorth seemed to bear his exultation with great moderation, and was disposed to show him personally the same deference in his present sunshine of prosperity which he had exhibited formerly in their early acquaintance. It is but justice to Major Bridgenorth to observe that in this conduct he paid respect as much to the misfortunes as to the pretensions of his far-descended neighbour, and that, with the frank generosity of a blunt Englishman, he conceded points of ceremony, about which he himself was indifferent, merely because he saw that his doing so gave pleasure to Sir Geoffrey.

Peveril of the Peak did justice to his neighbour's delicacy, in consideration of which he forgot many things. He forgot that Major Bridgenorth was already in possession of a fair third of his estate, and had various pecuniary claims affecting the remainder to the extent of one-third more. He endeavoured even to forget what it was still more difficult not to remember, the altered situation in which they and their mansions now stood to each other.

Before the Civil War, the superb battlements and turrets of Martindale Castle looked down on the red brick-built hall, as it stole out from the green plantations, just as an oak in Martindale Chase would have looked beside one of the stunted and formal young beech-trees with which Bridgenorth had graced his avenue; but after the siege which we have commemorated the enlarged and augmented hall was as much predominant in

the landscape over the shattered and blackened ruins of the castle, of which only one wing was left habitable, as the youthful beech, in all its vigour of shoot and bud, would appear to the same aged oak stripped of its boughs and rifted by lightning, one half laid in shivers on the ground, and the other remaining a blackened and ungraceful trunk, rent and splintered, and without either life or leaves. Sir Geoffrey could not but feel that the situation and prospects of the two neighbours were exchanged as disadvantageously for himself as the appearance of their mansions; and that, though the authority of the man in office under the Parliament, the sequestrator and the committeeman, had been only exerted for the protection of the Cavalier and the Malignant, they would have been as effectual if applied to procure his utter ruin, and that he was become a client while his neighbour was elevated into a patron.

There were two considerations, besides the necessity of the case and the constant advice of his lady, which enabled Peveril of the Peak to endure, with some patience, this state of degradation. The first was, that the politics of Major Bridgenorth began, on many points, to assimilate themselves to his own. As a Presbyterian, he was not an utter enemy to monarchy, and had been considerably shocked at the unexpected trial and execution of the King; as a civilian and a man of property, he feared the domination of the military; and though he wished not to see Charles restored by force of arms, yet he arrived at the conclusion that to bring back the heir of the royal family, on such terms of composition as might ensure the protection of those popular immunities and privileges for which the Long Parliament had at first contended, would be the surest and most desirable termination to the mutations in state affairs which had agitated Britain. Indeed, the major's ideas on this point approached so nearly those of his neighbour that he had wellnigh suffered Sir Geoffrey, who had a finger in almost all the conspiracies of the Royalists, to involve him in the unfortunate rising of Penruddock and Groves in the west, in which many of the Presbyterian interest, as well as the Cavalier party, were engaged. And though his habitual prudence eventually kept him out of this and other dangers, Major Bridgenorth was considered, during the last years of Cromwell's domination and the interregnum which succeeded, as a disaffected person to the Commonwealth and a favourer of Charles Stuart.

But, besides this approximation to the same political opinions, another bond of intimacy united the families of the castle and

the hall. Major Bridgenorth, fortunate, and eminently so, in all his worldly transactions, was visited by severe and reiterated misfortunes in his family, and became, in this particular, an object of compassion to his poorer and more decayed neighbour. Betwixt the breaking out of the Civil War and the Restoration, he lost successively a family of no less than six children, apparently through a delicacy of constitution, which cut off the little prattlers at the early age when they most wind themselves around the heart of the parents.

In the beginning of the year 1658, Major Bridgenorth was childless; ere it ended, he had a daughter, indeed, but her birth was purchased by the death of an affectionate wife, whose constitution had been exhausted by maternal grief, and by the anxious and harrowing reflection that from her the children they had lost derived that delicacy of health which proved unable to undergo the tear and wear of existence. The same voice which told Bridgenorth that he was father of a living child (it was the friendly voice of Lady Peveril) communicated to him the melancholy intelligence that he was no longer a husband. The feelings of Major Bridgenorth were strong and deep, rather than hasty and vehement; and his grief assumed the form of a sullen stupor, from which neither the friendly remonstrances of Sir Geoffrey, who did not fail to be with his neighbour at this distressing conjuncture, even though he knew he must meet the Presbyterian pastor, nor the ghostly exhortations of this latter person, were able to rouse the unfortunate widower.

At length Lady Peveril, with the ready invention of a female sharpened by the sight of distress and the feelings of sympathy, tried on the sufferer one of those experiments by which grief is often awakened from despondency into tears. She placed in Bridgenorth's arms the infant whose birth had cost him so dear, and conjured him to remember that his Alice was not yet dead, since she survived in the helpless child she had left to his paternal care.

'Take her away — take her away!' said the unhappy man, and they were the first words he had spoken: 'let me not look on her; it is but another blossom that has bloomed to fade, and the tree that bore it will never flourish more!'

He almost threw the child into Lady Peveril's arms, placed his hands before his face, and wept aloud. Lady Peveril did not say 'Be comforted,' but she ventured to promise that the blossom should ripen to fruit.

'Never — never!' said Bridgenorth; 'take the unhappy child

away, and let me only know when I shall wear black for her. Wear black !' he exclaimed, interrupting himself, ' what other colour shall I wear during the remainder of my life ?'

' I will take the child for a season,' said Lady Peveril, ' since the sight of her is so painful to you ; and the little Alice shall share the nursery of our Julian, until it shall be pleasure and not pain for you to look on her.'

' That hour will never come,' said the unhappy father ; ' her doom is written — she will follow the rest — God's will be done. Lady, I thank you — I trust her to your care ; and I thank God that my eye shall not see her dying agonies.'

Without detaining the reader's attention longer on this painful theme, it is enough to say that the Lady Peveril did undertake the duties of a mother to the little orphan ; and perhaps it was owing, in a great measure, to her judicious treatment of the infant that its feeble hold of life was preserved, since the glimmering spark might probably have been altogether smothered, had it, like the major's former children, undergone the over-care and over-nursing of a mother rendered nervously cautious and anxious by so many successive losses. The lady was the more ready to undertake this charge, that she herself had lost two infant children ; and that she attributed the preservation of the third, now a fine healthy child of three years old, to Julian's being subjected to rather a different course of diet and treatment than was then generally practised. She resolved to follow the same regimen with the little orphan which she had observed in the case of her own boy ; and it was equally successful. By a more sparing use of medicine, by a bolder admission of fresh air, by a firm, yet cautious, attention to encourage rather than to supersede the exertions of nature, the puny infant, under the care of an excellent nurse, gradually improved in strength and in liveliness.

Sir Geoffrey, like most men of his frank and good-natured disposition, was naturally fond of children, and so much compassionated the sorrows of his neighbour that he entirely forgot his being a Presbyterian, until it became necessary that the infant should be christened by a teacher of that persuasion.

This was a trying case : the father seemed incapable of giving direction, and that the threshold of Martindale Castle should be violated by the heretical step of a dissenting clergyman was matter of horror to its orthodox owner. He had seen the famous Hugh Peters, with a Bible in one hand and a pistol in the other, ride in triumph through the court-door when Martindale was

surrendered; and the bitterness of that hour had entered like iron into his soul. Yet such was Lady Peveril's influence over the prejudices of her husband, that he was induced to connive at the ceremony taking place in a remote garden-house, which was not properly within the precincts of the castle wall. The lady even dared to be present while the ceremony was performed by the Reverend Master Solsgrace, who had once preached a sermon of three hours' length before the House of Commons, upon a thanksgiving occasion after the relief of Exeter. Sir Geoffrey Peveril took care to be absent the whole day from the castle, and it was only from the great interest which he took in the washing, perfuming, and as it were purification, of the summer-house that it could have been guessed he knew anything of what had taken place in it.

But, whatever prejudices the good knight might entertain against his neighbour's form of religion, they did not in any way influence his feelings towards him as a sufferer under severe affliction. The mode in which he showed his sympathy was rather singular, but exactly suited the character of both, and the terms on which they stood with each other.

Morning after morning the good baronet made Moultrassie Hall the termination of his walk or ride, and said a single word of kindness as he passed. Sometimes he entered the old parlour where the proprietor sat in solitary wretchedness and despondency; but more frequently, for Sir Geoffrey did not pretend to great talents of conversation, he paused on the terrace, and stopping or halting his horse by the latticed window, said aloud to the melancholy inmate, 'How is it with you, Master Bridgenorth? (the knight would never acknowledge his neighbour's military rank of major); I just looked in to bid you keep a good heart, man, and to tell you that Julian is well, and little Alice is well, and all are well at Martindale Castle.'

A deep sigh, sometimes coupled with 'I thank you, Sir Geoffrey; my grateful duty waits on Lady Peveril,' was generally Bridgenorth's only answer. But the news was received on the one part with the kindness which was designed upon the other; it gradually became less painful and more interesting; the lattice window was never closed, nor was the leathern easy-chair, which stood next to it, ever empty, when the usual hour of the baronet's momentary visit approached. At length the expectation of that passing minute became the pivot upon which the thoughts of poor Bridgenorth turned during all the rest of the day. Most men have known the influence of such

brief but ruling moments at some period of their lives. The moment when a lover passes the window of his mistress, the moment when the epicure hears the dinner-bell, is that into which is crowded the whole interest of the day; the hours which precede it are spent in anticipation, the hours which follow in reflection on what has passed; and fancy, dwelling on each brief circumstance, gives to seconds the duration of minutes, to minutes that of hours. Thus, seated in his lonely chair, Bridgenorth could catch at a distance the stately step of Sir Geoffrey, or the heavy tramp of his war-horse, Black Hastings, which had borne him in many an action; he could hear the hum of 'The King shall enjoy his own again,' or the habitual whistle of 'Cuckolds and Roundheads,' die into reverential silence, as the knight approached the mansion of affliction; and then came the strong, hale voice of the huntsman-soldier with its usual greeting.

By degrees the communication became something more protracted, as Major Bridgenorth's grief, like all human feelings, lost its overwhelming violence, and permitted him to attend, in some degree, to what passed around him, to discharge various duties which pressed upon him, and to give a share of attention to the situation of the country, distracted as it was by the contending factions, whose strife only terminated in the Restoration. Still, however, though slowly recovering from the effects of the shock which he had sustained, Major Bridgenorth felt himself as yet unable to make up his mind to the effort necessary to see his infant; and though separated by so short a distance from the being in whose existence he was more interested than in anything the world afforded, he only made himself acquainted with the windows of the apartment where little Alice was lodged; and was often observed to watch them from the terrace, as they brightened in the evening under the influence of the setting sun. In truth, though a strong-minded man in most respects, he was unable to lay aside the gloomy impression that this remaining pledge of affection was soon to be conveyed to that grave which had already devoured all besides that was dear to him; and he awaited in miserable suspense the moment when he should hear that symptoms of the fatal malady had begun to show themselves.

The voice of Peveril continued to be that of a comforter, until the month of April 1660, when it suddenly assumed a new and different tone. 'The King shall enjoy his own again,' far from ceasing, as the hasty tread of Black Hastings came up

the avenue, bore burden to the clatter of his hoofs on the paved courtyard, as Sir Geoffrey sprang from his great war-saddle, now once more garnished with pistols of two feet in length, and, armed with steel-cap, back and breast, and a truncheon in his hand, he rushed into the apartment of the astonished major, with his eyes sparkling and his cheek inflamed, while he called out, 'Up!—up, neighbour! No time now to mope in the chimney-corner! Where is your buff-coat and broadsword, man? Take the true side once in your life, and mend past mistakes. The King is all lenity, man—all royal nature and mercy. I will get your full pardon.'

'What means all this?' said Bridgenorth. 'Is all well with you—all well at Martindale Castle, Sir Geoffrey?'

'Well as you could wish them, Alice and Julian and all. But I have news worth twenty of that. Monk has declared at London against those stinking scoundrels the Rump. Fairfax is up in Yorkshire for the King—for the King, man! Churchmen, Presbyterians, and all, are in buff and bandelier for King Charles. I have a letter from Fairfax to secure Derby and Chesterfield, with all the men I can make. D—n him, fine that I should take orders from him! But never mind that! all are friends now, and you and I, good neighbour, will charge abreast, as good neighbours should. See there! read—read—read; and then boot and saddle in an instant.

Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Pray for cavaliers,
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub,
Have at old Beelzebub,
Oliver shakes in his bier!

After thundering forth this elegant effusion of loyal enthusiasm, the sturdy Cavalier's heart became too full. He threw himself on a seat, and exclaiming, 'Did ever I think to live to see this happy day!' he wept, to his own surprise, as much as to that of Bridgenorth.

Upon considering the crisis in which the country was placed, it appeared to Major Bridgenorth, as it had done to Fairfax and other leaders of the Presbyterian party, that their frank embracing of the royal interest was the wisest and most patriotic measure which they could adopt in the circumstances, when all ranks and classes of men were seeking refuge from the uncertainty and varied oppression attending the repeated contests between the factions of Westminster Hall and of Wallingford House. Accordingly, he joined with Sir Geoffrey, with less

enthusiasm indeed, but with equal sincerity, taking such measures as seemed proper to secure their part of the country on the King's behalf, which was done as effectually and peaceably as in other parts of England. The neighbours were both at Chesterfield when news arrived that the King had landed in England; and Sir Geoffrey instantly announced his purpose of waiting upon his Majesty, even before his return to the Castle of Martindale.

'Who knows, neighbour,' he said, 'whether Sir Geoffrey Peveril will ever return to Martindale? Titles must be going amongst them yonder, and I have deserved something among the rest. Lord Peveril would sound well — or stay, Earl of Martindale — no, not of Martindale — Earl of the Peak. Meanwhile, trust your affairs to me — I will see you secured. I would you had been no Presbyterian, neighbour — a knight-hood — I mean a knight-bachelor, not a knight-baronet — would have served your turn well.'

'I leave these things to my betters, Sir Geoffrey,' said the major, 'and desire nothing so earnestly as to find all well at Martindale when I return.'

'You will — you will find them all well,' said the baronet — 'Julian, Alice, Lady Peveril, and all of them. Bear my commendations to them, and kiss them all, neighbour, Lady Peveril and all; you may kiss a countess when I come back: all will go well with you now you are turned honest man.'

'I always meant to be so, Sir Geoffrey,' said Bridgenorth, calmly.

'Well — well — well, no offence meant,' said the knight, 'all is well now; so you to Moultrassie Hall, and I to Whitehall. Said I well, aha? So ho, mine host, a stoup of canary to the King's health ere we get to horse. I forgot, neighbour, you drink no healths.'

'I wish the King's health as sincerely as if I drank a gallon to it,' replied the major; 'and I wish you, Sir Geoffrey, all success on your journey, and a safe return.'

CHAPTER II

Why then, we will have bellowing of beeves,
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of spigots ;
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall be gore
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,
Join'd to the brave heart's-blood of John-a-Barleycorn !

Old Play.

WHATEVER rewards Charles might have condescended to bestow in acknowledgment of the sufferings and loyalty of Peveril of the Peak, he had none in his disposal equal to the pleasure which Providence had reserved for Bridgenorth on his return to Derbyshire. The exertion to which he had been summoned had had the usual effect of restoring to a certain extent the activity and energy of his character, and he felt it would be unbecoming to relapse into the state of lethargic melancholy from which it had roused him. Time also had its usual effect in mitigating the subjects of his regret ; and when he had passed one day at the hall in regretting that he could not expect the indirect news of his daughter's health which Sir Geoffrey used to communicate in his almost daily call, he reflected that it would be in every respect becoming that he should pay a personal visit at Martindale Castle, carry thither the remembrances of the knight to his lady, assure her of his health, and satisfy himself respecting that of his daughter. He armed himself for the worst : he called to recollection the thin cheeks, faded eye, wasted hand, pallid lip, which had marked the decaying health of all his former infants.

'I shall see,' he said, 'these signs of mortality once more : I shall once more see a beloved being to whom I have given birth gliding to the grave which ought to inclose me long before her. No matter ! it is unmanly so long to shrink from that which must be — God's will be done !'

He went accordingly, on the subsequent morning, to Martindale Castle, and gave the lady the welcome assurances of her husband's safety, and of his hopes of preferment.

‘For the first, may Almighty God be praised!’ said the Lady Peveril; ‘and be the other as our gracious and restored sovereign may will it. We are great enough for our means, and have means sufficient for contentment, though not for splendour. And now I see, good Master Bridgenorth, the folly of putting faith in idle presentiments of evil. So often had Sir Geoffrey’s repeated attempts in favour of the Stuarts led him into new misfortunes, that when, the other morning, I saw him once more dressed in his fatal armour, and heard the sound of his trumpet, which had been so long silent, it seemed to me as if I saw his shroud and heard his death-knell. I say this to you, good neighbour, the rather because I fear your own mind has been harassed with anticipations of impending calamity, which it may please God to avert in your case as it has done in mine; and here comes a sight which bears good assurance of it.’

The door of the apartment opened as she spoke, and two lovely children entered. The eldest, Julian Peveril, a fine boy betwixt four and five years old, led in his hand, with an air of dignified support and attention, a little girl of eighteen months, who rolled and tottered along, keeping herself with difficulty upright by the assistance of her elder, stronger, and masculine companion.

Bridgenorth cast a hasty and fearful glance upon the countenance of his daughter, and, even in that glimpse, perceived, with exquisite delight, that his fears were unfounded. He caught her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and the child, though at first alarmed at the vehemence of his caresses, presently, as if prompted by nature, smiled in reply to them. Again he held her at some distance from him, and examined her more attentively; he satisfied himself that the complexion of the young cherub he had in his arms was not the hectic tinge of disease, but the clear hue of ruddy health; and that, though her little frame was slight, it was firm and springy.

‘I did not think that it could have been thus,’ he said, looking to Lady Peveril, who had sat observing the scene with great pleasure; ‘but praise be to God in the first instance, and next, thanks to you, madam, who have been His instrument.’

‘Julian must lose his playfellow now, I suppose?’ said the lady; ‘but the hall is not distant, and I will see my little charge often. Dame Martha, the housekeeper at Moultrassie, has sense, and is careful. I will tell her the rules I have observed with little Alice, and —’

'God forbid my girl should ever come to Moultrassie,' said Major Bridgenorth, hastily; 'it has been the grave of her race. The air of the low grounds suited them not; or there is perhaps a fate connected with the mansion. I will seek for her some other place of abode.'

'That you shall not, under your favour be it spoken, Major Bridgenorth,' answered the lady. 'If you do so, we must suppose that you are undervaluing my qualities as a nurse. If she goes not to her father's house, she shall not quit mine. I will keep the little lady as a pledge of her safety and my own skill; and since you are afraid of the damp of the low grounds, I hope you will come here frequently to visit her.'

This was a proposal which went to the heart of Major Bridgenorth. It was precisely the point which he would have given worlds to arrive at, but which he saw no chance of attaining.

It is too well known that those whose families are long pursued by such a fatal disease as existed in his become, it may be said, superstitious respecting its fatal effects, and ascribe to place, circumstance, and individual care much more perhaps than these can in any case contribute to avert the fatality of constitutional distemper. Lady Peveril was aware that this was peculiarly the impression of her neighbour; that the depression of his spirits, the excess of his care, the feverishness of his apprehensions, the restraint and gloom of the solitude in which he dwelt, were really calculated to produce the evil which most of all he dreaded. She pitied him, she felt for him, she was grateful for former protection received at his hands, she had become interested in the child itself. What female fails to feel such interest in the helpless creature she has tended? And to sum the whole up, the dame had a share of human vanity; and being a sort of Lady Bountiful in her way, for the character was not then confined to the old and the foolish, she was proud of the skill by which she had averted the probable attacks of hereditary malady, so inveterate in the family of Bridgenorth. It needed not, perhaps, in other cases, that so many reasons should be assigned for an act of neighbourly humanity; but civil war had so lately torn the country asunder, and broken all the usual ties of vicinage and good neighbourhood, that it was unusual to see them preserved among persons of different political opinions.

Major Bridgenorth himself felt this; and while the tear of joy in his eye showed how gladly he would accept Lady Peveril's proposal, he could not help stating the obvious incon-

veniences attendant upon her scheme, though it was in the tone of one who would gladly hear them overruled. 'Madam,' he said, 'your kindness makes me the happiest and most thankful of men; but can it be consistent with your own convenience? Sir Geoffrey has his opinions on many points which have differed, and probably do still differ, from mine. He is high-born, and I of middling parentage only. He uses the Church Service, and I the catechism of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster——'

'I hope you will find prescribed in neither of them,' said the Lady Peveril, 'that I may not be a mother to your motherless child. I trust, Master Bridgenorth, the joyful Restoration of his Majesty, a work wrought by the direct hand of Providence, may be the means of closing and healing all civil and religious dissensions among us, and that, instead of showing the superior purity of our faith, by persecuting those who think otherwise from ourselves on doctrinal points, we shall endeavour to show its real Christian tendency, by emulating each other in actions of good-will towards man, as the best way of showing our love to God.'

'Your ladyship speaks what your own kind heart dictates,' answered Bridgenorth, who had his own share of the narrow-mindedness of the time; 'and sure am I, that if all who call themselves loyalists and Cavaliers thought like you—and like my friend Sir Geoffrey (this he added after a moment's pause, being perhaps rather complimentary than sincere), we, who thought it our duty in time past to take arms for freedom of conscience, and against arbitrary power, might now sit down in peace and contentment. But I wot not how it may fall. You have sharp and hot spirits amongst you; I will not say our power was always moderately used, and revenge is sweet to the race of fallen Adam.'

'Come, Master Bridgenorth,' said the Lady Peveril, gaily, 'these evil oménings do but point out conclusions which, unless they were so anticipated, are most unlikely to come to pass. You know what Shakspeare says—

To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit when he did mean no chase.

But I crave your pardon; it is so long since we have met that I forgot you love no play-books.'

'With reverence to your ladyship,' said Bridgenorth, 'I were

much to blame did I need the idle words of a Warwickshire stroller to teach me my grateful duty to your ladyship on this occasion, which appoints me to be directed by you in all things which my conscience will permit.'

'Since you allow me such influence, then,' replied the Lady Peveril, 'I shall be moderate in exercising it, in order that I may, in my domination at least, give you a favourable impression of the new order of things. So; if you will be a subject of mine for one day, neighbour, I am going, at my lord and husband's command, to issue out my warrants to invite the whole neighbourhood to a solemn feast at the castle on Thursday next; and I not only pray you to be personally present yourself, but to prevail on your worthy pastor and such neighbours and friends, high and low, as may think in your own way, to meet with the rest of the neighbourhood, to rejoice on this joyful occasion of the King's Restoration, and thereby to show that we are to be henceforward a united people.'

The Parliamentary major was considerably embarrassed by this proposal. He looked upwards and downwards and around, cast his eye first to the oak-carved ceiling, and anon fixed it upon the floor; then threw it around the room till it lighted on his child, the sight of whom suggested another and a better train of reflections than ceiling and floor had been able to supply.

'Madam,' he said, 'I have long been a stranger to festivity, perhaps from constitutional melancholy, perhaps from the depression which is natural to a desolate and deprived man, in whose ear mirth is marred, like a pleasant air when performed on a mistuned instrument. But though neither my thoughts nor temperament are jovial or mercurial, it becomes me to be grateful to Heaven for the good He has sent me by the means of your ladyship. David, the man after God's own heart, did wash and eat bread when his beloved child was removed; mine is restored to me, and shall I not show gratitude under a blessing, when he showed resignation under an affliction? Madam, I will wait on your gracious invitation with acceptance, and such of my friends with whom I may possess influence, and whose presence your ladyship may desire, shall accompany me to the festivity, that our Israel may be as one people.'

Having spoken these words with an aspect which belonged more to a martyr than to a guest bidden to a festival, and having kissed and solemnly blessed his little girl, Major Bridgenorth took his departure for Moultrassie Hall.

CHAPTER III

Here's neither want of appetite nor mouths ;
Pray Heaven we be not scant of meat or mirth !

Old Play.

EVEN upon ordinary occasions, and where means were ample, a great entertainment in those days was not such a sinecure as in modern times, when the lady who presides has but to intimate to her menials the day and hour when she wills it to take place. At that simple period, the lady was expected to enter deeply into the arrangement and provision of the whole affair ; and from a little gallery, which communicated with her own private apartment, and looked down upon the kitchen, her shrill voice was to be heard, from time to time, like that of the warning spirit in a tempest, rising above the clash of pots and stew-pans, the creaking of spits, the clattering of marrow-bones and cleavers, the scolding of cooks, and all the other various kinds of din which form an accompaniment to dressing a large dinner.

But all this toil and anxiety was more than doubled in the case of the approaching feast at Martindale Castle, where the presiding genius of the festivity was scarce provided with adequate means to carry her hospitable purpose into effect. The tyrannical conduct of husbands, in such cases, is universal ; and I scarce know one householder of my acquaintance who has not, on some ill-omened and most inconvenient season, announced suddenly to his innocent helpmate that he had invited

Some odious Major Rock,
To drop in at six o'clock,

to the great discomposure of the lady, and the discredit, perhaps, of her domestic arrangements.

Peyeril of the Peak was still more thoughtless ; for he had directed his lady to invite the whole honest men of the neighbourhood to make good cheer at Martindale Castle, in honour

of the blessed Restoration of his most sacred Majesty, without precisely explaining where the provisions were to come from. The deer-park had lain waste ever since the siege; the dovecot could do little to furnish forth such an entertainment; the fish-ponds, it is true, were well provided (which the neighbouring Presbyterians noted as a suspicious circumstance), and game was to be had for the shooting upon the extensive heaths and hills of Derbyshire. But these were only the secondary parts of a banquet; and the house-steward and bailiff, Lady Peveril's only coadjutors and counsellors, could not agree how the butcher-meat — the most substantial part, or, as it were, the main body of the entertainment — was to be supplied. The house-steward threatened the sacrifice of a fine yoke of young bullocks, which the bailiff, who pleaded the necessity of their agricultural services, tenaciously resisted; and Lady Peveril's good and dutiful nature did not prevent her from making some impatient reflections on the want of consideration of her absent knight, who had thus thoughtlessly placed her in so embarrassing a situation.

These reflections were scarcely just, if a man is only responsible for such resolutions as he adopts when he is fully master of himself. Sir Geoffrey's loyalty, like that of many persons in his situation, had, by dint of hopes and fears, victories and defeats, struggles and sufferings, all arising out of the same moving cause, and turning, as it were, on the same pivot, acquired the character of an intense and enthusiastic passion; and the singular and surprising change of fortune, by which his highest wishes were not only gratified but far exceeded, occasioned for some time a kind of intoxication of loyal rapture which seemed to pervade the whole kingdom. Sir Geoffrey had seen Charles and his brothers, and had been received by the merry monarch with that graceful, and at the same time frank, urbanity by which he conciliated all who approached him; the knight's services and merits had been fully acknowledged, and recompense had been hinted at, if not expressly promised. Was it for Peveril of the Peak, in the jubilee of his spirits, to consider how his wife was to find beef and mutton to feast his neighbours?

Luckily, however, for the embarrassed lady, there existed some one who had composure of mind sufficient to foresee this difficulty. Just as she had made up her mind, very reluctantly, to become debtor to Major Bridgenorth for the sum necessary to carry her husband's commands into effect, and whilst she was

bitterly regretting this departure from the strictness of her usual economy, the steward, who, by the by, had not been absolutely sober since the news of the King's landing at Dover, burst into the apartment, snapping his fingers, and showing more marks of delight than was quite consistent with the dignity of my lady's large parlour.

'What means this, Whitaker?' said the lady, somewhat peevishly; for she was interrupted in the commencement of a letter to her neighbour on the unpleasant business of the proposed loan. 'Is it to be always thus with you? Are you dreaming?'

'A vision of good omen, I trust,' said the steward, with a triumphant flourish of the hand; 'far better than Pharaoh's, though, like his, it be of fat kine.'

'I prithee be plain, man,' said the lady, 'or fetch some one who can speak to purpose.'

'Why, odds-my-life, madam,' said the steward, 'mine errand can speak for itself. Do you not hear them low? Do you not hear them bleat? A yoke of fat oxen, and half a score prime wethers. The castle is victualled for this bout, let them storm when they will; and Gatherill may have his d—d mains ploughed to the boot.'

The lady, without farther questioning her elated domestic, rose and went to the window, where she certainly beheld the oxen and sheep which had given rise to Whitaker's exultation. 'Whence come they?' said she, in some surprise.

'Let them construe that who can,' answered Whitaker; 'the fellow who drove them was a west-countryman, and only said they came from a friend to help to furnish out your ladyship's entertainment. The man would not stay to drink; I am sorry he would not stay to drink—I crave your ladyship's pardon for not keeping him by the ears to drink; it was not my fault.'

'That I'll be sworn it was not,' said the lady.

'Nay, madam, by G—, I assure you it was not,' said the zealous steward; 'for, rather than the castle should lose credit, I drank his health myself in double ale, though I had had my morning draught already. I tell you the naked truth, my lady, by G—!'

'It was no great compulsion, I suppose,' said the lady; 'but, Whitaker, suppose you should show your joy on such occasions by drinking and swearing a little less, rather than a little more, would it not be as well, think you?'

'I crave your ladyship's pardon,' said Whitaker, with much

reverence; 'I hope I know my place. I am your ladyship's poor servant; and I know it does not become me to drink and swear like your ladyship — that is, like his honour, Sir Geoffrey, I would say. But I pray you, if I am not to drink and swear after my degree, how are men to know Peveril of the Peak's steward — and I may say butler too, since I have had the keys of the cellar ever since old Spigots was shot dead on the north-west turret, with a black-jack in his hand — I say, how is an old Cavalier like me to be known from those cuckoldy Round-heads that do nothing but fast and pray, if we are not to drink; and swear according to our degree?'

The lady was silent, for she well knew speech availed nothing; and, after a moment's pause, proceeded to intimate to the steward that she would have the persons whose names were marked in a written paper, which she delivered to him, invited to the approaching banquet.

Whitaker, instead of receiving the list with the mute acquiescence of a modern major-domo, carried it into the recess of one of the windows, and, adjusting his spectacles, began to read it to himself. The first names, being those of distinguished Cavalier families in the neighbourhood, he muttered over in a tone of approbation — paused and pshawed at that of Bridgenorth — yet acquiesced, with the observation, 'But he is a good neighbour, so it may pass for once.' But when he read the name and surname of Nehemiah Solsgrace, the Presbyterian parson, Whitaker's patience altogether forsook him; and he declared he would as soon throw himself into Eldon Hole as consent that the intrusive old Puritan howlet, who had usurped the pulpit of a sound orthodox divine, should ever darken the gates of Martindale Castle by any message or mediation of his. 'The false, crop-eared hypocrites,' cried he, with a hearty oath, 'have had their turn of the good weather. The sun is on our side of the hedge now, and we will pay off old scores, as sure as my name is Richard Whitaker!'

'You presume on your long services, Whitaker, and on your master's absence, or you had not dared to use me thus,' said the lady.

The unwonted agitation of her voice attracted the attention of the refractory steward, notwithstanding his present state of elevation; but he no sooner saw that her eye glistened and her cheek reddened than his obstinacy was at once subdued.

'A murrain on me,' he said, 'but I have made my lady angry in good earnest! and that is an unwonted sight for to see. I

crave your pardon, my lady ! It was not poor Dick Whitaker disputed your honourable commands, but only that second draught of double ale. We have put a double stroke of malt to it, as your ladyship well knows, ever since the happy Restoration. To be sure, I hate a fanatic as I do the cloven foot of Satan ; but then your honourable ladyship hath a right to invite Satan himself, cloven foot and all, to Martindale Castle ; and to send me to hell's gate with a billet of invitation — and so your will shall be done.'

The invitations were sent round accordingly, in all due form ; and one of the bullocks was sent down to be roasted whole at the market-place of a little village called Martindale-Moultrassie, which stood considerably to the eastward both of the castle and hall, from which it took its double name, at about an equal distance from both ; so that, suppose a line drawn from the one manor-house to the other to be the base of a triangle, the village would have occupied the salient angle. As the said village, since the late transference of a part of Peveril's property, belonged to Sir Geoffrey and to Bridgenorth in nearly equal portions, the lady judged it not proper to dispute the right of the latter to add some hogsheads of beer to the popular festivity.

In the meanwhile, she could not but suspect the major of being the unknown friend who had relieved her from the dilemma arising from the want of provisions ; and she esteemed herself happy when a visit from him, on the day preceding the proposed entertainment, gave her, as she thought, an opportunity of expressing her gratitude.

CHAPTER IV

No, sir, I will not pledge ; I'm one of those
Who think good wine needs neither bush nor preface
To make it welcome. If you doubt my word,
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will choke on 't.

Old Play.

THERE was a serious gravity of expression in the disclamation with which Major Bridgenorth replied to the thanks tendered to him by Lady Peveril for the supply of provisions which had reached her castle so opportunely. He seemed first not to be aware what she alluded to ; and when she explained the circumstance, he protested so seriously that he had no share in the benefit conferred that Lady Peveril was compelled to believe him ; the rather that, being a man of a plain downright character, affecting no refined delicacy of sentiment, and practising almost a Quaker-like sincerity of expression, it would have been much contrary to his general character to have made such a disavowal, unless it were founded in truth.

‘My present visit to you, madam,’ said he, ‘had indeed some reference to the festivity of to-morrow.’ Lady Peveril listened, but as her visitor seemed to find some difficulty in expressing himself, she was compelled to ask an explanation. ‘Madam,’ said the major, ‘you are not perhaps entirely ignorant that the more tender-conscienced among us have scruples at certain practices, so general amongst your people at times of rejoicing that you may be said to insist upon them as articles of faith, or at least greatly to resent their omission.’

‘I trust, Master Bridgenorth,’ said the Lady Peveril, not fully comprehending the drift of his discourse, ‘that we shall, as your entertainers, carefully avoid all allusions or reproaches founded on past misunderstanding.’

‘We would expect no less, madam, from your candour and courtesy,’ said Bridgenorth ; ‘but I perceive you do not fully understand me. To be plain, then, I allude to the fashion of

drinking healths, and pledging each other in draughts of strong liquor, which most among us consider as a superfluous and sinful provoking of each other to debauchery, and the excessive use of strong drink; and which, besides, if derived, as learned divines have supposed, from the custom of the blinded pagans, who made libations and invoked idols when they drank, may be justly said to have something in it heathenish, and allied to demon-worship.'

The lady had already hastily considered all the topics which were likely to introduce discord into the proposed festivity; but this very ridiculous, yet fatal, discrepancy betwixt the manners of the parties on convivial occasions had entirely escaped her. She endeavoured to soothe the objecting party, whose brows were knit like one who had fixed an opinion by which he was determined to abide.

'I grant,' she said, 'my good neighbour, that this custom is at least idle, and may be prejudicial if it leads to excess in the use of liquor, which is apt enough to take place without such conversation. But I think, when it hath not this consequence, it is a thing indifferent, affords a unanimous mode of expressing our good wishes to our friends and our loyal duty to our sovereign; and, without meaning to put any force upon the inclination of those who believe otherwise, I cannot see how I can deny my guests and friends the privilege of drinking a health to the King, or to my husband, after the old English fashion.'

'My lady,' said the major, 'if the age of fashion were to command it, Popery is one of the oldest English fashions that I have heard of; but it is our happiness that we are not benighted like our fathers, and therefore we must act according to the light that is in us, and not after their darkness. I had myself the honour to attend the Lord-Keeper Whitelocke, when, at the table of the chamberlain of the kingdom of Sweden, he did positively refuse to pledge the health of his queen, Christina, thereby giving great offence and putting in peril the whole purpose of that voyage; which it is not to be thought so wise a man would have done, but that he held such compliance a thing not merely indifferent, but rather sinful and damnable.'

'With all respect to Whitelocke,' said the Lady Peveril, 'I continue of my own opinion, though, Heaven knows, I am no friend to riot or wassail. I would fain accommodate myself to your scruples, and will discourage all other pledges; but surely

those of the King and of Peveril of the Peak may be permitted ?'

'I dare not,' answered Bridgenorth, 'lay even the ninety-ninth part of a grain of incense upon an altar erected to Satan.'

'How, sir!' said the lady; 'do you bring Satan into comparison with our master King Charles and with my noble lord and husband ?'

'Pardon me, madam,' answered Bridgenorth, 'I have no such thoughts — indeed they would ill become me. I do wish the King's health and Sir Geoffrey's devoutly, and I will pray for both. But I see not what good it should do their health if I should prejudice my own by quaffing pledges out of quart flagons.'

'Since we cannot agree upon this matter,' said Lady Peveril, 'we must find some resource by which to offend those of neither party. Suppose you winked at our friends drinking these pledges, and we should connive at your sitting still ?'

But neither would this composition satisfy Bridgenorth, who was of opinion, as he expressed himself, that it would be holding a candle to Beelzebub. In fact, his temper, naturally stubborn, was at present rendered much more so by a previous conference with his preacher, who, though a very good man in the main, was particularly and illiberally tenacious of the petty distinctions which his sect adopted; and while he thought with considerable apprehension on the accession of power which Popery, Prelacy, and Peveril of the Peak were like to acquire by the late revolution, became naturally anxious to put his flock on their guard, and prevent their being kidnapped by the wolf. He disliked extremely that Major Bridgenorth, indisputably the head of the Presbyterian interest in that neighbourhood, should have given his only daughter to be, as he termed it, nursed by a Canaanitish woman; and he told him plainly that he liked not this going to feast in the high places with the uncircumcised in heart, and looked on the whole conviviality only as a making merry in the house of Tirzah.

Upon receiving this rebuke from his pastor, Bridgenorth began to suspect he might have been partly wrong in the readiness which, in his first ardour of gratitude, he had shown to enter into intimate intercourse with the Castle of Martindale; but he was too proud to avow this to the preacher, and it was not till after a considerable debate betwixt them that it was mutually agreed, their presence at the entertainment should depend upon the condition that no healths or pledges

should be given in their presence. Bridgenorth, therefore, as the delegate and representative of his party, was bound to stand firm against all entreaty, and the lady became greatly embarrassed. She now regretted sincerely that her well-intended invitation had ever been given, for she foresaw that its rejection was to awaken all former subjects of quarrel, and perhaps to lead to new violences amongst people who had not many years since been engaged in civil war. To yield up the disputed point to the Presbyterians would have been to offend the Cavalier party, and Sir Geoffrey in particular, in the most mortal degree; for they made it as firm a point of honour to give healths and compel others to pledge them as the Puritans made it a deep article of religion to refuse both. At length the lady changed the discourse, introduced that of Major Bridgenorth's child, caused it to be sent for and put into his arms. The mother's stratagem took effect; for, though the Parliamentary major stood firm, the father, as in the case of the Governor of Tilbury, was softened, and he agreed that his friends should accept a compromise. This was that the major himself, the reverend divine, and such of their friends as held strict Puritan tenets, should form a separate party in the large parlour, while the hall should be occupied by the jovial Cavaliers; and that each party should regulate their potations after their own conscience or after their own fashion.

Major Bridgenorth himself seemed greatly relieved after this important matter had been settled. He had held it matter of conscience to be stubborn in maintaining his own opinion, but was heartily glad when he escaped from the apparently inevitable necessity of affronting Lady Peveril by the refusal of her invitation. He remained longer than usual, and spoke and smiled more than was his custom. His first care on his return was to announce to the clergyman and his congregation the compromise which he had made, and this not as a matter for deliberation, but one upon which he had already resolved; and such was his authority among them, that, though the preacher longed to pronounce a separation of the parties, and to exclaim 'To your tents, O Israel!' he did not see the chance of being seconded by so many as would make it worth while to disturb the unanimous acquiescence in their delegate's proposal.

Nevertheless, each party being put upon the alert by the consequences of Major Bridgenorth's embassy, so many points of doubt and delicate discussion were started in succession, that the Lady Peveril, the only person, perhaps, who was

desirous of achieving an effectual reconciliation between them, incurred in reward for her good intentions the censure of both factions, and had much reason to regret her well-meant project of bringing the Capulets and Montagues of Derbyshire together on the same occasion of public festivity.

As it was now settled that the guests were to form two different parties, it became not only a subject of dispute betwixt themselves which should be first admitted within the Castle of Martindale, but matter of serious apprehension to Lady Peveril and Major Bridgenorth, lest, if they were to approach by the same avenue and entrance, a quarrel might take place betwixt them, and proceed to extremities, even before they reached the place of entertainment. The lady believed she had discovered an admirable expedient for preventing the possibility of such interference, by directing that the Cavaliers should be admitted by the principal entrance, while the Roundheads should enter the castle through a great breach which had been made in the course of the siege, and across which there had been since made a sort of bye-path, to drive the cattle down to their pasture in the wood. By this contrivance the Lady Peveril imagined she had altogether avoided the various risks which might occur from two such parties encountering each other, and disputing for precedence. Several other circumstances of less importance were adjusted at the same time, and apparently so much to the satisfaction of the Presbyterian teacher that, in a long lecture on the subject of the marriage garment, he was at the pains to explain to his hearers that outward apparel was not alone meant by that Scriptural expression, but also a suitable frame of mind for enjoyment of peaceful festivity; and therefore he exhorted the brethren, that, whatever might be the errors of the poor blinded Malignants, with whom they were in some sort to eat and drink upon the morrow, they ought not on this occasion to show any evil will against them, lest they should therein become troublers of the peace of Israel.

Honest Doctor Dummerar, the ejected Episcopal vicar of Martindale *cum* Moultrassie, preached to the Cavaliers on the same subject. He had served the cure before the breaking out of the Rebellion, and was in high favour with Sir Geoffrey, not merely on account of his sound orthodoxy and deep learning, but his exquisite skill in playing at bowls, and his facetious conversation over a pipe and tankard of October. For these latter accomplishments, the doctor had the honour to be

recorded by old Century White¹ amongst the roll of lewd, incompetent, profligate clergymen of the Church of England, whom he denounced to God and man, on account chiefly of the heinous sin of playing at games of skill and chance, and of occasionally joining in the social meetings of their parishioners. When the King's party began to lose ground, Doctor Dummerar left his vicarage, and, betaking himself to the camp, showed upon several occasions, when acting as chaplain to Sir Geoffrey Peveril's regiment, that his portly bodily presence included a stout and masculine heart. When all was lost, and he himself, with most other loyal divines, was deprived of his living, he made such shift as he could; now lurking in the garrets of old friends in the university, who shared with him, and such as him, the slender means of livelihood which the evil times had left them; and now lying hid in the houses of the oppressed and sequestered gentry, who respected at once his character and sufferings. When the Restoration took place, Doctor Dummerar emerged from some one of his hiding-places, and hied him to Martindale Castle, to enjoy the triumph inseparable from this happy change.

His appearance at the castle in his full clerical dress, and the warm reception which he received from the neighbouring gentry, added not a little to the alarm which was gradually extending itself through the party which were so lately the uppermost. It is true, Doctor Dummerar framed (honest, worthy man) no extravagant views of elevation or preferment; but the probability of his being replaced in the living, from which he had been expelled under very flimsy pretences, inferred a severe blow to the Presbyterian divine, who could not be considered otherwise than as an intruder. The interest of the two preachers, therefore, as well as the sentiments of their flocks, were at direct variance; and here was another fatal objection in the way of Lady Peveril's scheme of a general and comprehensive healing ordinance.

Nevertheless, as we have already hinted, Doctor Dummerar behaved as handsomely upon the occasion as the Presbyterian incumbent had done. It is true that, in a sermon which he preached in the castle hall to several of the most distinguished Cavalier families, besides a world of boys from the village, who went to see the novel circumstance of a parson in a cassock and surplice, he went at great length into the foulness of the various crimes committed by the rebellious party during the

¹ See Old Century White. Note 1.

late evil times, and greatly magnified the merciful and peaceful nature of the honourable lady of the manor, who condescended to look upon, or receive into her house in the way of friendship and hospitality, men holding the principles which had led to the murder of the King, the slaying and despoiling his loyal subjects, and the plundering and breaking down of the church of God. But then he wiped all this handsomely up again with the observation that, since it was the will of their gracious and newly restored sovereign, and the pleasure of the worshipful Lady Peveril, that this contumacious and rebellious race should be, for a time, forborne by their faithful subjects, it would be highly proper that all the loyal liegemen should, for the present, eschew subjects of dissension or quarrel with these sons of Shimei ; which lesson of patience he enforced by the comfortable assurance that they could not long abstain from their old rebellious practices ; in which case, the Royalists would stand exculpated before God and man in extirpating them from the face of the earth.

The close observers of the remarkable passages of the times from which we draw the events of our history have left it upon record that these two several sermons, much contrary, doubtless, to the intention of the worthy divines by whom they were delivered, had a greater effect in exasperating than in composing the disputes betwixt the two factions. Under such evil auspices, and with corresponding forebodings on the mind of Lady Peveril, the day of festivity at length arrived.

By different routes, and forming each a sort of procession, as if the adherents of each party were desirous of exhibiting its strength and numbers, the two several factions approached Martindale Castle ; and so distinct did they appear in dress, aspect, and manners, that it seemed as if the revellers of a bridal party and the sad attendants upon a funeral solemnity were moving towards the same point from different quarters.

The Puritanical party was by far the fewer in numbers, for which two excellent reasons might be given. In the first place, they had enjoyed power for several years, and, of course, became unpopular among the common people, never at any time attached to those who, being in the immediate possession of authority, are often obliged to employ it in controlling their humours. Besides, the country people of England had, and still have, an animated attachment to field sports, and a natural unrestrained joviality of disposition, which rendered them impatient under the severe discipline of the fanatical preachers ; while they were

not less naturally discontented with the military despotism of Cromwell's major-generals. Secondly, the people were fickle as usual, and the return of the King had novelty in it, and was therefore popular. The side of the Puritans was also deserted at this period by a numerous class of more thinking and prudential persons, who never forsook them till they became unfortunate. These sagacious personages were called in that age the Waiters upon Providence, and deemed it a high delinquency towards Heaven if they afforded countenance to any cause longer than it was favoured by fortune.

But, though thus forsaken by the fickle and the selfish, a solemn enthusiasm, a stern and determined depth of principle, a confidence in the sincerity of their own motives, and the manly English pride which inclined them to cling to their former opinions, like the traveller in the fable to his cloak, the more strongly that the tempest blew around them, detained in the ranks of the Puritans many who, if no longer formidable from numbers, were still so from their character. They consisted chiefly of the middling gentry, with others whom industry or successful speculations in commerce or in mining had raised into eminence—the persons who feel most unbrage from the overshadowing aristocracy, and are usually the most vehement in defence of what they hold to be their rights. Their dress was in general studiously simple and unostentatious, or only remarkable by the contradictory affectation of extreme simplicity or carelessness. The dark colour of their cloaks, varying from absolute black to what was called sad-coloured; their steeple-crowned hats, with their broad shadowy brims; their long swords, suspended by a simple strap around the loins, without shoulder-belt, sword-knot, plate, buckles, or any of the other decorations with which the Cavaliers loved to adorn their trusty rapiers; the shortness of their hair, which made their ears appear of disproportioned size; above all, the stern and gloomy gravity of their looks, announced their belonging to that class of enthusiasts who, resolute and undismayed, had cast down the former fabric of government, and who now regarded with somewhat more than suspicion that which had been so unexpectedly substituted in its stead. There was gloom in their countenances; but it was not that of dejection, far less of despair. They looked like veterans after a defeat, which may have checked their career and wounded their pride, but has left their courage undiminished.

The melancholy, now become habitual, which overcast Major

Bridgenorth's countenance well qualified him to act as the chief of the group who now advanced from the village. When they reached the point by which they were first to turn aside into the wood which surrounded the castle, they felt a momentary impression of degradation, as if they were yielding the highroad to their old and oft-defeated enemies the Cavaliers. When they began to ascend the winding path, which had been the daily passage of the cattle, the opening of the wooded glade gave them a view of the castle-ditch, half choked with the rubbish of the breach, and of the breach itself, which was made at the angle of a large square flanking-tower, one half of which had been battered into ruins, while the other fragment remained in a state strangely shattered and precarious, and seemed to be tottering above the huge aperture in the wall. A stern, still smile was exchanged among the Puritans, as the sight reminded them of the victories of former days. Holdfast Clegg, a millwright of Derby, who had been himself active at the siege, pointed to the breach, and said, with a grim smile, to Mr. Solsgrace, 'I little thought that, when my own hand helped to level the cannon which Oliver pointed against yon tower, we should have been obliged to climb like foxes up the very walls which we won by our bow and by our spear. Methought these Malignants had then enough of shutting their gates and making high their horn against us.'

'Be patient, my brother,' said Solsgrace — 'be patient, and let not thy soul be disquieted. We enter not this high place dishonourably, seeing we ascend by the gate which the Lord opened to the godly.'

The words of the pastor were like a spark to gunpowder. The countenances of the mournful retinue suddenly expanded, and, accepting what had fallen from him as an omen and a light from Heaven how they were to interpret their present situation, they uplifted, with one consent, one of the triumphant songs in which the Israelites celebrated the victories which had been vouchsafed to them over the heathen inhabitants of the Promised Land :

'Let God arise, and then his foes
Shall turn themselves to flight,
His enemies for fear shall run,
And scatter out of sight;

And as wax melts before the fire,
And wind blows smoke away,
So in the presence of the Lord,
The wicked shall decay.

God's army twenty thousand is,
 Of angels bright and strong,
 The Lord also in Sinai
 Is present them among.

Thou didst, O Lord, ascend on high,
 And captive led'st them all,
 Who, in times past, thy chosen flock
 In bondage did enthral.¹

These sounds of devotional triumph reached the joyous band of the Cavaliers, who, decked in whatever pomp their repeated misfortunes and impoverishment had left them, were moving towards the same point, though by a different road, and were filling the principal avenue to the castle with tiptoe mirth and revelry. The two parties were strongly contrasted; for, during that period of civil dissension, the manners of the different factions distinguished them as completely as separate uniforms might have done. If the Puritan was affectedly plain in his dress and ridiculously precise in his manners, the Cavalier often carried his love of ornament into tawdry finery, and his contempt of hypocrisy into licentious profligacy. Gay, gallant fellows, young and old, thronged together towards the ancient castle, with general and joyous manifestation of those spirits which, as they had been buoyant enough to support their owners during the worst of times, as they termed Oliver's usurpation, were now so inflated as to transport them nearly beyond the reach of sober reason. Feathers waved, lace glittered, spears jingled, steeds caracoled; and here and there a petronel or pistol was fired off by some one, who found his own natural talents for making a noise inadequate to the dignity of the occasion. Boys—for, as we said before, the rabble were with the uppermost party, as usual—hallooed and whooped, 'Down with the Rump,' and 'Fie upon Oliver!' Musical instruments, of as many different fashions as were then in use, played all at once, and without any regard to each other's tune; and the glee of the occasion, while it reconciled the pride of the high-born of the party to fraternise with the general rout, derived an additional zest from the conscious triumph that their exultation was heard by their neighbours, the crestfallen Roundheads.

When the loud and sonorous swell of the psalm-tune, multiplied by all the echoes of the cliffs and ruinous halls, came full

¹ This forms part of Sternhold's version of the 6th Psalm, with some slight variations.

upon their ear, as if to warn them how little they were to reckon upon the depression of their adversaries, at first it was answered with a scornful laugh, raised to as much height as the scoffers' lungs would permit, in order that it might carry to the psalmodists the contempt of their auditors; but this was a forced exertion of party spleen. There is something in melancholy feelings more natural to an imperfect and suffering state than in those of gaiety, and when they are brought into collision the former seldom fail to triumph. If a funeral-train and wedding-procession were to meet unexpectedly, it will readily be allowed that the mirth of the last would be speedily merged in the gloom of the other. But the Cavaliers, moreover, had sympathies of a different kind. The psalm-tune which now came rolling on their ear had been heard too often, and upon too many occasions had preceded victory gained over the Malignants, to permit them, even in their triumph, to hear it without emotion. There was a sort of pause, of which the party themselves seemed rather ashamed, until the silence was broken by the stout old knight, Sir Jasper Cranbourne, whose gallantry was so universally acknowledged that he could afford, if we may use such an expression, to confess emotions which men whose courage was in any respect liable to suspicion would have thought it more prudent to conceal.

'Adad,' said the old knight, 'may I never taste claret again, if that is not the very tune with which the prick-eared villains began their onset at Wiggan Lane, where they trowled us down like so many ninepins! Faith, neighbours, to say truth and shame the devil, I did not like the sound of it above half.'

'If I thought the Roundheaded rogues did it in scorn of us,' said Dick Wildblood of the Dale, 'I would cudgel their psalmody out of their peasantly throats with this very truncheon'; a motion which, being seconded by old Roger Raine, the drunken tapster of the Peveril Arms in the village, might have brought on a general battle, but that Sir Jasper forbade the feud.

'We'll have no ranting, Dick,' said the old knight to the young franklin — 'adad, man, we'll have none, for three reasons: first, because it would be ungentle to Lady Peveril; then, because it is against the king's peace; and lastly, Dick, because, if we did set on the psalm-singing knaves, thou mightest come by the worst, my boy, as has chanced to thee before.'

'Who, I, Sir Jasper!' answered Dick — 'I come by the worst! I'll be d—d if it ever happened but in that accursed lane,

where we had no more flank, front, or rear than if we had been so many herrings in a barrel.'

'That was the reason, I fancy,' answered Sir Jasper, 'that you, to mend the matter, scrambled into the hedge and stuck there, horse and man, till I beat thee through it with my leading-staff; and then, instead of charging to the front, you went right-about, and away as fast as your feet could carry you.'

This reminiscence produced a laugh at Dick's expense, who was known, or at least suspected, to have more tongue in his head than mettle in his bosom. And this sort of rallying on the part of the knight having fortunately abated the resentment which had begun to awaken in the breasts of the Royalist cavalcade, farther cause for offence was removed by the sudden ceasing of the sounds which they had been disposed to interpret into those of premeditated insult.

This was owing to the arrival of the Puritans at the bottom of the large and wide breach which had been formerly made in the wall of the castle by their victorious cannon. The sight of its gaping heaps of rubbish, and disjointed masses of building, up which slowly winded a narrow and steep path, such as is made amongst ancient ruins by the rare passage of those who occasionally visit them, was calculated, when contrasted with the grey and solid massiveness of the towers and curtains which yet stood uninjured, to remind them of their victory over the stronghold of their enemies, and how they had bound nobles and princes with fetters of iron.

But feelings more suitable to the purpose of their visit to Martindale Castle were awakened in the bosoms even of these stern sectaries when the lady of the castle, still in the very prime of beauty and of womanhood, appeared at the top of the breach with her principal female attendants, to receive her guests with the honour and courtesy becoming her invitation. She had laid aside the black dress which had been her sole attire for several years, and was arrayed with a splendour not unbecoming her high descent and quality. Jewels, indeed, she had none; but her long and dark hair was surmounted with a chaplet made of oak-leaves, interspersed with lilies; the former being the emblem of the King's preservation in the Royal Oak, and the latter, of his happy Restoration. What rendered her presence still more interesting to those who looked on her was the presence of the two children whom she held in either hand; one of whom was well known to them all to be the child of their leader, Major Bridgenorth, who had been restored to



MARTINDALE CASTLE, SEAT OF THE PEVERILS.
From a recent photograph.

life and health by the almost maternal care of the Lady Peveril.

If even the inferior persons of the party felt the healing influence of her presence, thus accompanied, poor Bridgenorth was almost overwhelmed with it. The strictness of his cast and manners permitted him not to sink on his knee and kiss the hand which held his little orphan; but the deepness of his obeisance, the faltering tremor of his voice, and the glistening of his eye, showed a grateful respect for the lady whom he addressed, deeper and more reverential than could have been expressed even by Persian prostration. A few courteous and mild words, expressive of the pleasure she found in once more seeing her neighbours as her friends; a few kind inquiries, addressed to the principal individuals among her guests, concerning their families and connexions, completed her triumph over angry thoughts and dangerous recollections, and disposed men's bosoms to sympathise with the purposes of the meeting.

Even Solsgrace himself, although imagining himself bound by his office and duty to watch over and counteract the wiles of the 'Amalekitish woman,' did not escape the sympathetic infection; being so much struck with the marks of peace and good-will exhibited by Lady Peveril that he immediately raised the psalm,

'O what a happy thing it is,
And joyful, for to see
Brethren to dwell together in
Friendship and unity!'

Accepting this salutation as a mark of courtesy repaid, the Lady Peveril marshalled in person this party of her guests to the apartment where ample good cheer was provided for them; and had even the patience to remain while Master Nehemiah Solsgrace pronounced a benediction of portentous length as an introduction to the banquet. Her presence was in some measure a restraint on the worthy divine, whose prolusion lasted the longer, and was the more intricate and embarrassed, that he felt himself debarred from rounding it off by his usual alliterative petition for deliverance from Popery, Prelacy, and Peveril of the Peak, which had become so habitual to him that, after various attempts to conclude with some other form of words, he found himself at last obliged to pronounce the first words of his usual formula aloud, and mutter the rest in such a manner as not to be intelligible even by those who stood nearest to him.

The minister's silence was followed by all the various sounds which announce the onset of a hungry company on a well-furnished table ; and at the same time gave the lady an opportunity to leave the apartment, and look to the accommodation of her other company. She felt, indeed, that it was high time to do so ; and that the Royalist guests might be disposed to misapprehend, or even to resent, the prior attentions which she had thought it prudent to offer to the Puritans.

These apprehensions were not altogether ill-founded. It was in vain that the steward had displayed the royal standard, with its proud motto of *Tandem Triumphans*, on one of the great towers which flanked the main entrance of the castle ; while from the other floated the banner of Peveril of the Peak, under which many of those who now approached had fought during all the vicissitudes of civil war. It was in vain he repeated his clamorous ' Welcome, noble Cavaliers ! — welcome, generous gentlemen ! ' There was a slight murmur amongst them that their welcome ought to have come from the mouth of the colonel's lady, not from that of a menial. Sir Jasper Cranbourne, who had sense as well as spirit and courage, and who was aware of his fair cousin's motives, having been indeed consulted by her upon all the arrangements which she had adopted, saw matters were in such a state that no time ought to be lost in conducting the guests to the banqueting-apartment, where a fortunate diversion from all these topics of rising discontent might be made, at the expense of the good cheer of all sorts which the lady's care had so liberally provided.

The stratagem of the old soldier succeeded in its utmost extent. He assumed the great oaken chair usually occupied by the steward at his audits ; and Dr. Dummerar having pronounced a brief Latin benediction, which was not the less esteemed by the hearers that none of them understood it, Sir Jasper exhorted the company to whet their appetites to the dinner by a brimming cup to his Majesty's health, filled as high and as deep as their goblets would permit. In a moment all was bustle with the clang of wine-cups and of flagons. In another moment the guests were on their feet like so many statues, all hushed as death, but with eyes glancing with expectation, and hands outstretched, which displayed their loyal brimmers. The voice of Sir Jasper, clear, sonorous, and emphatic as the sound of his war-trumpet, announced the health of the restored monarch, hastily echoed back by the assemblage, impatient to render it due homage. Another brief pause was filled by the draining of

their cups, and the mustering breath to join in a shout so loud that not only the rafters of the old hall trembled while they echoed it back, but the garlands of oaken boughs and flowers with which they were decorated waved wildly and rustled as if agitated by a sudden whirlwind. This rite observed, the company proceeded to assail the good cheer with which the table groaned, animated as they were to the attack both by mirth and melody, for they were attended by all the minstrels of the district, who, like the Episcopal clergy, had been put to silence during the reign of the self-entitled saints of the Commonwealth. The social occupation of good eating and drinking, the exchange of pledges betwixt old neighbours who had been fellow-soldiers in the moment of resistance, fellow-sufferers in the time of depression and subjugation, and were now partners in the same general subject of congratulation, soon wiped from their memory the trifling cause of complaint which in the minds of some had darkened the festivity of the day; so that when the Lady Peveril walked into the hall, accompanied as before with the children and her female attendants, she was welcomed with the acclamations due to the mistress of the banquet and of the castle — the dame of the noble knight who had led most of them to battle with an undaunted and persevering valour which was worthy of better success.

Her address to them was brief and matronly, yet spoken with so much feeling as found its way to every bosom. She apologised for the lateness of her personal welcome, by reminding them that there were then present in Martindale Castle that day persons whom recent happy events had converted from enemies into friends, but on whom the latter character was so recently imposed that she dared not neglect with them any point of ceremonial. But those whom she now addressed were the best, the dearest, the most faithful friends of her husband's house, to whom and to their valour Peveril had not only owed those successes which had given them and him fame during the late unhappy times, but to whose courage she in particular had owed the preservation of their leader's life, even when it could not avert defeat. A word or two of heartfelt congratulation on the happy restoration of the royal line and authority completed all which she had boldness to add, and, bowing gracefully round her, she lifted a cup to her lips as if to welcome her guests.

There still remained, and especially amongst the old Cavaliers of the period, some glimmering of that spirit which inspired

Froissart, when he declares that a knight hath double courage at need when animated by the looks and words of a beautiful and virtuous woman. It was not until the reign which was commencing at the moment we are treating of, that the unbounded license of the age, introducing a general course of profligacy, degraded the female sex into mere servants of pleasure, and, in so doing, deprived society of that noble tone of feeling towards the sex which, considered as a spur to 'raise the clear spirit,' is superior to every other impulse save those of religion and of patriotism. The beams of the ancient hall of Martindale Castle instantly rung with a shout louder and shriller than that at which they had so lately trembled, and the names of the knight of the Peak and his lady were proclaimed amid waving of caps and hats, and universal wishes for their health and happiness.

Under these auspices the Lady Peveril glided from the hall, and left free space for the revelry of the evening.

That of the Cavaliers may be easily conceived, since it had the usual accompaniments of singing, jesting, quaffing of healths, and playing of tunes, which have in almost every age and quarter of the world been the accompaniments of festive cheer. The enjoyments of the Puritans were of a different and less noisy character. They neither sung, jested, heard music, nor drank healths; and yet they seemed not the less, in their own phrase, to enjoy the creature-comforts which the frailty of humanity rendered grateful to their outward man. Old Whitaker even protested that, though much the smaller party in point of numbers, they discussed nearly as much sack and claret as his own more jovial associates. But those who considered the steward's prejudices were inclined to think that, in order to produce such a result, he must have thrown in his own by-drinkings — no inconsiderable item — to the sum total of the Presbyterian potations.

Without adopting such a partial and scandalous report, we shall only say, that on this occasion, as on most others, the rareness of indulgence promoted the sense of enjoyment, and that those who made abstinence, or at least moderation, a point of religious principle, enjoyed their social meeting the better that such opportunities rarely presented themselves. If they did not actually drink each other's healths, they at least showed, by looking and nodding to each other as they raised their glasses, that they all were sharing the same festive gratification of the appetite, and felt it enhanced, because it was at the same

time enjoyed by their friends and neighbours. Religion, as it was the principal topic of their thoughts, became also the chief subject of their conversation, and as they sat together in small separate knots, they discussed doctrinal and metaphysical points of belief, balanced the merits of various preachers, compared the creeds of contending sects, and fortified by Scriptural quotations those which they favoured. Some contests arose in the course of these debates, which might have proceeded farther than was seemly but for the cautious interference of Major Bridgenorth. He suppressed also, in the very bud, a dispute betwixt Gaffer Hodgeson of Charnelycot and the Reverend Mr. Solsgrace upon the tender subject of lay-preaching and lay-ministering; nor did he think it altogether prudent or decent to indulge the wishes of some of the warmer enthusiasts of the party, who felt disposed to make the rest partakers of their gifts in extemporaneous prayer and exposition. These were absurdities that belonged to the time, which, however, the major had sense enough to perceive were unfitted, whether the offspring of hypocrisy or enthusiasm, for the present time and place.

The major was also instrumental in breaking up the party at an early and decorous hour, so that they left the castle long before their rivals, the Cavaliers, had reached the spring-tide of their merriment—an arrangement which afforded the greatest satisfaction to the lady, who dreaded the consequences which might not improbably have taken place had both parties met at the same period and point of retreat.

It was near midnight ere the greater part of the Cavaliers, meaning such as were able to effect their departure without assistance, withdrew to the village of Martindale-Moultrassie, with the benefit of the broad moon to prevent the chance of accidents. Their shouts, and the burden of their roaring chorus of—

‘The King shall enjoy his own again,’

were heard with no small pleasure by the lady, heartily glad that the riot of the day was over without the occurrence of any unpleasing accident. The rejoicing was not, however, entirely ended; for the elevated Cavaliers, finding some of the villagers still on foot around a bonfire on the street, struck merrily in with them, sent to Roger Raine, of the Peveril Arms, the loyal publican whom we have already mentioned, for two tubs of merry stingo, as it was termed, and lent their own powerful assistance at the ‘dusting’ it off to the health of the King and

the loyal General Monk. Their shouts for a long time disturbed, and even alarmed, the little village ; but no enthusiasm is able to withstand for ever the natural consequences of late hours and potations pottle-deep. The tumult of the exulting Royalists at last sunk into silence, and the moon and the owl were left in undisturbed sovereignty over the old tower of the village church, which, rising white above a circle of knotty oaks, was tenanted by the bird and silvered by the planet.¹

¹ See Cavallers and Roundheads. Note 2.

CHAPTER V

'T was when they raised, 'mid sap and siege,
The banners of their rightful liege,
At their she-captain's call,
Who, miracle of womankind !
Lent mettle to the meanest hind
That mann'd her castle wall.

WILLIAM S. ROSE.

ON the morning succeeding the feast, the Lady Peveril, fatigued with the exertions and the apprehensions of the former day, kept her apartment for two or three hours later than her own active habits and the matutinal custom of the time rendered usual. Meanwhile, Mistress Ellesmere, a person of great trust in the family, and who assumed much authority in her mistress's absence, laid her orders upon Deborah, the governante, immediately to carry the children to their airing in the park, and not to let any one enter the gilded chamber, which was usually their sporting-place. Deborah, who often rebelled, and sometimes successfully, against the deputed authority of Ellesmere, privately resolved that it was about to rain, and that the gilded chamber was a more suitable place for the children's exercise than the wet grass of the park on a raw morning.

But a woman's brain is sometimes as inconstant as a popular assembly ; and presently after she had voted the morning was like to be rainy, and that the gilded chamber was the fittest play-room for the children, Mistress Deborah came to the somewhat inconsistent resolution that the park was the fittest place for her own morning walk. It is certain that, during the unrestrained joviality of the preceding evening, she had danced till midnight with Lance Outram, the park-keeper ; but how far the seeing him just pass the window in his woodland trim, with a feather in his hat and a cross-bow under his arm, influenced the discrepancy of the opinions Mrs. Deborah formed concerning the weather, we are far from presuming to guess. It is enough for us that, so soon as Mistress Ellesmere's back

was turned, Mistress Deborah carried the children into the gilded chamber, not without a strict charge (for we must do her justice) to Master Julian to take care of his little wife, Mistress Alice; and then, having taken so satisfactory a precaution, she herself glided into the park by the glass-door of the still-room, which was nearly opposite to the great breach.

The gilded chamber in which the children were, by this arrangement, left to amuse themselves, without better guardianship than what Julian's manhood afforded, was a large apartment, hung with stamped Spanish leather, curiously gilded, representing, in a manner now obsolete, but far from unpleasing, a series of tilts and combats betwixt the Saracens of Grenada and the Spaniards under the command of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, during that memorable siege which was terminated by the overthrow of the last fragments of the Moorish empire in Spain.

The little Julian was careering about the room for the amusement of his infant friend, as well as his own, mimicking with a reed the menacing attitude of the Abencerrages and Zegris engaged in the Eastern sport of hurling the 'jérid,' or javelin; and at times sitting down beside her, and caressing her into silence and good-humour, when the petulant or timid child chose to become tired of remaining an inactive spectator of his boisterous sport; when, on a sudden, he observed one of the panelled compartments of the leather hangings slide apart, so as to show a fair hand, with its fingers resting upon its edge, prepared, it would seem, to push it still farther back. Julian was much surprised, and somewhat frightened, at what he witnessed, for the tales of the nursery had strongly impressed on his mind the terrors of the invisible world. Yet, naturally bold and high-spirited, the little champion placed himself beside his defenceless sister, continuing to brandish his weapon in her defence as boldly as if he had himself been an Abencerrage of Grenada.

The panel, on which his eye was fixed, gradually continued to slide back, and display more and more the form to which the hand appertained, until, in the dark aperture which was disclosed, the children saw the figure of a lady in a mourning dress, past the meridian of life, but whose countenance still retained traces of great beauty, although the predominant character both of her features and person was an air of almost royal dignity. After pausing a moment on the threshold of the portal which she had thus unexpectedly disclosed, and

looking with some surprise at the children, whom she had not probably observed while engaged with the management of the panel, the stranger stepped into the apartment, and the panel, upon a touch of a spring, closed behind her so suddenly that Julian almost doubted it had ever been open, and began to apprehend that the whole apparition had been a delusion.¹

The stately lady, however, advanced to him, and said, 'Are not you the little Peveril?'

'Yes,' said the boy, reddening, not altogether without a juvenile feeling of that rule of chivalry which forbade any one to disown his name, whatever danger might be annexed to the avowal of it.

'Then,' said the stately stranger, 'go to your mother's room and tell her to come instantly to speak with me.'

'I wo't not,' said the little Julian.

'How!' said the lady, 'so young and so disobedient! but you do but follow the fashion of the time. Why will you not go, my pretty boy, when I ask it of you as a favour?'

'I would go, madam,' said the boy, 'but——,' and he stopped short, still drawing back as the lady advanced on him, but still holding by the hand Alice Bridgenorth, who, too young to understand the nature of the dialogue, clung, trembling, to her companion.

The stranger saw his embarrassment, smiled, and remained standing fast, while she asked the child once more, 'What are you afraid of, my brave boy; and why should you not go to your mother on my errand?'

'Because,' answered Julian firmly, 'if I go, little Alice must stay alone with you.'

'You are a gallant fellow,' said the lady, 'and will not disgrace your blood, which never left the weak without protection.'

The boy understood her not, and still gazed with anxious apprehension, first on her who addressed him, and then upon his little companion, whose eyes, with the vacant glance of infancy, wandered from the figure of the lady to that of her companion and protector, and at length, infected by a portion of the fear which the latter's magnanimous efforts could not entirely conceal, she flew into Julian's arms, and, clinging to him, greatly augmented his alarm, and, by screaming aloud, rendered it very difficult for him to avoid the sympathetic fear which impelled him to do the same.

¹ See Concealment of the Countess of Derby. Note 3.

There was something in the manner and bearing of this unexpected inmate which might justify awe at least, if not fear, when joined to the singular and mysterious mode in which she had made her appearance. Her dress was not remarkable, being the hood and female riding-attire of the time, such as was worn by the inferior class of gentlewomen; but her black hair was very long, and several locks, having escaped from under her hood, hung down dishevelled on her neck and shoulders. Her eyes were deep black, keen, and piercing, and her features had something of a foreign expression. When she spoke, her language was marked by a slight foreign accent, although in construction it was pure English. Her slightest tone and gesture had the air of one accustomed to command and to be obeyed; the recollection of which probably suggested to Julian the apology he afterwards made for being frightened, that he took the stranger for an 'enchanted queen.'

While the stranger lady and the children thus confronted each other, two persons entered almost at the same instant, but from different doors, whose haste showed that they had been alarmed by the screams of the latter.

The first was Major Bridgenorth, whose ears had been alarmed with the cries of his child as he entered the hall, which corresponded with what was called the gilded chamber. His intention had been to remain in the more public apartment until the Lady Peveril should make her appearance, with the good-natured purpose of assuring her that the preceding day of tumult had passed in every respect agreeably to his friends, and without any of those alarming consequences which might have been apprehended from a collision betwixt the parties. But when it is considered how severely he had been agitated by apprehensions for his child's safety and health, too well justified by the fate of those who had preceded her, it will not be thought surprising that the infantine screams of Alice induced him to break through the barriers of form, and intrude farther into the interior of the house than a sense of strict propriety might have warranted.

He burst into the gilded chamber, therefore, by a side door and narrow passage, which communicated betwixt that apartment and the hall, and, snatching the child up in his arms, endeavoured by a thousand caresses to stifle the screams which burst yet more violently from the little girl on beholding herself in the arms of one to whose voice and manner she was, but for one brief interview, an entire stranger.

Of course, Alice's shrieks were redoubled, and seconded by those of Julian Peveril, who on the appearance of this second intruder, was frightened into resignation of every more manly idea of rescue than that which consisted in invoking assistance at the very top of his lungs.

Alarmed by this noise, which in half a minute became very clamorous, Lady Peveril, with whose apartment the gilded chamber was connected by a private door of communication opening into her wardrobe, entered on the scene. The instant she appeared, the little Alice, extricating herself from the grasp of her father, ran towards *her* protectress, and when she had once taken hold of her skirts, not only became silent, but turned her large blue eyes, in which the tears were still glistening, with a look of wonder rather than alarm towards the strange lady. Julian manfully brandished his reed, a weapon which he had never parted with during the whole alarm, and stood prepared to assist his mother if there should be danger in the encounter betwixt her and the stranger.

In fact, it might have puzzled an older person to account for the sudden and confused pause which the Lady Peveril made as she gazed on her unexpected guest, as if dubious whether she did or did not recognise in her still beautiful, though wasted and emaciated, features a countenance which she had known well under far different circumstances.

The stranger seemed to understand her cause of hesitation, for she said in that heart-thrilling voice which was peculiarly her own — 'Time and misfortune have changed me much, Margaret, that every mirror tells me; yet methinks Margaret Stanley might still have known Charlotte de la Tremouille.'

The Lady Peveril was little in the custom of giving way to sudden emotion, but in the present case she threw herself on her knees in a rapture of mingled joy and grief, and, half embracing those of the stranger, exclaimed in broken language — 'My kind, my noble benefactress — the princely Countess of Derby — the royal Queen in Man — could I doubt your voice, your features, for a moment. O, forgive — forgive me!'

The countess raised the suppliant kinswoman of her husband's house with all the grace of one accustomed from early birth to receive homage and to grant protection. She kissed the Lady Peveril's forehead, and passed her hand in a caressing manner over her face as she said — 'You too are changed, my fair cousin, but it is a change becomes you, from a pretty

and timid maiden to a sage and comely matron. But my own memory, which I once held a good one, has failed me strangely if this gentleman be Sir Geoffrey Peveril.'

'A kind and good neighbour only, madam,' said Lady Peveril; 'Sir Geoffrey is at court.'

'I understood so much,' said the Countess of Derby, 'when I arrived here last night.'

'How, madam!' said Lady Peveril. 'Did you arrive at Martindale Castle — at the house of Margaret Stanley, where you have such right to command, and did not announce your presence to her?'

'O, I know you are a dutiful subject, Margaret,' answered the countess, 'though it be in these days a rare character; but it was our pleasure,' she added with a smile, 'to travel incognito; and finding you engaged in general hospitality, we desired not to disturb you with our royal presence.'

'But how and where were you lodged, madam?' said Lady Peveril; 'or why should you have kept secret a visit which would, if made, have augmented tenfold the happiness of every true heart that rejoiced here yesterday?'

'My lodging was well cared for by Ellesmere — your Ellesmere now, as she was formerly mine; she has acted as quartermaster ere now, you know, and on a broader scale. You must excuse her — she had my positive order to lodge me in the most secret part of your castle (here she pointed to the sliding panel); she obeyed orders in that, and I suppose also in sending you now hither.'

'Indeed I have not yet seen her,' said the lady, 'and therefore was totally ignorant of a visit so joyful, so surprising.'

'And I,' said the countess, 'was equally surprised to find none but these beautiful children in the apartment where I thought I heard you moving. Our Ellesmere has become silly; your good-nature has spoiled her: she has forgotten the discipline she learned under me.'

'I saw her run through the wood,' said the Lady Peveril; after a moment's recollection, 'undoubtedly to seek the person who has charge of the children, in order to remove them.'

'Your own darlings, I doubt not,' said the countess, looking at the children. 'Margaret, Providence has blessed you.'

'That is my son,' said Lady Peveril, pointing to Julian, who stood devouring their discourse with greedy ear; 'the little girl — I may call mine too.'

Major Bridgenorth, who had in the meantime again taken

up his infant, and was engaged in caressing it, set it down as the Countess of Derby spoke, sighed deeply, and walked towards the oriel window. He was well aware that the ordinary rules of courtesy would have rendered it proper that he should withdraw entirely, or at least offer to do so; but he was not a man of ceremonious politeness, and he had a particular interest in the subjects on which the countess's discourse was likely to turn, which induced him to dispense with ceremony. The ladies seemed indeed scarce to notice his presence. The countess had now assumed a chair, and motioned to the Lady Peveril to sit upon a stool which was placed by her side. 'We will have old times once more, though there are here no roaring of rebel guns to drive you to take refuge at my side, and almost in my pocket.'

'I have a gun, madam,' said little Julian, 'and the park-keeper is to teach me how to fire it next year.'

'I will list you for my soldier, then,' said the countess.

'Ladies have no soldiers,' said the boy, looking wistfully at her.

'He has the true masculine contempt of our frail sex, I see,' said the countess; 'it is born with the insolent varlets of mankind, and shows itself as soon as they are out of their long clothes. Did Ellesmere never tell you of Latham House and Charlotte of Derby, my little master?'

'A thousand, thousand times,' said the boy, colouring; 'and how the Queen of Man defended it six weeks against three thousand Roundheads, under Rogue Harrison, the butcher.'

'It was your mother defended Latham House,' said the countess, 'not I, my little soldier. Hadst thou been there, thou hadst been the best captain of the three.'

'Do not say so, madam,' said the boy, 'for mamma would not touch a gun for all the universe.'

'Not I, indeed, Julian,' said his mother; 'there I was for certain, but as useless a part of the garrison——'

'You forget,' said the countess, 'you nursed our hospital, and made lint for the soldiers' wounds.'

'But did not papa come to help you?' said Julian.

'Papa came at last,' said the countess, 'and so did Prince Rupert; but not, I think, till they were both heartily wished for. Do you remember that morning, Margaret, when the Roundheaded knaves, that kept us pent up so long, retreated without bag or baggage, at the first glance of the Prince's standards appearing on the hill; and how you took every high-

crested captain you saw for Peveril of the Peak, that had been your partner three months before at the queen's mask? Nay, never blush for the thought of it—it was an honest affection; and though it was the music of trumpets that accompanied you both to the old chapel, which was almost entirely ruined by the enemy's bullets, and though Prince Rupert, when he gave you away at the altar, was clad in buff and bandelier, with pistols in his belt, yet I trust these warlike signs were no type of future discord?

'Heaven has been kind to me,' said Lady Peveril, 'in blessing me with an affectionate husband.'

'And in preserving him to you,' said the countess, with a deep sigh; 'while mine, alas! sealed with his blood his devotion to his king.¹ O, had he lived to see this day!'

'Alas! alas! that he was not permitted!' answered Lady Peveril; 'how had that brave and noble earl rejoiced in the unhoped-for redemption of our captivity!'

The countess looked on Lady Peveril with an air of surprise.

'Thou hast not then heard, cousin, how it stands with our house? How indeed had my noble lord wondered, had he been told that the very monarch for whom he had laid down his noble life on the scaffold at Bolton-le-Moors should make it his first act of restored monarchy to complete the destruction of our property, already wellnigh ruined in the royal cause, and to persecute me his widow!'

'You astonish me, madam!' said the Lady Peveril. 'It cannot be that you—that you, the wife of the gallant, the faithful, the murdered earl—you, Countess of Derby and Queen in Man—you, who took on you even the character of a soldier, and seemed a man when so many men proved women—that you should sustain evil from the event which has fulfilled—exceeded—the hopes of every faithful subject—it cannot be!'

'Thou art as simple, I see, in this world's knowledge as ever, my fair cousin,' answered the countess. 'This restoration, which has given others security, has placed me in danger; this change, which relieved other Royalists—scarce less zealous, I presume to think, than I—has sent me here a fugitive, and in concealment, to beg shelter and assistance from you, fair cousin.'

¹ The Earl of Derby and King in Man was beheaded at Bolton-on-the-Moors, after having been made prisoner in a previous skirmish in Wiggan Lane.

‘From me,’ answered the Lady Peveril — ‘from me, whose youth your kindness sheltered — from the wife of Peveril, your gallant lord’s companion in arms — you have a right to command everything; but, alas! that you should need such assistance as I can render! Forgive me, but it seems like some ill-omened vision of the night: I listen to your words as if I hoped to be relieved from their painful import by awaking.’

‘It is indeed a dream — a vision,’ said the Countess of Derby; ‘but it needs no seer to read it: the explanation hath been long since given — “Put not your faith in princes.” I can soon remove your surprise. This gentleman, your friend, is doubtless *honest*?’

The Lady Peveril well knew that the Cavaliers, like other factions, usurped to themselves the exclusive denomination of the *honest* party, and she felt some difficulty in explaining that her visitor was not honest in that sense of the word.

‘Had we not better retire, madam?’ she said to the countess, rising, as if in order to attend her.

But the countess retained her seat. ‘It was but a question of habit,’ she said; ‘the gentleman’s principles are nothing to me; for what I have to tell you is widely blazed, and I care not who hears my share of it. You remember — you must have heard, for I think Margaret Stanley would not be indifferent to my fate — that, after my husband’s murder at Bolton, I took up the standard which he never dropped until his death, and displayed it with my own hand in our sovereignty of Man.’

‘I did indeed hear so, madam,’ said the Lady Peveril; ‘and that you had bidden a bold defiance to the rebel government, even after all other parts of Britain had submitted to them. My husband, Sir Geoffrey, designed at one time to have gone to your assistance with some few followers; but we learned that the island was rendered to the Parliament party, and that you, dearest lady, were thrown into prison.’

‘But you heard not,’ said the countess, ‘how that disaster befell me. Margaret, I would have held out that island against the knaves as long as the sea continued to flow around it. Till the shoals which surround it had become safe anchorage — till its precipices had melted beneath the sunshine — till of all its strong abodes and castles not one stone remained upon another, would I have defended against these villainous, hypocritical rebels my dear husband’s hereditary dominion. The little kingdom of Man should have been yielded only when not an

arm was left to wield a sword, not a finger to draw a trigger, in its defence. But treachery did what force could never have done. When we had foiled various attempts upon the island by open force, treason accomplished what Blake and Lawson, with their floating castles, had found too hazardous an enterprise: a base rebel, whom we had nursed in our own bosoms, betrayed us to the enemy. This wretch was named Christian——

Major Bridgenorth started and turned towards the speaker, but instantly seemed to recollect himself, and again averted his face. The countess proceeded, without noticing the interruption, which, however, rather surprised Lady Peveril, who was acquainted with her neighbour's general habits of indifference and apathy, and therefore the more surprised at his testifying such sudden symptoms of interest. She would once again have moved the countess to retire to another apartment, but Lady Derby proceeded with too much vehemence to endure interruption.

'This Christian,' she said, 'had eat of my lord his sovereign's bread, and drunk of his cup, even from childhood; for his fathers had been faithful servants to the house of Man and Derby. He himself had fought bravely by my husband's side, and enjoyed all his confidence; and when my princely earl was martyred by the rebels, he recommended to me, amongst other instructions communicated in the last message I received from him, to continue my confidence in Christian's fidelity. I obeyed, although I never loved the man. He was cold and phlegmatic, and utterly devoid of that sacred fire which is the incentive to noble deeds, suspected too of leaning to the cold metaphysics of Calvinistic subtilty. But he was brave, wise, and experienced, and, as the event proved, possessed but too much interest with the islanders. When these rude people saw themselves without hope of relief, and pressed by a blockade, which brought want and disease into their island, they began to fall off from the faith which they had hitherto shown.'

'What!' said the Lady Peveril, 'could they forget what was due to the widow of their benefactor, she who had shared with the generous Derby the task of bettering their condition?'

'Do not blame them,' said the countess; 'the rude herd acted but according to their kind: in present distress they forgot former benefits, and, nursed in their earthen hovels, with spirits suited to their dwellings, they were incapable of feeling the glory which is attached to constancy in suffering. But

that Christian should have headed their revolt — that he, born a gentleman, and bred under my murdered Derby's own care in all that was chivalrous and noble — that *he* should have forgot a hundred benefits — why do I talk of benefits? — that he should have forgotten that kindly intercourse which binds man to man far more than the reciprocity of obligation — that he should have headed the ruffians who broke suddenly into my apartment, immured me with my infants in one of my own castles, and assumed or usurped the tyranny of the island — that this should have been done by William Christian, my vassal, my servant, my friend, was a deed of ungrateful treachery which even this age of treason will scarcely parallel!

'And you were then imprisoned,' said the Lady Peveril, 'and in your own sovereignty!'

'For more than seven years I have endured strict captivity,' said the countess. 'I was indeed offered my liberty, and even some means of support, if I would have consented to leave the island, and pledge my word that I would not endeavour to repossess my son in his father's rights. But they little knew the princely house from which I spring, and as little the royal house of Stanley which I uphold, who hoped to humble Charlotte of Tremouille into so base a composition. I would rather have starved in the darkest and lowest vault of Rushin Castle than have consented to aught which might diminish in one hair's breadth the right of my son over his father's sovereignty.'

'And could not your firmness, in a case where hope seemed lost, induce them to be generous, and dismiss you without conditions?'

'They knew me better than thou dost, wench,' answered the countess; 'once at liberty, I had not been long without the means of disturbing their usurpation, and Christian would have as soon uncaged a lioness to combat with as have given me the slightest power of returning to the struggle with him. But time had liberty and revenge in store — I had still friends and partizans in the island, though they were compelled to give way to the storm. Even among the islanders at large, most had been disappointed in the effects which they expected from the change of power. They were loaded with exactions by their new masters, their privileges were abridged, and their immunities abolished, under the pretext of reducing them to the same condition with the other subjects of the pretended republic. When the news arrived of the changes which were

current in Britain, these sentiments were privately communicated to me. Calcott and others acted with great zeal and fidelity; and a rising, effected as suddenly and effectually as that which had made me a captive, placed me at liberty and in possession of the sovereignty of Man, as regent for my son, the youthful Earl of Derby. Do you think I enjoyed that sovereignty long without doing justice on that traitor Christian?’

‘How, madam?’ said Lady Peveril, who, though she knew the high and ambitious spirit of the countess, scarce anticipated the extremities to which it was capable of hurrying her. ‘Have you imprisoned Christian?’

‘Ay, wench, in that sure prison which felon never breaks from,’ answered the countess.

Bridgenorth, who had insensibly approached them, and was listening with an agony of interest which he was unable any longer to suppress, broke in with the stern exclamation — ‘Lady, I trust you have not dared ——’

The countess interrupted him in her turn. ‘I know not who you are who question, and you know not me when you speak to me of that which I dare, or dare not, do. But you seem interested in the fate of this Christian, and you shall hear it. I was no sooner placed in possession of my rightful power than I ordered the Dempster of the island to hold upon the traitor a High Court of Justice, with all the formalities of the isle, as prescribed in its oldest records. The court was held in the open air, before the Dempster and the Keys of the island, assembled under the vaulted cope of heaven, and seated on the terrace of the Tinwald Hill, where of old Druid and Scald held their courts of judgment. The criminal was heard at length in his own defence, which amounted to little more than those specious allegations of public consideration which are ever used to colour the ugly front of treason. He was fully convicted of his crime, and he received the doom of a traitor.’

‘But which, I trust, is not yet executed?’ said Lady Peveril, not without an involuntary shudder.

‘You are a fool, Margaret,’ said the countess, sharply; ‘think you I delayed such an act of justice until some wretched intrigues of the new English court might have prompted their interference? No, wench; he passed from the judgment-seat to the place of execution, with no farther delay than might be necessary for his soul’s sake. He was shot to death by a file

of musketeers in the common place of execution, called Hango Hill.¹

Bridgenorth clasped his hands together, wrung them, and groaned bitterly.

'As you seem interested for this criminal,' added the countess, addressing Bridgenorth, 'I do him but justice in reporting to you that his death was firm and manly, becoming the general tenor of his life, which, but for that gross act of traitorous ingratitude, had been fair and honourable. But what of that? The hypocrite is a saint, and the false traitor a man of honour, till opportunity, that faithful touchstone, proves their metal to be base.'

'It is false, woman — it is false!' said Bridgenorth, no longer suppressing his indignation.

'What means this bearing, Master Bridgenorth?' said Lady Peveril, much surprised. 'What is this Christian to you, that you should insult the Countess of Derby under my roof?'

'Speak not to me of countesses and of ceremonies,' said Bridgenorth; 'grief and anger leave me no leisure for idle observances, to humour the vanity of overgrown children. Oh Christian, worthy — well worthy — of the name thou didst bear! My friend — my brother — the brother of my blessed Alice — the only friend of my desolate estate! art thou then cruelly murdered by a female fury, who, but for thee, had deservedly paid with her own blood that of God's saints, which she, as well as her tyrant husband, had spilled like water! Yes, cruel murderess!' he continued, addressing the countess, 'he whom thou hast butchered in thy insane vengeance sacrificed for many a year the dictates of his own conscience to the interest of thy family, and did not desert it till thy frantic zeal for royalty had wellnigh brought to utter perdition the little community in which he was born. Even in confining thee, he acted but as the friends of the madman, who bind him with iron for his own preservation; and for thee, as I can bear witness, he was the only barrier between thee and the wrath of the Commons of England; and but for his earnest remonstrances, thou hadst suffered the penalty of thy malignancy, even like the wicked wife of Ahab.'

'Master Bridgenorth,' said Lady Peveril, 'I will allow for your impatience upon hearing these unpleasing tidings; but there is neither use nor propriety in farther urging this question. If in your grief you forget other restraints, I pray you

¹ See Trial and Execution of Christian. Note 4.

to remember that the countess is my guest and kinswoman, and is under such protection as I can afford her. I beseech you, in simple courtesy, to withdraw, as what must needs be the best and most becoming course in these trying circumstances.'

'Nay, let him remain,' said the countess, regarding him with composure, not unmingled with triumph; 'I would not have it otherwise: I would not that my revenge should be summed up in the stunted gratification which Christian's death hath afforded. This man's rude and clamorous grief only proves that the retribution I have dealt has been more widely felt than by the wretched sufferer himself. I would I knew that it had but made sore as many rebel hearts as there were loyal breasts afflicted by the death of my princely Derby!'

'So please you madam,' said Lady Peveril, 'since Master Bridgenorth hath not the manners to leave us upon my request, we will, if your ladyship lists, leave him, and retire to my apartment. Farewell, Master Bridgenorth; we will meet hereafter on better terms.'

'Pardon me, madam,' said the major, who had been striding hastily through the room, but now stood fast and drew himself up, as one who has taken a resolution — 'to yourself I have nothing to say but what is respectful; but to this woman I must speak as a magistrate. She has confessed a murder in my presence — the murder too of my brother-in-law — as a man and as a magistrate I cannot permit her to pass from hence, excepting under such custody as may prevent her farther flight. She has already confessed that she is a fugitive, and in search of a place of concealment, until she should be able to escape into foreign parts. Charlotte, Countess of Derby, I attach thee of the crime of which thou hast but now made thy boast.'

'I shall not obey your arrest,' said the countess, composedly; 'I was born to give, but not to receive, such orders. What have your English laws to do with my acts of justice and of government within my son's hereditary kingdom? Am I not Queen in Man as well as Countess of Derby? A feudatory sovereign indeed; but yet independent so long as my dues of homage are duly discharged. What right can you assert over me?'

'That given by the precept of Scripture,' answered Bridgenorth — "'Whoso spilleth man's blood, by man shall his blood be spilled.'" Think not that the barbarous privileges of ancient feudal customs will avail to screen you from the punishment

due for an Englishman murdered upon pretexts inconsistent with the Act of Indemnity.'

'Master Bridgenorth,' said Lady Peveril, 'if by fair terms you desist not from your present purpose, I tell you that I neither dare nor will permit any violence against this honourable lady within the walls of my husband's castle.'

'You will find yourself unable to prevent me from executing my duty, madam,' said Bridgenorth, 'whose native obstinacy now came in aid of his grief and desire of revenge; 'I am a magistrate, and act by authority.'

'I know not that,' said Lady Peveril. 'That you *were* a magistrate, Master Bridgenorth, under the late usurping powers, I know well; but till I hear of your having a commission in the name of the King, I now hesitate to obey you as such.'

'I shall stand on small ceremony,' said Bridgenorth. 'Were I no magistrate, every man has title to arrest for murder against the terms of the indemnities held out by the King's proclamations, and I will make my point good.'

'What indemnities? What proclamations?' said the Countess of Derby, indignantly. 'Charles Stuart may, if he pleases, and it doth seem to please him, consort with those whose hands have been red with the blood, and blackened with the plunder, of his father and of his loyal subjects. He may forgive them if he will, and count their deeds good service. What has that to do with this Christian's offence against me and mine? Born a Manxman, bred and nursed in the island, he broke the laws under which he lived, and died for the breach of them, after the fair trial which they allowed. Methinks, Margaret, we have enough of this peevish and foolish magistrate; I attend you to your apartment.'

Major Bridgenorth placed himself betwixt them and the door, in a manner which showed him determined to interrupt their passage; when the Lady Peveril, who thought she had already shown more deference to him in this matter than her husband was likely to approve of, raised her voice and called loudly on her steward, Whitaker. That alert person, who had heard high talking, and a female voice with which he was unacquainted, had remained for several minutes stationed in the ante-room, much afflicted with the anxiety of his own curiosity. Of course he entered in an instant.

'Let three of the men instantly take arms,' said his lady; 'bring them into the ante-room, and wait my farther orders.'

CHAPTER VI

You shall have no worse prison than my chamber,
Nor jailer than myself.

The Captain.

THE command which Lady Peveril laid on her domestics to arm themselves was so unlike the usual gentle acquiescence of her manners that Major Bridgenorth was astonished. 'How mean you, madam?' said he; 'I thought myself under a friendly roof.'

'And you are so, Master Bridgenorth,' said the Lady Peveril, without departing from the natural calmness of her voice and manner; 'but it is a roof which must not be violated by the outrage of one friend against another.'

'It is well, madam,' said Bridgenorth, turning to the door of the apartment. 'The worthy Master Solsgrace has already foretold that the time was returned when high houses and proud names should be once more an excuse for the crimes of those who inhabit the one and bear the other. I believed him not, but now see he is wiser than I. Yet think not I will endure this tamely. The blood of my brother — of the friend of my bosom — shall not long call from the altar, "How long, O Lord, how long?" If there is one spark of justice left in this unhappy England, that proud woman and I shall meet where she can have no partial friend to protect her.'

So saying, he was about to leave the apartment, when Lady Peveril said, 'You depart not from this place, Master Bridgenorth, unless you give me your word to renounce all purpose against the noble countess's liberty upon the present occasion.'

'I would sooner,' he answered, 'subscribe to my own dishonour, madam, written down in express words, than to any such composition. If any man offers to interrupt me, his blood be on his own head!' As Major Bridgenorth spoke, Whitaker threw open the door, and showed that, with the alertness of an old soldier, who was not displeased at seeing things tend once

more towards a state of warfare, he had got with him four stout fellows in the knight of the Peak's livery, well armed with swords and carabines, buff-coats, and pistols at their girdles.

'I will see,' said Major Bridgenorth, 'if any of these men be so desperate as to stop me, a free-born Englishman and a magistrate, in the discharge of my duty.'

So saying, he advanced upon Whitaker and his armed assistants with his hand on the hilt of his sword.

'Do not be so desperate, Master Bridgenorth,' exclaimed Lady Peveril; and added in the same moment, 'Lay hold upon and disarm him, Whitaker, but do him no injury.'

Her commands were obeyed. Bridgenorth, though a man of moral resolution, was not one of those who undertake to cope in person with odds of a description so formidable. He half drew his sword, and offered such show of resistance as made it necessary to secure him by actual force; but then yielded up his weapon, and declared that, submitting to force which one man was unable to resist, he made those who commanded and who employed it responsible for assailing his liberty without a legal warrant.

'Never mind a warrant on a pinch, Master Bridgenorth,' said old Whitaker; 'sure enough you have often acted upon a worse yourself. My lady's word is as good a warrant, sure, as Old Noll's commission; and you bore that many a day, Master Bridgenorth, and, moreover, you laid me in the stocks for drinking the King's health, Master Bridgenorth, and never cared a farthing about the laws of England.'

'Hold your saucy tongue, Whitaker,' said the Lady Peveril; 'and do you, Master Bridgenorth, not take it to heart that you are detained prisoner for a few hours, until the Countess of Derby can have nothing to fear from your pursuit. I could easily send an escort with her that might bid defiance to any force you could muster; but I wish, Heaven knows, to bury the remembrance of old civil dissensions, not to awaken new. Once more, will you think better on it—assume your sword again, and forget whom you have now seen at Martindale Castle?'

'Never,' said Bridgenorth. 'The crime of this cruel woman will be the last of human injuries which I can forget. The last thought of earthly kind which will leave me will be the desire that justice shall be done on her.'

'If such be your sentiments,' said Lady Peveril, 'though they are more allied to revenge than to justice, I must provide for my friend's safety by putting restraint upon your person.'

In this room you will be supplied with every necessary of life and every convenience; and a message shall relieve your domestics of the anxiety which your absence from the hall is not unlikely to occasion. When a few hours, at most two days, are over, I will myself relieve you from confinement, and demand your pardon for now acting as your obstinacy compels me to do.'

The major made no answer, but that he was in her hands, and must submit to her pleasure; and then turned sullenly to the window, as if desirous to be rid of their presence.

The countess and the Lady Peveril left the apartment arm-in-arm; and the lady issued forth her directions to Whitaker concerning the mode in which she was desirous that Bridgenorth should be guarded and treated during his temporary confinement; at the same time explaining to him that the safety of the Countess of Derby required that he should be closely watched.

In all proposals for the prisoner's security, such as the regular relief of guards and the like, Whitaker joyfully acquiesced, and undertook, body for body, that he should be detained in captivity for the necessary period. But the old steward was not half so docile when it came to be considered how the captive's bedding and table should be supplied; and he thought Lady Peveril displayed a very undue degree of attention to her prisoner's comforts. 'I warrant,' he said, 'that the cuckoldy Roundhead ate enough of our fat beef yesterday to serve him for a month; and a little fasting will do his health good. Marry, for drink he shall have plenty of cold water to cool his hot liver, which, I will be bound, is still hissing with the strong liquors of yesterday. And as for bedding, there are the fine dry boards, more wholesome than the wet straw I lay upon when I was in the stocks, I trow.'

'Whitaker,' said the lady, peremptorily, 'I desire you to provide Master Bridgenorth's bedding and food in the way I have signified to you; and to behave yourself towards him in all civility.'

'Lack-a-day! yes, my lady,' said Whitaker; 'you shall have all your directions punctually obeyed; but, as an old servant, I cannot but speak my mind.'

The ladies retired after this conference with the steward in the ante-chamber, and were soon seated in another apartment, which was peculiarly dedicated to the use of the mistress of the mansion; having, on the one side, access to the family bed-

room, and on the other, to the still-room, which communicated with the garden. There was also a small door, which, ascending a few steps, led to that balcony, already mentioned, that overhung the kitchen; and the same passage, by a separate door, admitted to the principal gallery in the chapel; so that the spiritual and temporal affairs of the castle were placed almost at once within reach of the same regulating and directing eye.¹

In the tapestried room from which issued these various sallyports, the countess and Lady Peveril were speedily seated; and the former, smiling upon the latter, said, as she took her hand, 'Two things have happened to-day which might have surprised me, if anything ought to surprise me in such times. The first is, that yonder Roundheaded fellow should have dared to use such insolence in the house of Peveril of the Peak. If your husband is yet the same honest and downright Cavalier whom I once knew, and had chanced to be at home, he would have thrown the knave out of window. But what I wonder at still more, Margaret, is your generalship. I hardly thought you had courage sufficient to have taken such decided measures, after keeping on terms with the man so long. When he spoke of justices and warrants, you looked so overawed that I thought I felt the clutch of the parish beadles on my shoulder to drag me to prison as a vagrant.'

'We owe Master Bridgenorth some deference, my dearest lady,' answered the Lady Peveril: 'he has served us often and kindly in these late times; but neither he nor any one else shall insult the Countess of Derby in the house of Margaret Stanley.'

'Thou art become a perfect heroine, Margaret,' replied the countess.

'Two sieges and alarms innumerable,' said Lady Peveril, 'may have taught me presence of mind. My courage is, I believe, as slender as ever.'

'Presence of mind is courage,' answered the countess. 'Real valour consists not in being insensible to danger, but in being prompt to confront and disarm it; and we may have present occasion for all that we possess,' she added, with some slight emotion, 'for I hear the trampling of horses' steps on the pavement of the court.'

In one moment, the boy Julian, breathless with joy, came flying into the room, to say that papa was returned with Lam-

¹ See Arrangement of Apartments. Note 5.

ington and Sam Brewer ; and that he was himself to ride Black Hastings to the stable. In the second, the tramp of the honest knight's heavy jack-boots was heard, as, in his haste to see his lady, he ascended the staircase by two steps at a time. He burst into the room, his manly countenance and disordered dress showing marks that he had been riding fast ; and without looking to any one else, caught his good lady in his arms, and kissed her a dozen of times. Blushing, and with some difficulty, Lady Peveril extricated herself from Sir Geoffrey's arms ; and in a voice of bashful and gentle rebuke, bid him, for shame, observe who was in the room.

'One,' said the countess, advancing to him, 'who is right glad to see that Sir Geoffrey Peveril, though turned courtier and favourite, still values the treasure which she had some share in bestowing upon him. You cannot have forgot the raising of the leaguer of Latham House?'

'The noble Countess of Derby !' said Sir Geoffrey, doffing his plumed hat with an air of deep deference, and kissing with much reverence the hand which she held out to him. 'I am as glad to see your ladyship in my poor house as I would be to hear that they had found a vein of lead in the Brown Tor. I rode hard in the hope of being your escort through the country. I feared you might have fallen into bad hands, hearing there was a knave sent out with a warrant from the council.'

'When heard you so ? and from whom ?'

'It was from Cholmondley of Vale Royal,' said Sir Geoffrey ; 'he is come down to make provision for your safety through Cheshire, and I promised to bring you there in safety. Prince Rupert, Ormond, and other friends do not doubt the matter will be driven to a fine ; but they say the chancellor and Harry Bennet, and some others of the over-sea counsellors, are furious at what they call a breach of the King's proclamation. Hang them, say I. They left us to bear all the beating, and now they are incensed that we should wish to clear scores with those who rode us like nightmares !'

'What did they talk of for my chastisement ?' said the countess.

'I wot not,' said Sir Geoffrey ; 'some friends, as I said, from our kind Cheshire, and others, tried to bring it to a fine ; but some, again, spoke of nothing but the Tower, and a long imprisonment.'

'I have suffered imprisonment long enough for King Charles's

sake,' said the countess, 'and have no mind to undergo it at his hand. Besides, if I am removed from the personal superintendence of my son's dominions in Man, I know not what new usurpation may be attempted there. I must be obliged to you, cousin, to contrive that I may get in security to Vale Royal, and from thence I know I shall be guarded safely to Liverpool.'

'You may rely on my guidance and protection, noble lady,' answered her host, 'though you had come here at midnight, and with the rogue's head in your apron, like Judith in the Holy Apocrypha, which I joy to hear once more read in churches.'

'Do the gentry resort much to the court?' said the lady.

'Ay, madam,' replied Sir Geoffrey; 'and according to our saying, when miners do begin to bore in these parts, it is "for the grace of God, and what they there may find."'

'Meet the old Cavaliers with much countenance?' continued the countess.

'Faith, madam, to speak truth,' replied the knight, 'the King hath so gracious a manner that it makes every man's hopes blossom, though we have seen but few that have ripened into fruit.'

'You have not yourself, my cousin,' answered the countess, 'had room to complain of ingratitude, I trust? Few have less deserved it at the King's hand.'

Sir Geoffrey was unwilling, like most prudent persons, to own the existence of expectations which had proved fallacious, yet had too little art in his character to conceal his disappointment entirely. 'Who? I, madam?' he said. 'Alas! what should a poor country knight expect from the King, besides the pleasure of seeing him in Whitehall once more, and enjoying his own again? And his Majesty was very gracious when I was presented, and spoke to me of Worcester, and of my horse, Black Hastings — he had forgot his name, though — faith, and mine too, I believe, had not Prince Rupert whispered it to him. And I saw some old friends, such as his Grace of Ormond, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, Sir Philip Musgrave, and so forth; and had a jolly rouse or two, to the tune of old times.'

'I should have thought so many wounds received — so many dangers risked — such considerable losses — merited something more than a few smooth words,' said the countess.

'Nay, my lady, there were other friends of mine who had the same thought,' answered Peveril. 'Some were of opinion that the loss of so many hundred acres of fair land was worth

some reward of honour at least ; and there were who thought my descent from William the Conqueror — craving your ladyship's pardon for boasting it in your presence — would not have become a higher rank or title worse than the pedigree of some who have been promoted. But what said the witty Duke of Buckingham, forsooth — whose grandsire was a Lei'stershire knight, rather poorer, and scarce so well-born as myself ? Why, he said that, if all of my degree who deserved well of the King in the late times were to be made peers, the House of Lords must meet upon Salisbury Plain !'

'And that bad jest passed for a good argument !' said the countess ; 'and well it might, where good arguments pass for bad jests. But here comes one I must be acquainted with.'

This was little Julian, who now re-entered the hall, leading his little sister, as if he had brought her to bear witness to the boastful tale which he told his father, of his having manfully ridden Black Hastings to the stable-yard, alone in the saddle ; and that Saunders, though he walked by the horse's head, did not once put his hand upon the rein, and Brewer, though he stood beside him, scarce held him by the knee. The father kissed the boy heartily ; and the countess, calling him to her so soon as Sir Geoffrey had set him down, kissed his forehead also, and then surveyed all his features with a keen and penetrating eye.

'He is a true Peveril,' said she, 'mixed as he should be with some touch of the Stanley. Cousin, you must grant me my boon, and when I am safely established, and have my present affair arranged, you must let me have this little Julian of yours some time hence, to be nurtured in my house, held as my page, and the playfellow of the little Derby. I trust in Heaven, they will be such friends as their fathers have been, and may God send them more fortunate times !'¹

'Marry, and I thank you for the proposal with all my heart, madam,' said the knight. 'There are so many noble houses decayed, and so many more in which the exercise and discipline for the training of noble youths is given up and neglected, that I have often feared I must have kept Gil to be young master at home ; and I have had too little nurture myself to teach him much, and so he would have been a mere hunting, hawking knight of Derbyshire. But in your ladyship's household, and with the noble young earl, he will have all, and more than all, the education which I could desire.'

¹ See Pages. Note 6.

'There shall be no distinction betwixt them, cousin,' said the countess; 'Margaret Stanley's son shall be as much the object of care to me as my own, since you are kindly disposed to entrust him to my charge. You look pale, Margaret,' she continued, 'and the tear stands in your eye. Do not be so foolish, my love; what I ask is better than you can desire for your boy; for the house of my father, the Duke de la Tremouille, was the most famous school of chivalry in France; nor have I degenerated from him, or suffered any relaxation in that noble discipline which trained young gentlemen to do honour to their race. You can promise your Julian no such advantages, if you train him up a mere home-bred youth.'

'I acknowledge the importance of the favour, madam,' said Lady Peveril, 'and must acquiesce in what your ladyship honours us by proposing, and Sir Geoffrey approves of; but Julian is an only child, and——'

'An only son,' said the countess, 'but surely not an only child. You pay too high deference to our masters, the male sex, if you allow Julian to engross all your affection, and spare none for this beautiful girl.'

So saying, she set down Julian, and, taking Alice Bridgenorth on her lap, began to caress her; and there was, notwithstanding her masculine character, something so sweet in the tone of her voice and in the cast of her features, that the child immediately smiled, and replied to her marks of fondness. This mistake embarrassed Lady Peveril exceedingly. Knowing the blunt impetuosity of her husband's character, his devotion to the memory of the deceased Earl of Derby, and his corresponding veneration for his widow, she was alarmed for the consequences of his hearing the conduct of Bridgenorth that morning, and was particularly desirous that he should not learn it save from herself in private, and after due preparation. But the countess's error led to a more precipitate disclosure.

'That pretty girl, madam,' answered Sir Geoffrey, 'is none of ours; I wish she were. She belongs to a neighbour hard by—a good man, and, to say truth, a good neighbour, though he was carried off from his allegiance in the late times by a d—d Presbyterian scoundrel, who calls himself a parson, and whom I hope to fetch down from his perch presently, with a wannon to him! He has been cock of the roost long enough. There are rods in pickle to switch the Geneva cloak with, I can tell the sour-faced rogues that much. But this child is the

daughter of Bridgenorth — neighbour Bridgenorth, of Moultrassie Hall.'

'Bridgenorth!' said the countess. 'I thought I had known all the honourable names in Derbyshire; I remember nothing of Bridgenorth. But stay — was there not a sequestrator and committeeman of that name? Sure, it cannot be he.'

Peveril took some shame to himself as he replied, 'It is the very man whom your ladyship means, and you may conceive the reluctance with which I submitted to receive good offices from one of his kidney; but had I not done so, I should have scarce known how to find a roof to cover Dame Margaret's head.'

The countess, as he spoke, raised the child gently from her lap and placed it upon the carpet, though little Alice showed a disinclination to the change of place, which the Lady of Derby and Man would certainly have indulged in a child of patrician descent and loyal parentage.

'I blame you not,' she said; 'no one knows what temptation will bring us down to. Yet I *did* think Peveril of the Peak would have resided in its deepest cavern sooner than owed an obligation to a regicide.'

'Nay, madam,' answered the knight, 'my neighbour is bad enough, but not so bad as you would make him: he is but a Presbyterian — that I must confess — but not an Independent.'

'A variety of the same monster,' said the countess, 'who hallooed while the others hunted, and bound the victim whom the Independents massacred. Betwixt such sects I prefer the Independents. They are at least bold, barefaced, merciless villains, have more of the tiger in them and less of the crocodile. I have no doubt it was that worthy gentleman who took it upon him this morning —'

She stopped short, for she saw Lady Peveril was vexed and embarrassed.

'I am,' she said, 'the most luckless of beings. I have said something, I know not what, to distress you, Margaret. Mystery is a bad thing, and betwixt us there should be none.'

'There is none, madam,' said Lady Peveril, something impatiently; 'I waited but an opportunity to tell my husband what had happened. Sir Geoffrey, Master Bridgenorth was unfortunately here when the Lady Derby and I met; and he thought it part of his duty to speak of —'

'To speak of what?' said the knight, bending his brows.

'You were ever something too fond, dame, of giving way to the usurpation of such people.'

'I only mean,' said Lady Peveril, 'that as the person — he to whom Lady Derby's story related — was the brother of his late lady, he threatened — but I cannot think that he was serious.'

'Threaten! — threaten the Lady of Derby and Man in my house! — the widow of my friend — the noble Charlotte of Latham House! By Heaven, the prick-eared slave shall answer it! How comes it that my knaves threw him not out of the window?'

'Alas! Sir Geoffrey, you forget how much we owe him,' said the lady.

'Owe him!' said the knight, still more indignant; for in his singleness of apprehension he conceived that his wife alluded to pecuniary obligations; 'if I do owe him some money, hath he not security for it? and must he have the right, over and above, to domineer and play the magistrate in Martindale Castle? Where is he? what have you made of him? I will — I must speak with him.'

'Be patient, Sir Geoffrey,' said the countess, who now discerned the cause of her kinswoman's apprehension; 'and be assured I did not need your chivalry to defend me against this discourteous faitour, as *Morte d'Arthur* would have called him. I promise you, my kinswoman hath fully righted my wrong; and I am so pleased to owe my deliverance entirely to her gallantry, that I charge and command you, as a true knight, not to mingle in the adventure of another.'

Lady Peveril, who knew her husband's blunt and impatient temper, and perceived that he was becoming angry, now took up the story, and plainly and simply pointed out the cause of Master Bridgenorth's interference.

'I am sorry for it,' said the knight; 'I thought he had more sense, and that this happy change might have done some good upon him. But you should have told me this instantly. It consists not with my honour that he should be kept prisoner in this house, as if I feared anything he could do to annoy the noble countess, while she is under my roof, or within twenty miles of this castle.'

So saying, and bowing to the countess, he went straight to the gilded chamber, leaving Lady Peveril in great anxiety for the event of an angry meeting between a temper hasty as that of her husband and stubborn like that of Bridgenorth. Her

apprehensions were, however, unnecessary ; for the meeting was not fated to take place.

When Sir Geoffrey Peveril, having dismissed Whitaker and his sentinels, entered the gilded chamber, in which he expected to find his captive, the prisoner had escaped, and it was easy to see in what manner. The sliding panel had, in the hurry of the moment, escaped the memory of Lady Peveril, and of Whitaker, the only persons who knew anything of it. It was probable that a chink had remained open, sufficient to indicate its existence to Bridgenorth ; who, withdrawing it altogether, had found his way into the secret apartment with which it communicated, and from thence to the postern of the castle by another secret passage, which had been formed in the thickness of the wall, as is not uncommon in ancient mansions ; the lords of which were liable to so many mutations of fortune, that they usually contrived to secure some lurking-place and secret mode of retreat from their fortresses. That Bridgenorth had discovered and availed himself of this secret mode of retreat was evident ; because the private doors communicating with the postern and the sliding panel in the gilded chamber were both left open.

Sir Geoffrey returned to the ladies with looks of perplexity. While he deemed Bridgenorth within his reach, he was apprehensive of nothing he could do ; for he felt himself his superior in personal strength, and in that species of courage which induces a man to rush, without hesitation, upon personal danger. But when at a distance, he had been for many years accustomed to consider Bridgenorth's power and influence as something formidable ; and, notwithstanding the late change of affairs, his ideas so naturally reverted to his neighbour as a powerful friend or dangerous enemy, that he felt more apprehension on the countess's score than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. The countess observed his downcast and anxious brow, and requested to know if her stay there was likely to involve him in any trouble or in any danger.

‘The trouble should be welcome,’ said Sir Geoffrey, ‘and more welcome the danger, which should come on such an account. My plan was, that your ladyship should have honoured Martindale with a few days' residence, which might have been kept private until the search after you was ended. Had I seen this fellow Bridgenorth, I have no doubt I could have compelled him to act discreetly ; but he is now at liberty, and will keep out of my reach ; and, what is worse, he has the secret of the priest's chamber.’

Here the knight paused, and seemed much embarrassed.

'You can, then, neither conceal nor protect me?' said the countess.

'Pardon, my honoured lady,' answered the knight, 'and let me say out my say: The plain truth is, that this man hath many friends among the Presbyterians here, who are more numerous than I would wish them; and if he falls in with the pursuivant fellow who carries the warrant of the privy-council, it is likely he will back him with force sufficient to try to execute it. And I doubt whether any of our own friends can be summoned together in haste sufficient to resist such a power as they are like to bring together.'

'Nor would I wish any friends to take arms, in my name, against the King's warrant, Sir Geoffrey,' said the countess.

'Nay, for that matter,' replied the knight, 'an his Majesty will grant warrants against his best friends, he must look to have them resisted. But the best I can think of in this emergency is — though the proposal be something inhospitable — that your ladyship should take presently to horse, if your fatigue will permit. I will mount also, with some brisk fellows, who will lodge you safe at Vale Royal, though the sheriff stopped the way with a whole *posse comitatus*.'

The Countess of Derby willingly acquiesced in this proposal. She had enjoyed a night's sound repose in the private chamber, to which Ellesmere had guided her on the preceding evening, and was quite ready to resume her route, or flight. 'She scarce knew,' she said, 'which of the two she should term it.'

Lady Peveril wept at the necessity which seemed to hurry her earliest friend and protectress from under her roof, at the instant when the clouds of adversity were gathering around her; but she saw no alternative equally safe. Nay, however strong her attachment to Lady Derby, she could not but be more readily reconciled to her hasty departure, when she considered the inconvenience, and even danger, in which her presence, at such a time, and in such circumstances, was likely to involve a man so bold and hot-tempered as her husband Sir Geoffrey.

While Lady Peveril, therefore, made every arrangement which time permitted and circumstances required for the countess prosecuting her journey, her husband, whose spirits always rose with the prospect of action, issued his orders to Whitaker to get together a few stout fellows, with back and breast-pieces, and steel-caps. 'There are the two lackeys, and

Outram and Saunders, besides the other groom fellow, and Roger Raine, and his son — but bid Roger not come drunk again — thyself, young Dick of the Dale and his servant, and a file or two of the tenants; we shall be enough for any force they can make. All these are fellows that will strike hard, and ask no question why: their hands are ever readier than their tongues, and their mouths are more made for drinking than speaking.'

Whitaker, apprised of the necessity of the case, asked if he should not warn Sir Jasper Cranbourne.

'Not a word to him, as you live,' said the knight; 'this may be an outlawry, as they call it, for what I know; and therefore I will bring no lands or tenements into peril saving mine own. Sir Jasper hath had a troublesome time of it for many a year. By my will, he shall sit quiet for the rest of's days.'

CHAPTER VII

Fang. A rescue ! a rescue !

Mrs. Quickly. Good people, bring a rescue or two.

Henry IV. Part I.

THE followers of Peveril were so well accustomed to the sound of 'Boot and saddle,' that they were soon mounted and in order ; and in all the form, and with some of the dignity, of danger proceeded to escort the Countess of Derby through the hilly and desert tract of country which connects the frontier of the shire with the neighbouring county of Cheshire. The cavalcade moved with considerable precaution, which they had been taught by the discipline of the Civil Wars. One wary and well-mounted trooper rode about two hundred yards in advance ; followed at about half that distance by two more, with their carabines advanced, as if ready for action. About one hundred yards behind the advance came the main body ; where the Countess of Derby, mounted on Lady Peveril's ambling palfrey, for her own had been exhausted by the journey from London to Martindale Castle, accompanied by one groom of approved fidelity, and one waiting-maid, was attended and guarded by the knight of the Peak and three files of good and practised horsemen. In the rear came Whitaker, with Lance Outram, as men of especial trust, to whom the covering the retreat was confided. They rode, as the Spanish proverb expresses it, 'with the beard on the shoulder,'—looking around, that is, from time to time, and using every precaution to have the speediest knowledge of any pursuit which might take place.

But, however wise in discipline, Peveril and his followers were somewhat remiss in civil policy. The knight had communicated to Whitaker, though without any apparent necessity, the precise nature of their present expedition ; and Whitaker was equally communicative to his comrade Lance, the keeper. 'It is strange enough, Master Whitaker,' said the latter, when

he had heard the case, 'and I wish you, being a wise man, would expound it — why, when we have been wishing for the King, and praying for the King, and fighting for the King, and dying for the King, for these twenty years, the first thing we find to do on his return is to get into harness to resist his warrant!'

'Pooh! you silly fellow,' said Whitaker, 'that is all you know of the true bottom of our quarrel! Why, man, we fought for the King's person against his warrant all along from the very beginning; for I remember the rogues' proclamations, and so forth, always ran in the name of the King and Parliament.'

'Ay! was it even so?' replied Lance. 'Nay, then, if they begin the old game so soon again, and send out warrants in the King's name against his loyal subjects, well fare our stout knight, say I, who is ready to take them down in their stocking-soles. And if Bridgenorth takes the chase after us, I shall not be sorry to have a knock at him for one.'

'Why, the man, bating he is a pestilent Roundhead and Puritan,' said Whitaker, 'is no bad neighbour. What has he done to thee, man?'

'He has poached on the manor,' answered the keeper.

'The devil he has!' replied Whitaker. 'Thou must be jesting, Lance. Bridgenorth is neither hunter nor hawker; he hath not so much of honesty in him.'

'Ay, but he runs after game you little think of, with his sour, melancholy face, that would scare babes and curdle milk,' answered Lance.

'Thou canst not mean the wenches?' said Whitaker; 'why, he hath been melancholy mad with moping for the death of his wife. Thou knowest our lady took the child, for fear he should strangle it, for putting him in mind of its mother, in some of his tantrams. Under her favour, and among friends, there are many poor Cavaliers' children that care would be better bestowed upon. But to thy tale.'

'Why, thus it runs,' said Lance. 'I think you may have noticed, Master Whitaker, that a certain Mistress Deborah hath manifested a certain favour for a certain person in a certain household.'

'For thyself, to wit,' answered Whitaker; 'Lance Outram, thou art the vainest coxcomb —'

'Coxcomb!' said Lance; 'why, 'twas but last night the whole family saw her, as one would say, fling herself at my head.'

‘I would she had been a brick-bat, then, to have broken it, for thy impertinence and conceit,’ said the steward.

‘Well, but do but hearken. The next morning — that is, this very blessed morning — I thought of going to lodge a buck in the park, judging a bit of venison might be wanted in the larder, after yesterday’s wassail; and, as I passed under the nursery window, I did but just look up to see what madam governante was about; and so I saw her, through the casement, whip on her hood and scarf as soon as she had a glimpse of me. Immediately after I saw the still-room door open, and made sure she was coming through the garden, and so over the breach and down to the park; and so, thought I, “Aha, Mistress Deb, if you are so ready to dance after my pipe and tabor, I will give you a couranto before you shall come up with me.” And so I went down Ivy-Tod Dingle, where the copse is tangled and the ground swampy, and round by Haxley Bottom, thinking all the while she was following, and laughing in my sleeve at the round I was giving her.’

‘You deserved to be ducked for it,’ said Whitaker, ‘for a weather-headed puppy; but what is all this Jack-a-Lantern story to Bridgenorth?’

‘Why, it was all along of he, man,’ continued Lance, ‘that is, of Bridgenorth, that she did not follow me. Gad, I first walked slow, and then stopped, and then turned back a little, and then began to wonder what she had made of herself, and to think I had borne myself something like a jackass in the matter.’

‘That I deny,’ said Whitaker, ‘never jackass but would have borne him better; but go on.’

‘Why, turning my face towards the castle, I went back as if I had my nose bleeding, when, just by the Copely thorn, which stands, you know, a flight-shot from the postern gate, I saw Madam Deb in close conference with the enemy.’

‘What enemy?’ said the steward.

‘What enemy! why, who but Bridgenorth? They kept out of sight, and among the copse. “But,” thought I, “it is hard if I cannot stalk you, that have stalked so many bucks. If so, I had better give my shafts to be pudding-pins.” So I cast round the thicket, to watch their waters; and, may I never bend cross-bow again, if I did not see him give her gold, and squeeze her by the hand!’

‘And was that all you saw pass between them?’ said the steward.

'Faith, and it was enough to dismount me from my hobby,' said Lance. 'What! when I thought I had the prettiest girl in the castle dancing after my whistle, to find that she gave me the bag to hold, and was smuggling in a corner with a rich old Puritan!'

'Credit me, Lance, it is not as thou thinkest,' said Whitaker. 'Bridgenorth cares not for these amorous toys, and thou thinkest of nothing else. But it is fitting our knight should know that he has met with Deborah in secret, and given her gold; for never Puritan gave gold yet, but it was earnest for some devil's work done or to be done.'

'Nay, but,' said Lance, 'I would not be such a dog-bolt as to go and betray the girl to our master. She hath a right to follow her fancy, as the dame said who kissed her cow; only I do not much approve her choice, that is all. He cannot be six years short of fifty; and a verjuice countenance, under the penthouse of a slouched beaver, and bag of meagre dried bones, saddled up in a black cloak, is no such temptation, methinks.'

'I tell you once more,' said Whitaker, 'you are mistaken; and that there neither is nor can be any matter of love between them, but only some intrigue, concerning, perhaps, this same noble Countess of Derby. I tell thee, it behoves my master to know it, and I will presently tell it to him.'

So saying, and in spite of all the remonstrances which Lance continued to make on behalf of Mistress Deborah, the steward rode up to the main body of their little party, and mentioned to the knight and the Countess of Derby what he had just heard from the keeper, adding at the same time his own suspicions that Master Bridgenorth of Moultrassie Hall was desirous to keep up some system of espial in the Castle of Martindale, either in order to secure his menaced vengeance on the Countess of Derby, as authoress of his brother-in-law's death, or for some unknown, but probably sinister, purpose.

The knight of the Peak was filled with high resentment at Whitaker's communication. According to his prejudices, those of the opposite faction were supposed to make up by wit and intrigue what they wanted in open force; and he now hastily conceived that his neighbour, whose prudence he always respected, and sometimes even dreaded, was maintaining, for his private purposes, a clandestine correspondence with a member of his family. If this was for the betrayal of his noble guest, it argued at once treachery and presumption; or, viewing the whole as Lance had done, a criminal intrigue with a woman so

near the person of Lady Peveril was in itself, he deemed, a piece of sovereign impertinence and disrespect on the part of such a person as Bridgenorth, against whom Sir Geoffrey's anger was kindled accordingly.

Whitaker had scarce regained his post in the rear, when he again quitted it, and galloped to the main body with more speed than before, with the unpleasing tidings that they were pursued by half a score of horsemen and better.

'Ride on briskly to Hartley Nick,' said the knight, 'and there, with God to help, we will bide the knaves. Countess of Derby, one word and a short one. Farewell! you must ride forward with Whitaker and another careful fellow, and let me alone to see that no one treads on your skirts.'

'I will abide with you and stand them,' said the countess; 'you know of old, I fear not to look on man's work.'

'You *must* ride on, madam,' said the knight, 'for the sake of the young earl and the rest of my noble friend's family. There is no manly work which can be worth your looking upon: it is but child's play that these fellows bring with them.'

As she yielded a reluctant consent to continue her flight, they reached the bottom of Hartley Nick—a pass very steep and craggy, and where the road, or rather path, which had hitherto passed over more open ground, became pent up and confined, betwixt copsewood on the one side and on the other the precipitous bank of a mountain stream.

The Countess of Derby, after an affectionate adieu to Sir Geoffrey, and having requested him to convey her kind commendations to her little page-elect and his mother, proceeded up the pass at a round pace, and, with her attendants and escort, was soon out of sight. Immediately after she had disappeared, the pursuers came up with Sir Geoffrey Peveril, who had divided and drawn up his party so as completely to occupy the road at three different points.

The opposite party was led, as Sir Geoffrey had expected, by Major Bridgenorth. At his side was a person in black, with a silver greyhound on his arm; and he was followed by about eight or ten inhabitants of the village of Martindale-Moultrassie, two or three of whom were officers of the peace, and others were personally known to Sir Geoffrey as favourers of the subverted government.

As the party rode briskly up, Sir Geoffrey called to them to halt; and as they continued advancing, he ordered his own people to present their pistols and carabines; and after assuming

that menacing attitude, he repeated, with a voice of thunder, 'Halt, or we fire!'

The other party halted accordingly, and Major Bridgenorth advanced, as if to parley.

'Why, how now, neighbour,' said Sir Geoffrey, as if he had at that moment recognised him for the first time, 'what makes you ride so sharp this morning? Are you not afraid to harm your horse or spoil your spurs?'

'Sir Geoffrey,' said the major, 'I have no time for jesting: I am on the King's affairs.'

'Are you sure it is not upon Old Noll's, neighbour? You used to hold his the better errand,' said the knight, with a smile which gave occasion to a horse-laugh among his followers.

'Show him your warrant,' said Bridgenorth to the man in black formerly mentioned, who was a pursuivant. Then taking the warrant from the officer, he gave it to Sir Geoffrey. 'To this, at least, you will pay regard.'

'The same regard which you would have paid to it a month back or so,' said the knight, tearing the warrant to shreds. 'What a plague do you stare at? Do you think you have a monopoly of rebellion, and that we have not a right to show a trick of disobedience in our turn?'

'Make way, Sir Geoffrey Peveril,' said Bridgenorth, 'or you will compel me to do that I may be sorry for. I am in this matter the avenger of the blood of one of the Lord's saints, and I will follow the chase while Heaven grants me an arm to make my way.'

'You shall make no way here, but at your peril,' said Sir Geoffrey; 'this is my ground. I have been harassed enough for these twenty years by saints, as you call yourselves. I tell you, master, you shall neither violate the security of my house, nor pursue my friends over the grounds, nor tamper, as you have done, amongst my servants, with impunity. I have had you in respect for certain kind doings, which I will not either forget or deny, and you will find it difficult to make me draw a sword or bend a pistol against you; but offer any hostile movement, or presume to advance a foot, and I will make sure of you presently. And for these rascals, who come hither to annoy a noble lady on my bounds, unless you draw them off, I will presently send some of them to the devil before their time.'

'Make room at your proper peril,' said Major Bridgenorth; and he put his right hand on his holster-pistol. Sir Geoffrey closed with him instantly, seized him by the collar, and spurred

Black Hastings, checking him at the same time, so that the horse made a courbette, and brought the full weight of his chest against the counter of the other. A ready soldier might, in Bridgenorth's situation, have rid himself of his adversary with a bullet. But Bridgenorth's courage, notwithstanding his having served some time with the Parliament army, was rather of a civil than a military character; and he was inferior to his adversary, not only in strength and horsemanship, but also and especially in the daring and decisive resolution which made Sir Geoffrey thrust himself readily into personal contest. While, therefore, they tugged and grappled together upon terms which bore such little accordance with their long acquaintance and close neighbourhood, it was no wonder that Bridgenorth should be unhorsed with much violence. While Sir Geoffrey sprung from the saddle, the party of Bridgenorth advanced to rescue their leader, and that of the knight to oppose them. Swords were unsheathed and pistols presented; but Sir Geoffrey, with the voice of a herald, commanded both parties to stand back, and to keep the peace.

The pursuivant took the hint, and easily found a reason for not prosecuting a dangerous duty. 'The warrant,' he said, 'was destroyed. They that did it must be answerable to the council; for his part, he could proceed no farther without his commission.'

'Well said, and like a peaceable fellow!' said Sir Geoffrey. 'Let him have refreshment at the castle; his nag is sorely out of condition. Come, neighbour Bridgenorth, get up, man. I trust you have had no hurt in this mad affray? I was loth to lay hand on you, man, till you plucked out your petronel.'

As he spoke thus, he aided the major to rise. The pursuivant, meanwhile, drew aside; and with him the constable and head-borough, who were not without some tacit suspicion that, though Peveril was interrupting the direct course of law in this matter, yet he was likely to have his offence considered by favourable judges; and therefore it might be as much for their interest and safety to give way as to oppose him. But the rest of the party, friends of Bridgenorth and of his principles, kept their ground notwithstanding this defection, and seemed, from their looks, sternly determined to rule their conduct by that of their leader, whatever it might be.

'But it was evident that Bridgenorth did not intend to renew the struggle. He shook himself rather roughly free from the

hands of Sir Geoffrey Peveril ; but it was not to draw his sword. On the contrary, he mounted his horse with a sullen and dejected air ; and, making a sign to his followers, turned back the same road which he had come. Sir Geoffrey looked after him for some minutes. 'Now, there goes a man,' said he, 'who would have been a right honest fellow had he not been a Presbyterian. But there is no heartiness about them : they can never forgive a fair fall upon the sod ; they bear malice, and that I hate as I do a black cloak, or a Geneva skull-cap, and a pair of long ears rising on each side on't, like two chimneys at the gable ends of a thatched cottage. They are as sly as the devil to boot ; and, therefore, Lance Outram, take two with you, and keep after them, that they may not turn our flank, and get on the track of the countess again after all.'

'I had as soon they should course my lady's white tame doe,' answered Lance, in the spirit of his calling. He proceeded to execute his master's orders by dogging Major Bridgenorth at a distance, and observing his course from such heights as commanded the country. But it was soon evident that no manœuvre was intended, and that the major was taking the direct road homeward. When this was ascertained, Sir Geoffrey dismissed most of his followers ; and, retaining only his own domestics, rode hastily forward to overtake the countess.

It is only necessary to say farther, that he completed his purpose of escorting the Countess of Derby to Vale Royal, without meeting any farther hindrance by the way. The lord of the mansion readily undertook to conduct the high-minded lady to Liverpool, and the task of seeing her safely embarked for her son's hereditary dominions, where there was no doubt of her remaining in personal safety until the accusation against her for breach of the royal indemnity, by the execution of Christian, could be brought to some compromise.

For a length of time this was no easy matter. Clarendon, then at the head of Charles's administration, considered her rash action, though dictated by motives which the human breast must, in some respects, sympathise with, as calculated to shake the restored tranquillity of England, by exciting the doubts and jealousies of those who had to apprehend the consequences of what is called, in our own days, a reaction. At the same time, the high services of this distinguished family, the merits of the countess herself, the memory of her gallant husband, and the very peculiar circumstances of jurisdiction

which took the case out of all common rules, pleaded strongly in her favour; and the death of Christian was at length only punished by the imposition of a heavy fine, amounting, we believe, to many thousand pounds, which was levied, with great difficulty, out of the shattered estates of the young Earl of Derby.

CHAPTER VIII

My native land, good-night !

BYRON.

LADY PEVERIL remained in no small anxiety for several hours after her husband and the countess had departed from Martindale Castle ; more especially when she learned that Major Bridgenorth, concerning whose motions she made private inquiry, had taken horse with a party, and was gone to the westward in the same direction with Sir Geoffrey.

At length her immediate uneasiness in regard to the safety of her husband and the countess was removed by the arrival of Whitaker, with her husband's commendations, and an account of the scuffle betwixt himself and Major Bridgenorth.

Lady Peveril shuddered to see how nearly they had approached to renewal of the scenes of civil discord ; and while she was thankful to Heaven for her husband's immediate preservation, she could not help feeling both regret and apprehension for the consequences of his quarrel with Major Bridgenorth. They had now lost an old friend, who had showed himself such under those circumstances of adversity by which friendship is most severely tried ; and she could not disguise from herself that Bridgenorth, thus irritated, might be a troublesome, if not a dangerous, enemy. His rights as a creditor he had hitherto used with gentleness ; but if he should employ rigour, Lady Peveril, whose attention to domestic economy had made her much better acquainted with her husband's affairs than he was himself, foresaw considerable inconvenience from the measures which the law put in his power. She comforted herself with the recollection, however, that she had still a strong hold on Bridgenorth, through his paternal affection, and from the fixed opinion which he had hitherto manifested that his daughter's health could only flourish while under her charge. But any expectations of reconciliation which Lady

Peveril might probably have founded on this circumstance were frustrated by an incident which took place in the course of the following morning.

The governante, Mistress Deborah, who has been already mentioned, went forth, as usual, with the children, to take their morning exercise in the park, accompanied by Rachael, a girl who acted occasionally as her assistant in attending upon them. But not as usual did she return. It was near the hour of breakfast, when Ellesmere, with an unwonted degree of primness in her mouth and manner, came to acquaint her lady that Mistress Deborah had not thought proper to come back from the park, though the breakfast-hour approached so near.

'She will come, then, presently,' said Lady Peveril, with indifference.

Ellesmere gave a short and doubtful cough, and then proceeded to say, that Rachael had been sent home with little Master Julian, and that Mistress Deborah had been pleased to say she would walk on with Miss Bridgenorth as far as Moultrassie Holt; which was a point at which the property of the major, as matters now stood, bounded that of Sir Geoffrey Peveril.

'Is the wench turned silly,' exclaimed the lady, something angrily, 'that she does not obey my orders, and return at regular hours?'

'She may be turning silly,' said Ellesmere, mysteriously; 'or she may be turning too sly; and I think it were as well your ladyship looked to it.'

'Looked to what, Ellesmere?' said the lady, impatiently. 'You are strangely oracular this morning. If you know anything to the prejudice of this young woman, I pray you speak it out.'

'I prejudice!' said Ellesmere. 'I scorn to prejudice man, woman, or child in the way of a fellow-servant; only I wish your ladyship to look about you, and use your own eyes; that is all.'

'You bid me use my own eyes, Ellesmere; but I suspect,' answered the lady, 'you would be better pleased were I contented to see through your spectacles. I charge you—and you know I will be obeyed—I charge you to tell me what you know or suspect about this girl, Deborah Debbitch.'

'I see through spectacles!' exclaimed the indignant abigail; 'your ladyship will pardon me in that, for I never use them,

unless a pair that belonged to my poor mother, which I put on when your ladyship wants your pinnars curiously wrought. No woman above sixteen ever did white-seam without barnacles. And then as to suspecting, I suspect nothing; for, as your ladyship hath taken Mistress Deborah Debbitch from under my hand, to be sure it is neither bread nor butter of mine. Only (here she began to speak with her lips shut, so as scarce to permit a sound to issue, and mincing her words as if she pinched off the ends of them before she suffered them to escape)—only, madam, if Mistress Deborah goes so often of a morning to Moultrassie Holt, why, I should not be surprised if she should never find the way back again.’

‘Once more, what do you mean, Ellesmere? You were wont to have some sense; let me know distinctly what the matter is.’

‘Only, madam,’ pursued the abigail, ‘that, since Bridgenorth came back from Chesterfield, and saw you at the castle hall, Mistress Deborah has been pleased to carry the children every morning to that place; and it has so happened that she has often met the major, as they call him, there in his walks—for he can walk about now like other folks—and I warrant you she hath not been the worse of the meeting—one way at least, for she hath bought a new hood might serve yourself, madam; but whether she hath had anything in hand besides a piece of money, no doubt your ladyship is best judge.’

Lady Peveril, who readily adopted the more good-natured construction of the governante’s motives, could not help laughing at the idea of a man of Bridgenorth’s precise appearance, strict principles, and reserved habits being suspected of a design of gallantry; and readily concluded that Mistress Deborah had found her advantage in gratifying his parental affection by a frequent sight of his daughter during the few days which intervened betwixt his first seeing little Alice at the castle and the events which had followed. But she was somewhat surprised when, an hour after the usual breakfast-hour, during which neither the child nor Mistress Deborah appeared, Major Bridgenorth’s only man-servant arrived at the castle on horseback, dressed as for a journey; and having delivered a letter addressed to herself, and another to Mistress Ellesmere, rode away without waiting any answer.

There would have been nothing remarkable in this, had any other person been concerned; but Major Bridgenorth was so very quiet and orderly in all his proceedings, so little liable to

act hastily or by impulse, that the least appearance of bustle where he was concerned excited surprise and curiosity.

Lady Peveril broke her letter hastily open, and found that it contained the following lines : —

‘For the hands of the Honourable and Honoured
Lady Peveril — These :

‘MADAM — Please it your Ladyship,

‘I write more to excuse myself to your ladyship than to accuse either you or others, in respect that I am sensible it becomes our frail nature better to confess our own imperfections than to complain of those of others. Neither do I mean to speak of past times, particularly in respect of your worthy ladyship, being sensible that if I have served you in that period when our Israel might be called triumphant, you have more than requited me, in giving to my arms a child, redeemed, as it were, from the vale of the shadow of death. And therefore, as I heartily forgive to your ladyship the unkind and violent measure which you dealt to me at our last meeting, seeing that the woman who was the cause of strife is accounted one of your kindred people, I do entreat you, in like manner, to pardon my enticing away from your service the young woman called Deborah Debbitch, whose nurture, instructed as she hath been under your ladyship’s direction, is, it may be, indispensable to the health of my dearest child. I had purposed, madam, with your gracious permission, that Alice should have remained at Martindale Castle, under your kind charge, until she could so far discern betwixt good and evil that it should be matter of conscience to teach her the way in which she should go. For it is not unknown to your ladyship, and in no way do I speak it reproachfully, but rather sorrowfully, that a person so excellently gifted as yourself — I mean touching natural qualities — has not yet received that true light which is a lamp to the paths, but are contented to stumble in darkness, and among the graves of dead men. It has been my prayer in the watches of the night that your ladyship should cease from the doctrine which causeth to err ; but I grieve to say that, our candlestick being about to be removed, the land will most likely be involved in deeper darkness than ever ; and the return of the King, to which I and many looked forward as a manifestation of Divine favour, seems to prove little else than a permitted triumph of the Prince of the Air, who setteth about to restore his vanity fair of bishops,

deans, and such-like, extruding the peaceful ministers of the Word, whose labours have proved faithful to many hungry souls. So, hearing from a sure hand that commission has gone forth to restore these dumb dogs, the followers of Laud and of Williams, who were cast forth by the late Parliament, and that an Act of Conformity, or rather of deformity, of worship was to be expected, it is my purpose to fly from the wrath to come, and to seek some corner where I may dwell in peace and enjoy liberty of conscience. For who would abide in the sanctuary after the carved work thereof is broken down, and when it hath been made a place for owls and satyrs of the wilderness? And herein I blame myself, madam, that I went in the singleness of my heart too readily into that carousing in the house of feasting, wherein my love of union, and my desire to show respect to your ladyship, were made a snare to me. But I trust it will be an atonement, that I am now about to absent myself from the place of my birth and the house of my fathers, as well as from the place which holdeth the dust of those pledges of my affection. I have also to remember, that in this land my honour, after the worldly estimation, hath been abated, and my utility circumscribed, by your husband, Sir Geoffrey Peveril; and that without any chance of my obtaining reparation at his hand, whereby I may say the hand of a kinsman was lifted up against my credit and my life. These things are bitter to the taste of the old Adam; wherefore, to prevent farther bickerings, and, it may be, bloodshed, it is better that I leave this land for a time. The affairs which remain to be settled between Sir Geoffrey and myself, I shall place in the hand of the righteous Master Joachim Win-the-Fight, an attorney in Chester[-field], who will arrange them with such attention to Sir Geoffrey's convenience as justice and the due exercise of the law will permit; for, as I trust I shall have grace to resist the temptation to make the weapons of carnal warfare the instruments of my revenge, so I scorn to effect it through the means of Mammon. Wishing, madam, that the Lord may grant you every blessing; and, in especial, that which is over all others, namely, the true knowledge of His way,

‘I remain,

‘Your devoted servant to command,

‘RALPH BRIDGENORTH.

‘Written at Moultrassie Hall, this tenth day
of July 1660.’

So soon as Lady Peveril had perused this long and singular homily, in which it seemed to her that her neighbour showed more spirit of religious fanaticism than she could have supposed him possessed of, she looked up and beheld Ellesmere with a countenance in which mortification and an affected air of contempt seemed to struggle together, who, tired with watching the expression of her mistress's countenance, applied for confirmation of her suspicions in plain terms.

'I suppose, madam,' said the waiting-woman, 'the fanatic fool intends to marry the wench? They say he goes to shift the country. Truly, it's time, indeed; for, besides that the whole neighbourhood would laugh him to scorn, I should not be surprised if Lance Outram, the keeper, gave him a buck's head to bear; for that is all in the way of his office.'

'There is no great occasion for your spite at present, Ellesmere,' replied her lady. 'My letter says nothing of marriage; but it would appear that Master Bridgenorth, being to leave this country, has engaged Deborah to take care of his child; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, for the infant's sake.'

'And I am glad of it for my own,' said Ellesmere; 'and, indeed, for the sake of the whole house. And your ladyship thinks she is not like to be married to him? Troth, I could never see how he should be such an idiot; but perhaps she is going to do worse, for she speaks here of coming to high preferment, and that scarce comes by honest service nowadays; then she writes me about sending her things, as if I were mistress of the wardrobe to her ladyship—ay, and recommends Master Julian to the care of my age and experience, forsooth, as if she needed to recommend the dear little jewel to me; and then, to speak of my age. But I will bundle away her rags to the hall, with a witness!'

'Do it with all civility,' said the lady, 'and let Whitaker send her the wages for which she has served, and a broad-piece over and above; for, though a light-headed young woman, she was kind to the children.'

'I know who is kind to their servants, madam, and would spoil the best ever pinned a gown.'

'I spoiled a good one, Ellesmere, when I spoiled thee,' said the lady; 'but tell Mrs. Deborah to kiss the little Alice for me, and to offer my good wishes to Major Bridgenorth, for his temporal and future happiness.'

She permitted no observation or reply, but dismissed her attendant, without entering into farther particulars.

When Ellesmere had withdrawn, Lady Peveril began to reflect, with much feeling of compassion, on the letter of Major Bridgenorth—a person in whom there were certainly many excellent qualities, but whom a series of domestic misfortunes, and the increasing gloom of a sincere, yet stern, feeling of devotion, rendered lonely and unhappy; and she had more than one anxious thought for the happiness of the little Alice, brought up, as she was likely to be, under such a father. Still the removal of Bridgenorth was, on the whole, a desirable event; for while he remained at the hall, it was but too likely that some accidental collision with Sir Geoffrey might give rise to a rencontre betwixt them, more fatal than the last had been.

In the meanwhile, she could not help expressing to Doctor Dummerar her surprise and sorrow that all which she had done and attempted to establish peace and unanimity betwixt the contending factions had been perversely fated to turn out the very reverse of what she had aimed at.

‘But for my unhappy invitation,’ she said, ‘Bridgenorth would not have been at the castle on the morning which succeeded the feast, would not have seen the countess, and would not have incurred the resentment and opposition of my husband. And but for the King’s return, an event which was so anxiously expected as the termination of all our calamities, neither the noble lady nor ourselves had been engaged in this new path of difficulty and danger.’

‘Honoured madam,’ said Doctor Dummerar, ‘were the affairs of this world to be guided implicitly by human wisdom, or were they uniformly to fall out according to the conjectures of human foresight, events would no longer be under the domination of that time and chance which happen unto all men, since we should, in the one case, work out our own purposes to a certainty, by our own skill, and, in the other, regulate our conduct according to the views of unerring prescience. But man is, while in this vale of tears, like an uninstructed bowler, so to speak, who thinks to attain the jack, by delivering his bowl straight forward upon it, being ignorant that there is a concealed bias within the spheroid, which will make it, in all probability, swerve away and lose the cast.’

Having spoken this with a sententious air, the doctor took his shovel-shaped hat, and went down to the castle green to conclude a match of bowls with Whitaker, which had probably suggested this notable illustration of the uncertain course of human events.

Two days afterwards, Sir Geoffrey arrived. He had waited at Vale Royal till he heard of the countess's being safely embarked for Man, and then had posted homeward to his castle and Dame Margaret. On his way, he learned from some of his attendants the mode in which his lady had conducted the entertainment which she had given to the neighbourhood at his order; and, notwithstanding the great deference he usually showed in cases where Lady Peveril was concerned, he heard of her liberality towards the Presbyterian party with great indignation.

‘I could have admitted Bridgenorth,’ he said, ‘for he always bore him in neighbourly and kindly fashion till this last career — I could have endured him, so he would have drunk the King’s health, like a true man; but to bring that snuffling scoundrel Solsgrace, with all his beggarly, long-eared congregation, to hold a conventicle in my father’s house — to let them domineer it as they listed — why, I would not have permitted them such liberty when they held their head the highest! They never, in the worst of times, found any way into Martindale Castle but what Noll’s cannon made for them; and, that they should come and cant there, when good King Charles is returned, — by my hand, Dame Margaret shall hear of it!’

But, notwithstanding these ireful resolutions, resentment altogether subsided in the honest knight’s breast when he saw the fair features of his lady lightened with affectionate joy at his return in safety. As he took her in his arms and kissed her, he forgave her ere he mentioned her offence.

‘Thou hast played the knave with me, Meg,’ he said, shaking his head, and smiling at the same time, ‘and thou knowest in what matter; but I think thou art true churchwoman, and didst only act from some silly womanish fancy of keeping fair with these roguish Roundheads. But let me have no more of this: I had rather Martindale Castle were again rent by their bullets than receive any of the knaves in the way of friendship. I always except Ralph Bridgenorth of the hall, if he should come to his senses again.’

Lady Peveril was here under the necessity of explaining what she had heard of Master Bridgenorth — the disappearance of the governante with his daughter, and placed Bridgenorth’s letter in his hand. Sir Geoffrey shook his head at first, and then laughed extremely at the idea that there was some little love-intrigue between Bridgenorth and Mistress Deborah.

‘It is the true end of a dissenter,’ he said, ‘to marry his

own maid-servant or some other person's. Deborah is a good, likely wench, and on the merrier side of thirty, as I should think.'

'Nay — nay,' said the Lady Peveril, 'you are as uncharitable as Ellesmere; I believe it but to be affection to his child.'

'Pshaw! pshaw!' answered the knight, 'women are eternally thinking of children; but among men, dame, many one caresses the infant that he may kiss the child's maid; and where's the wonder or the harm either, if Bridgenorth should marry the wench? Her father is a substantial yeoman; his family has had the same farm since Bosworth field — as good a pedigree as that of the great-grandson of a Chesterfield brewer, I trow. But let us hear what he says for himself; I shall spell it out if there is any roguery in the letter about love and liking, though it might escape your innocence, Dame Margaret.'

The knight of the Peak began to peruse the letter accordingly, but was much embarrassed by the peculiar language in which it was couched. 'What he means by moving of candlesticks, and breaking down of carved work in the church, I cannot guess; unless he means to bring back the large silver candlesticks which my grandsire gave to be placed on the altar at Martindale-Moultrassie, and which his crop-eared friends, like sacrilegious villains as they are, stole and melted down. And in like manner, the only breaking I know of was when they pulled down the rails of the communion-table, for which some of their fingers are hot enough by this time, and when the brass ornaments were torn down from the Peveril monuments; and that was breaking and removing with a vengeance. However, dame, the upshot is, that poor Bridgenorth is going to leave the neighbourhood. I am truly sorry for it, though I never saw him oftener than once a-day, and never spoke to him above two words. But I see how it is — that little shake by the shoulder sticks in his stomach; and yet, Meg, I did but lift him out of the saddle as I might have lifted thee into it, Margaret. I was careful not to hurt him; and I did not think him so tender in point of honour as to mind such a thing much. But I see plainly where his sore lies; and I warrant you I will manage that he stays at the hall, and that you get back Julian's little companion. Faith, I am sorry myself at the thought of losing the baby, and of having to choose another ride when it is not hunting-weather than round by the hall, with a word at the window.'

'I should be very glad, Sir Geoffrey,' said Lady Peveril,

‘that you could come to a reconciliation with this worthy man, for such I must hold Master Bridgenorth to be.’

‘But for his dissenting principles, as good a neighbour as ever lived,’ said Sir Geoffrey.

‘But I scarce see,’ continued the lady, ‘any possibility of bringing about a conclusion so desirable.’

‘Tush, dame,’ answered the knight, ‘thou knowest little of such matters. I know the foot he halts upon, and you shall see him go as sound as ever.’

Lady Peveril had, from her sincere affection and sound sense, as good a right to claim the full confidence of her husband as any woman in Derbyshire; and, upon this occasion, to confess the truth, she had more anxiety to know his purpose than her sense of their mutual and separate duties permitted her in general to entertain. She could not imagine what mode of reconciliation with his neighbour Sir Geoffrey (no very acute judge of mankind or their peculiarities) could have devised, which might not be disclosed to her; and she felt some secret anxiety lest the means resorted to might be so ill chosen as to render the breach rather wider. But Sir Geoffrey would give no opening for farther inquiry. He had been long enough colonel of a regiment abroad to value himself on the right of absolute command at home; and to all the hints which his lady’s ingenuity could devise and throw out, he only answered, ‘Patience, Dame Margaret — patience. This is no case for thy handling. Thou shalt know enough on’t by and by, dame. Go, look to Julian. Will the boy never have done crying for lack of that little sprout of a Roundhead? But we will have little Alice back with us in two or three days, and all will be well again.’

As the good knight spoke these words, a post winded his horn in the court, and a large packet was brought in, addressed to the worshipful Sir Geoffrey Peveril, Justice of the Peace, and so forth; for he had been placed in authority so soon as the King’s restoration was put upon a settled basis. Upon opening the packet, which he did with no small feeling of importance, he found that it contained the warrant which he had solicited for replacing Doctor Dummerar in the parish, from which he had been forcibly ejected during the usurpation.¹

Few incidents could have given more delight to Sir Geoffrey. He could forgive a stout, able-bodied sectary or nonconformist, who enforced his doctrines in the field by downright blows on the casques and cuirasses of himself and other Cavaliers; but

¹ See Ejection of Presbyterian Clergy. Note 7.

he remembered, with most vindictive accuracy, the triumphant entrance of Hugh Peters through the breach of his castle ; and for his sake, without nicely distinguishing betwixt sects or their teachers, he held all who mounted a pulpit without warrant from the Church of England — perhaps he might also in private except that of Rome — to be disturbers of the public tranquillity, seducers of the congregation from their lawful preachers, instigators of the late Civil War, and men well disposed to risk the fate of a new one.

Then, on the other hand, besides gratifying his dislike to Solsgrace, he saw much satisfaction in the task of replacing his old friend and associate in sport and in danger, the worthy Doctor Dummerar, in his legitimate rights, and in the ease and comforts of his vicarage. He communicated the contents of the packet, with great triumph, to his lady, who now perceived the sense of the mysterious paragraph in Major Bridgenorth's letter concerning the removal of the candlestick, and the extinction of light and doctrine in the land. She pointed this out to Sir Geoffrey, and endeavoured to persuade him that a door was now opened to reconciliation with his neighbour, by executing the commission which he had received in an easy and moderate manner, after due delay, and with all respect to the feelings both of Solsgrace and his congregation, which circumstances admitted of. This, the lady argued, would be doing no injury whatever to Doctor Dummerar — nay, might be the means of reconciling many to his ministry, who might otherwise be disgusted with it for ever, by the premature expulsion of a favourite preacher.

There was much wisdom, as well as moderation, in this advice ; and, at another time, Sir Geoffrey would have had sense enough to have adopted it. But who can act composedly or prudently in the hour of triumph ? The ejection of Mr. Solsgrace was so hastily executed as to give it some appearance of persecution ; though, more justly considered, it was the restoring of his predecessor to his legal rights. Solsgrace himself seemed to be desirous to make his sufferings as manifest as possible. He held out to the last ; and on the Sabbath after he had received intimation of his ejection, attempted to make his way to the pulpit, as usual, supported by Master Bridgenorth's attorney, Win-the-Fight, and a few zealous followers.

Just as this party came into the churchyard on the one side, Dr. Dummerar, dressed in full pontificals, in a sort of triumphal procession, accompanied by Peveril of the Peak, Sir

Jasper Cranbourne, and other Cavaliers of distinction, entered at the other.

To prevent an actual struggle in the church, the parish officers were sent to prevent the farther approach of the Presbyterian minister; which was effected without farther damage than a broken head, inflicted by Roger Raine, the drunken innkeeper of the Peveril Arms, upon the Presbyterian attorney of Chesterfield.

Unsubdued in spirit, though compelled to retreat by superior force, the undaunted Mr. Solsgrace retired to the vicarage; where, under some legal pretext which had been started by Mr. Win-the-Fight (in that day unaptly named), he attempted to maintain himself—bolted gates, barred windows, and, as report said (though falsely), made provision of firearms to resist the officers. A scene of clamour and scandal accordingly took place, which being reported to Sir Geoffrey, he came in person, with some of his attendants carrying arms, forced the outer gate and inner doors of the house, and, proceeding to the study, found no other garrison save the Presbyterian parson, with the attorney, who gave up possession of the premises, after making protestation against the violence that had been used.

The rabble of the village being by this time all in motion, Sir Geoffrey, both in prudence and in good-nature, saw the propriety of escorting his prisoners, for so they might be termed, safely through the tumult; and accordingly conveyed them in person, through much noise and clamour, as far as the avenue of Moultrassie Hall, which they chose for the place of their retreat.

But the absence of Sir Geoffrey gave the rein to some disorders, which, if present, he would assuredly have restrained. Some of the minister's books were torn and flung about as treasonable and seditious trash, by the zealous parish officers or their assistants. A quantity of his ale was drunk up in healths to the King and Peveril of the Peak. And finally, the boys, who bore the ex-parson no good-will for his tyrannical interference with their games at skittles, football, and so forth, and, moreover, remembered the unmerciful length of his sermons, dressed up an effigy with his Geneva gown and band and his steeple-crowned hat, which they paraded through the village, and burnt on the spot whilom occupied by a stately Maypole, which Solsgrace had formerly hewed down with his own reverend hands.

Sir Geoffrey was vexed at all this, and sent to Mr. Solsgrace,

offering satisfaction for the goods which he had lost ; but the Calvinistical divine replied, 'From a thread to a shoe-latchet, I will not take anything that is thine. Let the shame of the work of thy hands abide with thee.'

Considerable scandal, indeed, arose against Sir Geoffrey Peveril, as having proceeded with indecent severity and haste upon this occasion ; and rumour took care to make the usual additions to the reality. It was currently reported that the desperate Cavalier, Peveril of the Peak, had fallen on a Presbyterian congregation, while engaged in the peaceable exercise of religion, with a band of armed men, had slain some, desperately wounded many more, and finally pursued the preacher to his vicarage, which he burnt to the ground. Some alleged the clergyman had perished in the flames ; and the most mitigated report bore, that he had only been able to escape by disposing his gown, cap, and band near a window, in such a manner as to deceive them with the idea of his person being still surrounded by flames, while he himself fled by the back part of the house. And although few people believed in the extent of the atrocities thus imputed to our honest Cavalier, yet still enough of obloquy attached to him to infer very serious consequences, as the reader will learn at a future period of our history.

CHAPTER IX

Bessus. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not ?

Gentleman. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

King and no King.

FOR a day or two after this forcible expulsion from the vicarage, Mr. Solsgrace continued his residence at Moultrassie Hall, where the natural melancholy attendant on his situation added to the gloom of the owner of the mansion. In the morning, the ejected divine made excursions to different families in the neighbourhood, to whom his ministry had been acceptable in the days of his prosperity, and from whose grateful recollections of that period he now found sympathy and consolation. He did not require to be consoled with because he was deprived of an easy and competent maintenance, and thrust out upon the common of life, after he had reason to suppose he would be no longer liable to such mutations of fortune. The piety of Mr. Solsgrace was sincere ; and if he had many of the uncharitable prejudices against other sects which polemical controversy had generated, and the Civil War brought to a head, he had also that deep sense of duty by which enthusiasm is so often dignified, and held his very life little, if called upon to lay it down in attestation of the doctrines in which he believed. But he was soon to prepare for leaving the district which Heaven, he conceived, had assigned to him as his corner of the vineyard ; he was to abandon his flock to the wolf ; was to forsake those with whom he had held sweet counsel in religious communion ; was to leave the recently converted to relapse into false doctrines, and forsake the wavering, whom his continued cares might have directed into the right path — these were of themselves deep causes of sorrow, and were aggravated, doubtless, by those natural feelings with which all men, especially those whose duties or habits have confined them to a limited circle, regard the separation from wonted scenes and their accustomed haunts of solitary musing or social intercourse.

There was, indeed, a plan of placing Mr. Solsgrace at the head of a Nonconforming congregation in his present parish, which his followers would have readily consented to endow with a sufficient revenue. But although the Act for universal conformity was not yet passed, such a measure was understood to be impending, and there existed a general opinion among the Presbyterians that in no hands was it likely to be more strictly enforced than in those of Peveril of the Peak. Solsgrace himself considered not only his personal danger as being considerable — for, assuming perhaps more consequence than was actually attached to him or his productions, he conceived the honest knight to be his mortal and determined enemy — but he also conceived that he should serve the cause of his church by absenting himself from Derbyshire.

‘Less known pastors,’ he said, ‘though perhaps more worthy of the name, may be permitted to assemble the scattered flocks in caverns or in secret wilds, and to them shall the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim be better than the vintage of Abiezer. But I, that have so often carried the banner forth against the mighty — I, whose tongue hath testified, morning and evening, like the watchman upon the tower, against Popery, Prelacy, and the tyrant of the Peak — for me to abide here were but to bring the sword of bloody vengeance amongst you, that the shepherd might be smitten and the sheep scattered. The shedders of blood have already assailed me, even within that ground which they themselves call consecrated; and yourselves have seen the scalp of the righteous broken, as he defended my cause. Therefore, I will put on my sandals and gird my loins, and depart to a far country, and there do as my duty shall call upon me, whether it be to act or to suffer, to bear testimony at the stake or in the pulpit.’

Such were the sentiments which Mr. Solsgrace expressed to his desponding friends, and which he expatiated upon at more length with Major Bridgenorth; not failing, with friendly zeal, to rebuke the haste which the latter had shown to thrust out the hand of fellowship to the Amalekite woman, whereby he reminded him, ‘He had been rendered her slave and bondsman for a season, like Samson, betrayed by Delilah, and might have remained longer in the house of Dagon, had not Heaven pointed to him a way out of the snare.’ Also, it sprung originally from the major’s going up to feast in the high place of Baal, that he who was the champion of the truth was stricken down and put to shame by the enemy, even in the presence of the host.

These objurgations seeming to give some offence to Major Bridgenorth, who liked no better than any other man to hear of his own mishaps, and at the same time to have them imputed to his own misconduct, the worthy divine proceeded to take shame to himself for his own sinful compliance in that matter ; for to the vengeance justly due for that unhappy dinner at Martindale Castle, 'which was,' he said, 'a crying of peace when there was no peace, and a dwelling in the tents of sin,' he imputed his ejection from his living, with the destruction of some of his most pithy and highly prized volumes of divinity, with the loss of his cap, gown, and band, and a double hogshead of choice Derby ale.

The mind of Major Bridgenorth was strongly tinged with devotional feeling, which his late misfortunes had rendered more deep and solemn ; and it is therefore no wonder that, when he heard these arguments urged again and again by a pastor whom he so much respected, and who was now a confessor in the cause of their joint faith, he began to look back with disapproval on his own conduct, and to suspect that he had permitted himself to be seduced by gratitude towards Lady Peveril, and by her special arguments in favour of a mutual and tolerating liberality of sentiments, into an action which had a tendency to compromise his religious and political principles.

One morning, as Major Bridgenorth had wearied himself with several details respecting the arrangement of his affairs, he was reposing in the leathern easy-chair, beside the latticed window—a posture which, by natural association, recalled to him the memory of former times, and the feelings with which he was wont to expect the recurring visit of Sir Geoffrey, who brought him news of his child's welfare. 'Surely,' he said, thinking, as it were, aloud, 'there was no sin in the kindness with which I then regarded that man.'

Solsgrace, who was in the apartment, and guessed what passed through his friend's mind, acquainted as he was with every point of his history, replied—'When God caused Elijah to be fed by ravens, while hiding at the brook Cherith, we hear not of his fondling the unclean birds, whom, contrary to their ravening nature, a miracle compelled to minister to him.'

'It may be so,' answered Bridgenorth, 'yet the flap of their wings must have been gracious in the ear of the famished prophet, like the tread of his horse in mine. The ravens, doubtless, resumed their nature when the season was passed,

and even so it has fared with him. Hark !' he exclaimed, starting, 'I hear his horse's hoof-tramp even now.'

It was seldom that the echoes of that silent house and courtyard were awakened by the trampling of horses, but such was now the case.

Both Bridgenorth and Solsgrace were surprised at the sound, and even disposed to anticipate some farther oppression on the part of government, when the major's old servant introduced, with little ceremony (for his manners were nearly as plain as his master's), a tall gentleman on the farther side of middle life, whose vest and cloak, long hair, slouched hat, and drooping feather, announced him as a Cavalier. He bowed formally, but courteously, to both gentlemen, and said, that he was 'Sir Jasper Cranbourne, charged with an especial message to Master Ralph Bridgenorth of Moultrassie Hall, by his honourable friend Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, and that he requested to know whether Master Bridgenorth would be pleased to receive his acquittal of commission here or elsewhere.'

'Anything which Sir Geoffrey Peveril can have to say to me,' said Major Bridgenorth, 'may be told instantly, and before my friend, from whom I have no secrets.'

'The presence of any other friend were, instead of being objectionable, the thing in the world most to be desired,' said Sir Jasper, after a moment's hesitation, and looking at Mr. Solsgrace; 'but this gentleman seems to be a sort of clergyman.'

'I am not conscious of any secrets,' answered Bridgenorth, 'nor do I desire to have any, in which a clergyman is an unfitting confidant.'

'At your pleasure,' replied Sir Jasper. 'The confidence, for aught I know, may be well enough chosen; for your divines — always under your favour — have proved no enemies to such matters as I am to treat with you upon.'

'Proceed, sir,' answered Mr. Bridgenorth, gravely; 'and I pray you to be seated, unless it is rather your pleasure to stand.'

'I must, in the first place, deliver myself of my small commission,' answered Sir Jasper, drawing himself up; 'and it will be after I have seen the reception thereof that I shall know whether I am or am not to sit down at Moultrassie Hall. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, Master Bridgenorth, hath carefully considered with himself the unhappy circumstances which at present separate you as neighbours. And he remembers many passages in former times — I speak his very words — which incline him to do all that can possibly consist with his honour to

wipe out unkindness between you ; and for this desirable object he is willing to condescend in a degree which, as you could not have expected, it will no doubt give you great pleasure to learn.'

'Allow me to say, Sir Jasper,' said Bridgenorth, 'that this is unnecessary. I have made no complaints of Sir Geoffrey ; I have required no submission from him. I am about to leave this country ; and what affairs we may have together can be as well settled by others as by ourselves.'

'In a word,' said the divine, 'the worthy Major Bridgenorth hath had enough of trafficking with the ungodly, and will no longer, on any terms, consort with them.'

'Gentlemen both,' said Sir Jasper, with imperturbable politeness, bowing, 'you greatly mistake the tenor of my commission, which you will do as well to hear out before making any reply to it. I think, Master Bridgenorth, you cannot but remember your letter to the Lady Peveril, of which I have here a rough copy, in which you complain of the hard measure which you have received at Sir Geoffrey's hand, and in particular when he pulled you from your horse at or near Hartley Nick. Now, Sir Geoffrey thinks so well of you as to believe that, were it not for the wide difference betwixt his descent and rank and your own, you would have sought to bring this matter to a gentlemanlike arbitrement, as the only mode whereby your stain may be honourably wiped away. Wherefore, in this slight note, he gives you, in his generosity, the offer of what you, in your modesty, for to nothing else does he impute your acquiescence, have declined to demand of him. And withal, I bring you the measure of his weapon ; and when you have accepted the cartel which I now offer you, I shall be ready to settle the time, place, and other circumstances of your meeting.'

'And I,' said Solsgrace, with a solemn voice, 'should the Author of Evil tempt my friend to accept of so bloodthirsty a proposal, would be the first to pronounce against him sentence of the greater excommunication.'

'It is not you whom I address, reverend sir,' replied the envoy ; 'your interest, not unnaturally, may determine you to be more anxious about your patron's life than about his honour. I must know from himself to which *he* is disposed to give the preference.'

So saying, and with a graceful bow, he again tendered the challenge to Major Bridgenorth. There was obviously a struggle in that gentleman's bosom between the suggestions of human

honour and those of religious principle; but the latter prevailed. He calmly waived receiving the paper which Sir Jasper offered to him, and spoke to the following purpose: — ‘It may not be known to you, Sir Jasper, that, since the general pouring out of Christian light upon this kingdom, many solid men have been led to doubt whether the shedding human blood by the hand of a fellow-creature be in *any* respect justifiable. And although this rule appears to me to be scarcely applicable to our state in this stage of trial, seeing that such non-resistance, if general, would surrender our civil and religious rights into the hands of whatsoever daring tyrants might usurp the same; yet I am, and have been, inclined to limit the use of carnal arms to the case of necessary self-defence, whether such regards our own person or the protection of our country against invasion; or of our rights of property, and the freedom of our laws and of our conscience, against usurping power. And as I have never shown myself unwilling to draw my sword in any of the latter causes, so you shall excuse my suffering it now to remain in the scabbard, when, having sustained a grievous injury, the man who inflicted it summons me to combat, either upon an idle punctilio or, as is more likely, in mere bravado.’

‘I have heard you with patience,’ said Sir Jasper; ‘and now, Master Bridgenorth, take it not amiss if I beseech you to bethink yourself better on this matter. I vow to Heaven, sir, that your honour lies a-bleeding; and that in condescending to afford you this fair meeting, and thereby giving you some chance to stop its wounds, Sir Geoffrey has been moved by a tender sense of your condition, and an earnest wish to redeem your dishonour. And it will be but the crossing of your blade with his honoured sword for the space of some few minutes, and you will either live or die a noble and honoured gentleman; besides that the knight’s exquisite skill of fence may enable him, as his good-nature will incline him, to disarm you with some flesh wound, little to the damage of your person, and greatly to the benefit of your reputation.’

‘The tender mercies of the wicked,’ said Master Solsgrace, emphatically, by way of commenting on this speech, which Sir Jasper had uttered very pathetically, ‘are cruel.’

‘I pray to have no farther interruption from your reverence,’ said Sir Jasper; ‘especially as I think this affair very little concerns you; and I entreat that you permit me to discharge myself regularly of my commission from my worthy friend.’

So saying, he took his sheathed rapier from his belt, and

passing the point through the silk thread which secured the letter, he once more, and literally at sword-point, gracefully tendered it to Major Bridgenorth, who again waived it aside, though colouring deeply at the same time, as if he was putting a marked constraint upon himself, drew back, and made Sir Jasper Cranbourne a deep bow.

‘Since it is to be thus,’ said Sir Jasper, ‘I must myself do violence to the seal of Sir Geoffrey’s letter, and read it to you, that I may fully acquit myself of the charge entrusted to me, and make you, Master Bridgenorth, equally aware of the generous intentions of Sir Geoffrey on your behalf.’

‘If,’ said Major Bridgenorth, ‘the contents of the letter be to no other purpose than you have intimated, methinks farther ceremony is unnecessary on this occasion, as I have already taken my course.’

‘Nevertheless,’ said Sir Jasper, breaking open the letter, ‘it is fitting that I read to you the letter of my worshipful friend.’ And he read accordingly as follows :—

‘For the worthy hands of Ralph Bridgenorth, Esquire,
of Moultrassie Hall — These :

‘By the honoured conveyance of the Worshipful Sir Jasper
Cranbourne, Knight, of Long Mallington.

‘MASTER BRIDGENORTH —

‘We have been given to understand by your letter to our loving wife, Dame Margaret Peveril, that you hold hard construction of certain passages betwixt you and I, of a late date, as if your honour should have been, in some sort, prejudiced by what then took place. And although you have not thought it fit to have direct recourse to me, to request such satisfaction as is due from one gentleman of condition to another, yet I am fully minded that this proceeds only from modesty, arising out of the distinction of our degree, and from no lack of that courage which you have heretofore displayed, I would I could say in a good cause. Wherefore I am purposed to give you, by my friend Sir Jasper Cranbourne, a meeting, for the sake of doing that which doubtless you entirely long for. Sir Jasper will deliver you the length of my weapon, and appoint circumstances and an hour for our meeting ; which, whether early or late, on foot or horseback, with rapier or backsword, I refer to yourself, with all the other privileges of a challenged person ;

only desiring that, if you decline to match my weapon, you will send me forthwith the length and breadth of your own. And nothing doubting that the issue of this meeting must needs be to end, in one way or other, all unkindness betwixt two near neighbours,

‘I remain,
 ‘Your humble servant to command,
 ‘GEOFFREY PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

‘Given from my poor house of Martindale
 Castle, this same — of — sixteen
 hundred and sixty.’

‘Bear back my respects to Sir Geoffrey Peveril,’ said Major Bridgenorth. ‘According to his light, his meaning may be fair towards me; but tell him that our quarrel had its rise in his own wilful aggression towards me; and that, though I wish to be in charity with all mankind, I am not so wedded to his friendship as to break the laws of God, and run the risk of suffering or committing murder, in order to regain it. And for you, sir, methinks your advanced years and past misfortunes might teach you the folly of coming on such idle errands.’

‘I shall do your message, Master Ralph Bridgenorth,’ said Sir Jasper; ‘and shall then endeavour to forget your name, as a sound unfit to be pronounced, or even remembered, by a man of honour. In the meanwhile, in return for your uncivil advice, be pleased to accept of mine — namely, that as your religion prevents your giving a gentleman satisfaction, it ought to make you very cautious of offering him provocation.’

So saying, and with a look of haughty scorn, first at the major and then at the divine, the envoy of Sir Geoffrey put his hat on his head, replaced his rapier in its belt, and left the apartment. In a few minutes afterwards the tread of his horse died away at a considerable distance.

Bridgenorth had held his hand upon his brow ever since his departure, and a tear of anger and shame was on his face as he raised it when the sound was heard no more. ‘He carries this answer to Martindale Castle,’ he said. ‘Men will hereafter think of me as a whipped, beaten, dishonourable fellow, whom every one may baffle and insult at their pleasure. It is well I am leaving the house of my father.’

Master Solsgrace approached his friend with much sympathy, and grasped him by the hand. ‘Noble brother,’ he said, with

unwonted kindness of manner, 'though a man of peace, I can judge what this sacrifice hath cost to thy manly spirit. But God will not have from us an imperfect obedience. We must not, like Ananias and Sapphira, reserve behind some darling lust, some favourite sin, while we pretend to make sacrifice of our worldly affections. What avails it to say that we have but secreted a little matter, if the slightest remnant of the accursed thing remain hidden in our tent? Would it be a defence in thy prayers to say, "I have not murdered this man for the lucre of gain, like a robber; nor for the acquisition of power, like a tyrant; nor for the gratification of revenge, like a darkened savage; but because the imperious voice of worldly honour said, 'Go forth — kill or be killed — is it not I that have sent thee?'" Bethink thee, my worthy friend, how thou couldst frame such a vindication in thy prayers; and if thou art forced to tremble at the blasphemy of such an excuse, remember in thy prayers the thanks due to Heaven, which enabled thee to resist the strong temptation.'

'Reverend and dear friend,' answered Bridgenorth, 'I feel that you speak the truth. Bitterer indeed, and harder, to the old Adam is the text which ordains him to suffer shame than that which bids him to do valiantly for the truth. But happy am I that my path through the wilderness of this world will, for some space at least, be along with one whose zeal and friendship are so active to support me when I am fainting in the way.'

While the inhabitants of Moultrassie Hall thus communicated together upon the purport of Sir Jasper Cranbourne's visit, that worthy knight greatly excited the surprise of Sir Geoffrey Peveril by reporting the manner in which his embassy had been received.

'I took him for a man of other metal,' said Sir Geoffrey; 'nay, I would have sworn it, had any one asked my testimony. But there is no making a silken purse out of a sow's ear. I have done a folly for him that I will never do for another; and that is, to think a Presbyterian would fight without his preacher's permission. Give them a two hours' sermon, and let them howl a psalm to a tune that is worse than the cries of a flogged hound, and the villains will lay on like threshers; but for a calm, cool gentlemanlike turn upon the sod, hand to hand, in a neighbourly way, they have not honour enough to undertake it. But enough of our crop-eared cur of a neighbour. Sir Jasper, you will tarry with us to dine, and see how Dame

Margaret's kitchen smokes ; and after dinner I will show you a long-winged falcon fly. She is not mine, but the countess's, who brought her from London on her fist almost the whole way, for all the haste she was in, and left her with me to keep the perch for a season.'

This match was soon arranged ; and Dame Margaret overheard the good knight's resentment mutter itself off, with those feelings with which we listen to the last growling of the thunder-storm, which, as the black cloud sinks behind the hill, at once assures us that there has been danger and that the peril is over. She could not, indeed, but marvel in her own mind at the singular path of reconciliation with his neighbour which her husband had, with so much confidence, and in the actual sincerity of his good-will to Bridgenorth, attempted to open ; and she blessed God internally that it had not terminated in bloodshed. But these reflections she locked carefully within her own bosom, well knowing that they referred to subjects in which the knight of the Peak would neither permit his sagacity to be called in question nor his will to be controlled.

The progress of the history hath hitherto been slow ; but after this period so little matter worthy of mark occurred at Martindale that we must hurry over hastily the transactions of several years.

CHAPTER X

Cleopatra. Give me to drink mandragora,
That I may sleep away this gap of time.

Antony and Cleopatra.

THERE passed, as we hinted at the conclusion of the last chapter, four or five years after the period we have dilated upon, the events of which scarcely require to be discussed, so far as our present purpose is concerned, in as many lines. The knight and his lady continued to reside at their castle — she, with prudence and with patience, endeavouring to repair the damages which the Civil Wars had inflicted upon their fortune ; and murmuring a little when her plans of economy were interrupted by the liberal hospitality which was her husband's principal expense, and to which he was attached, not only from his own English heartiness of disposition, but from ideas of maintaining the dignity of his ancestry — no less remarkable, according to the tradition of their buttery, kitchen, and cellar, for the fat beeves which they roasted, and the mighty ale which they brewed, than for their extensive estates and the number of their retainers.

The world, however, upon the whole, went happily and easily with the worthy couple. Sir Geoffrey's debt to his neighbour Bridgenorth continued, it is true, unabated ; but he was the only creditor upon the Martindale estate, all others being paid off. It would have been most desirable that this encumbrance also should be cleared, and it was the great object of Dame Margaret's economy to effect the discharge ; for although interest was regularly settled with Master Win-the-Fight, the Chesterfield attorney, yet the principal sum, which was a large one, might be called for at an inconvenient time. The man, too, was gloomy, important, and mysterious, and always seemed as if he was thinking upon his broken head in the churchyard of Martindale *cum* Moultrassie.

Dame Margaret sometimes transacted the necessary business

with him in person ; and when he came to the castle on these occasions, she thought she saw a malicious and disobliging expression in his manner and countenance. Yet his actual conduct was not only fair but liberal ; for indulgence was given, in the way of delay of payment, whenever circumstances rendered it necessary to the debtor to require it. It seemed to Lady Peveril that the agent, in such cases, was acting under the strict orders of his absent employer, concerning whose welfare she could not help feeling a certain anxiety.

Shortly after the failure of the singular negotiation for attaining peace by combat which Peveril had attempted to open with Major Bridgenorth, that gentleman left his seat of Moultrassie Hall in the care of his old housekeeper, and departed, no one knew whither, having in company with him his daughter Alice and Mrs. Deborah Debbitch, now formally installed in all the duties of a governante ; to these was added the Reverend Master Solsgrace. For some time public rumour persisted in asserting that Major Bridgenorth had only retreated to a distant part of the country for a season, to achieve his supposed purpose of marrying Mrs. Deborah, and of letting the news be cold, and the laugh of the neighbourhood be ended, ere he brought her down as mistress of Moultrassie Hall. This rumour died away ; and it was then affirmed that he had removed to foreign parts, to ensure the continuance of health in so delicate a constitution as that of little Alice. But when the major's dread of Popery was remembered, together with the still deeper antipathies of worthy Master Nehemiah Solsgrace, it was resolved unanimously that nothing less than what they might deem a fair chance of converting the Pope would have induced the parties to trust themselves within Catholic dominions. The most prevailing opinion was, that they had gone to New England, the refuge then of many whom too intimate concern with the affairs of the late times, or the desire of enjoying uncontrolled freedom of conscience, had induced to emigrate from Britain.

Lady Peveril could not help entertaining a vague idea that Bridgenorth was not so distant. The extreme order in which everything was maintained at Moultrassie Hall seemed — no disparagement to the care of Dame Dickens, the housekeeper, and the other persons engaged — to argue that the master's eye was not so very far off but that its occasional inspection might be apprehended. It is true, that neither the domestics nor the attorney answered any questions respecting the residence

of Master Bridgenorth ; but there was an air of mystery about them when interrogated that seemed to argue more than met the ear.

About five years after Master Bridgenorth had left the country, a singular incident took place. Sir Geoffrey was absent at the Chesterfield races, and Lady Peveril, who was in the habit of walking around every part of the neighbourhood unattended, or only accompanied by Ellesmere or her little boy, had gone down one evening upon a charitable errand to a solitary hut, whose inhabitant lay sick of a fever, which was supposed to be infectious. Lady Peveril never allowed apprehensions of this kind to stop 'devoted charitable deeds'; but she did not choose to expose either her son or her attendant to the risk which she herself, in some confidence that she knew precautions for escaping the danger, did not hesitate to incur.

Lady Peveril had set out at a late hour in the evening, and the way proved longer than she expected ; several circumstances also occurred to detain her at the hut of her patient. It was a broad autumn moonlight when she prepared to return homeward through the broken glades and upland which divided her from the castle. This she considered as a matter of very little importance in so quiet and sequestered a country, where the road lay chiefly through her own domains, especially as she had a lad about fifteen years old, the son of her patient, to escort her on the way. The distance was better than two miles, but might be considerably abridged by passing through an avenue belonging to the estate of Moultrassie Hall, which she had avoided as she came, not from the ridiculous rumours which pronounced it to be haunted, but because her husband was much displeased when any attempt was made to render the walks of the castle and hall common to the inhabitants of both. The good lady, in consideration, perhaps, of extensive latitude allowed to her in the more important concerns of the family, made a point of never interfering with her husband's whims or prejudices ; and it is a compromise which we would heartily recommend to all managing matrons of our acquaintance ; for it is surprising how much real power will be cheerfully resigned to the fair sex for the pleasure of being allowed to ride one's hobby in peace and quiet.

Upon the present occasion, however, although the Dobby's Walk was within the inhibited domains of the hall, the Lady Peveril determined to avail herself of it, for the purpose of shortening her road home, and she directed her steps accord-

ingly. But when the peasant-boy, her companion, who had hitherto followed her, whistling cheerily, with a hedge-bill in his hand, and his hat on one-side, perceived that she turned to the stile which entered to the Dobby's Walk, he showed symptoms of great fear, and at length, coming to the lady's side, petitioned her, in a whimpering tone, 'Don't ye now — don't ye now, my lady — don't ye go yonder.'

Lady Peveril, observing that his teeth chattered in his head, and that his whole person exhibited great signs of terror, began to recollect the report that the first squire of Moultrassie, the brewer of Chesterfield, who had bought the estate, and then died of melancholy for lack of something to do, and, as was said, not without suspicions of suicide, was supposed to walk in this sequestered avenue, accompanied by a large headless mastiff, which, when he was alive, was a particular favourite of the ex-brewer. To have expected any protection from her escort, in the condition to which superstitious fear had reduced him, would have been truly a hopeless trust; and Lady Peveril, who was not apprehensive of any danger, thought there would be great cruelty in dragging the cowardly boy into a scene which he regarded with so much apprehension. She gave him, therefore, a silver piece, and permitted him to return. The latter boon seemed even more acceptable than the first; for, ere she could return the purse into her pocket, she heard the wooden clogs of her bold convoy in full retreat, by the way from whence they came.

Smiling within herself at the fear she esteemed so ludicrous, Lady Peveril ascended the stile, and was soon hidden from the broad light of the moonbeams by the numerous and entangled boughs of the huge elms, which, meeting from either side, totally overarched the old avenue. The scene was calculated to excite solemn thoughts; and the distant glimmer of a light from one of the numerous casements in the front of Moultrassie Hall, which lay at some distance, was calculated to make them even melancholy. She thought of the fate of that family — of the deceased Mrs. Bridgenorth, with whom she had often walked in this very avenue, and who, though a woman of no high parts or accomplishments, had always testified the deepest respect and the most earnest gratitude for such notice as she had shown to her. She thought of her blighted hopes — her premature death — the despair of her self-banished husband — the uncertain fate of their orphan child, for whom she felt, even at this distance of time, some touch of a mother's affection.

Upon such sad subjects her thoughts were turned, when, just as she attained the middle of the avenue, the imperfect and checkered light which found its way through the silvan archway showed her something which resembled the figure of a man. Lady Peveril paused a moment, but instantly advanced ; her bosom, perhaps, gave one startled throb, as a debt to the superstitious belief of the times, but she instantly repelled the thought of supernatural appearances. From those that were merely mortal she had nothing to fear. A marauder on the game was the worst character whom she was likely to encounter ; and he would be sure to hide himself from her observation. She advanced, accordingly, steadily ; and, as she did so, had the satisfaction to observe that the figure, as she expected, gave place to her, and glided away amongst the trees on the left-hand side of the avenue. As she passed the spot on which the form had been so lately visible, and bethought herself that this wanderer of the night might, nay must, be in her vicinity, her resolution could not prevent her mending her pace, and that with so little precaution, that, stumbling over the limb of a tree, which, twisted off by a late tempest, still lay in the avenue, she fell, and, as she fell, screamed aloud. A strong hand in a moment afterwards added to her fear by assisting her to rise, and a voice, to whose accents she was not a stranger, though they had been long unheard, said, ' Is it not you, Lady Peveril ? '

' It is I,' said she, commanding her astonishment and fear ; ' and, if my ear deceive me not, I speak to Master Bridgenorth.'

' I was that man,' he replied, ' while oppression left me a name.'

He spoke nothing more, but continued to walk beside her for a minute or two in silence. She felt her situation embarrassing ; and, to divest it of that feeling, as well as out of real interest in the question, she asked him, ' How her god-daughter Alice was now ? '

' Of god-daughter, madam,' answered Major Bridgenorth, ' I know nothing ; that being one of the names which have been introduced to the corruption and pollution of God's ordinances. The infant who owed to your ladyship, so called, her escape from disease and death, is a healthy and thriving girl, as I am given to understand by those in whose charge she is lodged, for I have not lately seen her. And it is even the recollection of these passages which in a manner impelled me, alarmed also by your fall, to offer myself to you in this time and mode,

which in other respects is no way consistent with my present safety.'

'With your safety, Master Bridgenorth!' said the Lady Peveril; 'surely, I could never have thought that it was in danger!'

'You have some news, then, yet to learn, madam,' said Major Bridgenorth; 'but you will hear, in the course of to-morrow, reasons why I dare not appear openly in the neighbourhood of my own property, and wherefore there is small judgment in committing the knowledge of my present residence to any one connected with Martindale Castle.'

'Master Bridgenorth,' said the lady, 'you were in former times prudent and cautious; I hope you have been misled by no hasty impression — by no rash scheme; I hope ——'

'Pardon my interrupting you, madam,' said Bridgenorth. 'I have indeed been changed — ay, my very heart within me has been changed. In the times to which your ladyship, so called, thinks proper to refer, I was a man of this world, bestowing on it all my thoughts, all my actions, save formal observances, little deeming what was the duty of a Christian man, and how far his self-denial ought to extend, even unto giving all as if he gave nothing. Hence I thought chiefly on carnal things — on the adding of field to field, and wealth to wealth, of the balancing between party and party, securing a friend here without losing a friend there. But Heaven smote me for my apostasy, the rather that I abused the name of religion, as a self-seeker, and a most blinded and carnal will-worshipper. But I thank HIM who hath at length brought me out of Egypt.'

In our day, although we have many instances of enthusiasm among us, we might still suspect one who avowed it thus suddenly and broadly of hypocrisy or of insanity; but, according to the fashion of the times, such opinions as those which Bridgenorth expressed were openly pleaded as the ruling motives of men's actions. The sagacious Vane, the brave and skilful Harrison, were men who acted avowedly under the influence of such. Lady Peveril, therefore, was more grieved than surprised at the language she heard Major Bridgenorth use, and reasonably concluded that the society and circumstances in which he might lately have been engaged had blown into a flame the spark of eccentricity which always smouldered in his bosom. This was the more probable, considering that he was melancholy by constitution and descent, that he had been unfortunate in several particulars, and that no passion is

more easily nursed by indulgence than the species of enthusiasm of which he now showed tokens. She therefore answered him by calmly hoping, 'That the expression of his sentiments had not involved him in suspicion or in danger.'

'In suspicion, madam!' answered the major; 'for I cannot forbear giving to you, such is the strength of habit, one of those idle titles by which we poor potsherds are wont, in our pride, to denominate each other. I walk not only in suspicion, but in that degree of danger that, were your husband to meet me at this instant — me, a native Englishman, treading on my own lands — I have no doubt he would do his best to offer me to the Moloch of Romish superstition who now rages abroad for victims among God's people.'

'You surprise me by your language, Major Bridgenorth,' said the lady, who now felt rather anxious to be relieved from his company, and with that purpose walked on somewhat hastily. He mended his pace, however, and kept close by her side.

'Know you not,' said he, 'that Satan hath come down upon earth with great wrath, because his time is short? The next heir to the crown is an avowed Papist; and who dare assert, save sycophants and time-servers, that he who wears it is not equally ready to stoop to Rome, were he not kept in awe by a few noble spirits in the Commons' House? You believe not this; yet in my solitary and midnight walks, when I thought on your kindness to the dead and to the living, it was my prayer that I might have the means granted to warn you, and lo! Heaven hath heard me.'

'Major Bridgenorth,' said Lady Peveril, 'you were wont to be moderate in these sentiments — comparatively moderate, at least — and to love your own religion, without hating that of others.'

'What I was while in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, it signifies not to recall,' answered he. 'I was then like to Gallio, who cared for none of these things. I doted on creature-comforts — I clung to worldly honour and repute — my thoughts were earthward, or those I turned to heaven were cold, formal, pharisaical meditations. I brought nothing to the altar save straw and stubble. Heaven saw need to chastise me in love. I was stripped of all that I clung to on earth; my worldly honour was torn from me; I went forth an exile from the home of my fathers — a deprived and desolate man — a baffled, and beaten, and dishonoured man. But who shall

find out the ways of Providence? Such were the means by which I was chosen forth as a champion for the truth, holding my life as nothing, if thereby that may be advanced. But this was not what I wished to speak of. Thou hast saved the earthly life of my child; let me save the eternal welfare of yours.'

Lady Peveril was silent. They were now approaching the point where the avenue terminated in a communication with a public road, or rather pathway, running through an uninclosed common field; this the lady had to prosecute for a little way, until a turn of the path gave her admittance into the park of Martindale. She now felt sincerely anxious to be in the open moonshine, and avoided reply to Bridgenorth that she might make the more haste. But as they reached the junction of the avenue and the public road, he laid his hand on her arm, and commanded, rather than requested, her to stop. She obeyed. He pointed to a huge oak, of the largest size, which grew on the summit of a knoll in the open ground which terminated the avenue, and was exactly so placed as to serve for a termination to the vista. The moonshine without the avenue was so strong that, amidst the flood of light which it poured on the venerable tree, they could easily discover, from the shattered state of the boughs on one side, that it had suffered damage from lightning. 'Remember you,' he said, 'when we last looked together on that tree? I had ridden from London, and brought with me a protection from the committee for your husband; and as I passed the spot—here on this spot where we now stand, you stood with my lost Alice—two—the last two of my beloved infants gambolled before you. I leaped from my horse; to her I was a husband—to those a father—to you a welcome and revered protector. What am I now to any one?' He pressed his hand on his brow, and groaned in agony of spirit.

It was not in the Lady Peveril's nature to hear sorrow without an attempt at consolation. 'Master Bridgenorth,' she said, 'I blame no man's creed, while I believe and follow my own; and I rejoice that in yours you have sought consolation for temporal afflictions. But does not every Christian creed teach us alike that affliction should soften our heart?'

'Ay, woman,' said Bridgenorth, sternly, 'as the lightning which shattered yonder oak hath softened its trunk. No; the seared wood is the fitter for the use of the workmen; the hardened and the dried-up heart is that which can best bear

the task imposed by these dismal times. God and man will no longer endure the unbridled profligacy of the dissolute — the scoffing of the profane — the contempt of the Divine laws — the infraction of human rights. The times demand righters and avengers, and there will be no want of them.'

'I deny not the existence of much evil,' said Lady Peveril, compelling herself to answer, and beginning at the same time to walk forward; 'and from hearsay, though not, I thank Heaven, from observation, I am convinced of the wild debauchery of the times. But let us trust it may be corrected without such violent remedies as you hint at. Surely the ruin of a second civil war, though I trust your thoughts go not that dreadful length, were at best a desperate alternative.'

'Sharp, but sure,' replied Bridgenorth. 'The blood of the Paschal lamb chased away the destroying angel; the sacrifices offered on the threshing-floor of Araunah stayed the pestilence. Fire and sword are severe remedies, but they purge and purify.'

'Alas! Major Bridgenorth,' said the lady, 'wise and moderate in your youth, can you have adopted in your advanced life the thoughts and language of those whom you yourself beheld drive themselves and the nation to the brink of ruin?'

'I know not what I then was; you know not what I now am,' he replied, and suddenly broke off; for they even then came forth into the open light, and it seemed as if, feeling himself under the lady's eye, he was disposed to soften his tone and his language.

At the first distinct view which she had of his person, she was aware that he was armed with a short sword, a poniard, and pistols at his belt — precautions very unusual for a man who formerly had seldom, and only on days of ceremony, carried a walking rapier, though such was the habitual and constant practice of gentlemen of his station in life. There seemed also something of more stern determination than usual in his air, which indeed had always been rather sullen than affable; and ere she could repress the sentiment, she could not help saying, 'Master Bridgenorth, you are indeed changed.'

'You see but the outward man,' he replied; 'the change within is yet deeper. But it was not of myself that I desired to talk: I have already said that, as you have preserved my child from the darkness of the grave, I would willingly preserve yours from that more utter darkness which, I fear, hath involved the path and walks of his father.'

'I must not hear this of Sir Geoffrey,' said the Lady Peveril;

'I must bid you farewell for the present; and when we again meet at a more suitable time, I will at least listen to your advice concerning Julian, although I should not perhaps incline to it.'

'That more suitable time may never come,' replied Bridgenorth. 'Time wanes, eternity draws nigh. Harken! It is said to be your purpose to send the young Julian to be bred up in yonder bloody island, under the hand of your kinswoman, that cruel murderess, by whom was done to death a man more worthy of vital existence than any that she can boast among her vaunted ancestry. These are current tidings. Are they true?'

'I do not blame you, Master Bridgenorth, for thinking harshly of my cousin of Derby,' said Lady Peveril; 'nor do I altogether vindicate the rash action of which she hath been guilty. Nevertheless, in her habitation, it is my husband's opinion and my own that Julian may be trained in the studies and accomplishments becoming his rank, along with the young Earl of Derby.'

'Under the curse of God and the blessing of the Pope of Rome,' said Bridgenorth. 'You, lady, so quick-sighted in matters of earthly prudence, are you blind to the gigantic pace at which Rome is moving to regain this country, once the richest gem in her usurped tiara? The old are seduced by gold, the youth by pleasure; the weak by flattery, cowards by fear, and the courageous by ambition. A thousand baits for each taste, and each bait concealing the same deadly hook.'

'I am well aware, Master Bridgenorth,' said Lady Peveril, 'that my kinswoman is a Catholic;¹ but her son is educated in the Church of England's principles, agreeably to the command of her deceased husband.'

'Is it likely,' answered Bridgenorth, 'that she, who fears not shedding the blood of the righteous, whether on the field or scaffold, will regard the sanction of her promise when her religion bids her break it? Or, if she does, what shall your son be the better, if he remain in the mire of his father? What are your Episcopal tenets but mere Popery, save that ye have chosen a temporal tyrant for your pope, and substitute a mangled mass in English for that which your predecessors pronounced in Latin? But why speak I of these things to one who hath ears indeed, and eyes, yet cannot see, listen to,

¹ I have elsewhere noticed that this is a deviation from the truth: Charlotte Countess of Derby was a Huguenot.

or understand what is alone worthy to be heard, seen, and known? Pity, that what hath been wrought so fair and exquisite in form and in disposition should be yet blind, deaf, and ignorant, like the things which perish!

'We shall not agree on these subjects, Master Bridgenorth,' said the lady, anxious still to escape from this strange conference, though scarce knowing what to apprehend; 'once more, I must bid you farewell.'

'Stay yet an instant,' he said, again laying his hand on her arm; 'I would stop you if I saw you rushing on the brink of an actual precipice; let me prevent you from a danger still greater. How shall I work upon your unbelieving mind? Shall I tell you that the debt of bloodshed yet remains a debt to be paid by the bloody house of Derby? And wilt thou send thy son to be among those from whom it shall be exacted?'

'You wish to alarm me in vain, Master Bridgenorth,' answered the lady; 'what penalty can be exacted from the countess for an action which I have already called a rash one has been long since levied.'

'You deceive yourself,' retorted he, sternly. 'Think you a paltry sum of money given to be wasted on the debaucheries of Charles can atone for the death of such a man as Christian—a man precious alike to Heaven and to earth? Not on such terms is the blood of the righteous to be poured forth! Every hour's delay is numbered down as adding interest to the grievous debt which will one day be required from that bloodthirsty woman.'

At this moment, the distant tread of horses was heard on the road on which they held this singular dialogue. Bridgenorth listened a moment, and then said, 'Forget that you have seen me—name not my name to your nearest or dearest—lock my counsel in your breast—profit by it, and it shall be well with you.'

So saying, he turned from her, and, plunging through a gap in the fence, regained the cover of his own wood, along which the path still led.

The noise of horses advancing at full trot now came nearer; and Lady Peveril was aware of several riders, whose forms rose indistinctly on the summit of the rising ground behind her. She became also visible to them; and one or two of the foremost made towards her at increased speed, challenging her as they advanced with the cry of 'Stand! Who goes there?' The foremost who came up, however, exclaimed, 'Mercy on us, if it be not my lady!' and Lady Peveril, at the same moment,

recognised one of her own servants. Her husband rode up immediately afterwards, with, 'How now, Dame Margaret? What makes you abroad so far from home, and at an hour so late?'

Lady Peveril mentioned her visit at the cottage, but did not think it necessary to say aught of having seen Major Bridgenorth, afraid, perhaps, that her husband might be displeased with that incident.

'Charity is a fine thing, and a fair,' answered Sir Geoffrey; 'but I must tell you, you do ill, dame, to wander about the country like a quacksalver at the call of every old woman who has a colic-fit; and at this time of night especially, and when the land is so unsettled besides.'

'I am sorry to hear that it is so,' said the lady. 'I had heard no such news.'

'News!' repeated Sir Geoffrey; 'why, here has a new plot broken out among the Roundheads, worse than Venner's by a butt's length;¹ and who should be so deep in it as our old neighbour Bridgenorth? There is search for him everywhere; and I promise you, if he is found, he is like to pay old scores.'

'Then I am sure I trust he will not be found,' said Lady Peveril.

'Do you so?' replied Sir Geoffrey. 'Now I, on my part, hope that he will; and it shall not be my fault if he be not; for which effect I will presently ride down to Moultrassie, and make strict search, according to my duty; there shall neither rebel nor traitor earth so near Martindale Castle, that I will assure them. And you, my lady, be pleased for once to dispense with a pillion, and get up, as you have done before, behind Saunders, who shall convey you safe home.'

The lady obeyed in silence; indeed, she did not dare to trust her voice in an attempt to reply, so much was she disconcerted with the intelligence she had just heard.

She rode behind the groom to the castle, where she awaited in great anxiety the return of her husband. He came back at length; but, to her great relief, without any prisoner. He then explained more fully than his haste had before permitted that an express had come down to Chesterfield with news from court of a purposed insurrection amongst the old Commonwealth men, especially those who had served in the army; and

¹ The celebrated insurrection of the Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men in London, in the year 1661. [See Note 41, Venner's Insurrection, p. 611.]

that Bridgenorth, said to be lurking in Derbyshire, was one of the principal conspirators.

After some time, this report of a conspiracy seemed to die away like many others of that period. The warrants were recalled, but nothing more was seen or heard of Major Bridgenorth; although it is probable he might safely enough have shown himself as openly as many did who lay under the same circumstances of suspicion.¹

About this time also, Lady Peveril, with many tears, took a temporary leave of her son Julian, who was sent, as had long been intended, for the purpose of sharing the education of the young Earl of Derby. Although the boding words of Bridgenorth sometimes occurred to Lady Peveril's mind, she did not suffer them to weigh with her in opposition to the advantages which the patronage of the Countess of Derby secured to her son.

The plan seemed to be in every respect successful; and when, from time to time, Julian visited the house of his father, Lady Peveril had the satisfaction to see him, on every occasion, improved in person and in manner, as well as ardent in the pursuit of more solid acquirements. In process of time, he became a gallant and accomplished youth, and travelled for some time upon the Continent with the young earl. This was the more especially necessary for the enlarging of their acquaintance with the world, because the countess had never appeared in London, or at the court of King Charles, since her flight to the Isle of Man in 1660; but had resided in solitary and aristocratic state, alternately on her estates in England and in that island.

This had given to the education of both the young men, otherwise as excellent as the best teachers could render it, something of a narrow and restricted character; but though the disposition of the young earl was lighter and more volatile than that of Julian, both the one and the other had profited, in a considerable degree, by the opportunities afforded them. It was Lady Derby's strict injunction to her son, now returning from the Continent, that he should not appear at the court of Charles. But having been for some time of age, he did not think it absolutely necessary to obey her in this particular; and had remained for some time in London, partaking the pleasures of the gay court there, with all the ardour of a young man bred up in comparative seclusion.

¹ See Persecution of the Puritans. Note 8.

In order to reconcile the countess to this transgression of her authority, for he continued to entertain for her the profound respect in which he had been educated, Lord Derby agreed to make a long sojourn with her in her favourite island, which he abandoned almost entirely to her management.

Julian Peveril had spent at Martindale Castle a good deal of the time which his friend had bestowed in London; and at the period to which, passing over many years, our story has arrived, as it were, *per saltum*, they were both living, as the countess's guests, in the Castle of Rushin, in the venerable kingdom of Man.

CHAPTER XI

Mona, long hid from those who roam the main.

COLLINS.

THE Isle of Man, in the middle of the 17th century, was very different, as a place of residence, from what it is now. Men had not then discovered its merit as a place of occasional refuge from the storms of life, and the society to be there met with was of a very uniform tenor. There were no smart fellows, whom fortune had tumbled from the seat of their barouches, no plucked pigeons or winged rooks, no disappointed speculators, no ruined miners — in short, no one worth talking to. The society of the island was limited to the natives themselves, and a few merchants, who lived by contraband trade. The amusements were rare and monotonous, and the mercurial young earl was soon heartily tired of his dominions. The islanders also, become too wise for happiness, had lost relish for the harmless and somewhat childish sports in which their simple ancestors had indulged themselves. May was no longer ushered in by the imaginary contest between the queen of retiring winter and advancing spring; the listeners no longer sympathised with the lively music of the followers of the one or the discordant sounds with which the other asserted a more noisy claim to attention. Christmas, too, closed, and the steeples no longer jangled forth a dissonant peal. The wren, to seek for which used to be the sport dedicated to the holytide, was left unpursued and unslain. Party spirit had come among these simple people, and destroyed their good-humour, while it left them their ignorance. Even the races, a sport generally interesting to people of all ranks, were no longer performed, because they were no longer attractive. The gentlemen were divided by feuds hitherto unknown, and each seemed to hold it scorn to be pleased with the same diversions that amused those of the opposite faction. The hearts of both parties revolted from the recollection of former days, when all was peace

among them, when the Earl of Derby, now slaughtered, used to bestow the prize, and Christian, since so vindictively executed, started horses to add to the amusement.¹

Julian was seated in the deep recess which led to a latticed window of the old castle; and, with his arms crossed, and an air of profound contemplation, was surveying the long perspective of ocean, which rolled its successive waves up to the foot of the rock on which the ancient pile is founded. The earl was suffering under the infliction of *ennui*, now looking into a volume of Homer, now whistling, now swinging on his chair, now traversing the room, till at length his attention became swallowed up in admiration of the tranquillity of his companion.

‘King of men!’ he said, repeating the favourite epithet by which Homer describes Agamemnon — ‘I trust, for the old Greek’s sake, he had a merrier office than being King of Man. Most philosophical Julian, will nothing rouse thee, not even a bad pun on my own royal dignity?’

‘I wish you would be a little more the King in Man,’ said Julian, starting from his reverie, ‘and then you would find more amusement in your dominions.’

‘What! dethrone that royal Semiramis my mother,’ said the young lord, ‘who has as much pleasure in playing queen as if she were a real sovereign? I wonder you can give me such counsel.’

‘Your mother, as you well know, my dear Derby, would be delighted did you take any interest in the affairs of the island.’

‘Ay, truly, she would permit me to be king; but she would choose to remain viceroy over me. Why, she would only gain a subject the more, by my converting my spare time, which is so very valuable to me, to the cares of royalty. No — no, Julian, she thinks it power to direct all the affairs of these poor Manxmen; and, thinking it power, she finds it pleasure. I shall not interfere, unless she hold a high court of justice again. I cannot afford to pay another fine to my brother, King Charles. But I forget — this is a sore point with you.’

‘With the countess, at least,’ replied Julian; ‘and I wonder you will speak of it.’

‘Why, I bear no malice against the poor man’s memory any more than yourself, though I have not the same reasons for holding it in veneration,’ replied the Earl of Derby; ‘and yet

¹ See Popular Pastimes in the Isle of Man. Note 9.

I have some respect for it too. I remember their bringing him out to die. It was the first holiday I ever had in my life, and I heartily wish it had been on some other account.'

'I would rather hear you speak of anything else, my lord,' said Julian.

'Why, there it goes,' answered the earl; 'whenever I talk of anything that puts you on your mettle and warms your blood, that runs as cold as a merman's — to use a simile of this happy island — hey pass! you press me to change the subject. Well, what shall we talk of? O Julian, if you had not gone down to earth yourself among the castles and caverns of Derbyshire, we should have had enough of delicious topics — the play-houses; Julian! both the King's house and the Duke's — Louis's establishment is a jest to them; and the Ring in the Park, which beats the Corso at Naples; and the beauties, who beat the whole world!'

'I am very willing to hear you speak on the subject, my lord,' answered Julian; 'the less I have seen of the London world myself, the more I am likely to be amused by your account of it.'

'Ay, my friend, but where to begin? with the wit of Buckingham, and Sedley, and Etherege, or with the grace of Harry Jermyn, the courtesy of the Duke of Monmouth, or with the loveliness of La Belle Hamilton, of the Duchess of Richmond, of Lady —; the person of Roxalana, the smart humour of Mrs. Nelly —'

'Or what say you to the bewitching sorceries of Lady Cynthia?' demanded his companion.

'Faith, I would have kept these to myself,' said the earl, 'to follow your prudent example. But since you ask me, I fairly own I cannot tell what to say of them; only I think of them twenty times as often as all the beauties I have spoke of. And yet she is neither the twentieth part so beautiful as the plainest of these court beauties, nor so witty as the dullest I have named, nor so modish — that is the great matter — as the most obscure. I cannot tell what makes me dote on her, except that she is as capricious as her whole sex put together.'

'That I should think a small recommendation,' answered his companion.

'Small, do you term it,' replied the earl, 'and write yourself a brother of the angle? Why, which like you best? to pull a dead strain on a miserable gudgeon, which you draw ashore by main force, as the fellows here tow in their fishing-boats; or a

lively salmon, that makes your rod crack and your line whistle — plays you ten thousand mischievous pranks — wearies your heart out with hopes and fears — and is only laid panting on the bank after you have shown the most unmatched display of skill, patience, and dexterity? But I see you have a mind to go on angling after your own old fashion. Off laced coat, and on brown jerkin; lively colours scare fish in the sober waters of the Isle of Man; faith, in London you will catch few, unless the bait glistens a little. But you *are* going? well, good luck to you. I will take to the barge; the sea and wind are less inconstant than the tide you have embarked on.'

'You have learned to say all these smart things in London, my lord,' answered Julian; 'but we shall have you a penitent for them, if Lady Cynthia be of my mind. Adieu, and pleasure till we meet.'

The young men parted accordingly; and while the earl betook him to his pleasure-voyage, Julian, as his friend had prophesied, assumed the dress of one who means to amuse himself with angling. The hat and feather were exchanged for a cap of grey cloth; the deeply-laced cloak and doublet for a simple jacket of the same colour, with hose conforming; and finally, with rod in hand and pannier at his back, mounted upon a handsome Manx pony, young Peveril rode briskly over the country which divided him from one of those beautiful streams that descend to the sea from the Kirk-Merlagh mountains.

Having reached the spot where he meant to commence his day's sport, Julian let his little steed graze, which, accustomed to the situation, followed him like a dog; and now and then, when tired of picking herbage in the valley through which the stream winded, came near her master's side, and, as if she had been a curious amateur of the sport, gazed on the trouts as Julian brought them struggling to the shore. But Fairy's master showed, on that day, little of the patience of a real angler, and took no heed to old Isaac Walton's recommendation to fish the streams inch by inch. He chose, indeed, with an angler's eye, the most promising casts, where the stream broke sparkling over a stone, affording the wonted shelter to a trout; or where, gliding away from a rippling current to a still eddy, it streamed under the projecting bank, or dashed from the pool of some low cascade. By this judicious selection of spots whereon to employ his art, the sportsman's basket was soon sufficiently heavy to show that his occupation was not a

mere pretext; and so soon as this was the case, he walked briskly up the glen, only making a cast from time to time, in case of his being observed from any of the neighbouring heights.

It was a little green and rocky valley through which the brook strayed, very lonely, although the slight track of an unformed road showed that it was occasionally traversed, and that it was not altogether void of inhabitants. As Peveril advanced still farther, the right bank reached to some distance from the stream, leaving a piece of meadow ground, the lower part of which, being close to the brook, was entirely covered with rich herbage, being possibly occasionally irrigated by its overflow. The higher part of the level ground afforded a stance for an old house, of a singular structure, with a terraced garden, and a cultivated field or two beside it. In former times a Danish or Norwegian fastness had stood here, called the Black Fort, from the colour of a huge heathy hill, which, rising behind the building, appeared to be the boundary of the valley, and to afford the source of the brook. But the original structure had been long demolished, as, indeed, it probably only consisted of dry stones, and its materials had been applied to the construction of the present mansion — the work of some churchman during the 16th century, as was evident from the huge stonework of its windows, which scarce left room for light to pass through, as well as from two or three heavy buttresses, which projected from the front of the house, and exhibited on their surface little niches for images. These had been carefully destroyed, and pots of flowers were placed in the niches in their stead, besides their being ornamented by creeping plants of various kinds, fancifully twined around them. The garden was also in good order; and though the spot was extremely solitary, there was about it altogether an air of comfort, accommodation, and even elegance, by no means generally characteristic of the habitations of the island at the time.

With much circumspection, Julian Peveril approached the low Gothic porch, which defended the entrance of the mansion from the tempests incident to its situation, and was, like the buttresses, over-run with ivy and other creeping plants. An iron ring, contrived so as when drawn up and down to rattle against the bar of notched iron through which it was suspended, served the purpose of a knocker; and to this he applied himself, though with the greatest precaution.

He received no answer for some time, and indeed it seemed as if the house was totally uninhabited; when at length, his

impatience getting the upper hand, he tried to open the door, and, as it was only upon the latch, very easily succeeded. He passed through a little low-arched hall, the upper end of which was occupied by a staircase, and turning to the left, opened the door of a summer parlour, wainscoted with black oak, and very simply furnished with chairs and tables of the same materials, the former cushioned with leather. The apartment was gloomy — one of those stone-shafted windows which we have mentioned, with its small latticed panes, and thick garland of foliage, admitting but an imperfect light.

Over the chimney-piece, which was of the same massive materials with the panelling of the apartment, was the only ornament of the room — a painting, namely, representing an officer in the military dress of the Civil Wars. It was a green jerkin, then the national and peculiar colour of the Manxmen; his short band, which hung down on the cuirass, the orange-coloured scarf, but, above all, the shortness of his close-cut hair, showing evidently to which of the great parties he had belonged. His right hand rested on the hilt of his sword; and in the left he held a small Bible, bearing the inscription, '*In hoc signo.*' The countenance was of a fair and almost effeminate complexion, with light blue eyes, and an oval form of face; one of those physiognomies to which, though not otherwise unpleasing, we naturally attach the idea of melancholy and of misfortune.¹ Apparently it was well known to Julian Peveril; for, after having looked at it for a long time, he could not forbear muttering aloud, 'What would I give that that man had never been born, or that he still lived!'

'How now — how is this?' said a female, who entered the room as he uttered this reflection. 'You here, Master Peveril, in spite of all the warnings you have had! You here, in the possession of folks' house when they are abroad, and talking to yourself, as I shall warrant!'

'Yes, Mistress Deborah,' said Peveril, 'I am here once more, as you see, against every prohibition, and in defiance of all danger. Where is Alice?'

'Where you will never see her, Master Julian, you may satisfy yourself of that,' answered Mistress Deborah, for it was that respectable governante; and sinking down at the same time upon one of the large leathern chairs, she began to fan herself with her handkerchief, and complain of the heat in a most ladylike fashion.

¹ See Portrait of William Christian. Note 10.

In fact, Mistress Debbitch, while her exterior intimated a considerable change of condition for the better, and her countenance showed the less favourable effects of the twenty years which had passed over her head, was in mind and manners very much what she had been when she battled the opinions of Madam Ellesmere at Martindale Castle. In a word, she was self-willed, obstinate, and coquettish as ever, otherwise no ill-disposed person. Her present appearance was that of a woman of the better rank. From the sobriety of the fashion of her dress, and the uniformity of its colours, it was plain she belonged to some sect which condemned superfluous gaiety in attire; but no rules, not those of a nunnery or of a Quaker's society, can prevent a little coquetry in that particular, where a woman is desirous of being supposed to retain some claim to personal attention. All Mistress Deborah's garments were so arranged as might best set off a good-looking woman, whose countenance indicated ease and good cheer, who called herself five-and-thirty, and was well entitled, if she had a mind, to call herself twelve or fifteen years older.

Julian was under the necessity of enduring all her tiresome and fantastic airs, and awaiting with patience till she had 'prinked herself and prinned herself,' flung her hoods back and drawn them forward, snuffed at a little bottle of essences, closed her eyes like a dying fowl, turned them up like a duck in a thunderstorm — when at length, having exhausted her round of *minauderies*, she condescended to open the conversation.

'These walks will be the death of me,' she said, 'and all on your account, Master Julian Peveril; for if Dame Christian should learn that you have chosen to make your visits to her niece, I promise you Mistress Alice would be soon obliged to find other quarters, and so should I.'

'Come now, Mistress Deborah, be good-humoured,' said Julian; 'consider, was not all this intimacy of ours of your own making? Did you not make yourself known to me the very first time I strolled up this glen with my fishing-rod, and tell me that you were my former keeper, and that Alice had been my little playfellow? And what could there be more natural than that I should come back and see two such agreeable persons as often as I could?'

'Yes,' said Dame Deborah; 'but I did not bid you fall in love with us, though, or propose such a matter as marriage either to Alice or myself.'

'To do you justice, you never did, Deborah,' answered the

youth; 'but what of that? Such things will come out before one is aware. I am sure you must have heard such proposals fifty times when you least expected them.'

'Fie — fie — fie, Master Julian Peveril,' said the governante; 'I would have you to know that I have always so behaved myself that the best of the land would have thought twice of it, and have very well considered both what he was going to say and how he was going to say it, before he came out with such proposals to me.'

'True — true, Mistress Deborah,' continued Julian; 'but all the world have not your discretion. Then Alice Bridgenorth is a child — a mere child; and one always asks a baby to be one's little wife, you know. Come, I know you will forgive me. Thou wert ever the best-natured, kindest woman in the world; and you know you have said twenty times we were made for each other.'

'O no; Master Julian Peveril; no — no — no!' ejaculated Deborah. 'I may indeed have said your estates were born to be united; and to be sure it is natural to me, that come of the old stock of the honest yeomanry of Peveril of the Peak's estate, to wish that it was all within the ring fence again; which sure enough it might be, were you to marry Alice Bridgenorth. But then there is the knight your father and my lady your mother; and there is her father, that is half crazy with his religion; and her aunt, that wears eternal black gromgram for that unlucky Colonel Christian; and there is the Countess of Derby, that would serve us all with the same sauce if we were thinking of anything that would displease her. And besides all that, you have broke your word with Mistress Alice, and everything is over between you; and I am of opinion it is quite right it should be all over. And perhaps it may be, Master Julian, that I should have thought so a long time ago, before a child like Alice put it into my head; but I am so good-natured.'

No flatterer like a lover who wishes to carry his point.

'You are the best-natured, kindest creature in the world, Deborah. But you have never seen the ring I bought for you at Paris. Nay, I will put it on your finger myself; what! your foster-son, whom you loved so well, and took such care of!'

He easily succeeded in putting a pretty ring of gold, with a humorous affectation of gallantry, on the fat finger of Mistress Deborah Debbitch. Hers was a soul of a kind often to be met

with, both among the lower and higher vulgar, who, without being, on a broad scale, accessible to bribes or corruption, are nevertheless much attached to perquisites, and considerably biassed in their line of duty, though perhaps insensibly, by the love of petty observances, petty presents, and trivial compliments. Mistress Debbitch turned the ring round, and round, and round, and at length said, in a whisper, 'Well, Master Julian Peveril, it signifies nothing denying anything to such a young gentleman as you, for young gentlemen are always so obstinate! and so I may as well tell you that Mistress Alice walked back from Kirk-Truagh along with me just now, and entered the house at the same time with myself.'

'Why did you not tell me so before?' said Julian, starting up; 'where — where is she?'

'You had better ask why I tell you so *now*, Master Julian,' said Dame Deborah; 'for, I promise you, it is against her express commands; and I would not have told you had you not looked so pitiful. But as for seeing you, that she will not; and she is in her own bedroom, with a good oak door shut and bolted upon her, that is one comfort. And so, as for any breach of trust on my part — I promise you, the little saucy minx gives it no less name — it is quite impossible.'

'Do not say so, Deborah — only go — only try — tell her to hear me — tell her I have a hundred excuses for disobeying her commands — tell her I have no doubt to get over all obstacles at Martindale Castle.'

'Nay, I tell you it is all in vain,' replied the dame. 'When I saw your cap and rod lying in the hall, I did but say, "There he is again," and she ran up the stairs like a young deer; and I heard key turned and bolts shot ere I could say a single word to stop her; I marvel you heard her not.'

'It was because I am, as I ever was, an owl — a dreaming fool, who let all those golden minutes pass which my luckless life holds out to me so rarely. Well — tell her I go — go for ever — go where she will hear no more of me — where no one shall hear more of me!'

'O, the Father!' said the dame, 'hear how he talks! What will become of Sir Geoffrey, and your mother, and of me, and of the countess, if you were to go so far as you talk of? And what would become of poor Alice too? for I will be sworn she likes you better than she says, and I know she used to sit and look the way that you used to come up the stream, and now and then ask me if the morning were good for fishing. And

all the while you were on the Continent, as they call it, she scarcely smiled once, unless it was when she got two beautiful long letters about foreign parts.'

'Friendship, Dame Deborah — only friendship — cold and calm remembrance of one who, by your kind permission, stole in on your solitude now and then, with news from the living world without. Once, indeed, I thought — but it is all over — farewell.'

So saying, he covered his face with one hand, and extended the other, in the act of bidding adieu to Dame Debbitch, whose kind heart became unable to withstand the sight of his affliction.

'Now, do not be in such haste,' she said; 'I will go up again, and tell her how it stands with you, and bring her down, if it is in woman's power to do it.'

And so saying, she left the apartment and ran upstairs.

Julian Peveril, meanwhile, paced the apartment in great agitation, waiting the success of Deborah's intercession; and she remained long enough absent to give us time to explain, in a short retrospect, the circumstances which had led to his present situation.

CHAPTER XII

Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth !

Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE celebrated passage which we have prefixed to this chapter has, like most observations of the same author, its foundation in real experience. The period at which love is formed for the first time, and felt most strongly, is seldom that at which there is much prospect of its being brought to a happy issue. The state of artificial society opposes many complicated obstructions to early marriages; and the chance is very great that such obstacles prove insurmountable. In fine, there are few men who do not look back in secret to some period of their youth at which a sincere and early affection was repulsed, or betrayed, or became abortive from opposing circumstances. It is these little passages of secret history which leave a tinge of romance in every bosom, scarce permitting us, even in the most busy or the most advanced period of life, to listen with total indifference to a tale of true love.

Julian Peveril had so fixed his affections as to ensure the fullest share of that opposition which early attachments are so apt to encounter. Yet nothing so natural as that he should have done so. In early youth, Dame Debbitch had accidentally met with the son of her first patroness, and who had himself been her earliest charge, fishing in the little brook already noticed, which watered the valley in which she resided with Alice Bridgenorth. The dame's curiosity easily discovered who he was; and besides the interest which persons in her condition usually take in the young people who have been under their charge, she was delighted with the opportunity to talk about former times—about Martindale Castle and friends there, about Sir Geoffrey and his good lady, and now and then about Lance Outram, the park-keeper.

The mere pleasure of gratifying her inquiries would scarce have had power enough to induce Julian to repeat his visits to the lonely glen; but Deborah had a companion—a lovely girl—bred in solitude, and in the quiet and unpretending tastes which solitude encourages—spirited also, and inquisitive, and listening, with a laughing cheek and an eager eye, to every tale which the young angler brought from the town and castle.

The visits of Julian to the Black Fort were only occasional; so far Dame Deborah showed common sense, which was, perhaps, inspired by the apprehension of losing her place, in case of discovery. She had, indeed, great confidence in the strong and rooted belief, amounting almost to superstition, which Major Bridgenorth entertained, that his daughter's continued health could only be ensured by her continuing under the charge of one who had acquired Lady Peveril's supposed skill in treating those subject to such ailments. This belief Dame Deborah had improved to the utmost of her simple cunning—always speaking in something of an oracular tone upon the subject of her charge's health, and hinting at certain mysterious rules necessary to maintain it in the present favourable state. She had availed herself of this artifice to procure for herself and Alice a separate establishment at the Black Fort; for it was originally Major Bridgenorth's resolution that his daughter and her governante should remain under the same roof with the sister-in-law of his deceased wife, the widow of the unfortunate Colonel Christian. But this lady was broken down with premature age, brought on by sorrow; and, in a short visit which Major Bridgenorth made to the island, he was easily prevailed on to consider her house at Kirk-Truagh as a very cheerless residence for his daughter. Dame Deborah, who longed for domestic independence, was careful to increase this impression by alarming her patron's fears on account of Alice's health. The mansion of Kirk-Truagh stood, she said, much exposed to the Scottish winds, which could not but be cold, as they came from a country where, as she was assured, there was ice and snow at midsummer. In short, she prevailed, and was put into full possession of the Black Fort—a house which, as well as Kirk-Truagh, belonged formerly to Christian, and now to his widow.

Still, however, it was enjoined on the governante and her charge to visit Kirk-Truagh from time to time, and to consider themselves as under the management and guardianship of Mistress Christian—a state of subjection the sense of which

Deborah endeavoured to lessen by assuming as much freedom of conduct as she possibly dared, under the influence, doubtless, of the same feelings of independence which induced her, at Martindale Castle, to spurn the advice of Mistress Ellesmere.

It was this generous disposition to defy control which induced her to procure for Alice, secretly, some means of education, which the stern genius of Puritanism would have proscribed. She ventured to have her charge taught music—nay, even dancing; and the picture of the austere Colonel Christian trembled on the wainscot where it was suspended while the sylph-like form of Alice, and the substantial person of Dame Deborah, executed French *chaussées* and *borées*, to the sound of a small kit, which screamed under the bow of Monsieur de Pigal, half-smuggler, half dancing-master. This abomination reached the ears of the colonel's widow, and by her was communicated to Bridgenorth, whose sudden appearance in the island showed the importance he attached to the communication. Had she been faithless to her own cause, that had been the latest hour of Mistress Deborah's administration. But she retreated into her stronghold.

'Dancing,' she said, 'was exercise, regulated and timed by music; and it stood to reason that it must be the best of all exercise for a delicate person, especially as it could be taken within doors, and in all states of the weather.'

Bridgenorth listened, with a clouded and thoughtful brow, when, in exemplification of her doctrine, Mistress Deborah, who was no contemptible performer on the viol, began to jangle Sellenger's round, and desired Alice to dance an old English measure to the tune. As the half-bashful, half-smiling girl, about fourteen—for such was her age—moved gracefully to the music, the father's eye unavoidably followed the light spring of her step, and marked with joy the rising colour in her cheek. When the dance was over, he folded her in his arms, smoothed her somewhat disordered locks with a father's affectionate hand, smiled, kissed her brow, and took his leave, without one single word farther interdicting the exercise of dancing. He did not himself communicate the result of his visit at the Black Fort to Mistress Christian, but she was not long of learning it, by the triumph of Dame Deborah on her next visit.

'It is well,' said the stern old lady; 'my brother Bridgenorth hath permitted you to make a Herodias of Alice, and teach her dancing. You have only now to find her a partner

for life; I shall neither meddle nor make more in their affairs.'

In fact, the triumph of Dame Deborah, or rather of Dame Nature, on this occasion, had more important effects than the former had ventured to anticipate; for Mistress Christian, though she received with all formality the formal visits of the governante and her charge, seemed thenceforth so pettish with the issue of her remonstrance upon the enormity of her niece dancing to a little fiddle, that she appeared to give up interference in her affairs, and left Dame Debbitch and Alice to manage both education and housekeeping—in which she had hitherto greatly concerned herself—much after their own pleasure.

It was in this independent state that they lived, when Julian first visited their habitation; and he was the rather encouraged to do so by Dame Deborah, that she believed him to be one of the last persons in the world with whom Mistress Christian would have desired her niece to be acquainted—the happy spirit of contradiction superseding, with Dame Deborah, on this as on other occasions, all consideration of the fitness of things. She did not act altogether without precaution neither. She was aware she had to guard not only against any reviving interest or curiosity on the part of Mistress Christian, but against the sudden arrival of Major Bridgenorth, who never failed once in the year to make his appearance at the Black Fort when least expected, and to remain there for a few days. Dame Debbitch, therefore, exacted of Julian that his visits should be few and far between; that he should condescend to pass for a relation of her own, in the eyes of two ignorant Manx girls and a lad, who formed her establishment; and that he should always appear in his angler's dress made of the simple *loughthan*, or buff-coloured wool of the island, which is not subjected to dyeing. By these cautions, she thought his intimacy at the Black Fort would be entirely unnoticed, or considered as immaterial, while, in the meantime, it furnished much amusement to her charge and herself.

This was accordingly the case during the earlier part of their intercourse, while Julian was a lad and Alice a girl two or three years younger. But as the lad shot up to youth and the girl to womanhood, even Dame Deborah Debbitch's judgment saw danger in their continued intimacy. She took an opportunity to communicate to Julian who Miss Bridgenorth actually was, and the peculiar circumstances which placed

discord between their fathers. He heard the story of their quarrel with interest and surprise, for he had only resided occasionally at Martindale Castle, and the subject of Bridgenorth's quarrel with his father had never been mentioned in his presence. His imagination caught fire at the sparks afforded by this singular story ; and, far from complying with the prudent remonstrance of Dame Deborah, and gradually estranging himself from the Black Fort and its fair inmate, he frankly declared, he considered his intimacy there, so casually commenced, as intimating the will of Heaven that Alice and he were designed for each other, in spite of every obstacle which passion or prejudice could raise up betwixt them. They had been companions in infancy ; and a little exertion of memory enabled him to recall his childish grief for the unexpected and sudden disappearance of his little companion, whom he was destined again to meet with in the early bloom of opening beauty, in a country which was foreign to them both.

Dame Deborah was confounded at the consequences of her communication, which had thus blown into a flame the passion which she hoped it would have either prevented or extinguished. She had not the sort of head which resists the masculine and energetic remonstrances of passionate attachment, whether addressed to her on her own account or on behalf of another. She lamented and wondered, and ended her feeble opposition by weeping, and sympathising, and consenting to allow the continuance of Julian's visits, provided he should only address himself to Alice as a friend ; to gain the world, she would consent to nothing more. She was not, however, so simple, but that she also had her forebodings of the designs of Providence on this youthful couple ; for certainly they could not be more formed to be united than the good estates of Martindale and Moultrassie.

Then came a long sequence of reflections. Martindale Castle wanted but some repairs to be almost equal to Chatsworth. The hall might be allowed to go to ruin ; or, what would be better, when Sir Geoffrey's time came, for the good knight had seen service, and must be breaking now, the hall would be a good dowry-house, to which my lady and Ellesmere might retreat ; while, empress of the still-room and queen of the pantry, Mistress Deborah Debbitch should reign housekeeper at the castle, and extend, perhaps, the crown-matrimonial to Lance Outram, provided he was not become too old, too fat, or too fond of ale.

Such were the soothing visions under the influence of which the dame connived at an attachment which lulled also to pleasing dreams, though of a character so different, her charge and her visitant.

The visits of the young angler became more and more frequent; and the embarrassed Deborah, though foreseeing all the dangers of discovery, and the additional risk of an explanation betwixt Alice and Julian, which must necessarily render their relative situation so much more delicate, felt completely overborne by the enthusiasm of the young lover, and was compelled to let matters take their course.

The departure of Julian for the Continent interrupted the course of his intimacy at the Black Fort, and while it relieved the elder of its inmates from much internal apprehension, spread an air of languor and dejection over the countenance of the younger, which, at Bridgenorth's next visit to the Isle of Man, renewed all his terrors for his daughter's constitutional malady.

Deborah promised faithfully she should look better the next morning, and she kept her word. She had retained in her possession for some time a letter which Julian had, by some private conveyance, sent to her charge, for his youthful friend. Deborah had dreaded the consequences of delivering it as a billet-doux, but, as in the case of the dance, she thought there could be no harm in administering it as a remedy.

It had complete effect: and next day the cheeks of the maiden had a tinge of the rose, which so much delighted her father, that, as he mounted his horse, he flung his purse into Deborah's hand, with the desire she should spare nothing that could make herself and his daughter happy, and the assurance that she had his full confidence.

This expression of liberality and trust from a man of Major Bridgenorth's reserved and cautious disposition gave full plumage to Mistress Deborah's hopes; and emboldened her not only to deliver another letter of Julian's to the young lady, but to encourage more boldly and freely than formerly the intercourse of the lovers when Peveril returned from abroad.

At length, in spite of all Julian's precaution, the young earl became suspicious of his frequent solitary fishing-parties; and he himself, now better acquainted with the world than formerly, became aware that his repeated visits and solitary walks with a person so young and beautiful as Alice might not only betray prematurely the secret of his attachment, but be of essential prejudice to her who was its object.

Under the influence of this conviction, he abstained, for an unusual period, from visiting the Black Fort. But when he next indulged himself with spending an hour in the place where he would gladly have abode for ever, the altered manner of Alice, the tone in which she seemed to upbraid his neglect, penetrated his heart, and deprived him of that power of self-command which he had hitherto exercised in their interviews. It required but a few energetic words to explain to Alice at once his feelings and to make her sensible of the real nature of her own. She wept plentifully, but her tears were not all of bitterness. She sat passively still, and without reply, while he explained to her, with many an interjection, the circumstances which had placed discord between their families; for hitherto all that she had known was that Master Peveril, belonging to the household of the great Countess or Lady of Man, must observe some precautions in visiting a relative of the unhappy Colonel Christian. But, when Julian concluded his tale with the warmest protestations of eternal love, 'My poor father!' she burst forth, 'and was this to be the end of all thy precautions? This, that the son of him that disgraced and banished thee should hold such language to your daughter!'

'You err, Alice — you err,' cried Julian, eagerly. 'That I hold this language — that the son of Peveril addresses thus the daughter of your father — that he thus kneels to you for forgiveness of injuries which passed when we were both infants, shows the will of Heaven that in our affection should be quenched the discord of our parents. What else could lead those who parted infants on the hills of Derbyshire to meet thus in the valleys of Man?'

Alice, however new such a scene, and, above all, her own emotions, might be, was highly endowed with that exquisite delicacy which is imprinted in the female heart, to give warning of the slightest approach to impropriety in a situation like hers.

'Rise — rise, Master Peveril,' she said; 'do not do yourself and me this injustice; we have done both wrong — very wrong; but my fault was done in ignorance. O God! my poor father, who needs comfort so much — is it for me to add to his misfortunes? Rise!' she added, more firmly; 'if you retain this unbecoming posture any longer, I will leave the room, and you shall never see me more.'

The commanding tone of Alice overawed the impetuosity of her lover, who took in silence a seat removed to some distance

from hers, and was again about to speak. 'Julian,' she said, in a milder tone, 'you have spoken enough, and more than enough. Would you had left me in the pleasing dream in which I could have listened to you for ever! but the hour of waking is arrived.' Peveril waited the prosecution of her speech as a criminal while he waits his doom; for he was sufficiently sensible that an answer, delivered not certainly without emotion, but with firmness and resolution, was not to be interrupted. 'We have done wrong,' she repeated — 'very wrong; and if we now separate for ever, the pain we may feel will be but a just penalty for our error. We should never have met. Meeting, we should part as soon as possible. Our farther intercourse can but double our pain at parting. Farewell, Julian; and forget we ever have seen each other!'

'Forget!' said Julian; 'never — never. To *you* it is easy to speak the word — to think the thought. To *me*, an approach to either can only be by utter destruction. Why should you doubt that the feud of our fathers, like so many of which we have heard, might be appeased by our friendship? You are my only friend. I am the only one whom Heaven has assigned to you. Why should we separate for the fault of others, which befell when we were but children?'

'You speak in vain, Julian,' said Alice. 'I pity you; perhaps I pity myself. Indeed, I should pity myself, perhaps, the most of the two; for you will go forth to new scenes and new faces, and will soon forget me; but I, remaining in this solitude, how shall *I* forget? That, however, is not now the question. I can bear my lot, and it commands us to part.'

'Hear me yet a moment,' said Peveril; 'this evil is not, cannot be, remediless. I will go to my father — I will use the intercession of my mother, to whom he can refuse nothing — I will gain their consent — they have no other child — and they must consent, or lose him for ever. Say, Alice, if I come to you with my parents' consent to my suit, will you again say, with that tone so touching and so sad, yet so incredibly determined — "Julian, we must part"?' Alice was silent. 'Cruel girl, will you not even deign to answer me?' said her lover.

'We answer not those who speak in their dreams,' said Alice. 'You ask me what I would do were impossibilities performed. What right have you to make such suppositions, and ask such a question?'

'Hope, Alice — hope,' answered Julian, 'the last support of the wretched, which even you surely would not be cruel enough

to deprive me of. In every difficulty, in every doubt, in every danger, Hope will fight even if he cannot conquer. Tell me once more, if I come to you in the name of my father — in the name of that mother to whom you partly owe your life — what would you answer to me?’

‘I would refer you to my own father,’ said Alice, blushing, and casting her eyes down; but instantly raising them again, she repeated, in a firmer and a sadder tone — ‘yes, Julian, I would refer you to my father; and you would find that your pilot, Hope, had deceived you, and that you had but escaped the quicksands to fall upon the rocks.’

‘I would that could be tried!’ said Julian. ‘Methinks I could persuade your father that in ordinary eyes our alliance is not undesirable. My family have fortune, rank, long descent — all that fathers look for when they bestow a daughter’s hand.’

‘All this would avail you nothing,’ said Alice. ‘The spirit of my father is bent upon the things of another world; and if he listened to hear you out, it would be but to tell you that he spurned your offers.’

‘You know not — you know not, Alice,’ said Julian. ‘Fire can soften iron: thy father’s heart cannot be so hard, or his prejudices so strong, but I shall find some means to melt him. Forbid me not — O forbid me not at least the experiment!’

‘I can but advise,’ said Alice; ‘I can forbid you nothing; for to forbid implies power to command obedience. But if you will be wise and listen to me — here, and on this spot, we part for ever!’

‘Not so, by Heaven!’ said Julian, whose bold and sanguine temper scarce saw difficulty in attaining aught which he desired. ‘We now part indeed, but it is that I may return armed with my parents’ consent. They desire that I should marry — in their last letters they pressed it more openly — they shall have their desire; and such a bride as I will present to them has not graced their house since the Conqueror gave it origin. Farewell, Alice! — farewell, for a brief space!’

She replied, ‘Farewell, Julian! — farewell for ever!’

Julian, within a week of this interview, was at Martindale Castle, with the view of communicating his purpose. But the task which seems easy at a distance proves as difficult upon a nearer approach as the fording of a river which from afar appeared only a brook. There lacked not opportunities of entering upon the subject; for, in the first ride which he took with his father, the knight resumed the subject of his son’s

marriage, and liberally left the lady to his choice ; but under the strict proviso, that she was of a loyal and an honourable family ; if she had fortune, it was good and well, or rather, it was better than well ; but if she was poor, why, 'There is still some picking,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'on the bones of the old estate ; and Dame Margaret and I will be content with the less, that you young folks may have your share of it. I am turned frugal already, Julian. You see what a north-country shambling bit of a Galloway nag I ride upon — a different beast, I wot, from my own old Black Hastings, who had but one fault, and that was his wish to turn down Moultrassie avenue.'

'Was that so great a fault?' said Julian, affecting indifference, while his heart was trembling, as it seemed to him, almost in his very throat.

'It used to remind me of that base, dishonourable Presbyterian fellow, Bridgenorth,' said Sir Geoffrey ; 'and I would as lief think of a toad. They say he has turned Independent, to accomplish the full degree of rascality. I tell you, Gil, I turned off the cow-boy for gathering nuts in his woods. I would hang a dog that would so much as kill a hare there. But what is the matter with you ? You look pale.'

Julian made some indifferent answer, but too well understood, from the language and tone which his father used, that his prejudices against Alice's father were both deep and envenomed, as those of country gentlemen often become, who, having little to do or think of, are but too apt to spend their time in nursing and cherishing petty causes of wrath against their next neighbours.

In the course of the same day, he mentioned the Bridgenorths to his mother, as if in a casual manner. But the Lady Peveril instantly conjured him never to mention the name, especially in his father's presence.

'Was that Major Bridgenorth, of whom I have heard the name mentioned,' said Julian, 'so very bad a neighbour?'

'I do not say so,' said Lady Peveril ; 'nay, we were more than once obliged to him, in the former unhappy times ; but your father and he took some passages so ill at each other's hands, that the least allusion to him disturbs Sir Geoffrey's temper in a manner quite unusual, and which, now that his health is somewhat impaired, is sometimes alarming to me. For Heaven's sake, then, my dear Julian, avoid upon all occasions the slightest allusion to Moultrassie or any of its inhabitants.'

This warning was so seriously given, that Julian himself saw that mentioning his secret purpose would be the sure way to render it abortive, and therefore he returned disconsolate to the isle.

Peveril had the boldness, however, to make the best he could of what had happened, by requesting an interview with Alice, in order to inform her what had passed betwixt his parents and him on her account. It was with great difficulty that this boon was obtained; and Alice Bridgenorth showed no slight degree of displeasure when she discovered, after much circumlocution, and many efforts to give an air of importance to what he had to communicate, that all amounted but to this, that Lady Peveril continued to retain a favourable opinion of her father, Major Bridgenorth, which Julian would fain have represented as an omen of their future more perfect reconciliation.

‘I did not think you would thus have trifled with me, Master Peveril,’ said Alice, assuming an air of dignity; ‘but I will take care to avoid such intrusion in future. I request you will not again visit the Black Fort; and I entreat of you, good Mistress Debbitch, that you will no longer either encourage or permit this gentleman’s visits, as the result of such persecution will be to compel me to appeal to my aunt and father for another place of residence, and perhaps also for another and more prudent companion.’

This last hint struck Mistress Deborah with so much terror, that she joined her ward in requiring and demanding Julian’s instant absence, and he was obliged to comply with their request. But the courage of a youthful lover is not easily subdued; and Julian, after having gone through the usual round of trying to forget his ungrateful mistress, and again entertaining his passion with augmented violence, ended by the visit to the Black Fort the beginning of which we narrated in the last chapter.

We then left him anxious for, yet almost fearful of, an interview with Alice, which he had prevailed upon Deborah to solicit; and such was the tumult of his mind, that, while he traversed the parlour, it seemed to him that the dark, melancholy eyes of the slaughtered Christian’s portrait followed him wherever he went, with the fixed, chill, and ominous glance which announced to the enemy of his race mishap and misfortune.

The door of the apartment opened at length, and these visions were dissipated.

CHAPTER XIII

-Parents have flinty hearts ! No tears can move them.

OTWAY.

WHEN Alice Bridgenorth at length entered the parlour where her anxious lover had so long expected her, it was with a slow step and a composed manner. Her dress was arranged with an accurate attention to form, which at once enhanced the appearance of its Puritanic simplicity and struck Julian as a bad omen ; for although the time bestowed upon the toilet may, in many cases, intimate the wish to appear advantageously at such an interview, yet a ceremonious arrangement of attire is very much allied with formality, and a preconceived determination to treat a lover with cold politeness.

The sad-coloured gown, the pinched and plaited cap, which carefully obscured the profusion of long dark-brown hair, the small ruff, and the long sleeves, would have appeared to great disadvantage on a shape less graceful than Alice Bridgenorth's ; but an exquisite form, though not, as yet, sufficiently rounded in the outlines to produce the perfection of female beauty, was able to sustain and give grace even to this unbecoming dress. Her countenance, fair and delicate, with eyes of hazel [blue], and a brow of alabaster, had, notwithstanding, less regular beauty than her form, and might have been justly subjected to criticism. There was, however, a life and spirit in her gaiety, and a depth of sentiment in her gravity, which made Alice, in conversation with the very few persons with whom she associated, so fascinating in her manners and expression, whether of language or countenance, so touching also in her simplicity and purity of thought, that brighter beauties might have been overlooked in her company. It was no wonder, therefore, that an ardent character like Julian, influenced by these charms, as well as by the secrecy and mystery attending his intercourse with Alice, should prefer the recluse of the Black Fort to all others with whom he had become acquainted in general society.

His heart beat high as she came into the apartment, and it was almost without an attempt to speak that his profound obeisance acknowledged her entrance.

'This is a mockery, Master Peveril,' said Alice, with an effort to speak firmly, which yet was disconcerted by a slightly tremulous inflection of voice — 'a mockery, and a cruel one. You come to this lone place, inhabited only by two women, too simple to command your absence, too weak to enforce it; you come in spite of my earnest request, to the neglect of your own time, to the prejudice, I may fear, of my character; you abuse the influence you possess over the simple person to whom I am entrusted — all this you do, and think to make it up by low reverences and constrained courtesy! Is this honourable, or is it fair? Is it,' she added, after a moment's hesitation — 'is it kind?'

The tremulous accent fell especially on the last word she uttered, and it was spoken in a low tone of gentle reproach, which went to Julian's heart.

'If,' said he, 'there were a mode by which, at the peril of my life, Alice, I could show my regard — my respect — my devoted tenderness — the danger would be dearer to me than ever was pleasure.'

'You have said such things often,' said Alice, 'and they are such as I ought not to hear, and do not desire to hear. I have no tasks to impose on you — no enemies to be destroyed — no need or desire of protection — no wish, Heaven knows, to expose you to danger. It is your visits here alone to which danger attaches. You have but to rule your own wilful temper — to turn your thoughts and your cares elsewhere, and I can have nothing to ask — nothing to wish for. Use your own reason — consider the injury you do yourself — the injustice you do us — and let me, once more, in fair terms, entreat you to absent yourself from this place — till — till —'

She paused, and Julian eagerly interrupted her. 'Till when, Alice? — till when? Impose on me any length of absence which your severity can inflict, short of a final separation. Say, "Begone for years, but return when these years are over"; and, slow and wearily as they must pass away, still the thought that they must at length have their period will enable me to live through them. Let me, then, conjure thee, Alice, to name a date — to fix a term — to say till *when*!'

'Till you can bear to think of me only as a friend and sister.'

'That is a sentence of eternal banishment indeed!' said

Julian; 'it is seeming, no doubt, to fix a term of exile, but attaching to it an impossible condition.'

'And why impossible, Julian?' said Alice, in a tone of persuasion. 'Were we not happier ere you threw the mask from your own countenance, and tore the veil from my foolish eyes? Did we not meet with joy, spend our time happily, and part cheerily, because we transgressed no duty, and incurred no self-reproach? Bring back that state of happy ignorance, and you shall have no reason to call me unkind. But while you form schemes which I know to be visionary, and use language of such violence and passion, you shall excuse me if I now, and once for all, declare that, since Deborah shows herself unfit for the trust reposed in her, and must needs expose me to persecutions of this nature, I will write to my father, that he may fix me another place of residence; and in the meanwhile I will take shelter with my aunt at Kirk-Truagh.'

'Hear me, unpitying girl,' said Peveril — 'hear me, and you shall see how devoted I am to obedience in all that I can do to oblige you! You say you were happy when we spoke not on such topics — well, at all expense of my own suppressed feelings, that happy period shall return. I will meet you — walk with you — read with you — but only as a brother would with his sister or a friend with his friend; the thoughts I may nourish, be they of hope or of despair, my tongue shall not give birth to, and therefore I cannot offend; Deborah shall be ever by your side, and her presence shall prevent my even hinting at what might displease you — only do not make a crime to me of those thoughts which are the dearest part of my existence; for, believe me, it were better and kinder to rob me of existence itself.'

'This is the mere ecstasy of passion, Julian,' answered Alice Bridgenorth; 'that which is unpleasant, our selfish and stubborn will represents as impossible. I have no confidence in the plan you propose — no confidence in your resolution, and less than none in the protection of Deborah. Till you can renounce, honestly and explicitly, the wishes you have lately expressed, we must be strangers; and could you renounce them even at this moment, it were better that we should part for a long time; and, for Heaven's sake, let it be as soon as possible; perhaps it is even now too late to prevent some unpleasant accident — I thought I heard a noise.'

'It was Deborah,' answered Julian. 'Be not afraid, Alice; we are secure against surprise.'

‘I know not,’ said Alice, ‘what you mean by such security. I have nothing to hide. I sought not this interview; on the contrary, averted it as long as I could, and am now most desirous to break it off.’

‘And wherefore, Alice, since you say it must be our last? Why should you shake the sand which is passing so fast? The very executioner hurries not the prayers of the wretches upon the scaffold. And see you not—I will argue as coldly as you can desire—see you not that you are breaking your own word, and recalling the hope which yourself held out to me?’

‘What hope have I suggested? What word have I given, Julian?’ answered Alice. ‘You yourself build wild hopes in the air, and accuse me of destroying what had never any earthly foundation. Spare yourself, Julian—spare me—and in mercy to us both depart, and return not again till you can be more reasonable.’

‘Reasonable!’ replied Julian; ‘it is you, Alice, who will deprive me altogether of reason. Did you not say that, if our parents could be brought to consent to our union, you would no longer oppose my suit?’

‘No—no—no,’ said Alice, eagerly, and blushing deeply—‘I did not say so, Julian; it was your own wild imagination which put construction on my silence and my confusion.’

‘You do *not* say so, then?’ answered Julian; ‘and if all other obstacles were removed, I should find one in the cold, flinty bosom of her who repays the most devoted and sincere affection with contempt and dislike? Is that,’ he added, in a deep tone of feeling—‘is that what Alice Bridgenorth says to Julian Peveril?’

‘Indeed—indeed, Julian,’ said the almost weeping girl, ‘I do not say so—I say nothing, and I ought not to say anything, concerning what I might do in a state of things which can never take place. Indeed, Julian, you ought not thus to press me. Unprotected as I am—wishing you well—very well—why should you urge me to say or do what would lessen me in my own eyes? to own affection for one from whom fate has separated me for ever? It is ungenerous—it is cruel—it is seeking a momentary and selfish gratification to yourself at the expense of every feeling which I ought to entertain.’

‘You have said enough, Alice,’ said Julian, with sparkling eyes—‘you have said enough in deprecating my urgency, and I will press you no farther. But you overrate the impediments which lie betwixt us; they must and shall give way.’

'So you said before,' answered Alice, 'and with what probability, your own account may show. You dared not to mention the subject to your own father; how should you venture to mention it to mine?'

'That I will soon enable you to decide upon. Major Bridgenorth, by my mother's account, is a worthy and an estimable man. I will remind him that to my mother's care he owes the dearest treasure and comfort of his life; and I will ask him if it is a just retribution to make that mother childless. Let me but know where to find him, Alice, and you shall soon hear if I have feared to plead my cause with him.'

'Alas!' answered Alice, 'you well know my uncertainty as to my dear father's residence. How often has it been my earnest request to him that he would let me share his solitary abode or his obscure wanderings! But the short and infrequent visits which he makes to this house are all that he permits me of his society. Something I might surely do, however little, to alleviate the melancholy by which he is oppressed.'

'Something we might both do,' said Peveril. 'How willingly would I aid you in so pleasing a task! All old griefs should be forgotten — all old friendships revived. My father's prejudices are those of an Englishman — strong, indeed, but not insurmountable by reason. Tell me, then, where Major Bridgenorth is, and leave the rest to me; or let me but know by what address your letters reach him, and I will forthwith essay to discover his dwelling.'

'Do not attempt it, I charge you,' said Alice. 'He is already a man of sorrows; and what would he think were I capable of entertaining a suit so likely to add to them? Besides, I could not tell you if I would where he is now to be found. My letters reach him from time to time by means of my aunt Christian; but of his address I am entirely ignorant.'

'Then, by Heaven,' answered Julian, 'I will watch his arrival in this island and in this house; and ere he has locked thee in his arms he shall answer to me on the subject of my suit.'

'Then demand that answer now,' said a voice from without the door, which was at the same time slowly opened — 'demand that answer now, for here stands Ralph Bridgenorth.'

As he spoke, he entered the apartment with his usual slow and sedate step, raised his flapped and steeple-crowned hat from

his brows, and, standing in the midst of the room, eyed alternately his daughter and Julian Peveril with a fixed and penetrating glance.

'Father!' said Alice, utterly astonished, and terrified besides, by his sudden appearance at such a conjuncture — 'father, I am not to blame.'

'Of that anon, Alice,' said Bridgenorth; 'meantime, retire to your apartment. I have that to say to this youth which will not endure your presence.'

'Indeed — indeed, father,' said Alice, alarmed at what she supposed these words indicated, 'Julian is as little to be blamed as I! It was chance — it was fortune, which caused our meeting together.' Then suddenly rushing forward, she threw her arms around her father, saying, 'O do him no injury; he meant me no wrong! Father, you were wont to be a man of reason and of religious peace.'

'And wherefore should I not be so now, Alice?' said Bridgenorth, raising his daughter from the ground, on which she had almost sunk in the earnestness of her supplication. 'Dost thou know aught, maiden, which should inflame my anger against this young man more than reason or religion may bridle? Go — go to thy chamber. Compose thine own passions; learn to rule these, and leave it to me to deal with this stubborn young man.'

Alice arose, and, with her eyes fixed on the ground, retired slowly from the apartment. Julian followed her steps with his eyes till the last wave of her garment was visible at the closing door; then turned his looks to Major Bridgenorth, and then sunk them on the ground. The major continued to regard him in profound silence; his looks were melancholy and even austere; but there was nothing which indicated either agitation or keen resentment. He motioned to Julian to take a seat, and assumed one himself; after which he opened the conversation in the following manner: —

'You seemed but now, young gentleman, anxious to learn where I was to be found. Such I at least conjectured from the few expressions which I chanced to overhear; for I made bold, though it may be contrary to the code of modern courtesy, to listen a moment or two in order to gather upon what subject so young a man as you entertained so young a woman as Alice in a private interview.'

'I trust, sir,' said Julian, rallying spirits in what he felt to be a case of extremity, 'you have heard nothing on my part

which has given offence to a gentleman whom, though unknown, I am bound to respect so highly.'

'On the contrary,' said Bridgenorth, with the same formal gravity, 'I am pleased to find that your business is, or appears to be, with me, rather than with my daughter. I only think you had done better to have entrusted it to me in the first instance, as my sole concern.'

The utmost sharpness of attention which Julian applied could not discover if Bridgenorth spoke seriously or ironically to the above purpose. He was, however, quick-witted beyond his experience, and was internally determined to endeavour to discover something of the character and the temper of him with whom he spoke. For that purpose, regulating his reply in the same tone with Bridgenorth's observation, he said that, not having the advantage to know his place of residence, he had applied for information to his daughter.

'Who is now known to you for the first time?' said Bridgenorth. 'Am I so to understand you?'

'By no means,' answered Julian, looking down; 'I have been known to your daughter for many years; and what I wished to say respects both her happiness and my own.'

'I must understand you,' said Bridgenorth, 'even as carnal men understand each other on the matters of this world. You are attached to my daughter by the cords of love; I have long known this.'

'You, Master Bridgenorth?' exclaimed Peveril — 'you have long known it?'

'Yes, young man. Think you that, as the father of an only child, I could have suffered Alice Bridgenorth — the only living pledge of her who is now an angel in Heaven — to have remained in this seclusion without the surest knowledge of all her material actions? I have, in person, seen more both of her and of you than you could be aware of; and when absent in the body, I had the means of maintaining the same superintendence. Young man, they say that such love as you entertain for my daughter teaches much subtilty; but believe not that it can overreach the affection which a widowed father bears to an only child.'

'If,' said Julian, his heart beating thick and joyfully — 'if you have known this intercourse so long, may I not hope that it has not met your disapprobation?'

The major paused for an instant, and then answered, 'In some respects, certainly not. Had it done so — had there seemed

ought on your side or on my daughter's to have rendered your visits here dangerous to her or displeasing to me — she had not been long the inhabitant of this solitude, or of this island. But be not so hasty as to presume that all which you may desire in this matter can be either easily or speedily accomplished.'

'I foresee, indeed, difficulties,' answered Julian; 'but, with your kind acquiescence, they are such as I trust to remove. My father is generous; my mother is candid and liberal. They loved you once; I trust they will love you again. I will be the mediator betwixt you; peace and harmony shall once more inhabit our neighbourhood, and ——'

Bridgenorth interrupted him with a grim smile; for such it seemed, as it passed over a face of deep melancholy. 'My daughter well said, but short while past, that you were a dreamer of dreams — an architect of plans and hopes fantastic as the visions of the night. It is a great thing you ask of me — the hand of my only child — the sum of my worldly substance, though that is but dross in comparison. You ask the key of the only fountain from which I may yet hope to drink one pleasant draught; you ask to be the sole and absolute keeper of my earthly happiness; and what have you offered, or what have you to offer, in return of the surrender you require of me?'

'I am but too sensible,' said Peveril, abashed at his own hasty conclusions, 'how difficult it may be.'

'Nay, but interrupt me not,' replied Bridgenorth, 'till I show you the amount of what you offer me in exchange for a boon which, whatever may be its intrinsic value, is earnestly desired by you, and comprehends all that is valuable on earth which I have it in my power to bestow. You may have heard that in the late times I was the antagonist of your father's principles and his profane faction, but not the enemy of his person.'

'I have ever heard,' replied Julian, 'much the contrary; and it was but now that I reminded you that you had been his friend.'

'Ay. When he was in affliction and I in prosperity, I was neither unwilling nor altogether unable to show myself such. Well, the tables are turned — the times are changed. A peaceful and unoffending man might have expected from a neighbour, now powerful in his turn, such protection, when walking in the paths of the law, as all men, subjects of the same realm, have a right to expect even from perfect strangers. What chances?'

I pursue, with the warrant of the king and law, a murderess, bearing on her hand the blood of my near connexion, and I had, in such a case, a right to call on every liege subject to render assistance to the execution. My late friendly neighbour, bound, as a man and a magistrate, to give ready assistance to a legal action — bound, as a grateful and obliged friend, to respect my rights and my person — thrusts himself betwixt me — me, the avenger of blood — and my lawful captive; beats me to the earth, at once endangering my life, and, in mere human eyes, sullyng mine honour; and, under his protection, the Midianitish woman reaches, like a sea-eagle, the nest which she hath made in the wave-surrounded rocks, and remains there till gold, duly administered at court, wipes out all memory of her crime, and baffles the vengeance due to the memory of the best and bravest of men. But,' he added, apostrophising the portrait of Christian, 'thou art not yet forgotten, my fair-haired William! The vengeance which dogs thy murderers is slow, but it is sure!'

There was a pause of some moments, which Julian Peveril, willing to hear to what conclusion Major Bridgenorth was finally to arrive, did not care to interrupt. Accordingly, in a few minutes, the latter proceeded. 'These things,' he said, 'I recall not in bitterness, so far as they are personal to me — I recall them not in spite of heart, though they have been the means of banishing me from my place of residence, where my fathers dwelt, and where my earthly comforts lie interred. But the public cause sets farther strife betwixt your father and me. Who so active as he to execute the fatal edict of black St. Bartholomew's day, when so many hundreds of Gospel-preachers were expelled from house and home — from hearth and altar — from church and parish, to make room for belly-gods and thieves? Who, when a devoted few of the Lord's people were united to lift the fallen standard, and once more advance the good cause, was the readiest to break their purpose — to search for, persecute, and apprehend them? Whose breath did I feel warm on my neck, whose naked sword was thrust within a foot of my body, whilst I lurked darkling, like a thief in concealment, in the house of my fathers? It was Geoffrey Peveril's — it was your father's! What can you answer to all this, or how can you reconcile it with your present wishes?'

Julian, in reply, could only remark, 'That these injuries had been of long standing; that they had been done in heat of times and heat of temper, and that Master Bridgenorth, in

Christian kindness, should not entertain a keen resentment of them, when a door was open for reconciliation.'

'Peace, young man,' said Bridgenorth, 'thou speakest of thou knowest not what. To forgive our human wrongs is Christian-like and commendable; but we have no commission to forgive those which have been done to the cause of religion and of liberty; we have no right to grant immunity, or to shake hands with those who have poured forth the blood of our brethren.' He looked at the picture of Christian, and was silent for a few minutes, as if he feared to give too violent way to his own impetuosity, and resumed the discourse in a milder tone.

'These things I point out to you, Julian, that I may show you how impossible, in the eyes of a merely worldly man, would be the union which you are desirous of. But Heaven hath at times opened a door, where man beholds no means of issue. Julian, your mother, for one to whom the truth is unknown, is, after the fashion of the world, one of the best and one of the wisest of women; and Providence, which gave her so fair a form, and tenanted that form with a mind as pure as the original frailty of our vile nature will permit, means not, I trust, that she shall continue to the end to be a vessel of wrath and perdition. Of your father I say nothing—he is what the times and example of others, and the counsels of his lordly priest, have made him; and of him, once more, I say nothing, save that I have power over him, which ere now he might have felt, but that there is one within his chambers who might have suffered in his suffering. Nor do I wish to root up your ancient family. If I prize not your boast of family honours and pedigree, I would not willingly destroy them; more than I would pull down a moss-grown tower, or hew to the ground an ancient oak, save for the straightening of the common path, and the advantage of the public. I have, therefore, no resentment against the humbled house of Peveril—nay, I have regard to it in its depression.'

He here made a second pause, as if he expected Julian to say something. But, notwithstanding the ardour with which the young man had pressed his suit, he was too much trained in ideas of the importance of his family, and in the better habit of respect for his parents, to hear, without displeasure, some part of Bridgenorth's discourse.

'The house of Peveril,' he replied, 'was never humbled.'

'Had you said the sons of that house had never been *humble*,

answered Bridgenorth, 'you would have come nearer the truth. Are *you* not humbled? Live you not here, the lackey of a haughty woman, the play-companion of an empty youth? If you leave this isle and go to the court of England, see what regard will there be paid to the old pedigree that deduces your descent from kings and conquerors. A scurril or obscene jest, an impudent carriage, a laced cloak, a handful of gold, and the readiness to wager it on a card or a die, will better advance you at the court of Charles than your father's ancient name, and slavish devotion of blood and fortune to the cause of *his* father.'

'That is, indeed, but too probable,' said Peveril; 'but the court shall be no element of mine. I will live like my fathers, among my people, care for their comforts, decide their differences——'

'Build Maypoles, and dance around them,' said Bridgenorth, with another of those grim smiles which passed over his features like the light of a sexton's torch, as it glares and is reflected by the window of the church, when he comes from locking a funeral vault. 'No, Julian, these are not times in which, by the dreaming drudgery of a country magistrate and the petty cares of a country proprietor, a man can serve his unhappy country. There are mighty designs afloat, and men are called to make their choice betwixt God and Baal. The ancient superstition—the abomination of our fathers—is raising its head and flinging abroad its snares, under the protection of the princes of the earth; but she raises not her head unmarked or unwatched: the true English hearts are as thousands which wait but a signal to arise as one man, and show the kings of the earth that they have combined in vain! We will cast their cords from us; the cup of their abominations we will not taste.'

'You speak in darkness, Master Bridgenorth,' said Peveril. 'Knowing so much of me, you may, perhaps, also be aware that I at least have seen too much of the delusions of Rome to desire that they should be propagated at home.'

'Else, wherefore do I speak to thee friendly and so free?' said Bridgenorth. 'Do I not know with what readiness of early wit you baffled the wily attempts of the woman's priest to seduce thee from the Protestant faith? Do I not know how thou wast beset when abroad, and that thou didst both hold thine own faith and secure the wavering belief of thy friend? Said I not, "This was done like the son of Margaret

Peveril "I said I act," He holdeth, as yet, but the dead letter; but the seed which is sown shall one day sprout and quicken "I Enough, however, of this. For to-day this is thy habitation. I will see in thee neither the servant of that daughter of Edithal nor the son of him who pursued my life and blemished my honours; but thou shalt be to me, for this day, as the child of her without whom my house had been extinct."

So saying, he stretched out his thin, bony hand and grasped that of Julian Peveril; but there was such a look of mourning in his welcome that, whatever delight the youth anticipated spending so long a time in the neighbourhood of Alice Bridgenorth, perhaps in her society, or however strongly he felt the prudence of conciliating her father's good-will, he could not help feeling as if his heart was chilled in his company.

CHAPTER XIV

This day at least is friendship's · on the morrow
Let strife come an she will.

OTWAY.

DEBORAH DEBBITCH, summoned by her master, now made her appearance, with her handkerchief at her eyes, and an appearance of great mental trouble. 'It was not my fault, Major Bridgenorth,' she said; 'how could I help it? like will to like — the boy would come — the girl would see him.'

'Peace, foolish woman,' said Bridgenorth, 'and hear what I have got to say.'

'I know what your honour has to say well enough,' said Deborah. 'Service, I wot, is no inheritance nowadays — some are wiser than other some — if I had not been wheedled away from Martindale, I might have had a house of mine own by this time.'

'Peace, idiot!' said Bridgenorth; but so intent was Deborah on her vindication, that he could but thrust the interjection, as it were edgewise, between her exclamations, which followed as thick as is usual in cases where folk endeavour to avert deserved censure by a clamorous justification ere the charge be brought.

'No wonder she was cheated,' she said, 'out of sight of her own interest, when it was to wait on pretty Miss Alice. All your honour's gold should never have tempted me, but that I knew she was but a dead castaway, poor innocent, if she were taken away from my lady or me. And so this is the end on't! — up early and down late, and this is all my thanks! But your honour had better take care what you do; she has the short cough yet sometimes, and should take physick, spring and fall.'

'Peace, chattering fool!' said her master, so soon as her failing breath gave him an opportunity to strike in; 'thinkest thou I knew not of this young gentleman's visits to the Black

Fort, and that, if they had displeased me, I would not have known how to stop them ?’

‘Did I know that your honour knew of his visits !’ exclaimed Deborah, in a triumphant tone — for, like most of her condition, she never sought farther for her defence than a lie, however inconsistent and improbable — ‘*did* I know that your honour knew of it ? Why, how should I have permitted his visits else ? I wonder what your honour takes me for ! Had I not been sure it was the thing in this world that your honour most desired, would I have presumed to lend it a hand forward ? I trust I know my duty better. Hear if I ever asked another youngster into the house, save himself, for I knew your honour was wise, and quarrels cannot last for ever, and love begins where hatred ends ; and, to be sure, they look as if they were born one for the other ; and then the estates of Moultrassie and Martindale suit each other like sheath and knife.’

‘Parrot of a woman, hold your tongue !’ said Bridgenorth, his patience almost completely exhausted ; ‘or, if you will prate, let it be to your playfellows in the kitchen, and bid them get ready some dinner presently, for Master Peveril is far from home.’

‘That I will, and with all my heart,’ said Deborah ; ‘and if there are a pair of fatter fowls in Man than shall clap their wings on the table presently, your honour shall call me goose as well as parrot.’ She then left the apartment.

‘It is to such a woman as that,’ said Bridgenorth, looking after her significantly, ‘that you conceived me to have abandoned the charge of my only child ? But enough of this subject ; we will walk abroad, if you will, while she is engaged in a province fitter for her understanding.’

So saying, he left the house, accompanied by Julian Peveril, and they were soon walking side by side, as if they had been old acquaintances.

It may have happened to many of our readers, as it has done to ourselves, to be thrown by accident into society with some individual whose claims to what is called a *serious* character stand considerably higher than our own, and with whom, therefore, we have conceived ourselves likely to spend our time in a very stiff and constrained manner ; while, on the other hand, our destined companion may have apprehended some disgust from the supposed levity and thoughtless gaiety of a disposition so different from his own. Now, it has frequently happened that, when we, with that urbanity and good-humour which is

our principal characteristic, have accommodated ourself to our companion, by throwing as much seriousness into our conversation as our habits will admit, he, on the other hand, moved by our liberal example, hath divested his manners of a part of their austerity; and our conversation has, in consequence, been of that pleasant texture, betwixt the useful and agreeable, which best resembles 'the fairy-web of night and day,' usually called in prose the twilight. It is probable both parties may, on such occasions, have been the better for their encounter, even if it went no farther than to establish for the time a community of feeling between men who, separated more perhaps by temper than by principle, are too apt to charge each other with profane frivolity on the one hand or fanaticism on the other.

It fared thus in Peveril's walk with Bridgenorth, and in the conversation which he held with him.

Carefully avoiding the subject on which he had already spoken, Major Bridgenorth turned his conversation chiefly on foreign travel, and on the wonders he had seen in distant countries, and which he appeared to have marked with a curious and observant eye. This discourse made the time fly light away; for, although the anecdotes and observations thus communicated were all tinged with the serious and almost gloomy spirit of the narrator, they yet contained traits of interest and of wonder, such as are usually captivating to a youthful ear, and were particularly so to Julian, who had in his disposition some cast of the romantic and adventurous.

It appeared that Bridgenorth knew the south of France, and could tell many stories of the French Huguenots, who already began to sustain those vexations which a few years afterwards were summed up by the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. He had even been in Hungary, for he spoke as from personal knowledge of the character of several of the heads of the great Protestant insurrection, which at this time had taken place under the celebrated Tekeli; and laid down solid reasons why they were entitled to make common cause with the Great Turk, rather than submit to the Pope of Rome. He talked also of Savoy, where those of the Reformed religion still suffered a cruel persecution; and he mentioned, with a swelling spirit, the protection which Oliver had afforded to the oppressed Protestant churches; 'therein showing himself,' he added, 'more fit to wield the supreme power than those who, claiming it by right of inheritance, use it only for their own vain and voluptuous pursuits.'

'I did not expect,' said Peveril, modestly, 'to have heard Oliver's panegyric from you, Master Bridgenorth.'

'I did not panegyrisé him,' answered Bridgenorth; 'I speak but truth of that extraordinary man, now being dead, whom, when alive, I feared not to withstand to his face. It is the fault of the present unhappy King if he make us look back with regret to the days when the nation was respected abroad, and when devotion and sobriety were practised at home. But I mean not to vex your spirit by controversy. You have lived amongst those who find it more easy and more pleasant to be the pensioners of France than her controllers; to spend the money which she doles out to themselves than to check the tyranny with which she oppresses our poor brethren of the religion. When the scales shall fall from thine eyes, all this thou shalt see; and seeing, shalt learn to detest and despise it.'

By this time they had completed their walk, and were returned to the Black Fort by a different path from that which had led them up the valley. The exercise and the general tone of conversation had removed, in some degree, the shyness and embarrassment which Peveril originally felt in Bridgenorth's presence, and which the tenor of his first remarks had rather increased than diminished. Deborah's promised banquet was soon on the board; and in simplicity, as well as neatness and good order, answered the character she had claimed for it. In one respect alone there seemed some inconsistency, perhaps a little affectation. Most of the dishes were of silver, and the plates were of the same metal; instead of the trenchers and pewter which Peveril had usually seen employed on similar occasions at the Black Fort.

Presently, with the feeling of one who walks in a pleasant dream from which he fears to awake, and whose delight is mingled with wonder and with uncertainty, Julian Peveril found himself seated between Alice Bridgenorth and her father—the being he most loved on earth, and the person whom he had ever considered as the great obstacle to their intercourse! The confusion of his mind was such, that he could scarcely reply to the importunate civilities of Dame Deborah, who, seated with them at table in her quality of governante, now dispensed the good things which had been prepared under her own eye.

As for Alice, she seemed to have formed a resolution to play the mute; for she answered not, excepting briefly, to the questions of Dame Debbitch; nay, even when her father, which

happened once or twice, attempted to bring her forward in the conversation, she made no farther reply than respect for him rendered absolutely necessary.

Upon Bridgenorth himself, then, devolved the task of entertaining the company; and, contrary to his ordinary habits, he did not seem to shrink from it. His discourse was not only easy, but almost cheerful, though ever and anon crossed by some expressions indicative of natural and habitual melancholy, or prophetic of future misfortune and woe. Flashes of enthusiasm, too, shot along his conversation, gleaming like the sheet-lightning of an autumn eve, which throws a strong, though momentary, illumination across the sober twilight, and all the surrounding objects, which, touched by it, assume a wilder and more striking character. In general, however, Bridgenorth's remarks were plain and sensible; and as he aimed at no graces of language, any ornament which they received arose out of the interest with which they were impressed on his hearers. For example, when Deborah, in the pride and vulgarity of her heart, called Julian's attention to the plate from which they had been eating, Bridgenorth seemed to think an apology necessary for such superfluous expense.

'It was a symptom,' he said, 'of approaching danger, when such men, as were not usually influenced by the vanities of life, employed much money in ornaments composed of the precious metals. It was a sign that the merchant could not obtain a profit for the capital, which, for the sake of security, he invested in this inert form. It was a proof that the noblemen or gentlemen feared the rapacity of power, when they put their wealth into forms the most portable and the most capable of being hidden; and it showed the uncertainty of credit, when a man of judgment preferred the actual possession of a mass of silver to the convenience of a goldsmith's or a banker's receipt. While a shadow of liberty remained,' he said, 'domestic rights were last invaded; and, therefore, men disposed upon their cupboards and tables the wealth which in these places would remain longest, though not perhaps finally, sacred from the grasp of a tyrannical government. But let there be a demand for capital to support a profitable commerce, and the mass is at once consigned to the furnace, and, ceasing to be a vain and cumbrous ornament of the banquet, becomes a potent and active agent for furthering the prosperity of the country.'

'In war, too,' said Peveril, 'plate has been found a ready resource.'

‘But too much so,’ answered Bridgenorth. ‘In the late times, the plate of the nobles and gentry, with that of the colleges, and the sale of the crown jewels, enabled the King to make his unhappy stand, which prevented matters returning to a state of peace and good order, until the sword had attained an undue superiority both over King and Parliament.’

He looked at Julian as he spoke, much as he who proves a horse offers some object suddenly to his eyes, then watches to see if he starts or blanches from it. But Julian’s thoughts were too much bent on other topics to manifest any alarm. His answer referred to a previous part of Bridgenorth’s discourse, and was not returned till after a brief pause. ‘War, then,’ he said — ‘war, the grand impoverisher, is also a creator of the wealth which it wastes and devours?’

‘Yes,’ replied Bridgenorth, ‘even as the sluice brings into action the sleeping waters of the lake, which it finally drains. Necessity invents arts and discovers means; and what necessity is sterner than that of civil war? Therefore, even war is not in itself unmixed evil, being the creator of impulses and energies which could not otherwise have existed in society.’

‘Men should go to war, then,’ said Peveril, ‘that they may send their silver plate to the mint, and eat from pewter dishes and wooden platters?’

‘Not so, my son,’ said Bridgenorth. Then checking himself, as he observed the deep crimson on Julian’s cheek and brow, he added, ‘I crave your pardon for such familiarity; but I meant not to limit what I said even now to such trifling consequences, although it may be something salutary to tear men from their pomps and luxuries, and teach those to be Romans who would otherwise be Sybarites. But I would say, that times of public danger, as they call into circulation the miser’s hoard and the proud man’s bullion, and so add to the circulating wealth of the country, do also call into action many a brave and noble spirit, which would otherwise lie torpid, give no example to the living, and bequeath no name to future ages. Society knows not, and cannot know, the mental treasures which slumber in her bosom, till necessity and opportunity call forth the statesman and the soldier from the shades of lowly life to the parts they are designed by Providence to perform, and the stations which nature had qualified them to hold. So rose Oliver — so rose Milton — so rose many another name which cannot be forgotten — even as the tempest summons forth and displays the address of the mariner.’

'You speak,' said Peveril, 'as if national calamity might be, in some sort, an advantage.'

'And if it were not so,' replied Bridgenorth, 'it had not existed in this state of trial, where all temporal evil is alleviated by something good in its progress or result, and where all that is good is close coupled with that which is in itself evil.'

'It must be a noble sight,' said Julian, 'to behold the slumbering energies of a great mind awakened into energy, and to see it assume the authority which is its due over spirits more meanly endowed.'

'I once witnessed,' said Bridgenorth, 'something to the same effect; and as the tale is brief, I will tell it you, if you will:—'

'Amongst my wanderings, the Transatlantic settlements have not escaped me; more especially the country of New England, into which our native land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures, so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There thousands of our best and most godly men—such whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and His wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities—are content to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practised in Britain, the light that is within their own minds. There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem, as they were called; who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great—his dissimulation profound; and the skill and promptitude with which he maintained a destructive and desultory warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement. I was, by chance, at a small village in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. Nevertheless, there was no idea of any danger from the Indians at that time, for men trusted to the protection of a considerable body of troops who had taken the field for protection of the frontiers, and who lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet and the enemy's country. But they had to do with a foe whom the devil himself had inspired at once with cunning and cruelty. It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes amid

the aisles of a minster, arise so sweetly to Heaven as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts ! An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solsgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and dishevelled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly, "The Indians ! The Indians !" In that land no man dares separate himself from his means of defence, and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the rebuilding of the Temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and pikes, and heard the whoop of these incarnate devils, already in possession of a part of the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few whom weighty causes or indisposition had withheld from public worship ; and it was remarked as a judgment that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough disposed towards man, but whose mind was altogether given to worldly gain, was shot and scalped as he was summing his weekly gains in his warehouse. In fine, there was much damage done ; and although our arrival and entrance into combat did in some sort put them back, yet being surprised and confused, and having no appointed leader of our band, the devilish enemy shot hard at us, and had some advantage. It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children amid the report of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages, which they term their war-whoop. Several houses in the upper part of the village were soon on fire ; and the roaring of the flames, and crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added to the horrible confusion ; while the smoke which the wind drove against us gave farther advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were, invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire. In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and, placing the women and children in the centre, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance. A tall man of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword and carried gun ; I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of grey hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same colour. "Men and brethren," he said, in a voice like that which

turns back the flight, "why sink your hearts? and why are you thus disquieted? Fear ye that the God we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see this day that there is a captain in Israel!" He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; and such was the influence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided, by his orders, into two bodies; one of which maintained the defence of the village with more courage than ever, convinced that the Unknown was sent by God to our rescue. At his command they assumed the best and most sheltered positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the Indians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied from the town, at the head of the other division of the New England men, and, fetching a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The surprise, as is usual amongst savages, had complete effect; for they doubted not that they were assailed in their turn, and placed betwixt two hostile parties by the return of a detachment from the provincial army. The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of their warriors that the tribe hath never recovered its loss. Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and not they only, but the women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, stood crowded around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him as a descended angel than to thank him as a fellow-mortal. "Not unto me be the glory," he said: "I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of water, that I may allay my parched throat, ere I essay the task of offering thanks where they are most due." I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave into his hand the water he requested. At that moment we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me that I recognised a noble friend whom I had long since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war-trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers. I have heard many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven vouchsafed me grace to profit by them;

but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration, was beyond them all : it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent ; and for a brief space we remained with our faces bent to the earth, no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer amongst us ; nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued.'

Here Bridgenorth, who had told this singular story with an eloquence and vivacity of detail very contrary to the usual dryness of his conversation, paused for an instant, and then resumed — 'Thou seest, young man, that men of valour and of discretion are called forth to command in circumstances of national exigence, though their very existence is unknown in the land which they are predestined to deliver.'

'But what thought the people of the mysterious stranger?' said Julian, who had listened with eagerness, for the story was of a kind interesting to the youthful and the brave.

'Many things,' answered Bridgenorth, 'and, as usual, little to the purpose. The prevailing opinion was, notwithstanding his own disclamation, that the stranger was really a supernatural being ; others believed him an inspired champion, transported in the body from some distant climate, to show us the way to safety ; others, again, concluded that he was a recluse, who, either from motives of piety or other cogent reasons, had become a dweller in the wilderness, and shunned the face of man.'

'And, if I may presume to ask,' said Julian, 'to which of these opinions were you disposed to adhere?'

'The last suited best with the transient though close view with which I had perused the stranger's features,' replied Bridgenorth ; 'for although I dispute not that it may please Heaven, on high occasions, even to raise one from the dead in defence of his country, yet I doubted not then, as I doubt not now, that I looked on the living form of one who had indeed powerful reasons to conceal him in the cleft of the rock.'

'Are these reasons a secret?' asked Julian Peveril.

'Not properly a secret,' replied Bridgenorth ; 'for I fear not thy betraying what I might tell thee in private discourse ; and besides, wert thou so base, the prey lies too distant for any hunters to whom thou couldst point out its traces. But the name of this worthy will sound harsh in thy ear, on account of one action of his life — being his accession to a great measure

which made the extreme isles of the earth to tremble. Have you never heard of Richard Whalley?'¹

'Of the regicide?' exclaimed Peveril, starting.

'Call his act what thou wilt,' said Bridgenorth; 'he was not less the rescuer of that devoted village, that, with other leading spirits of the age, he sat in the judgment-seat when Charles Stuart was arraigned at the bar, and subscribed the sentence that went forth upon him.'

'I have ever heard,' said Julian, in an altered voice, and colouring deeply, 'that you, Master Bridgenorth, with the other Presbyterians, were totally averse to that detestable crime, and were ready to have made joint cause with the Cavaliers in preventing so horrible a parricide.'

'If it were so,' replied Bridgenorth, 'we have been richly rewarded by his successor!'

'Rewarded!' exclaimed Julian. 'Does the distinction of good and evil, and our obligation to do the one and forbear the other, depend on the reward which may attach to our actions?'

'God forbid!' answered Bridgenorth; 'yet those who view the havoc which this house of Stuart have made in the church and state—the tyranny which they exercise over men's persons and consciences—may well doubt whether it be lawful to use weapons in their defence. Yet you hear me not praise, or even vindicate, the death of the King, though so far deserved, as he was false to his oath as a prince and magistrate. I only tell you what you desired to know, that Richard Whalley, one of the late King's judges, was he of whom I have just been speaking. I knew his lofty brow, though time had made it balder and higher; his grey eye retained all its lustre; and though the grizzled beard covered the lower part of his face, it prevented me not from recognising him. The scent was hot after him for his blood; but, by the assistance of those friends whom Heaven had raised up for his preservation, he was concealed carefully, and emerged only to do the will of Providence in the matter of that battle. Perhaps his voice may be heard in the field once more, should England need one of her noblest hearts.'

'Now, God forbid!' said Julian.

'Amen,' returned Bridgenorth. 'May God avert civil war, and pardon those whose madness would bring it on us!'

There was a long pause, during which Julian, who had scarce lifted his eyes towards Alice, stole a glance in that direction,

¹ See Note 11.

and was struck by the deep cast of melancholy which had stolen over features to which a cheerful, if not a gay, expression was most natural. So soon as she caught his eye, she remarked, and, as Julian thought, with significance, that the shadows were lengthening and evening coming on.

He heard; and although satisfied that she hinted at his departure, he could not, upon the instant, find resolution to break the spell which detained him. The language which Bridgenorth held was not only new and alarming, but so contrary to the maxims in which he was brought up, that, as a son of Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, he would, in another case, have thought himself called upon to dispute its conclusions, even at the sword's point. But Bridgenorth's opinions were delivered with so much calmness—seemed so much the result of conviction—that they excited in Julian rather a spirit of wonder than of angry controversy. There was a character of sober decision and sedate melancholy in all that he said which, even had he not been the father of Alice (and perhaps Julian was not himself aware how much he was influenced by that circumstance), would have rendered it difficult to take personal offence. His language and sentiments were of that quiet yet decided kind upon which it is difficult either to fix controversy or quarrel, although it be impossible to acquiesce in the conclusions to which they lead.

While Julian remained as if spell-bound to his chair, scarce more surprised at the company in which he found himself than at the opinions to which he was listening, another circumstance reminded him that the proper time of his stay at Black Fort had been expended. Little Fairy, the Manx pony, which, well accustomed to the vicinity of Black Fort, used to feed near the house while her master made his visits there, began to find his present stay rather too long. She had been the gift of the countess to Julian whilst a youth, and came of a high-spirited mountain breed, remarkable alike for hardiness, for longevity, and for a degree of sagacity approaching to that of the dog. Fairy showed the latter quality by the way in which she chose to express her impatience to be moving homewards. At least such seemed the purpose of the shrill neigh with which she startled the female inmates of the parlour, who, the moment afterwards, could not forbear smiling to see the nose of the pony advanced through the opened casement.

'Fairy reminds me,' said Julian, looking to Alice and rising, 'that the term of my stay here is exhausted.'

'Speak with me yet one moment,' said Bridgenorth, withdrawing him into a Gothic recess of the old-fashioned apartment, and speaking so low that he could not be overheard by Alice and her governante, who, in the meantime, caressed, and fed with fragments of bread, the intruder Fairy.

'You have not, after all,' said Bridgenorth, 'told me the cause of your coming hither.' He stopped, as if to enjoy his embarrassment, and then added, 'And indeed it were most unnecessary that you should do so. I have not so far forgotten the days of my youth, or those affections which bind poor frail humanity but too much to the things of this world. Will you find no words to ask of me the great boon which you seek, and which, peradventure, you would not have hesitated to make your own without my knowledge and against my consent? Nay, never vindicate thyself, but mark me farther. The patriarch bought his beloved by fourteen years' hard service to her father, Laban, and they seemed to him but as a few days. But he that would wed my daughter must serve, in comparison, but a few days, though in matters of such mighty import, that they shall seem as the service of many years. Reply not to me now, but go, and peace be with you.'

He retired so quickly, after speaking, that Peveril had literally not an instant to reply. He cast his eyes around the apartment, but Deborah and her charge had also disappeared. His gaze rested for a moment on the portrait of Christian, and his imagination suggested that his dark features were illuminated by a smile of haughty triumph. He started and looked more attentively; it was but the effect of the evening beam, which touched the picture at the instant. The effect was gone, and there remained but the fixed, grave, inflexible features of the republican soldier.

Julian left the apartment as one who walks in a dream; he mounted Fairy, and, agitated by a variety of thoughts which he was unable to reduce to order, he returned to Castle Rushin before the night sat down.

Here he found all in movement. The countess, with her son, had, upon some news received or resolution formed during his absence, removed, with a principal part of their family, to the yet stronger castle of Holm-Peel, about eight miles' distance across the island; and which had been suffered to fall into a much more dilapidated condition than that of Castletown, so far as it could be considered as a place of residence. But as a fortress Holm-Peel was stronger than Castletown;

may, unless assailed regularly, was almost impregnable; and was always held by a garrison belonging to the Lords of Man. Here Peveril arrived at nightfall. He was told in the fishing-village that the night-bell of the castle had been rung earlier than usual, and the watch set with circumstances of unusual and jealous precaution.

Resolving, therefore, not to disturb the garrison by entering at that late hour, he obtained an indifferent lodging in the town for the night, and determined to go to the castle early on the succeeding morning. He was not sorry thus to gain a few hours of solitude, to think over the agitating events of the preceding day.

CHAPTER XV

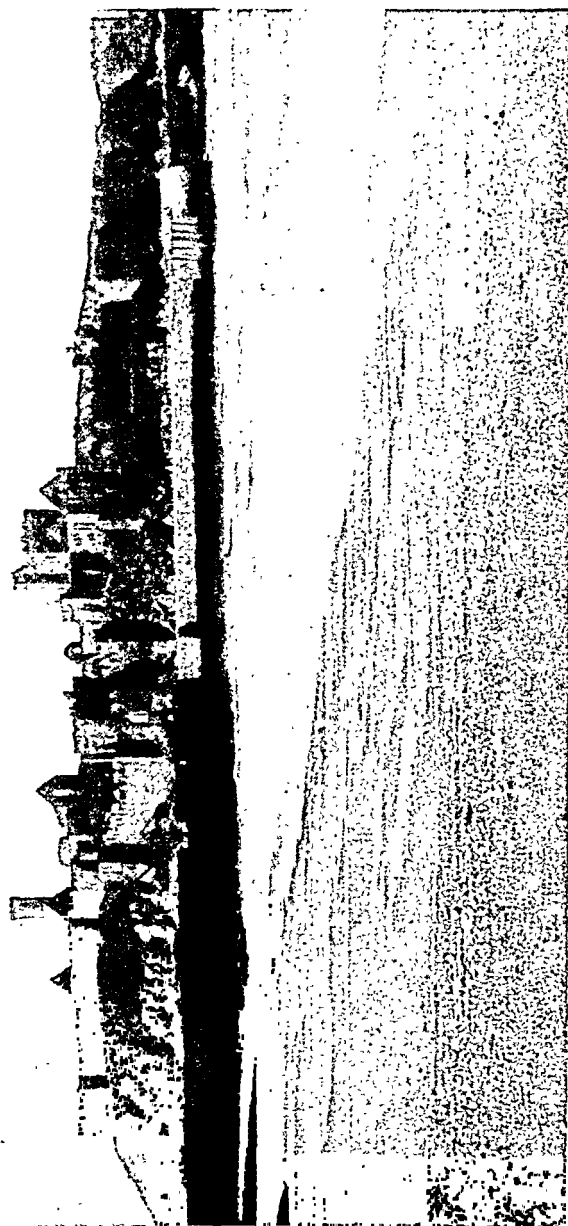
What seem'd its head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Paradise Lost.

SODOR, or Holm-Peel,¹ so is named the castle to which our Julian directed his course early on the following morning, is one of those extraordinary monuments of antiquity with which this singular and interesting island abounds. It occupies the whole of a high rocky peninsula, or rather an island, for it is surrounded by the sea at high-water, and scarcely accessible even when the tide is out, although a stone causeway of great solidity, erected for the express purpose, connects the island with the mainland. The whole space is surrounded by double walls of great strength and thickness; and the access to the interior, at the time which we treat of, was only by two flights of steep and narrow steps, divided from each other by a strong tower and guard-house, under the former of which there is an entrance arch. The open space within the walls extends to two acres, and contains many objects worthy of antiquarian curiosity. There were, besides the castle itself, two cathedral churches, dedicated, the earlier to St. Patrick, the latter to St. Germain, besides two smaller churches; all of which had become, even in that day, more or less ruinous. Their decayed walls, exhibiting the rude and massive architecture of the most remote period, were composed of a ragged greystone, which formed a singular contrast with the bright red freestone of which the window-cases, corner-stones, arches, and other ornamental parts of the building were composed.

Besides these four ruinous churches, the space of ground inclosed by the massive exterior walls of Holm-Peel exhibited many other vestiges of the olden time. There was a square mound of earth, facing, with its angles to the points of the

¹ See Note 12.



PEEL CASTLE.
From a recent photograph.



compass, one of those moles, as they were called, on which, in ancient times, the Northern tribes elected or recognised their chiefs, and held their solemn popular assemblies, or *comitia*. There was also one of those singular towers, so common in Ireland as to have proved the favourite theme of her antiquaries, but of which the real use and meaning seem yet to be hidden in the mist of ages. This of Holm-Peel had been converted to the purpose of a watch-tower. There were, besides, Runic monuments, of which the legends could not be deciphered; and later inscriptions to the memory of champions of whom the names only were preserved from oblivion. But tradition and superstitious eld, still most busy where real history is silent, had filled up the long blank of accurate information with tales of sea-kings and pirates, Hebridean chiefs and Norwegian resolute, who had formerly warred against, and in defence of, this famous castle. Superstition, too, had her tales of goblins, ghosts, and spectres, her legends of saints and demons, of fairies and of familiar spirits, which in no corner of the British empire are told and received with more absolute credulity than in the Isle of Man.

Amidst all these ruins of an older time arose the castle itself, now ruinous; but in Charles II.'s reign well garrisoned, and, in a military point of view, kept in complete order. It was a venerable and very ancient building, containing several apartments of sufficient size and height to be termed noble. But, in the surrender of the island by Christian, the furniture had been, in a great measure, plundered or destroyed by the Republican soldiers; so that, as we have before hinted, its present state was ill adapted for the residence of the noble proprietor. Yet it had been often the abode, not only of the Lords of Man, but of those state prisoners whom the Kings of Britain sometimes committed to their charge.

In this castle of Holm-Peel the great King-Maker, Richard Earl of Warwick, was confined during one period of his eventful life, to ruminate at leisure on his farther schemes of ambition. And here, too, Eleanor, the haughty wife of the good Duke of Gloucester, pined out in seclusion the last days of her banishment. The sentinels pretended that her discontented spectre was often visible at night, traversing the battlements of the external walls, or standing motionless beside a particular solitary turret of one of the watch-towers with which they are flanked; but dissolving into air at cock-crow, or when the bell tolled from the yet remaining tower of St. Germain's church.

Such was Holm-Peel, as records inform us, till towards the end of the 17th century.

It was in one of the lofty but almost unfurnished apartments of this ancient castle that Julian Peveril found his friend the Earl of Derby, who had that moment sat down to a breakfast composed of various sorts of fish. 'Welcome, most imperial Julian,' he said — 'welcome to our royal fortress; in which, as yet, we are not like to be starved with hunger, though well-nigh dead for cold.'

Julian answered by inquiring the meaning of this sudden movement.

'Upon my word,' replied the earl, 'you know nearly as much of it as I do. My mother has told me nothing about it, supposing, I believe, that I shall at length be tempted to inquire; but she will find herself much mistaken. I shall give her credit for full wisdom in her proceedings, rather than put her to the trouble to render a reason, though no woman can render one better.'

'Come — come, this is affectation, my good friend,' said Julian. 'You should inquire into these matters a little more curiously.'

'To what purpose?' said the earl. 'To hear old stories about the Tinwald laws, and the contending rights of the lords and the clergy, and all the rest of that Celtic barbarism, which, like Burgess's¹ thorough-paced doctrine, enters at one ear, paces through, and goes out at the other?'

'Come, my lord,' said Julian, 'you are not so indifferent as you would represent yourself: you are dying of curiosity to know what this hurry is about; only you think it the courtly humour to appear careless about your own affairs.'

'Why, what should it be about,' said the young earl, 'unless some factious dispute between our Majesty's minister, Governor Nowel, and our vassals? or perhaps some dispute betwixt our Majesty and the ecclesiastical jurisdictions? for all which, our Majesty cares as little as any king in Christendom.'

'I rather suppose there is intelligence from England,' said Julian. 'I heard last night in Peeltown that Greenhalgh is come over with unpleasant news.'

'He brought me nothing that was pleasant, I wot well,' said the earl. 'I expected something from St. Evremond or Hamilton, some new plays by Dryden or Lee, and some waggy or lam-

¹ Anthony Burgess was a Nonconformist preacher and voluminous writer, who was ejected from his living [Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire] at the Restoration (*Lainig*).

poons from the Rose Coffee-house ; and the fellow has brought me nothing but a parcel of tracts about Protestants and Papists, and a folio play-book, one of the conceptions, as she calls them, of that old madwoman the Duchess of Newcastle.' ¹

'Hush, my lord, for Heaven's sake,' said Peveril ; 'here comes the countess ; and you know she takes fire at the least slight to her ancient friend.'

'Let her read her ancient friend's works herself, then,' said the earl, 'and think her as wise as she can ; but I would not give one of Waller's songs or Denham's satires for a whole cart-load of her Grace's trash. But here comes our mother, with care on her brow.'

The Countess of Derby entered the apartment accordingly, holding in her hand a number of papers. Her dress was a mourning-habit, with a deep train of black velvet, which was borne by a little favourite attendant, a deaf and dumb girl, whom, in compassion to her misfortune, the countess had educated about her person for some years. Upon this unfortunate being, with the touch of romance which marked many of her proceedings, Lady Derby had conferred the name of Fenella, after some ancient princess of the island. The countess herself was not much changed since we last presented her to our readers. Age had rendered her step more slow, but not less majestic ; and while it traced some wrinkles on her brow, had failed to quench the sedate fire of her dark eye. The young men rose to receive her with the formal reverence which they knew she loved, and were greeted by her with equal kindness.

'Cousin Peveril,' she said, for so she always called Julian, in respect of his mother being a kinswoman of her husband, 'you were ill abroad last night, when we much needed your counsel.'

Julian answered with a blush which he could not prevent, 'That he had followed his sport among the mountains too far, had returned late, and, finding her ladyship was removed from Castletown, had instantly followed the family hither ; but as the night-bell was rung and the watch set, he had deemed it more respectful to lodge for the night in the town.'

'It is well,' said the countess ; 'and, to do you justice, Julian, you are seldom a truant neglecter of appointed hours, though, like the rest of the youth of this age, you sometimes suffer your sports to consume too much of time that should be spent otherwise. But for your friend Philip, he is an avowed

¹ See Note 13.

contemner of good order, and seems to find pleasure in wasting time, even when he does not enjoy it.'

'I have been enjoying my time just now at least,' said the earl, rising from table, and picking his teeth carelessly. 'These fresh mullets are delicious, and so is the *Lachrymæ Christi*. I pray you to sit down to breakfast, Julian, and partake the goods my royal foresight has provided. Never was King of Man nearer being left to the mercy of the execrable brandy of his dominions. Old Griffiths would never, in the midst of our speedy retreat of last night, have had sense enough to secure a few flasks, had I not given him a hint on that important subject. But presence of mind amid danger and tumult is a jewel I have always possessed.'

'I wish, then, Philip, you would exert it to better purpose,' said the countess, half smiling, half displeased; for she doted upon her son with all a mother's fondness, even when she was most angry with him for being deficient in the peculiar and chivalrous disposition which had distinguished his father, and which was so analogous to her own romantic and high-minded character. 'Lend me your signet,' she added with a sigh; 'for it were, I fear, vain to ask you to read over these despatches from England, and execute the warrants which I have thought necessary to prepare in consequence.'

'My signet you shall command with all my heart, madam,' said Earl Philip; 'but spare me the revision of what you are much more capable to decide upon. I am, you know, a most complete *roi fainéant*, and never once interfered with my *maire de palais* in her proceedings.'

The countess made signs to her little train-bearer, who immediately went to seek for wax and a light, with which she presently returned.

In the meanwhile, the countess continued, addressing Peveril — 'Philip does himself less than justice. When you were absent, Julian, for if you had been here I would have given you the credit of prompting your friend, he had a spirited controversy with the bishop, for an attempt to enforce spiritual censures against a poor wretch, by confining her in the vault under the chapel.'¹

'Do not think better of me than I deserve,' said the earl to Peveril; 'my mother has omitted to tell you the culprit was pretty Peggy of Ramsey, and her crime what in Cupid's courts would have been called a peccadillo.'

¹ See Prison under Church. Note 14.

'Do not make yourself worse than you are,' replied Peveril, who observed the countess's cheek redden; 'you know you would have done as much for the oldest and poorest cripple in the island. Why, the vault is under the burial-ground of the chapel, and, for aught I know, under the ocean itself, such a roaring do the waves make in its vicinity. I think no one could remain there long and retain his reason.'

'It is an infernal hole,' answered the earl, 'and I will have it built up one day, that is full certain. But hold—hold; for God's sake, madam, what are you going to do? Look at the seal before you put it to the warrant; you will see it is a choice antique cameo, Cupid riding on a flying fish. I had it for twenty zechins from Signor Furabosco at Rome—a most curious matter for an antiquary, but which will add little faith to a Manx warrant.'

'How can you trifle thus, you simple boy?' said the countess, with vexation in her tone and look. 'Let me have your signet; or rather, take these warrants and sign them yourself.'

'My signet—my signet. Oh! you mean that with the three monstrous legs, which I suppose was devised as the most preposterous device to represent our most absurd Majesty of Man. The signet—I have not seen it since I gave it to Gibbon, my monkey, to play with. He did whine for it most piteously. I hope he has not gemmed the green breast of ocean with my symbol of sovereignty!'

'Now, by Heaven,' said the countess, trembling and colouring deeply with anger, 'it was your father's signet, the last pledge which he sent, with his love to me and his blessing to thee, the night before they murdered him at Bolton!'

'Mother—dearest mother,' said the earl, startled out of his apathy, and taking her hand, which he kissed tenderly, 'I did but jest: the signet is safe—Peveril knows that it is so. Go fetch it, Julian, for Heaven's sake, here are my keys; it is in the left-hand drawer of my travelling-cabinet. Nay, mother, forgive me, it was but a *mauvaise plaisanterie*—only an ill-imagined jest—ungracious, and in bad taste, I allow, but only one of Philip's follies. Look at me, dearest mother, and forgive me!'

The countess turned her eyes towards him, from which the tears were fast falling.

'Philip,' she said, 'you try me too unkindly and too severely. If times are changed, as I have heard you allege—if the dignity of rank, and the high feelings of honour and duty, are now

drowned in giddy jests and trifling pursuits — let *me* at least, who live secluded from all others, die without perceiving the change which has happened, and, above all, without perceiving it in mine own son. Let me not learn the general prevalence of this levity, which laughs at every sense of dignity or duty, through your personal disrespect. Let me not think that when I die —

‘Speak nothing of it, mother,’ said the earl, interrupting her affectionately. ‘It is true, I cannot promise to be all my father and his fathers were; for we wear silk vests for their steel coats, and feathered beavers for their crested helmets. But believe me, though to be an absolute Palmerin of England is not in my nature, no son ever loved a mother more dearly, or would do more to oblige her. And that you may own this, I will forthwith not only seal the warrants, to the great endangerment of my precious fingers, but also read the same from end to end, as well as the despatches thereunto appertaining.’

A mother is easily appeased, even when most offended; and it was with an expanding heart that the countess saw her son’s very handsome features, while reading these papers, settle into an expression of deep seriousness, such as they seldom wore. It seemed to her as if the family likeness to his gallant but unfortunate father increased when the expression of their countenances became similar in gravity. The earl had no sooner perused the despatches, which he did with great attention, than he rose and said, ‘Julian, come with me.’

The countess looked surprised. ‘I was wont to share your father’s counsels, my son,’ she said; ‘but do not think that I wish to intrude myself upon yours. I am too well pleased to see you assume the power and the duty of thinking for yourself, which is what I have so long urged you to do. Nevertheless, my experience, who have been so long administrator of your authority in Man, might not, I think, be superfluous to the matter in hand.’

‘Hold me excused, dearest mother,’ said the earl, gravely. ‘The interference was none of my seeking; had you taken your own course, without consulting me, it had been well; but since I have entered on the affair — and it appears sufficiently important — I must transact it to the best of my own ability.’

‘Go, then, my son,’ said the countess, ‘and may Heaven enlighten thee with its counsel, since thou wilt have none of mine. I trust that you, Master Peveril, will remind him of

what is fit for his own honour; and that only a coward abandons his rights, and only a fool trusts his enemies.'

The earl answered not, but, taking Peveril by the arm, led him up a winding stair to his own apartment, and from thence into a projecting turret, where, amidst the roar of waves and sea-mews' clang, he held with him the following conversation:—

'Peveril, it is well I looked into these warrants. My mother queens it at such a rate as may cost me not only my crown, which I care little for, but perhaps my head, which, though others may think little of it, I would feel it an inconvenience to be deprived of.'

'What on earth is the matter?' said Peveril, with considerable anxiety.

'It seems,' said the Earl of Derby, 'that Old England, who takes a frolicsome brain-fever once every two or three years, for the benefit of her doctors, and the purification of the torpid lethargy brought on by peace and prosperity, is now gone stark staring mad on the subject of a real or supposed Popish Plot. I read one programme on the subject, by a fellow called Oates; and thought it the most absurd foolery I ever perused. But that cunning fellow Shaftesbury, and some others amongst the great ones, have taken it up, and are driving on at such a rate as makes harness crack and horses smoke for it. The King; who has sworn never to kiss the pillow his father went to sleep on, temporises and gives way to the current; the Duke of York, suspected and hated on account of his religion, is about to be driven to the Continent; several principal Catholic nobles are in the Tower already; and the nation, like a bull at Tutbury running, is persecuted with so many inflammatory rumours and pestilent pamphlets that she has cocked her tail, flung up her heels, taken the bit between her teeth, and is as furiously unmanageable as in the year 1642.'

'All this you must have known already,' said Peveril; 'I wonder you told me not of news so important.'

'It would have taken long to tell,' said the earl; 'moreover, I desired to have you *solus*; thirdly, I was about to speak when my mother entered; and, to conclude, it was no business of mine. But these despatches of my politic mother's private correspondent put a new face on the whole matter; for it seems some of the informers—a trade which, having become a thriving one, is now pursued by many—have dared to glance at the countess herself as an agent in this same plot—ay, and have found those that are willing enough to believe their report.'

‘On mine honour,’ said Peveril, ‘you both take it with great coolness. I think the countess the more composed of the two; for, except her movement hither, she exhibited no mark of alarm, and, moreover, seemed no way more anxious to communicate the matter to your lordship than decency rendered necessary.’

‘My good mother,’ said the earl, ‘loves power, though it has cost her dear. I wish I could truly say that my neglect of business is entirely assumed in order to leave it in her hands, but that better motive combines with natural indolence. But she seems to have feared I should not think exactly like her in this emergency, and she was right in supposing so.’

‘How comes the emergency upon you?’ said Julian; ‘and what form does the danger assume?’

‘Marry, thus it is,’ said the earl: ‘I need not bid you remember the affair of Colonel Christian. That man, besides his widow, who is possessed of large property — Dame Christian of Kirk-Truagh, whom you have often heard of, and perhaps seen — left a brother called Edward Christian, whom you never saw at all. Now this brother — but I daresay you know all about it?’

‘Not I, on my honour,’ said Peveril; ‘you know the countess seldom or never alludes to the subject.’

‘Why,’ replied the earl, ‘I believe in her heart she is something ashamed of that gallant act of royalty and supreme jurisdiction, the consequences of which maimed my estate so cruelly. Well, cousin, this same Edward Christian was one of the dempsters at the time, and, naturally enough, was unwilling to concur in the sentence which adjudged his *ainé* to be shot like a dog. My mother, who was then in high force, and not to be controlled by any one, would have served the dempster with the same sauce with which she dressed his brother, had he not been wise enough to fly from the island. Since that time, the thing has slept on all hands; and though we knew that Dempster Christian made occasionally secret visits to his friends in the island, along with two or three other Puritans of the same stamp, and particularly a prick-eared rogue called Bridgenorth, brother-in-law to the deceased, yet my mother, thank Heaven, has hitherto had the sense to connive at them, though, for some reason or other, she holds this Bridgenorth in especial disfavour.’

‘And why,’ said Peveril, forcing himself to speak, in order to conceal the very unpleasant surprise which he felt — ‘why does the countess now depart from so prudent a line of conduct?’

'You must know the case is now different. The rogues are not satisfied with toleration: they would have supremacy. They have found friends in the present heat of the popular mind. My mother's name, and especially that of her confessor, Aldrick the Jesuit, have been mentioned in this beautiful maze of a plot, which, if any such at all exists, she knows as little of as you or I. However, she is a Catholic, and that is enough; and I have little doubt that, if the fellows could seize on our scrap of a kingdom here, and cut all our throats, they would have the thanks of the present House of Commons, as willingly as old Christian had those of the Rump for a similar service.'

'From whence did you receive all this information?' said Peveril, again speaking, though by the same effort which a man makes who talks in his sleep.

'Aldrick has seen the Duke of York in secret, and his Royal Highness, who wept while he confessed his want of power to protect his friends — and it is no trifle will wring tears from him — told him to send us information that we should look to our safety, for that Dempster Christian and Bridgenorth were in the island, with secret and severe orders; that they had formed a considerable party there, and were likely to be owned and protected in anything they might undertake against us. The people of Ramsey and Castletown are unluckily discontented about some new regulation of the imposts; and, to tell you the truth, though I thought yesterday's sudden remove a whim of my mother's, I am almost satisfied they would have blockaded us in Rushin Castle, where we could not have held out for lack of provisions. Here we are better supplied, and, as we are on our guard, it is likely the intended rising will not take place.'

'And what is to be done in this emergency?' said Peveril.

'That is the very question, my gentle coz,' answered the earl. 'My mother sees but one way of going to work, and that is by royal authority. Here are the warrants she had prepared, to search for, take, and apprehend the bodies of Edward Christian and Robert — no, Ralph Bridgenorth, and bring them to instant trial. No doubt, she would soon have had them in the castle court, with a dozen of the old matchlocks levelled against them — that is her way of solving all sudden difficulties.'

'But in which, I trust, you do not acquiesce, my lord,' answered Peveril, whose thoughts instantly reverted to Alice, if they could ever be said to be absent from her.

‘Truly, I acquiesce in no such matter,’ said the earl. ‘William Christian’s death cost me a fair half of my inheritance ; I have no fancy to fall under the displeasure of my royal brother, King Charles, for a new escapade of the same kind. But how to pacify my mother, I know not. I wish the insurrection would take place, and then, as we are better provided than they can be, we might knock the knaves on the head ; and yet, since they began the fray, we should keep the law on our side.’

‘Were it not better,’ said Peveril, ‘if by any means these men could be induced to quit the island ?’

‘Surely,’ replied the earl ; ‘but that will be no easy matter: they are stubborn on principle, and empty threats will not move them. This storm-blast in London is wind in their sails, and they will run their length, you may depend on it. I have sent orders, however, to clap up the Manxmen upon whose assistance they depended, and if I can find the two worthies themselves, here are sloops enough in the harbour : I will take the freedom to send them on a pretty distant voyage, and I hope matters will be settled before they return to give an account of it.’

At this moment a soldier belonging to the garrison approached the two young men, with many bows and tokens of respect. ‘How now, friend ?’ said the earl to him. ‘Leave off thy courtesies and tell thy business.’

The man, who was a native islander, answered in Manx that he had a letter for his honour, Master Julian Peveril. Julian snatched the billet hastily, and asked whence it came.

‘It was delivered to him by a young woman,’ the soldier replied, ‘who had given him a piece of money to deliver it into Master Peveril’s own hand.’

‘Thou art a lucky fellow, Julian,’ said the earl. ‘With that grave brow of thine, and thy character for sobriety and early wisdom, you set the girls a-wooing, without waiting till they are asked ; whilst I, their drudge and vassal, waste both language and leisure, without getting a kind word or look, far less a billet-doux.’

This the young earl said with a smile of conscious triumph, as in fact he valued himself not a little upon the interest which he supposed himself to possess with the fair sex.

Meanwhile, the letter impressed on Peveril a different train of thoughts from what his companion apprehended. It was in Alice’s hand, and contained these few words :—

‘I fear what I am going to do is wrong ; but I must see

you. Meet me at noon at Goddard Crovan's Stone, with as much secrecy as you may.'

The letter was signed only with the initials 'A. B.'; but Julian had no difficulty in recognising the handwriting, which he had often seen, and which was remarkably beautiful. He stood suspended, for he saw the difficulty and impropriety of withdrawing himself from the countess and his friend at this moment of impending danger; and yet to neglect this invitation was not to be thought of. He paused in the utmost perplexity.

'Shall I read your riddle?' said the earl. 'Go where love calls you—I will make an excuse to my mother; only, most grave anchorite, be hereafter more indulgent to the failings of others than you have been hitherto, and blaspheme not the power of the little deity.'

'Nay, but, cousin Derby——' said Peveril, and stopped short, for he really knew not what to say. Secured himself by a virtuous passion from the contagious influence of the time, he had seen with regret his noble kinsman mingle more in its irregularities than he approved of, and had sometimes played the part of a monitor.

Circumstances seemed at present to give the earl a right of retaliation. He kept his eye fixed on his friend, as if he waited till he should complete his sentence, and at length exclaimed, 'What! cousin, quite *à la mort*! O, most judicious Julian! O, most precise Peveril! have you bestowed so much wisdom on me that you have none left for yourself? Come, be frank—tell me name and place, or say but the colour of the eyes of the most emphatic she, or do but let me have the pleasure to hear thee say, "I love!" Confess one touch of human frailty, conjugate the verb *amo*, and I will be a gentle schoolmaster, and you shall have, as father Richards used to say, when we were under his ferule, "*licentia exeundi*."'

'Enjoy your pleasant humour at my expense, my lord,' said Peveril. 'I fairly will confess thus much, that I would fain, if it consisted with my honour and your safety, have two hours at my own disposal, the more especially as the manner in which I shall employ them may much concern the safety of the island.'

'Very likely, I daresay,' answered the earl, still laughing. 'No doubt you are summoned out by some Lady Politic Wouldbe of the isle, to talk over some of the breast-laws; but never mind—go, and go speedily, that you may return as quick

as possible. I expect no immediate explosion of this grand conspiracy. When the rogues see us on our guard, they will be cautious how they break out. Only, once more, make haste.'

Peveril thought this last advice was not to be neglected; and, glad to extricate himself from the raillery of his cousin, walked down towards the gate of the castle, meaning to cross over to the village, and there take horse at the earl's stables for the place of rendezvous.

CHAPTER XVI

Acasto. Can she not speak ?

Oswald. If speech be only in accented sounds,
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's dumb ;
But if by quick and apprehensive look,
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each meaning,
Express as clothed in language, be term'd speech,
She hath that wondrous faculty ; for her eyes,
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse,
Though it be mute and soundless.

Old Play.

AT the head of the first flight of steps which descended towards the difficult and well-defended entrance of the Castle of Holm-Peel, Peveril was met and stopped by the countess's train-bearer. This little creature — for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind — was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually wore, a green silk tunic of a peculiar form, set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans ; and the profusion of long and silken hair which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly wore it, fell down almost to her ankles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature ; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire in Fenella's look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

The pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments, which the countess had caused to be taught to her in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and ingenious a draughtswoman, that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical represent-

ation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still show the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honours of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of calligraphy.

The little maiden had, besides these accomplishments, much ready wit and acuteness of intellect. With Lady Derby and with the two young gentlemen she was a great favourite, and used much freedom in conversing with them by means of a system of signs which had been gradually established amongst them, and which served all ordinary purposes of communication.

But, though happy in the indulgence and favour of her mistress, from whom indeed she was seldom separate, Fenella was by no means a favourite with the rest of the household. In fact, it seemed that her temper, exasperated perhaps by a sense of her misfortune, was by no means equal to her abilities. She was very haughty in her demeanour, even towards the upper domestics, who in that establishment were of a much higher rank and better birth than in the families of the nobility in general. These often complained, not only of her pride and reserve, but of her high and irascible temper and vindictive disposition. Her passionate propensity had been indeed idly encouraged by the young men, and particularly by the earl, who sometimes amused himself with teasing her, that he might enjoy the various singular motions and murmurs by which she expressed her resentment. Towards him, these were of course only petulant and whimsical indications of pettish anger. But when she was angry with others of inferior degree—before whom she did not control herself—the expression of her passion, unable to display itself in language, had something even frightful, so singular were the tones, contortions, and gestures to which she had recourse. The lower domestics, to whom she was liberal almost beyond her apparent means, observed her with much deference and respect, but much more from fear than from any real attachment; for the caprices of her temper displayed themselves even in her gifts; and those who most frequently shared her bounty seemed by no means assured of the benevolence of the motives which dictated her liberality.

All these peculiarities led to a conclusion consonant with Manx superstition. Devout believers in all the legends of fairies so dear to the Celtic tribes, the Manx people held it for

certainly that the elves were in the habit of carrying off mortal children before baptism, and leaving in the cradle of the newborn babe one of their own brood, which was almost always imperfect in some one or other of the organs proper to humanity. Such a being they conceived Fenella to be; and the smallness of her size, her dark complexion, her long locks of silken hair, the singularity of her manners and tones, as well as the caprices of her temper, were to their thinking all attributes of the irritable, fickle, and dangerous race from which they supposed her to be sprung. And it seemed that, although no jest appeared to offend her more than when Lord Derby called her in sport the Elfin Queen, or otherwise alluded to her supposed connexion with 'the pigmy folk,' yet still her perpetually affecting to wear the colour of green, proper to the fairies, as well as some other peculiarities, seemed voluntarily assumed by her, in order to countenance the superstition, perhaps because it gave her more authority among the lower orders.

Many were the tales circulated respecting the countess's elf, as Fenella was currently called in the island; and the malcontents of the stricter persuasion were convinced that no one but a Papist and a Malignant would have kept near her person a creature of such doubtful origin. They conceived that Fenella's deafness and dumbness were only towards those of this world, and that she had been heard talking, and singing, and laughing most elvishly with the invisibles of her own race. They alleged, also, that she had a 'double,' a sort of apparition resembling her, which slept in the countess's ante-room, or bore her train, or wrought in her cabinet, while the real Fenella joined the song of the mermaids on the moonlight sands, or the dance of the fairies in the haunted valley of Glenmoy, or on the heights of Snaefell and Barool. The sentinels, too, would have sworn they had seen the little maiden trip past them in their solitary night-walks, without their having it in their power to challenge her, any more than if they had been as mute as herself. To all this mass of absurdities the better informed paid no more attention than to the usual idle exaggerations of the vulgar, which so frequently connect that which is unusual with what is supernatural.¹

Such, in form and habits, was the little female who, holding in her hand a small, old-fashioned ebony rod, which might have passed for a divining-wand, confronted Julian on the top of the flight of steps which led down the rock from the castle court.

¹ See Manx Superstitions. Note 15.

We ought to observe that, as Julian's manner to the unfortunate girl had been always gentle, and free from those teasing jests in which his gay friend indulged, with less regard to the peculiarity of her situation and feelings, so Fenella, on her part, had usually shown much greater deference to him than to any of the household, her mistress, the countess, always excepted.

On the present occasion, planting herself in the very midst of the narrow descent, so as to make it impossible for Peveril to pass by her, she proceeded to put him to the question by a series of gestures, which we will endeavour to describe. She commenced by extending her hand slightly, accompanied with the sharp, inquisitive look which served her as a note of interrogation. This was meant as an inquiry whether he was going to a distance. Julian, in reply, extended his arm more than half, to intimate that the distance was considerable. Fenella looked grave, shook her head, and pointed to the countess's window, which was visible from the spot where they stood. Peveril smiled and nodded, to intimate there was no danger in quitting her mistress for a short space. The little maiden next touched an eagle's feather which she wore in her hair, a sign which she usually employed to designate the earl, and then looked inquisitively at Julian once more, as if to say, 'Goes he with you?' Peveril shook his head, and, somewhat wearied by these interrogatories, smiled, and made an effort to pass. Fenella frowned, struck the end of her ebony rod perpendicularly on the ground, and again shook her head, as if opposing his departure. But finding that Julian persevered in his purpose, she suddenly assumed another and a milder mood, held him by the skirt of his cloak with one hand, and raised the other in an imploring attitude, whilst every feature of her lively countenance was composed into the like expression of supplication; and the fire of the large dark eyes, which appeared in general so keen and piercing as almost to over-animate the little sphere to which they belonged, seemed quenched, for the moment, in the large drops which hung on her long eyelashes, but without falling.

Julian Peveril was far from being void of sympathy towards the poor girl, whose motives in opposing his departure appeared to be her affectionate apprehension for her mistress's safety. He endeavoured to reassure her by smiles, and, at the same time, by such signs as he could devise, to intimate that there was no danger, and that he would return presently; and having

succeeded in extricating his cloak from her grasp and in passing her on the stair, he began to descend the steps as speedily as he could, in order to avoid farther importunity.

But with activity much greater than his, the dumb maiden hastened to intercept him, and succeeded by throwing herself, at the imminent risk of life and limb, a second time into the pass which he was descending, so as to interrupt his purpose. In order to achieve this, she was obliged to let herself drop a considerable height from the wall of a small flanking battery, where two patereroes were placed to scour the pass, in case any enemy could have mounted so high. Julian had scarce time to shudder at her purpose, as he beheld her about to spring from the parapet, ere, like a thing of gossamer, she stood light and uninjured on the rocky platform below. He endeavoured, by the gravity of his look and gesture, to make her understand how much he blamed her rashness; but the reproof, though obviously quite intelligible, was entirely thrown away. A hasty wave of her hand intimated how she contemned the danger and the remonstrance; while at the same time she instantly resumed, with more eagerness than before, the earnest and impressive gestures by which she endeavoured to detain him in the fortress.

Julian was somewhat staggered by her pertinacity. 'Is it possible,' he thought, 'that any danger can approach the countess, of which this poor maiden has, by the extreme acuteness of her observation, obtained knowledge which has escaped others?'

He signed to Fenella hastily to give him the tablets and the pencil which she usually carried with her, and wrote on them the question, 'Is there danger near to your mistress, that you thus stop me?'

'There is danger around the countess,' was the answer instantly written down; 'but there is much more in your own purpose.'

'How! what! what know you of my purpose?' said Julian, forgetting, in his surprise, that the party he addressed had neither ear to comprehend nor voice to reply to uttered language. She had regained her book in the meantime; and sketched, with a rapid pencil, on one of the leaves, a scene which she showed to Julian. To his infinite surprise, he recognised Goddard Crovan's Stone, a remarkable monument, of which she had given the outline with sufficient accuracy; together with a male and female figure, which, though only indicated by a few

slight touches of the pencil, bore yet, he thought, some resemblance to himself and Alice Bridgenorth.

When he had gazed on the sketch for an instant with surprise, Fenella took the book from his hand, laid her finger upon the drawing, and slowly and sternly shook her head, with a frown which seemed to prohibit the meeting which was there represented. Julian, however, though disconcerted, was in no shape disposed to submit to the authority of his monitress. By whatever means she, who so seldom stirred from the countess's apartment, had become acquainted with a secret which he thought entirely his own, he esteemed it the more necessary to keep the appointed rendezvous, that he might learn from Alice, if possible, how the secret had transpired. He had also formed the intention of seeking out Bridgenorth; entertaining an idea that a person so reasonable and calm as he had shown himself in their late conference might be persuaded, when he understood that the countess was aware of his intrigues, to put an end to her danger and his own by withdrawing from the island. And could he succeed in this point, he should at once, he thought, render a material benefit to the father of his beloved Alice, remove the earl from his state of anxiety, save the countess from a second time putting her feudal jurisdiction in opposition to that of the crown of England, and secure quiet possession of the island to her and her family.

With this scheme of mediation in his mind, Peveril determined to rid himself of the opposition of Fenella to his departure with less ceremony than he had hitherto observed towards her; and suddenly lifting up the damsel in his arms before she was aware of his purpose, he turned about, set her down on the steps above him, and began to descend the pass himself as speedily as possible. It was then that the dumb maiden gave full course to the vehemence of her disposition; and, clapping her hands repeatedly, expressed her displeasure in a sound, or rather a shriek, so extremely dissonant, that it resembled more the cry of a wild creature than anything which could have been uttered by female organs. Peveril was so astounded at the scream as it rung through the living rocks, that he could not help stopping and looking back in alarm, to satisfy himself that she had not sustained some injury. He saw her, however, perfectly safe, though her face seemed inflamed and distorted with passion. She stamped at him with her foot, shook her clenched hand, and, turning her back upon him without farther adieu, ran up the rude steps as lightly as

a kid could have tripped up that rugged ascent, and paused for a moment at the summit of the first flight.

Julian could feel nothing but wonder and compassion for the impotent passion of a being so unfortunately circumstanced, cut off, as it were, from the rest of mankind, and incapable of receiving in childhood that moral discipline which teaches us mastery of our wayward passions, ere yet they have attained their meridian strength and violence. He waved his hand to her, in token of amicable farewell ; but she only replied by once more menacing him with her little hand clenched ; and then ascending the rocky staircase with almost preternatural speed, was soon out of sight.

Julian, on his part, gave no farther consideration to her conduct or its motives, but hastening to the village on the mainland, where the stables of the castle were situated, he again took his palfrey from the stall, and was soon mounted and on his way to the appointed place of rendezvous, much marvelling, as he ambled forward with speed far greater than was promised by the diminutive size of the animal he was mounted on, what could have happened to produce so great a change in Alice's conduct towards him, that, in place of enjoining his absence as usual, or recommending his departure from the island, she should now voluntarily invite him to a meeting. Under impression of the various doubts which succeeded each other in his imagination, he sometimes pressed Fairy's sides with his legs ; sometimes laid his holly rod lightly on her neck ; sometimes incited her by his voice, for the mettled animal needed neither whip nor spur ; and achieved the distance betwixt the Castle of Holm-Peel and the stone at Goddard Crovan at the rate of twelve miles within the hour.

The monumental stone, designed to commemorate some feat of an ancient king of Man which had been long forgotten, was erected on the side of a narrow, lonely valley, or rather glen, secluded from observation by the steepness of its banks, upon a projection of which stood the tall, shapeless, solitary rock, frowning, like a shrouded giant, over the brawling of the small rivulet which watered the ravine.

CHAPTER XVII

This a love-meeting? See, the maiden mourns,
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.
There's more hath pass'd between them than belongs
To love's sweet sorrows.

Old Play.

AS he approached the monument of Goddard Crovan, Julian cast many an anxious glance to see whether any object visible beside the huge grey stone should apprise him whether he was anticipated, at the appointed place of rendezvous, by her who had named it. Nor was it long before the flutter of a mantle, which the breeze slightly waved, and the motion necessary to replace it upon the wearer's shoulders, made him aware that Alice had already reached their place of meeting. One instant set the palfrey at liberty, with slackened girths and loosened reins, to pick its own way through the dell at will; another placed Julian Peveril by the side of Alice Bridgenorth.

That Alice should extend her hand to her lover, as with the ardour of a young greyhound he bounded over the obstacles of the rugged path, was as natural as that Julian, seizing on the hand so kindly stretched out, should devour it with kisses, and, for a moment or two, without reprehension; while the other hand, which should have aided in the liberation of its fellow, served to hide the blushes of the fair owner. But Alice, young as she was, and attached to Julian by such long habits of kindly intimacy, still knew well how to subdue the tendency of her own treacherous affections.

'This is not right,' she said, extricating her hand from Julian's grasp — 'this is not right, Julian. If I have been too rash in admitting such a meeting as the present, it is not you that should make me sensible of my folly.'

Julian Peveril's mind had been early illumined with that touch of romantic fire which deprives passion of selfishness, and confers on it the high and refined tone of generous and dis-

interested devotion. He let go the hand of Alice with as much respect as he could have paid to that of a princess; and when she seated herself upon a rocky fragment, over which nature had stretched a cushion of moss and lichen, interspersed with wild-flowers, backed with a bush of copsewood, he took his place beside her, indeed, but at such distance as to intimate the duty of an attendant, who was there only to hear and to obey. Alice Bridgenorth became more assured as she observed the power which she possessed over her lover; and the self-command which Peveril exhibited, which other damsels in her situation might have judged inconsistent with intensity of passion, she appreciated more justly, as a proof of his respectful and disinterested sincerity. She recovered, in addressing him, the tone of confidence which rather belonged to the scenes of their early acquaintance than to those which had passed betwixt them since Peveril had disclosed his affection, and thereby had brought restraint upon their intercourse.

‘Julian,’ she said, ‘your visit of yesterday — your most ill-timed visit — has distressed me much. It has misled my father — it has endangered you. At all risks, I resolved that you should know this, and blame me not if I have taken a bold and imprudent step in desiring this solitary interview, since you are aware how little poor Deborah is to be trusted.’

‘Can you fear misconstruction from me, Alice?’ replied Peveril, warmly — ‘from me, whom you have thus highly favoured — thus deeply obliged?’

‘Cease your protestations, Julian,’ answered the maiden, ‘they do but make me the more sensible that I have acted over boldly. But I did for the best. I could not see you, whom I have known so long — you, who say you regard me with partiality —’

‘Say that I regard you with partiality!’ interrupted Peveril in his turn. ‘Ah, Alice, what a cold and doubtful phrase you have used to express the most devoted, the most sincere affection!’

‘Well, then,’ said Alice, sadly, ‘we will not quarrel about words; but do not again interrupt me. I could not, I say, see you, who, I believe, regard me with sincere, though vain and fruitless, attachment, rush blindfold into a snare, deceived and seduced by those very feelings towards me.’

‘I understand you not, Alice,’ said Peveril; ‘nor can I see any danger to which I am at present exposed. The sentiments which your father has expressed towards me are of a nature

irreconcilable with hostile purposes. If he is not offended with the bold wishes I may have formed, and his whole behaviour shows the contrary, I know not a man on earth from whom I have less cause to apprehend any danger or ill-will.'

'My father,' said Alice, 'means well by his country, and well by you; yet I sometimes fear he may rather injure than serve his good cause; and still more do I dread that, in attempting to engage you as an auxiliary, he may forget those ties which ought to bind you, and I am sure which will bind you, to a different line of conduct from his own.'

'You lead me into still deeper darkness, Alice,' answered Peveril. 'That your father's especial line of politics differs widely from mine, I know well; but how many instances have occurred, even during the bloody scenes of civil warfare, of good and worthy men laying the prejudice of party affections aside, and regarding each other with respect, and even with friendly attachment, without being false to principle on either side?'

'It may be so,' said Alice; 'but such is not the league which my father desires to form with you, and that to which he hopes your misplaced partiality towards his daughter may afford a motive for your forming with him.'

'And what is it,' said Peveril, 'which I would refuse, with such a prospect before me?'

'Treachery and dishonour!' replied Alice — 'whatever would render you unworthy of the poor boon at which you aim — ay, were it more worthless than I confess it to be.'

'Would your father,' said Peveril, as he unwillingly received the impression which Alice designed to convey — 'would he, whose views of duty are so strict and severe — would he wish to involve me in aught to which such harsh epithets as treachery and dishonour can be applied with the slightest shadow of truth?'

'Do not mistake me, Julian,' replied the maiden; 'my father is incapable of requesting aught of you that is not to his thinking just and honourable; nay, he conceives that he only claims from you a debt which is due as a creature to the Creator, and as a man to your fellow-men.'

'So guarded, where can be the danger of our intercourse?' replied Julian. 'If he be resolved to require, and I determined to accede to, nothing save what flows from conviction, what have I to fear, Alice? And how is my intercourse with your father dangerous? Believe not so; his speech has already

made impression on me in some particulars, and he listened with candour and patience to the objections which I made occasionally. You do Master Bridgenorth less than justice in confounding him with the unreasonable bigots in policy and religion, who can listen to no argument but what favours their own prepossessions.'

'Julian,' replied Alice, 'it is you who misjudge my father's powers, and his purpose with respect to you, and who overrate your own powers of resistance. I am but a girl, but I have been taught by circumstances to think for myself, and to consider the character of those who are around me. My father's views in ecclesiastical and civil policy are as dear to him as the life which he cherishes only to advance them. They have been, with little alteration, his companions through life. They brought him at one period into prosperity, and when they suited not the times, he suffered for having held them. They have become not only a part, but the very dearest part, of his existence. If he shows them not to you at first in the inflexible strength which they have acquired over his mind, do not believe that they are the less powerful. He who desires to make converts must begin by degrees. But that he should sacrifice to an inexperienced young man, whose ruling motive he will term a childish passion, any part of those treasured principles which he has maintained through good repute and bad repute—O, do not dream of such an impossibility! If you meet at all, you must be the wax, he the seal: you must receive, he must bestow, an absolute impression.'

'That,' said Peveril, 'were unreasonable. I will frankly avow to you, Alice, that I am not a sworn bigot to the opinions entertained by my father, much as I respect his person. I could wish that our Cavaliers, or whatsoever they are pleased to call themselves, would have some more charity towards those who differ from them in church and state. But to hope that I would surrender the principles in which I have lived were to suppose me capable of deserting my benefactress, and breaking the hearts of my parents.'

'Even so I judged of you,' answered Alice; 'and, therefore, I asked this interview, to conjure that you will break off all intercourse with our family—return to your parents—or, what will be much safer, visit the Continent once more, and abide till God sends better days to England, for these are black with many a storm.'

'And can you bid me go, Alice,' said the young man, taking

her unresisting hand — ‘can you bid me go, and yet own an interest in my fate? Can you bid me, for fear of dangers which, as a man, as a gentleman, and a loyal one, I am bound to show my face to, meanly abandon my parents, my friends, my country, suffer the existence of evils which I might aid to prevent, forego the prospect of doing such little good as might be in my power, fall from an active and honourable station into the condition of a fugitive and time-server. Can you bid me do all this, Alice? — can you bid me do all this, and, in the same breath, bid farewell for ever to you and happiness? It is impossible: I cannot surrender at once my love and my honour.’

‘There is no remedy,’ said Alice, but she could not suppress a sigh while she said so — ‘there is no remedy, none whatever. What we might have been to each other, placed in more favourable circumstances, it avails not to think of now; and, circumstanced as we are, with open war about to break out betwixt our parents and friends, we can be but well-wishers — cold and distant well-wishers, who must part on this spot, and at this hour, never to meet again.’

‘No, by Heaven!’ said Peveril, animated at the same time by his own feelings and by the sight of the emotions which his companion in vain endeavoured to suppress — ‘no, by Heaven!’ he exclaimed, ‘we part not — Alice, we part not. If I am to leave my native land, you shall be my companion in my exile. What have you to lose? Whom have you to abandon? Your father? The good old cause, as it is termed, is dearer to him than a thousand daughters; and setting him aside, what tie is there between you and this barren isle — between my Alice and any spot of the British dominions where her Julian does not sit by her?’

‘Oh, Julian,’ answered the maiden, ‘why make my duty more painful by visionary projects, which you ought not to name or I to listen to? Your parents! my father! it cannot be.’

‘Fear not for my parents, Alice,’ replied Julian, and pressing close to his companion’s side, he ventured to throw his arm around her; ‘they love me, and they will soon learn to love in Alice the only being on earth who could have rendered their son happy. And for your own father, when state and church intrigues allow him to bestow a thought upon you, will he not think that your happiness, your security, is better cared for when you are my wife than were you to continue under the mercenary charge of yonder foolish woman? What could his pride desire better for you than the establishment which will

one day be mine? Come then, Alice, and since you condemn me to banishment—since you deny me a share in those stirring achievements which are about to agitate England—come! do you, for you only can—do you reconcile me to exile and inaction, and give happiness to one who, for your sake, is willing to resign honour!’

‘It cannot—it cannot be,’ said Alice, faltering as she uttered her negative. ‘And yet,’ she said, ‘how many in my place—left alone and unprotected as I am—— But I must not—I must not—for your sake, Julian, I must not!’

‘Say not for my sake you must not, Alice,’ said Peveril, eagerly; ‘this is adding insult to cruelty. If you will do aught for my sake, you will say “yes”; or you will suffer this dear head to drop on my shoulder—the slightest sign—the moving of an eyelid, shall signify consent. All shall be prepared within an hour; within another the priest shall unite us; and within a third we leave the isle behind us, and seek our fortunes on the Continent.’ But while he spoke, in joyful anticipation of the consent which he implored, Alice found means to collect together her resolution, which, staggered by the eagerness of her lover, the impulse of her own affections, and the singularity of her situation—seeming, in her case, to justify what would have been most blameable in another—had more than half abandoned her.

The result of a moment’s deliberation was fatal to Julian’s proposal. She extricated herself from the arm which had pressed her to his side, arose, and repelling his attempts to approach or detain her, said, with a simplicity not unmingled with dignity, ‘Julian, I always knew I risked much in inviting you to this meeting; but I did not guess that I could have been so cruel both to you and to myself as to suffer you to discover what you have to-day seen too plainly—that I love you better than you love me. But since you do know it, I will show you that Alice’s love is disinterested. She will not bring an ignoble name into your ancient house. If hereafter, in your line, there should arise some who may think the claims of the hierarchy too exorbitant, the powers of the crown too extensive, men shall not say these ideas were derived from Alice Bridgenorth, their whig grand-dame.’

‘Can you speak thus, Alice?’ said her lover—‘can you use such expressions? and are you not sensible that they show plainly it is your own pride, not regard for me, that makes you resist the happiness of both?’

'Not so, Julian — not so,' answered Alice, with tears in her eyes; 'it is the command of duty to us both — of duty, which we cannot transgress without risking our happiness here and hereafter. Think what I, the cause of all, should feel when your father frowns, your mother weeps, your noble friends stand aloof, and you, even you yourself, shall have made the painful discovery that you have incurred the contempt and resentment of all to satisfy a boyish passion; and that the poor beauty, once sufficient to mislead you, is gradually declining under the influence of grief and vexation! This I will not risk. I see distinctly it is best we should here break off and part; and I thank God, who gives me light enough to perceive, and strength enough to withstand, your folly as well as my own. Farewell then, Julian; but first take the solemn advice which I called you hither to impart to you: Shun my father; you cannot walk in his paths and be true to gratitude and to honour. What he doth from pure and honourable motives you cannot aid him in, except upon the suggestion of a silly and interested passion, at variance with all the engagements you have formed at coming into life.'

'Once more, Alice,' answered Julian, 'I understand you not. If a course of action is good, it needs no vindication from the actor's motives; if bad, it can derive none.'

'You cannot blind me with your sophistry, Julian,' replied Alice Bridgenorth, 'any more than you can overpower me with your passion. Had the patriarch destined his son to death upon any less ground than faith and humble obedience to a Divine commandment, he had meditated a murder and not a sacrifice. In our late bloody and lamentable wars, how many drew swords on either side from the purest and most honourable motives? How many from the culpable suggestions of ambition, self-seeking, and love of plunder? Yet, while they marched in the same ranks, and spurred their horses at the same trumpet-sound, the memory of the former is dear to us as patriots or loyalists; that of those who acted on mean or unworthy promptings is either execrated or forgotten. Once more, I warn you, avoid my father; leave this island, which will be soon agitated by strange incidents; while you stay, be on your guard: distrust everything, be jealous of every one, even of those to whom it may seem almost impossible, from circumstances, to attach a shadow of suspicion; trust not the very stones of the most secret apartment in Holm-Peel, for that which hath wings shall carry the matter.'

Here Alice broke off suddenly, and with a faint shriek ; for, stepping from behind the stunted copse which had concealed him, her father stood unexpectedly before them.

The reader cannot have forgotten that this was the second time in which the stolen interviews of the lovers had been interrupted by the unexpected apparition of Major Bridgenorth. On this second occasion his countenance exhibited anger mixed with solemnity, like that of the spirit to a ghost-seer, whom he upbraids with having neglected a charge imposed at their first meeting. Even his anger, however, produced no more violent emotion than a cold sternness of manner in his speech and action. 'I thank you, Alice,' he said to his daughter, 'for the pains you have taken to traverse my designs towards this young man and towards yourself. I thank you for the hints you have thrown out before my appearance, the suddenness of which alone has prevented you from carrying your confidence to a pitch which would have placed my life and that of others at the discretion of a boy, who, when the cause of God and his country is laid before him, has not leisure to think of them, so much is he occupied with such a baby-face as thine.' Alice, pale as death, continued motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ground, without attempting the slightest reply to the ironical reproaches of her father.

'And you,' continued Major Bridgenorth, turning from his daughter to her lover — 'you, sir, have well repaid the liberal confidence which I placed in you with so little reserve. You I have to thank also for some lessons, which may teach me to rest satisfied with the churl's blood which nature has poured into my veins, and with the rude nurture which my father allotted to me.'

'I understand you not, sir,' replied Julian Peveril, who, feeling the necessity of saying something, could not, at the moment, find anything more fitting to say.

'Yes, sir, I thank you,' said Major Bridgenorth, in the same cold, sarcastic tone, 'for having shown me that breach of hospitality, infringement of good faith, and such-like peccadilloes, are not utterly foreign to the mind and conduct of the heir of a knightly house of twenty descents. It is a great lesson to me, sir ; for hitherto I had thought with the vulgar that gentle manners went with gentle blood. But perhaps courtesy is too chivalrous a quality to be wasted in intercourse with a Round-headed fanatic like myself.'

'Major Bridgenorth,' said Julian, 'whatever has happened

in this interview which may have displeased you has been the result of feelings suddenly and strongly animated by the crisis of the moment : nothing was premeditated.'

'Not even your meeting, I suppose ?' replied Bridgenorth, in the same cold tone. 'You, sir, wandered hither from Holm-Peel, my daughter strolled forth from the Black Fort ; and chance, doubtless, assigned you a meeting by the stone of Goddard Crovan ? Young man, disgrace yourself by no more apologies ; they are worse than useless. And you, maiden, who, in your fear of losing your lover, could verge on betraying what might have cost a father his life, begone to your home. I will talk with you at more leisure, and teach you practically those duties which you seem to have forgotten.'

'On my honour, sir,' said Julian, 'your daughter is guiltless of all that can offend you : she resisted every offer which the headstrong violence of my passion urged me to press upon her.'

'And, in brief,' said Bridgenorth, 'I am not to believe that you have met in this remote place of rendezvous by Alice's special appointment ?'

Peveril knew not what to reply, and Bridgenorth again signed with his hand to his daughter to withdraw.

'I obey you, father,' said Alice, who had by this time recovered from the extremity of her surprise — 'I obey you ; but Heaven is my witness that you do me more than injustice in suspecting me capable of betraying your secrets ; even had it been necessary to save my own life or that of Julian. That you are walking in a dangerous path I well know ; but you do it with your eyes open, and are actuated by motives of which you can estimate the worth and value. My sole wish was, that this young man should not enter blindfold on the same perils ; and I had a right to warn him, since the feelings by which he is hoodwinked had a direct reference to me.'

'Tis well, minion,' said Bridgenorth, 'you have spoken your say. Retire, and let me complete the conference which you have so considerately commenced.'

'I go, sir,' said Alice. 'Julian, to you my last words are, and I would speak them with my last breath — "Farewell, and caution" !'

She turned from them, disappeared among the underwood, and was seen no more.

'A true specimen of womankind,' said her father, looking after her, 'who would give the cause of nations up, rather than

endanger a hair of her lover's head. You, Master Peveril, doubtless, hold her opinion, that the best love is a safe love?'

'Were danger alone in my way,' said Peveril, much surprised at the softened tone in which Bridgenorth made this observation, 'there are few things which I would not face to — to — deserve your good opinion.'

'Or rather to win my daughter's hand,' said Bridgenorth. 'Well, young man, one thing has pleased me in your conduct, though of much I have my reasons to complain — one thing *has* pleased me. You have surmounted that bounding wall of aristocratical pride, in which your father, and, I suppose, his fathers, remained imprisoned, as in the precincts of a feudal fortress — you have leaped over this barrier, and shown yourself not unwilling to ally yourself with a family whom your father spurns as low-born and ignoble.'

However favourable this speech sounded towards success in his suit, it so broadly stated the consequences of that success so far as his parents were concerned, that Julian felt it in the last degree difficult to reply. At length, perceiving that Major Bridgenorth seemed resolved quietly to await his answer, he mustered up courage to say, 'The feelings which I entertain towards your daughter, Master Bridgenorth, are of a nature to supersede many other considerations, to which, in any other case, I should feel it my duty to give the most reverential attention. I will not disguise from you, that my father's prejudices against such a match would be very strong; but I devoutly believe they would disappear when he came to know the merit of Alice Bridgenorth, and to be sensible that she only could make his son happy.'

'In the meanwhile, you are desirous to complete the union which you propose without the knowledge of your parents, and take the chance of their being hereafter reconciled to it? So I understand, from the proposal which you made but lately to my daughter.'

The turns of human nature, and of human passion, are so irregular and uncertain, that, although Julian had but a few minutes before urged to Alice a private marriage, and an elopement to the Continent, as measures upon which the whole happiness of his life depended, the proposal seemed not to him half so delightful when stated by the calm, cold, dictatorial accents of her father. It sounded no longer like the impulses of ardent passion, throwing all other considerations aside, but as a distinct surrender of the dignity of his house to one who

seemed to consider their relative situation as the triumph of Bridgenorth over Peveril. He was mute for a moment, in the vain attempt to shape his answer so as at once to intimate acquiescence in what Bridgenorth stated and a vindication of his own regard for his parents and for the honour of his house.

This delay gave rise to suspicion, and Bridgenorth's eye gleamed and his lip quivered while he gave vent to it. 'Hark ye, young man — deal openly with me in this matter, if you would not have me think you the execrable villain who would have seduced an unhappy girl under promises which he never designed to fulfil. Let me but suspect this, and you shall see, on the spot, how far your pride and your pedigree will preserve you against the just vengeance of a father.'

'You do me wrong,' said Peveril — 'you do me infinite wrong, Major Bridgenorth. I am incapable of the infamy which you allude to. The proposal I made to your daughter was as sincere as ever was offered by man to woman. I only hesitated, because you think it necessary to examine me so very closely, and to possess yourself of all my purposes and sentiments, in their fullest extent, without explaining to me the tendency of your own.'

'Your proposal, then, shapes itself thus,' said Bridgenorth: 'you are willing to lead my only child into exile from her native country, to give her a claim to kindness and protection from your family, which you know will be disregarded, on condition I consent to bestow her hand on you, with a fortune sufficient to have matched that of your ancestors, when they had most reason to boast of their wealth. This, young man, seems no equal bargain. And yet,' he continued, after a momentary pause, 'so little do I value the goods of this world, that it might not be utterly beyond thy power to reconcile me to the match which you have proposed to me, however unequal it may appear.'

'Show me but the means which can propitiate your favour, Major Bridgenorth,' said Peveril, 'for I will not doubt that they will be consistent with my honour and duty, and you shall soon see how eagerly I will obey your directions, or submit to your conditions.'

'They are summed in few words,' answered Bridgenorth: 'be an honest man, and the friend of your country.'

'No one has ever doubted,' replied Peveril, 'that I am both.'

'Pardon me,' replied the major; 'no one has as yet seen you show yourself either. Interrupt me not — I question not your will to be both; but you have hitherto neither had the light nor the opportunity necessary for the display of your principles or the service of your country. You have lived when an apathy of mind, succeeding to the agitations of the Civil War, had made men indifferent to state affairs, and more willing to cultivate their own ease than to stand in the gap when the Lord was pleading with Israel. But we are Englishmen; and with us such unnatural lethargy cannot continue long. Already, many of those who most desired the return of Charles Stuart regard him as a king whom Heaven, importuned by our entreaties, gave to us in His anger. His unlimited license — an example so readily followed by the young and the gay around him — has disgusted the minds of all sober and thinking men. I had not now held conference with you in this intimate fashion, were I not aware that you, Master Julian, were free from such stain of the times. Heaven, that rendered the King's course of license fruitful, has denied issue to his bed of wedlock; and in the gloomy and stern character of his bigoted successor we already see what sort of monarch shall succeed to the crown of England. This is a critical period, at which it necessarily becomes the duty of all men to step forward, each in his degree, and aid in rescuing the country which gave us birth.' Peveril remembered the warning which he had received from Alice, and bent his eyes on the ground, without returning any reply. 'How is it, young man,' continued Bridgenorth, after a pause, 'so young as thou art, and bound by no ties of kindred profligacy with the enemies of your country, you can be already hardened to the claims she may form on you at this crisis?'

'It were easy to answer you generally, Major Bridgenorth,' replied Peveril — 'it were easy to say that my country cannot make a claim on me which I will not promptly answer at the risk of lands and life. But in dealing thus generally, we should but deceive each other. What is the nature of this call? By whom is it to be sounded? And what are to be the results? for I think you have already seen enough of the evils of civil war to be wary of again awakening its terrors in a peaceful and happy country.'

'They that are drenched with poisonous narcotics,' said the major, 'must be awakened by their physicians, though it were with the sound of the trumpet. Better that men should die bravely, with their arms in their hands, like free-born English-

men, than that they should slide into the bloodless but dishonoured grave which slavery opens for its vassals. But it is not of war that I was about to speak,' he added, assuming a milder tone. 'The evils of which England now complains are such as can be remedied by the wholesome administration of her own laws, even in the state in which they are still suffered to exist. Have these laws not a right to the support of every individual who lives under them? Have they not a right to yours?'

As he seemed to pause for an answer, Peveril replied, 'I have to learn, Major Bridgenorth, how the laws of England have become so far weakened as to require such support as mine. When that is made plain to me, no man will more willingly discharge the duty of a faithful liegeman to the law as well as the king. But the laws of England are under the guardianship of upright and learned judges and of a gracious monarch.'

'And of a House of Commons,' interrupted Bridgenorth, 'no longer doting upon restored monarchy, but awakened, as with a peal of thunder, to the perilous state of our religion and of our freedom. I appeal to your own conscience, Julian Peveril, whether this awakening hath not been in time, since you yourself know, and none better than you, the secret but rapid strides which Rome has made to erect her Dagon of idolatry within our Protestant land.'

Here Julian, seeing, or thinking he saw, the drift of Bridgenorth's suspicions, hastened to exculpate himself from the thought of favouring the Roman Catholic religion. 'It is true,' he said, 'I have been educated in a family where that faith is professed by one honoured individual, and that I have since travelled in Popish countries; but even for these very reasons I have seen Popery too closely to be friendly to its tenets. The bigotry of the laymen, the persevering arts of the priesthood, the perpetual intrigue for the extension of the forms without the spirit of religion, the usurpation of that church over the consciences of men, and her impious pretensions to infallibility, are as inconsistent to my mind as they can seem to yours with common sense, rational liberty, freedom of conscience, and pure religion.'

'Spoken like the son of your excellent mother!' said Bridgenorth, grasping his hand, 'for whose sake I have consented to endure so much from your house unrequited, even when the means of requital were in my own hand.'

'It was indeed from the instructions of that excellent parent,'

said Peveril, 'that I was enabled, in my early youth, to resist and repel the insidious attacks made upon my religious faith by the Catholic priests into whose company I was necessarily thrown. Like her, I trust to live and die in the faith of the Reformed Church of England.'

'The Church of England!' said Bridgenorth, dropping his young friend's hand, but presently resuming it. 'Alas! that church, as now constituted, usurps scarcely less than Rome herself upon men's consciences and liberties; yet, out of the weakness of this half-reformed church, may God be pleased to work out deliverance to England and praise to Himself. I must not forget that one whose services have been in the cause incalculable wears the garb of an English priest, and hath had Episcopal ordination. It is not for us to challenge the instrument, so that our escape is achieved from the net of the fowler. Enough, that I find thee not as yet enlightened with the purer doctrine, but prepared to profit by it when the spark shall reach thee. Enough in especial, that I find thee willing to uplift thy testimony, to cry aloud and spare not, against the errors and arts of the Church of Rome. But, remember, what thou hast now said, thou wilt soon be called upon to justify, in a manner the most solemn — the most awful.'

'What I have said,' replied Julian Peveril, 'being the unbiassed sentiments of my heart, shall, upon no proper occasion, want the support of my open avowal; and I think it strange you should doubt me so far.'

'I doubt thee not, my young friend,' said Bridgenorth; 'and I trust to see thy name rank high amongst those by whom the prey shall be rent from the mighty. At present thy prejudices occupy thy mind like the strong keeper of the house mentioned in Scripture. But there shall come a stronger than he, and make forcible entry, displaying on the battlements that sign of faith in which alone there is found salvation. Watch, hope, and pray, that the hour may come!'

There was a pause in the conversation, which was first broken by Peveril. 'You have spoken to me in riddles, Major Bridgenorth; and I have asked you for no explanation. Listen to a caution on my part, given with the most sincere good-will. Take a hint from me, and believe it, though it is darkly expressed. You are here — at least are believed to be here — on an errand dangerous to the lord of the island. That danger will be retorted on yourself, if you make Man long your place of residence. Be warned, and depart in time.'

'And leave my daughter to the guardianship of Julian Peveril? Runs not your counsel so, young man?' answered Bridgenorth. 'Trust my safety, Julian, to my own prudence. I have been accustomed to guide myself through worse dangers than now environ me. But I thank you for your caution, which I am willing to believe was at least partly disinterested.'

'We do not, then, part in anger?' said Peveril.

'Not in anger, my son,' said Bridgenorth, 'but in love and strong affection. For my daughter, thou must forbear every thought of seeing her, save through me. I accept not thy suit, neither do I reject it; only this I intimate to you, that he who would be my son must first show himself the true and loving child of his oppressed and deluded country. Farewell! Do not answer me now; thou art yet in the gall of bitterness, and it may be that strife, which I desire not, should fall between us. Thou shalt hear of me sooner than thou thinkest for.'

He shook Peveril heartily by the hand, and again bid him farewell, leaving him under the confused and mingled impression of pleasure, doubt, and wonder. Not a little surprised to find himself so far in the good graces of Alice's father that his suit was even favoured with a sort of negative encouragement, he could not help suspecting, as well from the language of the daughter as of the father, that Bridgenorth was desirous, as the price of his favour, that he should adopt some line of conduct inconsistent with the principles in which he had been educated.

'You need not fear, Alice,' he said in his heart; 'not even your hand would I purchase by aught which resembled unworthy or truckling compliance with tenets which my heart disowns; and well I know, were I mean enough to do so, even the authority of thy father were insufficient to compel thee to the ratification of so mean a bargain. But let me hope better things. Bridgenorth, though strong-minded and sagacious, is haunted by the fears of Popery, which are the bugbears of his sect. My residence in the family of the Countess of Derby is more than enough to inspire him with suspicions of my faith, from which, thank Heaven, I can vindicate myself with truth and a good conscience.'

So thinking, he again adjusted the girths of his palfrey, replaced the bit which he had slipped out of its mouth that it might feed at liberty, and mounting, pursued his way back to the Castle of Holm-Peel, where he could not help fearing

that something extraordinary might have happened in his absence.

But the old pile soon rose before him, serene and sternly still, amid the sleeping ocean. The banner, which indicated that the Lord of Man held residence within its ruinous precincts, hung motionless by the ensign-staff. The sentinels walked to and fro on their posts, and hummed or whistled their Manx airs. Leaving his faithful companion, Fairy, in the village as before, Julian entered the castle, and found all within in the same state of quietness and good order which external appearances had announced.

CHAPTER XVIII

Now rede me, rede me, brother dear,
Throughout Merry England,
Where will I find a messenger,
Betwixt us two to send.

Ballad of King Estmere.

JULIAN'S first rencounter, after re-entering the castle, was with its young lord, who received him with his usual kindness and lightness of humour.

'Thrice welcome, Sir Knight of Dames,' said the earl; 'here you rove gallantly, and at free will, through our dominions, fulfilling of appointments and achieving amorous adventures; while we are condemned to sit in our royal halls, as dull and as immovable as if our Majesty was carved on the stern of some Manx smuggling dogger, and christened the "King Arthur" of Ramsey.'

'Nay, in that case you would take the sea,' said Julian, 'and so enjoy travel and adventure enough.'

'Oh, but suppose me wind-bound, or detained in harbour by a revenue pink, or ashore, if you like it, and lying high and dry upon the sand. Imagine the royal image in the dullest of all predicaments, and you have not equalled mine.'

'I am happy to hear, at least, that you have had no disagreeable employment,' said Julian; 'the morning's alarm has blown over, I suppose?'

'In faith it has, Julian; and our close inquiries cannot find any cause for the apprehended insurrection. That Bridgenorth is in the island seems certain; but private affairs of consequence are alleged as the cause of his visit; and I am not desirous to have him arrested unless I could prove some malpractices against him and his companions. In fact, it would seem we had taken the alarm too soon. My mother speaks of consulting you on the subject, Julian; and I will not anticipate her solemn communication. It will be partly apologetical, I suppose; for

we begin to think our retreat rather unroyal, and that, like the wicked, we have fled when no man pursued. This idea afflicts my mother, who, as a queen-dowager, a queen-regent, a heroine, and a woman in general, would be extremely mortified to think that her precipitate retreat hither had exposed her to the ridicule of the islanders ; and she is disconcerted and out of humour accordingly. In the meanwhile, my sole amusement has been the grimaces and fantastic gestures of that ape Fenella, who is more out of humour, and more absurd in consequence, than you ever saw her. Morris says it is because you pushed her downstairs, Julian — how is that ?

‘Nay, Morris has misreported me,’ answered Julian ; ‘I did but lift her *upstairs* to be rid of her importunity ; for she chose, in her way, to contest my going abroad in such an obstinate manner that I had no other mode of getting rid of her.’

‘She must have supposed your departure, at a moment so critical, was dangerous to the state of our garrison,’ answered the earl ; ‘it shows how dearly she esteems my mother’s safety, how highly she rates your prowess. But, thank Heaven, there sounds the dinner-bell. I would the philosophers, who find a sin and waste of time in good cheer, could devise us any pastime half so agreeable.’

The meal which the young earl had thus longed for, as a means of consuming a portion of the time which hung heavy on his hands, was soon over ; as soon, at least, as the habitual and stately formality of the countess’s household permitted. She herself, accompanied by her gentlewoman and attendants, retired early after the tables were drawn ; and the young gentlemen were left to their own company. Wine had, for the moment, no charms for either ; for the earl was out of spirits from *ennui*, and impatience of his monotonous and solitary course of life ; and the events of the day had given Peveril too much matter for reflection to permit his starting amusing or interesting topics of conversation. After having passed the flask in silence betwixt them once or twice, they withdrew each into a separate embrasure of the windows of the dining-apartment, which, such was the extreme thickness of the wall, were deep enough to afford a solitary recess, separated, as it were, from the chamber itself. In one of these sat the Earl of Derby, busied in looking over some of the new publications which had been forwarded from London ; and at intervals confessing how little power or interest these had for him, by

yawning fearfully as he looked out on the solitary expanse of waters, which, save for the flight of a flock of sea-gulls or of a solitary cormorant, offered so little of variety to engage his attention.

Peveril, on his part, held a pamphlet also in his hand, without giving, or affecting to give, it even his occasional attention. His whole soul turned upon the interview which he had had that day with Alice Bridgenorth and with her father; while he in vain endeavoured to form any hypothesis which could explain to him why the daughter, to whom he had no reason to think himself indifferent, should have been so suddenly desirous of their eternal separation, while her father, whose opposition he so much dreaded, seemed to be at least tolerant of his addresses. He could only suppose, in explanation, that Major Bridgenorth had some plan in prospect which it was in his own power to further or to impede; while, from the demeanour, and indeed the language, of Alice, he had but too much reason to apprehend that her father's favour could only be conciliated by something, on his own part, approaching to dereliction of principle. But by no conjecture which he could form could he make the least guess concerning the nature of that compliance of which Bridgenorth seemed desirous. He could not imagine, notwithstanding Alice had spoken of treachery, that her father would dare to propose to him uniting in any plan by which the safety of the countess, or the security of her little kingdom of Man, was to be endangered. This carried such indelible disgrace in the front, that he could not suppose the scheme proposed to him by any who was not prepared to defend with his sword, upon the spot, so flagrant an insult offered to his honour. And such a proceeding was totally inconsistent with the conduct of Major Bridgenorth in every other respect, besides his being too calm and cold-blooded to permit of his putting a mortal affront upon the son of his old neighbour, to whose mother he confessed so much of obligation.

While Peveril in vain endeavoured to extract something like a probable theory out of the hints thrown out by the father and by the daughter — not without the additional and lover-like labour of endeavouring to reconcile his passion to his honour and conscience — he felt something gently pull him by the cloak. He unclasped his arms, which, in meditation, had been folded on his bosom; and withdrawing his eyes from the vacant prospect of sea-coast and sea which they perused, without much consciousness upon what they rested, he beheld beside him the

little dumb maiden, the elfin Fenella. She was seated on a low cushion or stool, with which she had nestled close to Peveril's side, and had remained there for a short space of time, expecting, no doubt, he would become conscious of her presence ; until, tired of remaining unnoticed, she at length solicited his attention in the manner which we have described. Startled out of his reverie by this intimation of her presence, he looked down, and could not, without interest, behold this singular and helpless being.

Her hair was unloosened, and streamed over her shoulders in such length, that much of it lay upon the ground, and in such quantity, that it formed a dark veil, or shadow, not only around her face, but over her whole slender and minute form. From the profusion of her tresses looked forth her small and dark, but well-formed, features, together with the large and brilliant black eyes ; and her whole countenance was composed into the imploring look of one who is doubtful of the reception she is about to meet with from a valued friend, while she confesses a fault, pleads an apology, or solicits a reconciliation. In short, the whole face was so much alive with expression, that Julian, though her aspect was so familiar to him, could hardly persuade himself but that her countenance was entirely new. The wild, fantastic, elvish vivacity of the features seemed totally vanished, and had given place to a sorrowful, tender, and pathetic cast of countenance, aided by the expression of the large dark eyes, which, as they were turned up towards Julian, glistened with moisture, that, nevertheless, did not overflow the eyelids.

Conceiving that her unwonted manner arose from a recollection of the dispute which had taken place betwixt them in the morning, Peveril was anxious to restore the little maiden's gaiety, by making her sensible that there dwelt on his mind no unpleasing recollection of their quarrel. He smiled kindly, and shook her hand in one of his ; while, with the familiarity of one who had known her from childhood, he stroked down her long dark tresses with the other. She stooped her head, as if ashamed and, at the same time, gratified with his caresses ; and he was thus induced to continue them, until, under the veil of her rich and abundant locks, he suddenly felt his other hand, which she still held fast in hers, slightly touched with her lips, and, at the same time, moistened with a tear.

At once, and for the first time in his life, the danger of being misinterpreted in his familiarity with a creature to whom the

usual modes of explanation were a blank occurred to Julian's mind ; and, hastily withdrawing his hand and changing his posture, he asked of her, by a sign which custom had rendered familiar, whether she brought any message to him from the countess. In an instant Fenella's whole deportment was changed. She started up and arranged herself in her seat with the rapidity of lightning ; and at the same moment, with one turn of her hand, braided her length of locks into a natural head-dress of the most beautiful kind. There was, indeed, when she looked up, a blush still visible on her dark features ; but their melancholy and languid expression had given place to that of wild and restless vivacity, which was most common to them. Her eyes gleamed with more than their wonted fire, and her glances were more piercingly wild and unsettled than usual. To Julian's inquiry, she answered, by laying her hand on her heart—a motion by which she always indicated the countess—and rising and taking the direction of her apartment, she made a sign to Julian to follow her.

The distance was not great betwixt the dining-apartment and that to which Peveril now followed his mute guide ; yet, in going thither, he had time enough to suffer cruelly from the sudden suspicion that this unhappy girl had misinterpreted the uniform kindness with which he had treated her, and hence come to regard him with feelings more tender than those which belong to friendship. The misery which such a passion was likely to occasion to a creature in her helpless situation, and actuated by such lively feelings, was great enough to make him refuse credit to the suspicion which pressed itself upon his mind ; while, at the same time, he formed the internal resolution so to conduct himself towards Fenella as to check such misplaced sentiments, if indeed she unhappily entertained them towards him.

When they reached the countess's apartment, they found her with writing-implements and many sealed letters before her. She received Julian with her usual kindness ; and having caused him to be seated, beckoned to the mute to resume her needle. In an instant Fenella was seated at an embroidering-frame, where, but for the movement of her dexterous fingers, she might have seemed a statue, so little did she move from her work either head or eye. As her infirmity rendered her presence no bar to the most confidential conversation, the countess proceeded to address Peveril as if they had been literally alone together.

‘Julian,’ she said, ‘I am not now about to complain to you

of the sentiments and conduct of Derby. He is your friend—he is my son. He has kindness of heart and vivacity of talent; and yet——

‘Dearest lady,’ said Peveril, ‘why will you distress yourself with fixing your eye on deficiencies which arise rather from a change of times and manners than any degeneracy of my noble friend? Let him be once engaged in his duty, whether in peace or war, and let me pay the penalty if he acquits not himself becoming his high station.’

‘Ay,’ replied the countess; ‘but when will the call of duty prove superior to that of the most idle or trivial indulgence which can serve to drive over the lazy hour? His father was of another mould; and how often was it my lot to entreat that he would spare, from the rigid discharge of those duties which his high station imposed, the relaxation absolutely necessary to recruit his health and his spirits!’

‘Still, my dearest lady,’ said Peveril, ‘you must allow that the duties to which the times summoned your late honoured lord were of a more stirring, as well as a more peremptory, cast than those which await your son.’

‘I know not that,’ said the countess. ‘The wheel appears to be again revolving; and the present period is not unlikely to bring back such scenes as my younger years witnessed. Well, be it so; they will not find Charlotte de la Tremouille broken in spirit, though depressed by years. It was even on this subject I would speak with you, my young friend. Since our first early acquaintance, when I saw your gallant behaviour as I issued forth to your childish eye, like an apparition, from my place of concealment in your father’s castle, it has pleased me to think you a true son of Stanley and Peveril. I trust your nurture in this family has been ever suited to the esteem in which I hold you. Nay, I desire no thanks. I have to require of you, in return, a piece of service, not perhaps entirely safe to yourself, but which, as times are circumstanced, no person is so well able to render to my house.’

‘You have been ever my good and noble lady,’ answered Peveril, ‘as well as my kind, and I may say maternal, protectress. You have a right to command the blood of Stanley in the veins of every one; you have a thousand rights to command it in mine.’¹

‘My advices from England,’ said the countess, ‘resemble

¹ The reader cannot have forgotten that the Earl of Derby was head of the great house of Stanley.

more the dreams of a sick man than the regular information which I might have expected from such correspondents as mine; their expressions are like those of men who walk in their sleep, and speak by snatches of what passes in their dreams. It is said a plot, real or fictitious, has been detected amongst the Catholics, which has spread far wider and more uncontrollable terror than that of the fifth of November. Its outlines seem utterly incredible, and are only supported by the evidence of wretches the meanest and most worthless in the creation; yet it is received by the credulous people of England with the most undoubting belief.'

'This is a singular delusion to rise without some real ground,' answered Julian.

'I am no bigot, cousin, though a Catholic,' replied the countess. 'I have long feared that the well-meant zeal of our priests for increasing converts would draw on them the suspicion of the English nation. These efforts have been renewed with double energy since the Duke of York conformed to the Catholic faith; and the same event has doubled the hate and jealousy of the Protestants. So far, I fear, there may be just cause for suspicion that the duke is a better Catholic than an Englishman, and that bigotry has involved him, as avarice, or the needy greed of a prodigal, has engaged his brother, in relations with France, whereof England may have too much reason to complain. But the gross, thick, and palpable fabrications of conspiracy and murder, blood and fire—the imaginary armies—the intended massacres—form a collection of falsehoods that one would have thought indigestible even by the coarse appetite of the vulgar for the marvellous and horrible; but which are, nevertheless, received as truth by both Houses of Parliament, and questioned by no one who is desirous to escape the odious appellation of friend to the bloody Papists, and favourer of their infernal schemes of cruelty.'

'But what say those who are most likely to be affected by these wild reports?' said Julian. 'What say the English Catholics themselves—a numerous and wealthy body, comprising so many noble names?'

'Their hearts are dead within them,' said the countess. 'They are like sheep penned up in the shambles, that the butcher may take his choice among them. In the obscure and brief communications which I have had by a secure hand, they do but anticipate their own utter ruin and ours, so general is the depression, so universal the despair.'

'But the King,' said Peveril — 'the King and the Protestant Royalists — what say they to this growing tempest?'

'Charles,' replied the countess, 'with his usual selfish prudence, truckles to the storm; and will let cord and axe do their work on the most innocent men in his dominions rather than lose an hour of pleasure in attempting their rescue. And for the Royalists, either they have caught the general delirium which has seized on Protestants in general, or they stand aloof and neutral, afraid to show any interest in the unhappy Catholics, lest they be judged altogether such as themselves, and abettors of the fearful conspiracy in which they are alleged to be engaged. In fact, I cannot blame them. It is hard to expect that mere compassion for a persecuted sect, or, what is yet more rare, an abstract love of justice, should be powerful enough to engage men to expose themselves to the awakened fury of a whole people; for, in the present state of general agitation, whoever disbelieves the least tittle of the enormous improbabilities which have been accumulated by these wretched informers is instantly hunted down, as one who would smother the discovery of the plot. It is indeed an awful tempest; and, remote as we lie from its sphere, we must expect soon to feel its effects.'

'Lord Derby already told me something of this,' said Julian; 'and that there were agents in this island whose object was to excite insurrection.'

'Yes,' answered the countess, and her eye flashed fire as she spoke; 'and had my advice been listened to, they had been apprehended in the very fact, and so dealt with as to be a warning to all others how they sought this independent principality on such an errand. But my son, who is generally so culpably negligent of his own affairs, was pleased to assume the management of them upon this crisis.'

'I am happy to learn, madam,' answered Peveril, 'that the measures of precaution which my kinsman has adopted have had the complete effect of disconcerting the conspiracy.'

'For the present, Julian; but they should have been such as would have made the boldest tremble to think of such infringements of our right in future. But Derby's present plan is fraught with greater danger; and yet there is something in it of gallantry, which has my sympathy.'

'What is it, madam?' inquired Julian, anxiously; 'and in what can I aid it, or avert its dangers?'

'He purposes,' said the countess, 'instantly to set forth for

London. He is, he says, not merely the feudal chief of a small island, but one of the noble peers of England, who must not remain in the security of an obscure and distant castle when his name, or that of his mother, is slandered before his prince and people. He will take his place, he says, in the House of Lords, and publicly demand justice for the insult thrown on his house by perjured and interested witnesses.'

'It is a generous resolution, and worthy of my friend,' said Julian Peveril. 'I will go with him and share his fate, be it what it may.'

'Alas, foolish boy!' answered the countess, 'as well may you ask a hungry lion to feel compassion as a prejudiced and furious people to do justice. They are like the madman at the height of frenzy, who murders without compunction his best and dearest friend; and only wonders and wails over his own cruelty when he is recovered from his delirium.'

'Pardon me, dearest lady,' said Julian, 'this cannot be. The noble and generous people of England cannot be thus strangely misled. Whatever prepossessions may be current among the mere vulgar, the Houses of Legislature cannot be deeply infected by them; they will remember their own dignity.'

'Alas! cousin,' answered the countess, 'when did Englishmen, even of the highest degree, remember anything when hurried away by the violence of party feeling? Even those who have too much sense to believe in the incredible fictions which gull the multitude, will beware how they expose them, if their own political party can gain a momentary advantage by their being accredited. It is amongst such, too, that your kinsman has found friends and associates. Neglecting the old friends of his house, as too grave and formal companions for the humour of the times, his intercourse has been with the versatile Shaftesbury, the mercurial Buckingham—men who would not hesitate to sacrifice to the popular Moloch of the day whatsoever or whomsoever whose ruin could propitiate the deity. Forgive a mother's tears, kinsman; but I see the scaffold at Bolton again erected. If Derby goes to London while these bloodhounds are in full cry, obnoxious as he is, and I have made him by my religious faith and my conduct in this island, he dies his father's death. And yet upon what other course to resolve——!'

'Let me go to London, madam,' said Peveril, much moved by the distress of his patroness; 'your ladyship was wont to

rely something on my judgment. I will act for the best — will communicate with those whom you point out to me, and only with them; and I trust soon to send you information that this delusion, however strong it may now be, is in the course of passing away; at the worst, I can apprize you of the danger, should it menace the earl or yourself; and may be able also to point out the means by which it may be eluded.'

The countess listened with a countenance in which the anxiety of maternal affection, which prompted her to embrace Peveril's generous offer, struggled with her native disinterested and generous disposition. 'Think what you ask of me, Julian,' she replied, with a sigh. 'Would you have me expose the life of my friend's son to those perils to which I refuse my own? No; never!'

'Nay, but, madam,' replied Julian, 'I do not run the same risk: my person is not known in London; my situation, though not obscure in my own country, is too little known to be noticed in that huge assemblage of all that is noble and wealthy. No whisper, I presume, however indirect, has connected my name with the alleged conspiracy. I am a Protestant, above all; and can be accused of no intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Church of Rome. My connexions also lie amongst those who, if they do not, or cannot, befriend me, cannot at least be dangerous to me. In a word, I run no danger where the earl might incur great peril.'

'Alas!' said the Countess of Derby, 'all this generous reasoning may be true; but it could only be listened to by a widowed mother. Selfish as I am, I cannot but reflect that my kinswoman has, in all events, the support of an affectionate husband; such is the interested reasoning to which we are not ashamed to subject our better feelings!'

'Do not call it so, madam,' answered Peveril; 'think of me but as the younger brother of my kinsman. You have ever done by me the duties of a mother; and have a right to my filial service, were it at a risk ten times greater than a journey to London, to inquire into the temper of the times. I will instantly go and announce my departure to the earl.'

'Stay, Julian,' said the countess; 'if you must make this journey in our behalf — and, alas! I have not generosity enough to refuse your noble proffer — you must go alone, and without communication with Derby. I know him well: his lightness of mind is free from selfish baseness; and for the world, would he not suffer you to leave Man without his company. And if

he went with you, your noble and disinterested kindness would be of no avail; you would but share his ruin, as the swimmer who attempts to save a drowning man is involved in his fate, if he permit the sufferer to grapple with him.'

'It shall be as you please, madam,' said Peveril; 'I am ready to depart upon half an hour's notice.'

'This night, then,' said the countess, after a moment's pause — 'this night I will arrange the most secret means of carrying your generous project into effect; for I would not excite that prejudice against you which will instantly arise were it known you had so lately left this island and its Popish lady. You will do well, perhaps, to use a feigned name in London.'

'Pardon me, madam,' said Julian; 'I will do nothing that can draw on me unnecessary attention; but to bear a feigned name, or affect any disguise beyond living with extreme privacy, would, I think, be unwise as well as unworthy, and what, if challenged, I might find some difficulty in assigning a reason for, consistent with perfect fairness of intentions.'

'I believe you are right,' answered the countess, after a moment's consideration; and then added, 'You propose, doubtless, to pass through Derbyshire and visit Martindale Castle?'

'I should wish it, madam, certainly,' replied Peveril, 'did time permit and circumstances render it advisable.'

'Of that,' said the countess, 'you must yourself judge. Despatch is, doubtless, desirable; on the other hand, arriving from your own family seat, you will be less an object of doubt and suspicion than if you posted up from hence, without even visiting your parents. You must be guided in this — in all — by your own prudence. Go, my dearest son — for to me you should be dear as a son — go, and prepare for your journey. I will get ready some despatches and a supply of money. Nay, do not object. Am I not your mother; and are you not discharging a son's duty? Dispute not my right of defraying your expenses. Nor is this all; for, as I must trust your zeal and prudence to act in our behalf when occasion shall demand, I will furnish you with effectual recommendations to our friends and kindred, entreating and enjoining them to render whatever aid you may require, either for your own protection or the advancement of what you may propose in our favour.'

Peveril made no farther opposition to an arrangement which in truth the moderate state of his own finances rendered almost indispensable, unless with his father's assistance; and the

countess put into his hand bills of exchange to the amount of two hundred pounds, upon a merchant in the city. She then dismissed Julian for the space of an hour ; after which, she said, she must again require his presence.

The preparations for his journey were not of a nature to divert the thoughts which speedily pressed on him. He found that half an hour's conversation had once more completely changed his immediate prospects and plans for the future. He had offered to the Countess of Derby a service which her uniform kindness had well deserved at his hand ; but, by her accepting it, he was upon the point of being separated from Alice Bridgenorth, at a time when she was become dearer to him than ever, by her avowal of mutual passion. Her image rose before him, such as he had that day pressed her to his bosom ; her voice was in his ear, and seemed to ask whether he could desert her in the crisis which everything seemed to announce as impending. But Julian Peveril, his youth considered, was strict in judging his duty, and severely resolved in executing it. He trusted not his imagination to pursue the vision which presented itself ; but resolutely seizing his pen, wrote to Alice the following letter, explaining his situation, as far as justice to the countess permitted him to do so : —

‘I leave you, dearest Alice,’ thus ran the letter — ‘I leave you ; and though, in doing so, I but obey the command you have laid on me, yet I can claim little merit for my compliance, since, without additional and most forcible reasons in aid of your orders, I fear I should have been unable to comply with them. But family affairs of importance compel me to absent myself from this island, for, I fear, more than one week. My thoughts, hopes, and wishes will be on the moment that shall restore me to the Black Fort and its lovely valley. Let me hope that yours will sometimes rest on the lonely exile, whom nothing could render such but the command of honour and duty. Do not fear that I mean to involve you in a private correspondence, and let not your father fear it. I could not love you so much, but for the openness and candour of your nature ; and I would not that you concealed from Major Bridgenorth one syllable of what I now avow. Respecting other matters, he himself cannot desire the welfare of our common country with more zeal than I do. Differences may occur concerning the mode in which that is to be obtained ; but, in the principle, I am convinced there can be only one mind between us ; nor can I refuse to listen to his experience and

wisdom, even where they may ultimately fail to convince me. Farewell, Alice—farewell! Much might be added to that melancholy word, but nothing that could express the bitterness with which it is written. Yet I could transcribe it again and again, rather than conclude the last communication which I can have with you for some time. My sole comfort is, that my stay will scarce be so long as to permit you to forget one who never can forget you.'

He held the paper in his hand for a minute after he had folded, but before he had sealed, it, while he hurriedly debated in his own mind whether he had not expressed himself towards Major Bridgenorth in so conciliating a manner as might excite hopes of proselytism which his conscience told him he could not realise with honour. Yet, on the other hand, he had no right, from what Bridgenorth had said, to conclude that their principles were diametrically irreconcilable; for though the son of a high Cavalier, and educated in the family of the Countess of Derby, he was himself, upon principle, an enemy of prerogative and a friend to the liberty of the subject. And with such considerations he silenced all internal objections on the point of honour; although his conscience secretly whispered that these conciliatory expressions towards the father were chiefly dictated by the fear that, during his absence, Major Bridgenorth might be tempted to change the residence of his daughter, and perhaps to convey her altogether out of his reach.

Having sealed his letter, Julian called his servant, and directed him to carry it, under cover of one addressed to Mrs. Debbitch, to a house in the town of Rushin, where packets and messages intended for the family at Black Fort were usually deposited; and for that purpose to take horse immediately. He thus got rid of an attendant who might have been in some degree a spy on his motions. He then exchanged the dress he usually wore for one more suited to travelling; and, having put a change or two of linen into a small cloak-bag, selected as arms a strong double-edged sword and an excellent pair of pistols, which last he carefully loaded with double bullets. Thus appointed, and with twenty pieces in his purse, and the bills we have mentioned secured in a private pocket-book, he was in readiness to depart as soon as he should receive the countess's commands.

The buoyant spirit of youth and hope, which had, for a moment, been chilled by the painful and dubious circumstances

in which he was placed, as well as the deprivation which he was about to undergo, now revived in full vigour. Fancy, turning from more painful anticipations, suggested to him that he was now entering upon life at a crisis when resolution and talents were almost certain to make the fortune of their possessor. How could he make a more honourable entry on the bustling scene than sent by, and acting in behalf of, one of the noblest houses in England; and should he perform what his charge might render incumbent with the resolution and the prudence necessary to secure success, how many occurrences might take place to render his mediation necessary to Bridgenorth; and thus enable him, on the most equal and honourable terms, to establish a claim to his gratitude and to his daughter's hand.

Whilst he was dwelling on such pleasing, though imaginary, prospects, he could not help exclaiming aloud — 'Yes, Alice, I will win thee nobly!' The words had scarce escaped his lips, when he heard at the door of his apartment, which the servant had left ajar, a sound like a deep sigh, which was instantly succeeded by a gentle tap. 'Come in,' replied Julian, somewhat ashamed of his exclamation, and not a little afraid that it had been caught up by some eavesdropper. 'Come in,' he again repeated. But his command was not obeyed; on the contrary, the knock was repeated somewhat louder. He opened the door, and Fenella stood before him.

With eyes that seemed red with recent tears, and with a look of the deepest dejection, the little mute, first touching her bosom and beckoning with her finger, made to him the usual sign that the countess desired to see him, then turned, as if to usher him to her apartment. As he followed her through the long, gloomy, vaulted passages which afforded communication betwixt the various departments of the castle, he could not but observe that her usual light trip was exchanged for a tardy and mournful step, which she accompanied with a low, inarticulate moaning (which she was probably the less able to suppress, because she could not judge how far it was audible), and also with wringing of the hands, and other marks of extreme affliction.

At this moment a thought came across Peveril's mind, which, in spite of his better reason, made him shudder involuntarily. As a Peaksman, and a long resident in the Isle of Man, he was well acquainted with many a superstitious legend, and particularly with a belief which attached to the powerful

family of the Stanleys, for their peculiar demon, a banshie, or female spirit, who was wont to shriek, 'foreboding evil times'; and who was generally seen weeping and bemoaning herself before the death of any person of distinction belonging to the family. For an instant, Julian could scarce divest himself of the belief that the wailing, gibbering form, which glided before him, with a lamp in her hand, was the genius of his mother's race come to announce to him his predestined doom. It instantly occurred to him as an analogous reflection, that, if the suspicion which had crossed his mind concerning Fenella was a just one, her ill-fated attachment to him, like that of the prophetic spirit to his family, could bode nothing but disaster, and lamentation, and woe.

CHAPTER XIX

Now, hoist the anchor, mates, and let the sails
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,
Like lass that woos a lover.

Anonymous.

THE presence of the countess dispelled the superstitious feeling which, for an instant, had encroached on Julian's imagination, and compelled him to give attention to the matters of ordinary life. 'Here are your credentials,' she said, giving him a small packet carefully put up in a sealskin cover; 'you had better not open them till you come to London. You must not be surprised to find that there are one or two addressed to men of my own persuasion. These, for all our sakes, you will observe caution in delivering.'

'I go, your messenger, madam,' said Peveril; 'and whatever you desire me to charge myself with, of that I undertake the care. Yet allow me to doubt whether an intercourse with Catholics will at this moment forward the purposes of my mission.'

'You have caught the general suspicion of this wicked sect already,' said the countess, smiling, 'and are the fitter to go amongst Englishmen in their present mood. But, my cautious friend, these letters are so addressed, and the persons to whom they are addressed so disguised, that you will run no danger in conversing with them. Without their aid, indeed, you will not be able to obtain the accurate information you go in search of. None can tell so exactly how the wind sets as the pilot whose vessel is exposed to the storm. Besides, though you Protestants deny our priesthood the harmlessness of the dove, you are ready enough to allow us a full share of the wisdom of the serpent; in plain terms, their means of information are extensive, and they are not deficient in the power of applying it. I therefore wish you to have the benefit of their intelligence and advice, if possible.'

'Whatever you impose on me as a part of my duty, madam, rely on its being discharged punctually,' answered Peveril. 'And now, as there is little use in deferring the execution of a purpose when once fixed, let me know your ladyship's wishes concerning my departure.'

'It must be sudden and secret,' said the countess; 'the island is full of spies; and I would not wish that any of them should have notice that an envoy of mine was about to leave Man for London. Can you be ready to go on board to-morrow?'

'To-night — this instant if you will,' said Julian; 'my little preparations are complete.'

'Be ready, then, in your chamber, at two hours after midnight. I will send one to summon you, for our secret must be communicated, for the present, to as few as possible. A foreign sloop is engaged to carry you over; then make the best of your way to London, by Martindale Castle or otherwise, as you find most advisable. When it is necessary to announce your absence, I will say you are gone to see your parents. But stay — your journey will be on horseback, of course, from Whitehaven. You have bills of exchange, it is true; but are you provided with ready money to furnish yourself with a good horse?'

'I am sufficiently rich, madam,' answered Julian; 'and good nags are plenty in Cumberland. There are those among them who know how to come by them good and cheap.'

'Trust not to that,' said the countess. 'Here is what will purchase for you the best horse on the Borders. Can you be simple enough to refuse it?' she added, as she pressed on him a heavy purse, which he saw himself obliged to accept.

'A good horse, Julian,' continued the countess, 'and a good sword, next to a good heart and head, are the accomplishments of a cavalier.'

'I kiss your hands, then, madam,' said Peveril, 'and humbly beg you to believe that, whatever may fail in my present undertaking, my purpose to serve you, my noble kinswoman and benefactress, can at least never swerve or falter.'

'I know it, my son — I know it; and may God forgive me if my anxiety for your friend has sent you on dangers which should have been his! Go — go. May saints and angels bless you! Fenella shall acquaint him that you sup in your own apartment. So indeed will I; for to-night I should be unable to face my son's looks. Little will he thank me for sending you on his errand; and there will be many to ask whether it

was like the Lady of Latham to thrust her friend's son on the danger which should have been braved by her own. But O! Julian, I am now a forlorn widow, whom sorrow has made selfish!

'Tush, madam,' answered Peveril; 'it is more unlike the Lady of Latham to anticipate dangers which may not exist at all, and to which, if they do indeed occur, I am less obnoxious than my noble kinsman. Farewell! All blessings attend you, madam. Commend me to Derby, and make him my excuses. I shall expect a summons at two hours after midnight.'

They took an affectionate leave of each other; the more affectionate, indeed, on the part of the countess, that she could not entirely reconcile her generous mind to exposing Peveril to danger on her son's behalf; and Julian betook himself to his solitary apartment.

His servant soon afterwards brought him wine and refreshments; to which, notwithstanding the various matters he had to occupy his mind, he contrived to do reasonable justice. But when this needful occupation was finished, his thoughts began to stream in upon him like a troubled tide — at once recalling the past and anticipating the future. It was in vain that he wrapped himself in his riding-cloak, and, lying down on his bed, endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. The uncertainty of the prospect before him, the doubt how Bridgenorth might dispose of his daughter during his absence, the fear that the major himself might fall into the power of the vindictive countess, besides a numerous train of vague and half-formed apprehensions, agitated his blood, and rendered slumber impossible. Alternately to recline in the old oaken easy-chair and listen to the dashing of the waves under the windows, mingled, as the sound was, with the scream of the sea-birds, or to traverse the apartment with long and slow steps, pausing occasionally to look out on the sea, slumbering under the influence of a full moon, which tipped each wave with silver — such were the only pastimes he could invent, until midnight had passed for one hour; the next was wasted in anxious expectation of the summons of departure.

At length it arrived: a tap at his door was followed by a low murmur, which made him suspect that the countess had again employed her mute attendant as the most secure minister of her pleasure on this occasion. He felt something like impropriety in this selection; and it was with a feeling of impatience alien to the natural generosity of his temper that,

when he opened the door, he beheld the dumb maiden standing before him. The lamp which he held in his hand showed his features distinctly, and probably made Fenella aware of the expression which animated them. She cast her large dark eyes mournfully on the ground; and, without again looking him in the face, made him a signal to follow her. He delayed no longer than was necessary to secure his pistols in his belt, wrap his cloak closer around him, and take his small portmanteau under his arm. Thus accoutred, he followed her out of the keep, or inhabited part of the castle, by a series of obscure passages leading to a postern gate, which she unlocked with a key, selected from a bundle which she carried at her girdle.

They now stood in the castle-yard, in the open moonlight, which glimmered white and ghastly on the variety of strange and ruinous objects to which we have formerly alluded, and which gave the scene rather the appearance of some ancient cemetery than of the interior of a fortification. The round and elevated tower, the ancient mount, with its quadrangular sides facing the ruinous edifices which once boasted the name of cathedral, seemed of yet more antique and anomalous form when seen by the pale light which now displayed them. To one of these churches Fenella took the direct course, and was followed by Julian; although he at once divined, and was superstitious enough to dislike, the path which she was about to adopt. It was by a secret passage through this church that in former times the guard-room of the garrison, situated at the lower and external defences, communicated with the keep of the castle; and through this passage were the keys of the castle every night carried to the governor's apartment, so soon as the gates were locked and the watch set. The custom was given up in James the First's time, and the passage abandoned, on account of the well-known legend of the *Mauthe Dog* — a fiend, or demon, in the shape of a large, shaggy, black mastiff, by which the church was said to be haunted. It was devoutly believed that in former times this spectre became so familiar with mankind as to appear almost nightly in the guard-room, issuing from the passage which we have mentioned at night, and retiring to it at daybreak. The soldiers became partly familiarised to its presence; yet not so much so as to use any license of language while the apparition was visible; until one fellow, rendered daring by intoxication, swore he would know whether it was dog or devil, and, with his drawn sword, followed the spectre when it retreated by the usual passage. The man

returned in a few minutes, sobered by terror, his mouth gaping, and his hair standing on end, under which horror he died ; but, unhappily for the lovers of the marvellous, altogether unable to disclose the horrors which he had seen. Under the evil repute arising from this tale of wonder, the guard-room was abandoned and a new one constructed. In like manner, the guards after that period held another and more circuitous communication with the governor or seneschal of the castle ; and that which lay through the ruinous church was entirely abandoned.¹

In defiance of the legendary terrors which tradition had attached to the original communication, Fenella, followed by Peveril, now boldly traversed the ruinous vaults through which it lay ; sometimes only guided over heaps of ruins by the precarious light of the lamp borne by the dumb maiden ; sometimes having the advantage of a gleam of moonlight, darting into the dreary abyss through the shafted windows, or through breaches made by time. As the path was by no means a straight one, Peveril could not but admire the intimate acquaintance with the mazes which his singular companion displayed, as well as the boldness with which she traversed them. He himself was not so utterly void of the prejudices of the times, but that he contemplated, with some apprehension, the possibility of their intruding on the lair of the phantom-hound, of which he had heard so often ; and in every remote sigh of the breeze among the ruins he thought he heard him baying at the mortal footsteps which disturbed his gloomy realm. No such terrors, however, interrupted their journey ; and in the course of a few minutes they attained the deserted and now ruinous guard-house. The broken walls of the little edifice served to conceal them from the sentinels, one of whom was keeping a drowsy watch at the lower gate of the castle ; whilst another, seated on the stone steps which communicated with the parapet of the bounding and exterior wall, was slumbering, in full security, with his musket peacefully grounded by his side. Fenella made a sign to Peveril to move with silence and caution, and then showed him, to his surprise, from the window of the deserted guard-room, a boat, for it was now high water, with four rowers, lurking under the cliff on which the castle was built ; and made him farther sensible that he was to have

¹ This curious legend, and many others, in which the Isle of Man is perhaps richer than even Ireland, Wales, or the Highlands of Scotland, will be found in Note 12 at the end of the volume.

access to it by a ladder of considerable height placed at the window of the ruin.

Julian was both displeased and alarmed by the security and carelessness of the sentinels, who had suffered such preparations to be made without observation or alarm given; and he hesitated whether he should not call the officer of the guard, upbraid him with negligence, and show him how easily Holm-Peel, in spite of its natural strength, and although reported impregnable, might be surprised by a few resolute men. Fenella seemed to guess his thoughts with that extreme acuteness of observation which her deprivations had occasioned her acquiring. She laid one hand on his arm, and a finger of the other on her own lips, as if to enjoin forbearance; and Julian, knowing that she acted by the direct authority of the countess, obeyed her accordingly; but with the internal resolution to lose no time in communicating his sentiments to the earl, concerning the danger to which the castle was exposed on this point.

In the meantime, he descended the ladder with some precaution, for the steps were unequal, broken, wet, and slippery; and having placed himself in the stern of the boat, made a signal to the men to push off, and turned to take farewell of his guide. To his utter astonishment, Fenella rather slid down than descended regularly the perilous ladder, and the boat being already pushed off, made a spring from the last step of it with incredible agility, and seated herself beside Peveril, ere he could express either remonstrance or surprise. He commanded the men once more to pull in to the precarious landing place; and throwing into his countenance a part of the displeasure which he really felt, endeavoured to make her comprehend the necessity of returning to her mistress. Fenella folded her arms and looked at him with a haughty smile, which completely expressed the determination of her purpose. Peveril was extremely embarrassed; he was afraid of offending the countess, and interfering with her plan, by giving alarm, which otherwise he was much tempted to have done. On Fenella, it was evident, no species of argument which he could employ was likely to make the least impression; and the question remained how, if she went on with him, he was to rid himself of so singular and inconvenient a companion, and provide, at the same time, sufficiently for her personal security.

The boatmen brought the matter to a decision; for, after lying on their oars for a minute and whispering among themselves in Low Dutch or German, they began to pull stoutly,

and were soon at some distance from the castle. The possibility of the sentinels sending a musket-ball, or even a cannon-shot, after them was one of the contingencies which gave Peveril momentary anxiety ; but they left the fortress, as they must have approached it, unnoticed, or at least unchallenged — a carelessness on the part of the garrison which, notwithstanding that the oars were muffled and that the men spoke little, and in whispers, argued, in Peveril's opinion, great negligence on the part of the sentinels. When they were a little way from the castle, the men began to row briskly towards a small vessel which lay at some distance. Peveril had, in the meantime, leisure to remark that the boatmen spoke to each other doubtfully, and bent anxious looks on Fenella, as if uncertain whether they had acted properly in bringing her off.

After about a quarter of an hour's rowing, they reached the little sloop, where Peveril was received by the skipper, or captain, on the quarter-deck, with an offer of spirits or refreshments. A word or two among the seamen withdrew the captain from his hospitable cares, and he flew to the ship's side, apparently to prevent Fenella from entering the vessel. The men and he talked eagerly in Dutch, looking anxiously at Fenella as they spoke together ; and Peveril hoped the result would be that the poor young woman should be sent ashore again. But she baffled whatever opposition could be offered to her ; and when the accommodation-ladder, as it is called, was withdrawn, she snatched the end of a rope, and climbed on board with the dexterity of a sailor, leaving them no means of preventing her entrance, save by actual violence, to which apparently they did not choose to have recourse. Once on deck, she took the captain by the sleeve, and led him to the head of the vessel, where they seemed to hold intercourse in a manner intelligible to both.

Peveril soon forgot the presence of the mute, as he began to muse upon his own situation, and the probability that he was separated for some considerable time from the object of his affections. 'Constancy,' he repeated to himself — 'constancy.' And, as if in coincidence with the theme of his reflections, he fixed his eyes on the polar star, which that night twinkled with more than ordinary brilliancy. Emblem of pure passion and steady purpose — the thoughts which arose as he viewed its clear and unchanging light were disinterested and noble. To seek his country's welfare, and secure the blessings of domestic peace ; to discharge a bold and perilous duty to his friend and

patron ; to regard his passion for Alice Bridgenorth as the load-star which was to guide him to noble deeds — were the resolutions which thronged upon his mind, and which exalted his spirits to that state of romantic melancholy which perhaps is ill exchanged even for feelings of joyful rapture.

He was recalled from these contemplations by something which nestled itself softly and closely to his side — a woman's sigh sounded so near him as to disturb his reverie ; and as he turned his head, he saw Fenella seated beside him, with her eyes fixed on the same star which had just occupied his own. His first emotion was that of displeasure ; but it was impossible to persevere in it towards a being so helpless in many respects, so interesting in others ; whose large dark eyes were filled with dew, which glistened in the moonlight ; and the source of whose emotions seemed to be in a partiality which might well claim indulgence, at least, from him who was the object of it. At the same time, Julian resolved to seize the present opportunity for such expostulations with Fenella on the strangeness of her conduct as the poor maiden might be able to comprehend. He took her hand with great kindness, but at the same time with much gravity, pointed to the boat, and to the castle, whose towers and extended walls were now scarce visible in the distance ; and thus intimated to her the necessity of her return to Holm-Peel. She looked down and shook her head, as if negating his proposal with obstinate decision. Julian renewed his expostulation by look and gesture — pointed to his own heart, to intimate the countess, and bent his brows, to show the displeasure which she must entertain ; to all which, the mute only answered by her tears.

At length, as if driven to explanation by his continued remonstrances, she suddenly seized him by the arm, to arrest his attention ; cast her eye hastily around, as if to see whether she was watched by any one ; then drew the other hand, edge-wise, across her slender throat, pointed to the boat and to the castle, and nodded.

On this series of signs, Peveril could put no interpretation excepting that he was menaced with some personal danger, from which Fenella seemed to conceive that her presence was a protection. Whatever was her meaning, her purpose seemed unalterably adopted ; at least, it was plain he had no power to shake it. He must therefore wait till the end of their short voyage to disembarass himself of his companion ; and, in the meanwhile, acting on the idea of her having harboured a mis-

placed attachment to him, he thought he should best consult her interest and his own character in keeping at as great a distance from her as circumstances admitted. With this purpose, he made the sign she used for going to sleep, by leaning his head on his palm ; and having thus recommended to her to go to rest, he himself desired to be conducted to his berth.

The captain readily showed him a hammock in the after-cabin, into which he threw himself, to seek that repose which the exercise and agitation of the preceding day, as well as the lateness of the hour, made him now feel desirable. Sleep, deep and heavy, sunk down on him in a few minutes, but it did not endure long. In his sleep, he was disturbed by female cries ; and at length, as he thought, distinctly heard the voice of Alice Bridgenorth call on his name.

He awoke, and, starting up to quit his bed, became sensible, from the motion of the vessel and the swinging of the hammock, that his dream had deceived him. He was still startled by its extreme vivacity and liveliness. 'Julian Peveril, help ! — Julian Peveril !' The sounds still rung in his ears ; the accents were those of Alice, and he could scarce persuade himself that his imagination had deceived him. Could she be in the same vessel ? The thought was not altogether inconsistent with her father's character and the intrigues in which he was engaged ; but then, if so, to what peril was she exposed, that she invoked his name so loudly ?

Determined to make instant inquiry, he jumped out of his hammock, half-dressed as he was, and stumbling about the little cabin, which was as dark as pitch, at length, with considerable difficulty, reached the door. The door, however, he was altogether unable to open ; and was obliged to call loudly to the watch upon deck. The skipper, or captain, as he was called, being the only person aboard who could speak English, answered to the summons, and replied to Peveril's demand, what noise that was ? — that a boat was going off with the young woman, that she whimpered a little as she left the vessel, and 'dat vaas all.'

This explanation satisfied Julian, who thought it probable that some degree of violence might have been absolutely necessary to remove Fenella ; and although he rejoiced at not having witnessed it, he could not feel sorry that such had been employed. Her pertinacious desire to continue on board, and the difficulty of freeing himself, when he should come ashore, from so singular a companion, had given him a good deal of anxiety

on the preceding night, which he now saw removed by this bold stroke of the captain.

His dream was thus fully explained. Fancy had caught up the inarticulate and vehement cries with which Fenella was wont to express resistance or displeasure, had coined them into language, and given them the accents of Alice Bridgenorth. Our imagination plays wilder tricks with us almost every night.

The captain now undid the door, and appeared with a lantern; without the aid of which Peveril could scarce have regained his couch, where he now slumbered secure and sound, until day was far advanced, and the invitation of the captain called him up to breakfast.

CHAPTER XX

Now, what is this that haunts me like my shadow,
Frisking and mumming, like an elf in moonlight?

BEN JONSON.

PEVERIL found the master of the vessel rather less rude than those in his station of life usually are, and received from him full satisfaction concerning the fate of Fenella, upon whom the captain bestowed a hearty curse, for obliging him to lay-to until he had sent his boat ashore and had her back again.

‘I hope,’ said Peveril, ‘no violence was necessary to reconcile her to go ashore? I trust she offered no foolish resistance?’

‘Resist! *mein Gott*,’ said the captain, ‘she did resist like a troop of horse; she did cry, you might hear her at Whitehaven; she did go up the rigging like a cat up a chimney — but dat was *ein* trick of her old trade.’

‘What trade do you mean?’ said Peveril.

‘O,’ said the seaman, ‘I vas know more about her than you, Mynherr. I vas know that she vas a little — very little girl, and prentice to one *seiltanzer*, when my lady yonder had the good luck to buy her.’

‘A *seiltanzer*!’ said Peveril; ‘what do you mean by that?’

‘I mean a rope-danzer, a mountebank, a Hans Pickelharing. I vas know Adrian Brackel vell; he sell de powders dat empty men’s stomach and fill him’s own purse. Not know Adrian Brackel, *mein Gott*! I have smoked many a pound of tabak with him.’

Peveril now remembered that Fenella had been brought into the family when he and the young earl were in England, and while the countess was absent on an expedition to the Continent. Where the countess found her, she never communicated to the young men; but only intimated that she had received her out of compassion, in order to relieve her from a situation of extreme distress.

He hinted so much to the communicative seaman, who

replied, 'That for distress he knew nocht's on't; only, that Adrian Brackel beat her when she would not dance on the rope, and starved her when she did, to prevent her growth.' The bargain between the countess and the mountebank, he said, he had made himself; because the countess had hired his brig upon her expedition to the Continent. None else knew where she came from. 'The countess had seen her on a public stage at Ostend, compassionated her helpless situation and the severe treatment she received, and had employed him to purchase the poor creature from her master, and charged him with silence towards all her retinue.¹ 'And so I do keep silence,' continued the faithful confidant, 'van I am in the havens of Man; but when I am on the broad seas, den my tongue is mine own, you know. *Die* foolish beoples in the island, they say she is a *wechselbalg* — what you call a fairy-elf changeling. My faith, they do not never have seen *ein wechselbalg*; for I saw one myself at Cologne, and it was twice as big as yonder girl, and did break the poor people, with eating them up, like de great big cuckoo in the sparrow's nest; but this Venella eat no more than other girls: it was no *wechselbalg* in the world.'

By a different train of reasoning, Julian had arrived at the same conclusion; in which, therefore, he heartily acquiesced. During the seaman's prosing he was reflecting within himself how much of the singular flexibility of her limbs and movements the unfortunate girl must have derived from the discipline and instructions of Adrian Brackel; and also how far the germs of her wilful and capricious passions might have been sown during her wandering and adventurous childhood. Aristocratic, also, as his education had been, these anecdotes respecting Fenella's original situation and education rather increased his pleasure at having shaken off her company; and yet he still felt desirous to know any farther particulars which the seaman could communicate on the subject. But he had already told all he knew. Of her parents he knew nothing, except that 'her father must have been a damned *hundsfoot* and a *schelm*, for selling his own flesh and blood to Adrian Brackel'; for by such a transaction had the mountebank become possessed of his pupil.

This conversation tended to remove any passing doubts which might have crept on Peveril's mind concerning the fidelity of the master of the vessel, who appeared from thence

¹ See Sale of a Dancing-Girl. Note 16.

to have been a former acquaintance of the countess, and to have enjoyed some share of her confidence. The threatening motion used by Fenella he no longer considered as worthy of any notice, excepting as a new mark of the irritability of her temper.

He amused himself with walking the deck and musing on his past and future prospects, until his attention was forcibly arrested by the wind, which began to rise in gusts from the north-west, in a manner so unfavourable to the course they intended to hold, that the master, after many efforts to beat against it, declared his bark, which was by no means an excellent sea-boat, was unequal to making Whitehaven; and that he was compelled to make a fair wind of it, and run for Liverpool. To this course Peveril did not object. It saved him some land journey, in case he visited his father's castle; and the countess's commission would be discharged as effectually the one way as the other.

The vessel was put, accordingly, before the wind, and ran with great steadiness and velocity. The captain, notwithstanding, pleading some nautical hazards, chose to lie off, and did not attempt the mouth of the Mersey until morning, when Peveril had at length the satisfaction of being landed upon the quay of Liverpool, which even then showed symptoms of the commercial prosperity that has since been carried to such a height.

The master, who was well acquainted with the port, pointed out to Julian a decent place of entertainment, chiefly frequented by seafaring people; for, although he had been in the town formerly, he did not think it proper to go anywhere at present where he might have been unnecessarily recognised. Here he took leave of the seaman, after pressing upon him with difficulty a small present for his crew. As for his passage, the captain declined any recompense whatever; and they parted upon the most civil terms.

The inn to which he was recommended was full of strangers, seamen and mercantile people, all intent upon their own affairs, and discussing them with noise and eagerness peculiar to the business of a thriving seaport. But although the general clamour of the public room, in which the guests mixed with each other, related chiefly to their own commercial dealings, there was a general theme mingling with them, which was alike common and interesting to all; so that, amidst disputes about freight, tonnage, demurrage, and such-like, were heard the

emphatic sounds of 'Deep, damnable, accursed plot.' 'Bloody Papist villains.' 'The King in danger — the gallows too good for them,' and so forth.

The fermentation excited in London had plainly reached even this remote seaport, and was received by the inhabitants with the peculiar stormy energy which invests men in their situation with the character of the winds and waves with which they are chiefly conversant. The commercial and nautical interests of England were indeed particularly anti-Catholic; although it is not, perhaps, easy to give any distinct reason why they should be so, since theological disputes in general could scarce be considered as interesting to them. But zeal, amongst the lower orders at least, is often in an inverse ratio to knowledge; and sailors were not probably the less earnest and devoted Protestants that they did not understand the controversy between the churches. As for the merchants, they were almost necessarily inimical to the gentry of Lancashire and Cheshire, many of whom still retained the faith of Rome, which was rendered ten times more odious to the men of commerce, as the badge of their haughty aristocratic neighbours.

From the little which Peveril heard of the sentiments of the people of Liverpool, he imagined he should act most prudently in leaving the place as soon as possible, and before any suspicion should arise of his having any connexion with the party which appeared to have become so obnoxious.

In order to accomplish his journey, it was first necessary that he should purchase a horse; and for this purpose he resolved to have recourse to the stables of a dealer well known at the time, and who dwelt in the outskirts of the place; and having obtained directions to his dwelling, he went thither to provide himself.

Joe Bridlesley's stables exhibited a large choice of good horses; for that trade was in former days more active than at present. It was an ordinary thing for a stranger to buy a horse for the purpose of a single journey, and to sell him, as well as he could, when he had reached the point of his destination; and hence there was a constant demand, and a corresponding supply; upon both of which Bridlesley, and those of his trade, contrived, doubtless, to make handsome profits.

Julian, who was no despicable horse-jockey, selected for his purpose a strong, well-made horse, about sixteen hands high, and had him led into the yard, to see whether his paces corresponded with his appearance. As these also gave perfect

satisfaction to the customer, it remained only to settle the price with Bridlesley, who of course swore his customer had pitched upon the best horse ever darkened the stable-door since he had dealt that way; that no such horses were to be had nowadays, for that the mares were dead that foaled them; and having named a corresponding price, the usual haggling commenced betwixt the seller and purchaser for adjustment of what the French dealers call *le prix juste*.

The reader, if he be at all acquainted with this sort of traffic, well knows it is generally a keen encounter of wits, and attracts the notice of all the idlers within hearing, who are usually very ready to offer their opinions or their evidence. Amongst these, upon the present occasion, was a thin man, rather less than the ordinary size, and meanly dressed; but whose interference was in a confident tone, and such as showed himself master of the subject on which he spoke. The price of the horse being settled to about fifteen pounds, which was very high for the period, that of the saddle and bridle had next to be adjusted, and the thin, mean-looking person before mentioned found nearly as much to say on this subject as on the other. As his remarks had a conciliating and obliging tendency towards the stranger, Peveril concluded he was one of those idle persons who, unable or unwilling to supply themselves with the means of indulgence at their own cost, do not scruple to deserve them at the hands of others by a little officious complaisance; and considering that he might acquire some useful information from such a person, was just about to offer him the courtesy of a morning draught, when he observed he had suddenly left the yard. He had scarce remarked this circumstance, before a party of customers entered the place, whose haughty assumption of importance claimed the instant attention of Bridlesley and all his militia of grooms and stable-boys.

‘Three good horses,’ said the leader of the party, a tall bulky man, whose breath was drawn full and high, under a consciousness of fat and of importance — ‘three good and able-bodied horses, for the service of the Commons of England.’

Bridlesley said he had some horses which might serve the Speaker himself at need; but that, to speak Christian truth, he had just sold the best in his stable to that gentleman present, who, doubtless, would give up the bargain if the horse was needed for the service of the state.

‘You speak well, friend,’ said the important personage; and

advancing to Julian, demanded, in a very haughty tone, the surrender of the purchase which he had just made.

Peveril, with some difficulty, subdued the strong desire which he felt to return a round refusal to so unreasonable a request, but, fortunately, recollecting that the situation in which he at present stood required, on his part, much circumspection, he replied simply that, upon showing him any warrant to seize upon horses for the public service, he must of course submit to resign his purchase.

The man, with an air of extreme dignity, pulled from his pocket, and thrust into Peveril's hands, a warrant subscribed by the Speaker of the House of Commons, empowering Charles Topham, their officer of the Black Rod, to pursue and seize upon the persons of certain individuals named in the warrant; and of all other persons who are, or should be, accused by competent witnesses of being accessory to, or favourers of, the hellish and damnable Popish Plot at present carried on within the bowels of the kingdom; and charging all men, as they loved their allegiance, to render the said Charles Topham their readiest and most effective assistance, in execution of the duty entrusted to his care.

On perusing a document of such weighty import, Julian had no hesitation to give up his horse to this formidable functionary, whom somebody compared to a lion, which, as the House of Commons was pleased to maintain such an animal, they were under the necessity of providing for by frequent commitments; until 'Take him, Topham,' became a proverb, and a formidable one, in the mouth of the public.

The acquiescence of Peveril procured him some grace in the sight of the emissary, who, before selecting two horses for his attendants, gave permission to the stranger to purchase a grey horse, much inferior indeed to that which he had resigned, both in form and in action, but very little lower in price; as Mr. Bridlesley, immediately on learning the demand for horses upon the part of the Commons of England, had passed a private resolution in his own mind, augmenting the price of his whole stud by an imposition of at least twenty per cent *ad valorem*.

Peveril adjusted and paid the price with much less argument than on the former occasion; for, to be plain with the reader, he had noticed in the warrant of Mr. Topham the name of his father, Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle, engrossed at full length, as one of those subjected to arrest by that officer.

When aware of this material fact, it became Julian's business

to leave Liverpool directly and carry the alarm to Derbyshire, if, indeed, Mr. Topham had not already executed his charge in that country, which he thought unlikely, as it was probable they would commence by securing those who lived nearest to the seaports. A word or two which he overheard strengthened his hopes.

‘And hark ye, friend,’ said Mr. Topham, ‘you will have the horses at the door of Mr. Shortell, the mercer, in two hours, as we shall refresh ourselves there with a cool tankard, and learn what folks live in the neighbourhood that may be concerned in my way. And you will please to have that saddle padded, for Lam told the Derbyshire roads are rough. And you, Captain Dangerfield, and Master Everett, you must put on your Protestant spectacles, and show me where there is the shadow of a priest or of a priest’s favourer; for I am come down with a broom in my cap to sweep this north country of such-like cattle.’

One of the persons he thus addressed, who wore the garb of a broken-down citizen, only answered, ‘Ay, truly, Master Topham, it is time to purge the garner.’

The other, who had a formidable pair of whiskers, a red nose, and a tarnished laced coat, together with a hat of Pistol’s dimensions, was more loquacious. ‘I take it on my damnation,’ said this zealous Protestant witness, ‘that I will discover the marks of the beast on every one of them betwixt sixteen and seventy, as plainly as if they had crossed themselves with ink instead of holy water. Since we have a king willing to do justice, and a House of Commons to uphold prosecutions, why, damn me, the cause must not stand still for lack of evidence.’

‘Stick to that, noble captain,’ answered the officer; ‘but, prithee, reserve thy oaths for the court of justice; it is but sheer waste to throw them away, as you do, in your ordinary conversation.’

‘Fear you nothing, Master Topham,’ answered Dangerfield; ‘it is right to keep a man’s gifts in use; and were I altogether to renounce oaths in my private discourse, how should I know how to use one when I needed it? But you hear me use none of your Papist abjurations. I swear not by the mass, or before George, or by anything that belongs to idolatry; but such downright oaths as may serve a poor Protestant gentleman, who would fain serve Heaven and the king.’

‘Bravely spoken, most noble Festus,’ said his yoke-fellow. ‘But do not suppose that, although I am not in the habit of

garnishing my words with oaths out of season, I shall be wanting, when called upon, to declare the height and the depth, the width and the length, of this hellish plot against the king and the Protestant faith.'

Dizzy, and almost sick, with listening to the undisguised brutality of these fellows, Peveril, having with difficulty prevailed on Bridlesley to settle his purchase, at length led forth his grey steed ; but was scarce out of the yard, when he heard the following alarming conversation pass, of which he seemed himself the object :—

'Who is that youth?' said the slow soft voice of the more precise of the two witnesses. 'Methinks I have seen him somewhere before. Is he from these parts?'

'Not that I know of,' said Bridlesley, who, like all the other inhabitants of England at the time, answered the interrogatories of these fellows with the deference which is paid in Spain to the questions of an inquisitor. 'A stranger — entirely a stranger — never saw him before ; a wild young colt, I warrant him ; and knows a horse's mouth as well as I do.'

'I begin to bethink me I saw such a face as his at the Jesuits' consult, in the White Horse Tavern,' answered Everett.

'And I think I recollect,' said Captain Dangerfield —

'Come — come, master and captain,' said the authoritative voice of Topham ; 'we will have none of your recollections at present. We all know what these are likely to end in. But I will have you know, you are not to run till the leash is slipped. The young man is a well-looking lad, and gave up his horse handsomely for the service of the House of Commons. He knows how to behave himself to his betters, I warrant you ; and I scarce think he has enough in his purse to pay the fees.'¹

This speech concluded the dialogue, which Peveril, finding himself so much concerned in the issue, thought it best to hear to an end. Now, when it ceased, to get out of the town unobserved, and take the nearest way to his father's castle, seemed his wisest plan. He had settled his reckoning at the inn and brought with him to Bridlesley's the small portmanteau which contained his few necessaries, so that he had no occasion to return thither. He resolved, therefore, to ride some miles before he stopped, even for the purpose of feeding his horse ; and being pretty well acquainted with the country, he hoped to be able to push forward to Martindale Castle sooner than the worshipful Master Topham, whose saddle was, in the first

¹ See Witnesses of the Popish Plot. Note 17.

place, to be padded, and who, when mounted, would, in all probability, ride with the precaution of those who require such security against the effects of a hard trot.

Under the influence of these feelings, Julian pushed for Warrington, a place with which he was well acquainted ; but, without halting in the town, he crossed the Mersey, by the bridge built by an ancestor of his friend the Earl of Derby, and continued his route towards Dishley, on the borders of Derbyshire. He might have reached this latter village easily had his horse been fitter for a forced march ; but in the course of the journey he had occasion, more than once, to curse the official dignity of the person who had robbed him of his better steed, while taking the best direction he could through a country with which he was only generally acquainted.

At length, near Altringham, a halt became unavoidable ; and Peveril had only to look for some quiet and sequestered place of refreshment. This presented itself in the form of a small cluster of cottages, the best of which united the characters of an alehouse and a mill, where the sign of the Cat.(the landlord's faithful ally in defence of his meal-sacks), booted as high as Grimalkin in the fairy tale, and playing on the fiddle for the more grace, announced that John Whitecraft united the two honest occupations of landlord and miller ; and, doubtless, took toll from the public in both capacities.

Such a place promised a traveller, who journeyed incognito, safer, if not better, accommodation than he was like to meet with in more frequented inns ; and at the door of the Cat and Fiddle Julian halted accordingly.

CHAPTER XXI

In these distracted times, when each man dreads
The bloody stratagems of busy heads.

OTWAY.

AT the door of the Cat and Fiddle, Julian received the usual attention paid to the customers of an inferior house of entertainment. His horse was carried by a ragged lad, who acted as hostler, into a paltry stable; where, however, the nag was tolerably supplied with food and litter.

Having seen the animal on which his comfort, perhaps his safety, depended properly provided for, Peveril entered the kitchen, which indeed was also the parlour and hall of the little hostelry, to try what refreshment he could obtain for himself. Much to his satisfaction, he found there was only one guest in the house besides himself; but he was less pleased when he found that he must either go without dinner or share with that single guest the only provisions which chanced to be in the house, namely, a dish of trouts and eels, which their host, the miller, had brought in from his mill-stream.

At the particular request of Julian, the landlady undertook to add a substantial dish of eggs and bacon, which perhaps she would not have undertaken for, had not the sharp eye of Peveril discovered the fitch hanging in its smoky retreat, when, as its presence could not be denied, the hostess was compelled to bring it forward as a part of her supplies.

She was a buxom dame about thirty, whose comely and cheerful countenance did honour to the choice of the jolly miller, her loving mate; and was now stationed under the shade of an old-fashioned huge projecting chimney, within which it was her province to 'work i' the fire,' and provide for the wearied wayfaring man the good things which were to send him rejoicing on his course. Although, at first, the honest woman seemed little disposed to give herself much additional

trouble on Julian's account, yet the good looks, handsome figure, and easy civility of her new guest soon bespoke the principal part of her attention ; and while busy in his service, she regarded him, from time to time, with looks where something like pity mingled with complacency. The rich smoke of the rasher, and the eggs with which it was flanked, already spread itself through the apartment ; and the hissing of these savoury viands bore chorus to the simmering of the pan, in which the fish were undergoing a slower decoction. The table was covered with a clean huckaback napkin, and all was in preparation for the meal, which Julian began to expect with a good deal of impatience, when the companion who was destined to share it with him entered the apartment.

At the first glance, Julian recognised, to his surprise, the same indifferently-dressed, thin-looking person who, during the first bargain which he had made with Bridlesley, had officiously interfered with his advice and opinion. Displeased at having the company of any stranger forced upon him, Peveril was still less satisfied to find one who might make some claim of acquaintance with him, however slender, since the circumstances in which he stood compelled him to be as reserved as possible. He therefore turned his back upon his destined messmate, and pretended to amuse himself by looking out of the window, determined to avoid all intercourse until it should be inevitably forced upon him.

In the meanwhile, the other stranger went straight up to the landlady, where she toiled on household cares intent, and demanded of her what she meant by preparing bacon and eggs, when he had positively charged her to get nothing ready but the fish.

The good woman, important as every cook in the discharge of her duty, deigned not for some time so much as to acknowledge that she heard the reproof of her guest ; and when she did so, it was only to repel it in a magisterial and authoritative tone. ' If he did not like bacon — bacon from their own hutch, well fed on pease and bran — if he did not like bacon and eggs — new-laid eggs, which she had brought in from the hen-roost with her own hands — why so put case — it was the worse for his honour and the better for those who did.'

' The better for those who like them !' answered the guest ; ' that is as much as to say, I am to have a companion, good woman.'

' Do not "good woman" me, sir,' replied the miller's wife,

'till I call you good man ; and, I promise you, many would scruple to do that to one who does not love eggs and bacon of a Friday.'

'Nay, my good lady,' said her guest, 'do not fix any misconstruction upon me. I daresay the eggs and the bacon are excellent ; only, they are rather a dish too heavy for my stomach.'

'Ay, or your conscience perhaps, sir,' answered the hostess. 'And now, I bethink me, you must needs have your fish fried with oil, instead of the good drippings I was going to put to them. I would I could spell the meaning of all this now ; but I warrant John Bigstaff, the constable, could conjure something out of it.'

There was a pause here ; but Julian, somewhat alarmed at the tone which the conversation assumed, became interested in watching the dumb show which succeeded. By bringing his head a little towards the left, but without turning round or quitting the projecting latticed window where he had taken his station, he could observe that the stranger, secured, as he seemed to think himself, from observation, had sidled close up to the landlady, and, as he conceived, had put a piece of money into her hand. The altered tone of the miller's moiety corresponded very much with this supposition.

'Nay, indeed, and forsooth,' she said, 'her house was Liberty Hall ; and so should every publican's be. What was it to her what gentlefolks ate or drank, providing they paid for it honestly ? There were many honest gentlemen whose stomachs could not abide bacon, grease, or dripping, especially on a Friday ; and what was that to her, or any one in her line, so gentlefolks paid honestly for the trouble ? Only, she would say that her bacon and eggs could not be mended betwixt this and Liverpool ; and that she would live and die upon.'

'I shall hardly dispute it,' said the stranger ; and turning towards Julian, he added, 'I wish this gentleman, who I suppose is my trencher-companion, much joy of the dainties which I cannot assist him in consuming.'

'I assure you, sir,' answered Peveril, who now felt himself compelled to turn about and reply with civility, 'that it was with difficulty I could prevail on my landlady to add my cover to yours, though she seems now such a zealot for the consumption of eggs and bacon.'

'I am zealous for nothing,' said the landlady, 'save that men would eat their victuals and pay their score ; and if there

be enough in one dish to serve two guests, I see little purpose in dressing them two; however, they are ready now, and done to a nicety. Here, Alice! — Alice!

The sound of that well-known name made Julian start; but the Alice who replied to the call ill resembled the vision which his imagination connected with the accents, being a dowdy, slipshod wench, the drudge of the low inn which afforded him shelter. She assisted her mistress in putting on the table the dishes which the latter had prepared; and a foaming jug of home-brewed ale, being placed betwixt them, was warranted by Dame Whitecraft as excellent; 'for,' said she, 'we know by practice that too much water drowns the miller, and we spare it on our malt as we would in our mill-dam.'

'I drink to your health in it, dame,' said the elder stranger; 'and a cup of thanks for these excellent fish; and to the drowning of all unkindness between us.'

'I thank you, sir,' said the dame, 'and wish you the like; but I dare not pledge you, for our gaffer says the ale is brewed too strong for women; so I only drink a glass of canary at a time with a gossip or any gentleman guest that is so minded.'

'You shall drink one with me then, dame,' said Peveril, 'so you will let me have a flagon.'

'That you shall, sir, and as good as ever was broached; but I must to the mill, to get the key from the goodman.'

So saying, and tucking her clean gown through the pocket-holes, that her steps might be the more alert and her dress escape dust, off she tripped to the mill, which lay close adjoining.

'A dainty dame, and dangerous, is the miller's wife,' said the stranger, looking at Peveril. 'Is not that old Chaucer's phrase?'

'I — I believe so,' said Peveril, not much read in Chaucer, who was then even more neglected than at present; and much surprised at a literary quotation from one of the mean appearance exhibited by the person before him.

'Yes,' answered the stranger, 'I see that you, like other young gentlemen of the time, are better acquainted with Cowley and Waller than with the "well of English undefiled." I cannot help differing. There are touches of nature about the old bard of Woodstock that to me are worth all the turns of laborious wit in Cowley, and all the ornate and artificial simplicity of his courtly competitor. The description, for instance, of his country coquette —

Wincing she was, as is a wanton colt,
Sweet as a flower, and upright as a bolt.

Then again, for pathos, where will you mend the dying scene of Arcite ?

Alas, my heart is queen ! alas, my wife !
Giver at once, and ender of my life.
What is this world ? What axen men to have ?
Now with his love, now in his cold grave
Alone, withouten other company.

But I tire you, sir ; and do injustice to the poet, whom I remember but by halves.'

'On the contrary, sir,' replied Peveril, 'you make him more intelligible to me in your recitation than I have found him when I have tried to peruse him myself.'

'You were only frightened by the antiquated spelling and "the letters black,"' said his companion. 'It is many a scholar's case, who mistakes a nut, which he could crack with a little exertion, for a bullet, which he must needs break his teeth on ; but yours are better employed. Shall I offer you some of this fish ?'

'Not so, sir,' replied Julian, willing to show himself a man of reading in his turn ; 'I hold with old Caius, and profess to fear judgment, to fight where I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.'

The stranger cast a startled look around him at this observation, which Julian had thrown out on purpose to ascertain, if possible, the quality of his companion, whose present language was so different from the character he had assumed at Bridlesley's. His countenance, too, although the features were of an ordinary, not to say mean, cast, had that character of intelligence which education gives to the most homely face ; and his manners were so easy and disembarassed as plainly showed a complete acquaintance with society, as well as the habit of mingling with it in the higher stages. The alarm which he had evidently shown at Peveril's answer was but momentary ; for he almost instantly replied, with a smile, 'I promise you, sir, that you are in no dangerous company ; for, notwithstanding my fish dinner, I am much disposed to trifle with some of your savoury mess, if you will indulge me so far.'

Peveril accordingly reinforced the stranger's trencher with what remained of the bacon and eggs, and saw him swallow a mouthful or two with apparent relish ; but presently after, he began to dally with his knife and fork, like one whose appetite

was satiated ; then took a long draught of the black-jack, and handed his platter to the large mastiff dog, who, attracted by the smell of the dinner, had sat down before him for some time, licking his chops, and following with his eye every morsel which the guest raised to his head.

'Here, my poor fellow,' said he, 'thou hast had no fish, and needest this supernumerary trencher-load more than I do. I cannot withstand thy mute supplication any longer.'

The dog answered these courtesies by a civil shake of the tail, while he gobbled up what was assigned him by the stranger's benevolence, in the greater haste; that he heard his mistress's voice at the door.

'Here is the canary, gentlemen,' said the landlady ; 'and the Goodman has set off the mill, to come to wait on you himself. He always does so, when company drink wine.'

'That he may come in for the host's, that is, for the lion's, share,' said the stranger, looking at Peveril.

'The shot is mine,' said Julian ; 'and if mine host will share it, I will willingly bestow another quart on him, and on you, sir. I never break old customs.'

These sounds caught the ear of Gaffer Whitecraft, who had entered the room — a strapping specimen of his robust trade, prepared to play the civil or the surly host as his company should be acceptable or otherwise. At Julian's invitation, he doffed his dusty bonnet, brushed from his sleeve the looser particles of his professional dust, and sitting down on the end of a bench, about a yard from the table, filled a glass of canary and drank to his guests, and 'especially to this noble gentleman,' indicating Peveril, who had ordered the canary.

Julian returned the courtesy by drinking his health, and asking what news were about in the country.

'Nought, sir — I hears on nought, except this plot, as they call it, that they are pursuing the Papishers about ; but it brings water to my mill, as the saying is. Between expresses hurrying hither and thither, and guards and prisoners riding to and again, and the custom of the neighbours, that come to speak over the news of an evening, nightly I may say, instead of once a-week, why the spigot is in use, gentlemen, and your landlord thrives ; and then I serving as constable, and being a known Protestant, I have tapped, I may venture to say, it may be ten stands of ale extraordinary, besides a reasonable sale of wine for a country corner. Heaven make us thankful, and keep all good Protestants from plot and Popery !'

'I can easily conceive, my friend,' said Julian, 'that curiosity is a passion which runs naturally to the alehouse; and that anger, and jealousy, and fear are all of them thirsty passions, and great consumers of home-brewed. But I am a perfect stranger in these parts, and I would willingly learn, from a sensible man like you, a little of this same plot, of which men speak so much and appear to know so little.'

'Learn a little of it! Why, it is the most horrible—the most damnable, bloodthirsty beast of a plot—— But hold—hold, my good master; I hope, in the first place, you believe there is a plot? for, otherwise, the justice must have a word with you, so sure as my name is John Whitecraft.'

'It shall not need,' said Peveril; 'for I assure you, mine host, I believe in the plot as freely and fully as a man can believe in anything he cannot understand.'

'God forbid that anybody should pretend to understand it,' said the implicit constable; 'for his worship the justice says it is a mile beyond him, and he be as deep as most of them. But men may believe though they do not understand; and that is what the Romanists say themselves. But this I am sure of, it makes a rare stirring time for justices, and witnesses, and constables. So here's to your health again, gentlemen, in a cup of neat canary.'

'Come—come, John Whitecraft,' said his wife, 'do not you demean yourself by naming witnesses along with justices and constables. All the world knows how they come by their money.'

'Ay, but all the world knows that they *do* come by it, dame; and that is a great comfort. They rustle in their canonical silks, and swagger in their buff and scarlet, who but they? Ay—ay, the cursed fox thrives—and not so cursed neither. Is there not Doctor Titus Oates, the saviour of the nation—does he not live at Whitehall, and eat off plate, and have a pension of thousands a-year, for what I know? and is he not to be Bishop of Litchfield so soon as Dr. Doddrum dies?'

'Then I hope Doctor Doddrum's reverence will live these twenty years; and I daresay I am the first that ever wished such a wish,' said the hostess. 'I do not understand these doings, not I; and if a hundred Jesuits came to hold a consult at my house, as they did at the White Horse Tavern, I should think it quite out of the line of business to bear witness against them, provided they drank well and paid their score.'

'Very true, dame,' said her elder guest; 'that is what I call keeping a good publican conscience; and so I will pay score presently, and be jogging on my way.'

Peveril, on his part, also demanded a reckoning, and discharged it so liberally that the miller flourished his hat as he bowed, and the hostess courtesied down to the ground.

The horses of both guests were brought forth; and they mounted, in order to depart in company. The host and hostess stood in the doorway to see them depart. The landlord proffered a stirrup-cup to the elder guest, while the landlady offered Peveril a glass from her own peculiar bottle. For this purpose, she mounted on the horse-block, with flask and glass in hand; so that it was easy for the departing guest, although on horseback, to return the courtesy in the most approved manner, namely, by throwing his arm over his landlady's shoulder and saluting her at parting.

Dame Whitecraft could not decline this familiarity; for there is no room for traversing upon a horse-block, and the hands which might have served her for resistance were occupied with glass and bottle — matters too precious to be thrown away in such a struggle. Apparently, however, she had something else in her head; for, as, after a brief affectation of reluctance, she permitted Peveril's face to approach hers, she whispered in his ear, 'Beware of trepans!' an awful intimation, which, in those days of distrust, suspicion, and treachery, was as effectual in interdicting free and social intercourse as the advertisement of 'man-traps and spring-guns' to protect an orchard. Pressing her hand, in intimation that he comprehended her hint, she shook his warmly in return, and bade God speed him. There was a cloud on John Whitecraft's brow; nor did his final farewell sound half so cordial as that which had been spoken within doors. But then Peveril reflected that the same guest is not always equally acceptable to landlord and landlady; and unconscious of having done anything to excite the miller's displeasure, he pursued his journey without thinking farther of the matter.

Julian was a little surprised, and not altogether pleased, to find that his new acquaintance held the same road with him. He had many reasons for wishing to travel alone; and the hostess's caution still rung in his ears. If this man, possessed of so much shrewdness as his countenance and conversation intimated, versatile, as he had occasion to remark, and disguised beneath his condition, should prove, as was likely, to be a

concealed Jesuit or seminary priest, travelling upon their great task of the conversion of England, and rooting out of the Northern heresy — a more dangerous companion, for a person in his own circumstances, could hardly be imagined, since keeping society with him might seem to authorise whatever reports had been spread concerning the attachment of his family to the Catholic cause. At the same time, it was very difficult, without actual rudeness, to shake off the company of one who seemed determined, whether spoken to or not, to remain alongside of him.

Peveril tried the experiment of riding slow; but his companion, determined not to drop him, slackened his pace so as to keep close by him. Julian then spurred his horse to a full trot; and was soon satisfied that the stranger, notwithstanding the meanness of his appearance, was so much better mounted than himself as to render vain any thoughts of out-riding him. He pulled up his horse to a more reasonable pace, therefore, in a sort of despair. Upon his doing so, his companion, who had been hitherto silent, observed, that Peveril was not so well qualified to try speed upon the road as he would have been had he abode by his first bargain of horse-flesh that morning.

Peveril assented drily, but observed, that the animal would serve his immediate purpose, though he feared it would render him indifferent company for a person better mounted.

‘By no means,’ answered his civil companion; ‘I am one of those who have travelled so much as to be accustomed to make my journey at any rate of motion which may be most agreeable to my company.’

Peveril made no reply to this polite intimation, being too sincere to tender the thanks which, in courtesy, were the proper answer. A second pause ensued, which was broken by Julian asking the stranger whether their roads were likely to lie long together in the same direction.

‘I cannot tell,’ said the stranger, smiling, ‘unless I knew which way you were travelling.’

‘I am uncertain how far I shall go to-night,’ said Julian, willingly misunderstanding the purport of the reply.

‘And so am I,’ replied the stranger; ‘but though my horse goes better than yours, I think it will be wise to spare him; and in case our road continues to lie the same way, we are likely to sup, as we have dined, together.’

Julian made no answer whatever to this round intimation, but continued to ride on, turning, in his own mind, whether it

would not be wisest to come to a distinct understanding with his pertinacious attendant, and to explain, in so many words, that it was his pleasure to travel alone. But, besides that the sort of acquaintance which they had formed during dinner rendered him unwilling to be directly uncivil towards a person of gentlemanlike manners, he had also to consider that he might very possibly be mistaken in this man's character and purpose; in which case, the cynically refusing the society of a sound Protestant would afford as pregnant matter of suspicion as travelling in company with a disguised Jesuit.

After brief reflection, therefore, he resolved to endure the encumbrance of the stranger's society until a fair opportunity should occur to rid himself of it; and, in the meantime, to act with as much caution as he possibly could in any communication that might take place between them, for Dame Whitecraft's parting caution still rang anxiously in his ears, and the consequences of his own arrest upon suspicion must deprive him of every opportunity of serving his father, or the countess, or Major Bridgenorth, upon whose interest, also, he had promised himself to keep an eye.

While he revolved these things in his mind, they had journeyed several miles without speaking; and now entered upon a more waste country and worse roads than they had hitherto found, being, in fact, approaching the more hilly district of Derbyshire. In travelling on a very stony and uneven lane, Julian's horse repeatedly stumbled; and, had he not been supported by the rider's judicious use of the bridle, must at length certainly have fallen under him.

'These are times which crave wary riding, sir,' said his companion; 'and by your seat in the saddle, and your hand on the rein, you seem to understand it to be so.'

'I have been long a horseman, sir,' answered Peveril.

'And long a traveller, too, sir, I should suppose; since, by the great caution you observe, you seem to think the human tongue requires a curb, as well as the horse's jaws.'

'Wiser men than I have been of opinion,' answered Peveril, 'that it were a part of prudence to be silent when men have little or nothing to say.'

'I cannot approve of their opinion,' answered the stranger. 'All knowledge is gained by communication, either with the dead, through books, or, more pleasingly, through the conversation of the living. The *deaf and dumb*, alone, are excluded

from improvement ; and surely their situation is not so enviable that we should imitate them.'

At this illustration, which awakened a startling echo in Peveril's bosom, the young man looked hard at his companion ; but in the composed countenance and calm blue eye he read no consciousness of a farther meaning than the words immediately and directly implied. He paused a moment, and then answered, 'You seem to be a person, sir, of shrewd apprehension ; and I should have thought it might have occurred to you that, in the present suspicious times, men may, without censure, avoid communication with strangers. You know not me ; and to me you are totally unknown. There is not room for much discourse between us, without trespassing on the general topics of the day, which carry in them seeds of quarrel between friends, much more betwixt strangers. At any other time, the society of an intelligent companion would have been most acceptable upon my solitary ride ; but at present——'

'At present!' said the other, interrupting him, 'you are like the old Romans, who held that *hostis* meant both a stranger and an enemy. I will therefore be no longer a stranger. My name is Ganlesse ; by profession I am a Roman Catholic priest. I am travelling here in dread of my life ; and I am very glad to have you for a companion.'

'I thank you for the information with all my heart,' said Peveril ; 'and to avail myself of it to the uttermost, I must beg of you to ride forward, or lag behind, or take a side-path, at your own pleasure ; for as I am no Catholic, and travel upon business of high concernment, I am exposed both to risk and delay, and even to danger, by keeping such suspicious company. And so, Master Ganlesse, keep your own pace, and I will keep the contrary ; for I beg leave to forbear your company.'

As Peveril spoke thus, he pulled up his horse and made a full stop.

The stranger burst out a-laughing. 'What!' he said, 'you forbear my company for a trifle of danger? St. Anthony! how the warm blood of the Cavaliers is chilled in the young men of the present day! This young gallant, now, has a father, I warrant, who has endured as many adventures for hunted priests as a knight-errant for distressed damsels.'

'This raillery avails nothing, sir,' said Peveril. 'I must request you will keep your own way.'

'My way is yours,' said the pertinacious Master Ganlesse, as

he called himself; 'and we will both travel the safer that we journey in company. I have the receipt of fern-seed, man, and walk invisible. Besides, you would not have me quit you in this lane, where there is no turn to right or left?'

Peveril moved on, desirous to avoid open violence; for which the indifferent tone of the traveller, indeed, afforded no apt pretext; yet highly disliking his company, and determined to take the first opportunity to rid himself of it.

The stranger proceeded at the same pace with him, keeping cautiously on his bridle hand, as if to secure that advantage in case of a struggle. But his language did not intimate the least apprehension. 'You do me wrong,' he said to Peveril, 'and you equally wrong yourself. You are uncertain where to lodge to-night; trust to my guidance. Here is an ancient hall, within four miles, with an old knightly pantaloön for its lord, an all-be-ruffed Dame Barbara for the lady gay, a Jesuit in a butler's habit to say grace, an old tale of Edgehill and Worster fights to relish a cold venison pasty and a flask of claret mantled with cobwebs, a bed for you in the priest's hiding-hole, and, for aught I know, pretty Mistress Betty, the dairymaid, to make it ready.'

'This has no charms for me, sir,' said Peveril, who, in spite of himself, could not but be amused with the ready sketch which the stranger gave of many an old mansion in Cheshire and Derbyshire, where the owners retained the ancient faith of Rome.

'Well, I see I cannot charm you in this way,' continued his companion; 'I must strike another key. I am no longer Ganslesse, the seminary priest, but (changing his tone, and snuffing in the nose) Simon Canter, a poor preacher of the Word, who travels this way to call sinners to repentance, and to strengthen, and to edify, and to fructify, among the scattered remnant who hold fast the truth. What say you to this, sir?'

'I admire your versatility, sir, and could be entertained with it at another time. At present, sincerity is more in request.'

'Sincerity!' said the stranger. 'A child's whistle, with but two notes in it — yea, yea and nay, nay. Why, man, the very Quakers have renounced it, and have got in its stead a gallant recorder, called hypocrisy, that is somewhat like sincerity in form, but of much greater compass, and combines the whole gamut. Come, be ruled — be a disciple of Simon Canter for the evening, and we will leave the old tumble-down castle of

the knight aforesaid, on the left hand, for a new brick-built mansion, erected by an eminent salt-boiler from Namptwich, who expects the said Simon to make a strong spiritual pickle for the preservation of a soul somewhat corrupted by the evil communications of this wicked world. What say you? He has two daughters — brighter eyes never beamed under a pinched hood; and for myself, I think there is more fire in those who live only to love and to devotion than in your court beauties, whose hearts are running on twenty follies besides. You know not the pleasure of being conscience-keeper to a pretty precisian, who in one breath repeats her foibles and in the next confesses her passion. Perhaps, though, you may have known such in your day? Come, sir, it grows too dark to see your blushes; but I am sure they are burning on your cheek.'

'You take great freedom, sir,' said Peveril, as they now approached the end of the lane, where it opened on a broad common; 'and you seem rather to count more on my forbearance than you have room to do with safety. We are now nearly free of the lane which has made us companions for this last half-hour. To avoid your farther company, I will take the turn to the left upon that common; and if you follow me, it shall be at your peril. Observe, I am well armed; and you will fight at odds.'

'Not at odds,' returned the provoking stranger, 'while I have my brown jennet, with which I can ride round and around you at pleasure; and this text, of a handful in length (showing a pistol which he drew from his bosom), which discharges very convincing doctrine on the pressure of a forefinger, and is apt to equalise all odds, as you call them, of youth and strength. Let there be no strife between us, however; the moor lies before us — choose your path on it; I take the other.'

'I wish you good-night, sir,' said Peveril to the stranger. 'I ask your forgiveness, if I have misconstrued you in anything; but the times are perilous, and a man's life may depend on the society in which he travels.'

'True,' said the stranger; 'but in your case the danger is already undergone, and you should seek to counteract it. You have travelled in my company long enough to devise a handsome branch of the Popish Plot. How will you look when you see come forth, in comely folio form, *The Narrative of Simon Canter, otherwise called Richard Ganlesse, concerning the Horrid Popish Conspiracy for the Murder of the King and Massacre of all Protestants, as given on oath to the Honourable House of*

Commons; setting forth how far Julian Peveril, Younger, of Martindale Castle, is concerned in carrying on the same — '1

'How, sir? What mean you?' said Peveril, much startled.

'Nay, sir,' replied his companion, 'do not interrupt my title-page. Now that Oates and Bedloe have drawn the great prizes, the subordinate discoverers get little but by the sale of their *Narrative*; and Janeway, Newman, Simmons, and every bookseller of them will tell you that the title is half the narrative. Mine shall therefore set forth the various schemes you have communicated to me, of landing ten thousand soldiers from the Isle of Man upon the coast of Lancashire; and marching into Wales, to join the ten thousand pilgrims who are to be shipped from Spain; and so completing the destruction of the Protestant religion, and of the devoted city of London. Truly, I think such a *Narrative*, well spiced with a few horrors, and published *cum privilegio Parliamenti*, might, though the market be somewhat overstocked, be still worth some twenty or thirty pieces.'

'You seem to know me, sir,' said Peveril; 'and if so, I think I may fairly ask you your purpose in thus bearing me company, and the meaning of all this rhapsody. If it be mere banter, I can endure it within proper limit, although it is uncivil on the part of a stranger. If you have any farther purpose, speak it out; I am not to be trifled with.'

'Good, now,' said the stranger, laughing; 'into what an unprofitable chafe you have put yourself! An Italian *fuoruscito*, when he desires a parley with you, takes aim from behind a wall with his long gun, and prefaces his conference with "*Posso tirare*." So does your man-of-war fire a gun across the bows of a Hans-mogan Indiaman, just to bring her to; and so do I show Master Julian Peveril that, if I were one of the honourable society of witnesses and informers, with whom his imagination has associated me for these two hours past, he is as much within my danger now as what he is ever likely to be.' Then suddenly changing his tone to serious, which was in general ironical, he added, 'Young man, when the pestilence is diffused through the air of a city, it is in vain men would avoid the disease by seeking solitude and shunning the company of their fellow-sufferers.'

'In what, then, consists their safety?' said Peveril, willing to ascertain, if possible, the drift of his companion's purpose.

'In following the counsels of wise physicians'; such was the stranger's answer.

‘And as such,’ said Peveril, ‘you offer me your advice?’

‘Pardon me, young man,’ said the stranger, haughtily, ‘I see no reason I should do so. I am not,’ he added, in his former tone, ‘your fee’d physician. I offer no advice; I only say it would be wise that you sought it.’

‘And from whom or where can I obtain it?’ said Peveril. ‘I wander in this country like one in a dream; so much a few months have changed it. Men who formerly occupied themselves with their own affairs are now swallowed up in matters of state policy; and those tremble under the apprehension of some strange and sudden convulsion of empire who were formerly only occupied by the fear of going to bed supperless. And to sum up the matter, I meet a stranger, apparently well acquainted with my name and concerns, who first attaches himself to me whether I will or no, and then refuses me an explanation of his business, while he menaces me with the strangest accusations.’

‘Had I meant such infamy,’ said the stranger, ‘believe me, I had not given you the thread of my intrigue. But be wise, and come on with me. There is hard by a small inn, where, if you can take a stranger’s warrant for it, we shall sleep in perfect security.’

‘Yet you yourself,’ said Peveril, ‘but now were anxious to avoid observation; and in that case, how can you protect me?’

‘Pshaw! I did but silence that tattling landlady, in the way in which such people are most readily hushed; and for Topham and his brace of night-owls, they must hawk at other and lesser game than I should prove.’

Peveril could not help admiring the easy and confident indifference with which the stranger seemed to assume a superiority to all the circumstances of danger around him; and after hastily considering the matter with himself, came to the resolution to keep company with him for this night, at least; and to learn, if possible, who he really was, and to what party in the estate he was attached. The boldness and freedom of his talk seemed almost inconsistent with his following the perilous, though at that time the gainful, trade of an informer. No doubt, such persons assumed every appearance which could insinuate them into the confidence of their destined victims; but Julian thought he discovered in this man’s manner a wild and reckless frankness, which he could not but connect with the idea of sincerity in the present case. He therefore answered,

after a moment's recollection, 'I embrace your proposal, sir; although, by doing so, I am reposing a sudden, and perhaps an unwary, confidence.'

'And what am I, then, reposing in you?' said the stranger. 'Is not our confidence mutual?'

'No; much the contrary. I know nothing of you whatever; you have named me; and, knowing me to be Julian Peveril, know you may travel with me in perfect security.'

'The devil I do!' answered his companion. 'I travel in the same security as with a lighted petard, which I may expect to explode every moment. Are you not the son of Peveril of the Peak, with whose name Prelacy and Popery are so closely allied, that no old woman of either sex in Derbyshire concludes her prayer without a petition to be freed from all three? And do you not come from the Popish Countess of Derby, bringing, for aught I know, a whole army of Manxmen in your pocket, with full complement of arms, ammunition, baggage, and a train of field artillery?'

'It is not very likely I should be so poorly mounted,' said Julian, laughing, 'if I had such a weight to carry. But lead on, sir. I see I must wait for your confidence till you think proper to confer it; for you are already so well acquainted with my affairs, that I have nothing to offer you in exchange for it.'

'*Allons*, then,' said his companion; 'give your horse the spur, and raise the curb rein, lest he measure the ground with his nose, instead of his paces. We are not now more than a furlong or two from the place of entertainment.'

They mended their pace accordingly, and soon arrived at the small solitary inn which the traveller had mentioned. When its light began to twinkle before them, the stranger, as if recollecting something he had forgotten, 'By the way, you must have a name to pass by; for it may be ill travelling under your own, as the fellow who keeps this house is an old Cromwellian. What will you call yourself? My name is — for the present — Ganlesse.'

'There is no occasion to assume a name at all,' answered Julian. 'I do not incline to use a borrowed one, especially as I may meet with some one who knows my own.'

'I will call you Julian, then,' said Master Ganlesse; 'for Peveril will smell, in the nostrils of mine host, of idolatry, conspiracy, Smithfield fagots, fish on Fridays, the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, and the fire of purgatory.'

As he spoke thus, they alighted under the great broad-branched oak-tree that served to canopy the ale-bench, which, at an earlier hour, had groaned under the weight of a frequent conclave of rustic politicians. Ganlesse,¹ as he dismounted, whistled in a particularly shrill note, and was answered from within the house.

¹ See Note 19.

CHAPTER XXII

He was a fellow in a peasant's garb ;
Yet one could censure you a woodcock's carving,
Like any courtier at the ordinary.

The Ordinary.

THE person who appeared at the door of the little inn to receive Ganlesse, as we mentioned in our last chapter, sung as he came forward this scrap of an old ballad —

‘Good even to you, Diccon ;
And how have you sped ?
Bring you the bonny bride
To banquet and bed ?’

To which Ganlesse answered, in the same tone and tune —

‘Content thee, kind Robin ;
He need little care,
Who brings home a fat buck
Instead of a hare.’

‘You have missed your blow, then ?’ said the other, in reply.

‘I tell you, I have not,’ answered Ganlesse ; ‘but you will think of nought but your own thriving occupation. May the plague that belongs to it stick to it, though it hath been the making of thee.’

‘A man must live, Diccon Ganlesse,’ said the other.

‘Well — well,’ said Ganlesse, ‘bid my friend welcome, for my sake. Hast thou got any supper ?’

‘Reeking like a sacrifice ; Chaubert has done his best. That fellow is a treasure ! give him a farthing candle, and he will cook a good supper out of it. Come in, sir. My friend’s friend is welcome, as we say in my country.’

‘We must have our horses looked to first,’ said Peveril, who began to be considerably uncertain about the character of his companions ; ‘that done, I am for you.’

Ganlesse gave a second whistle ; a groom appeared, who took charge of both their horses, and they themselves entered the inn.

The ordinary room of a poor inn seemed to have undergone some alterations, to render it fit for company of a higher description. There were a beaufet, a couch, and one or two other pieces of furniture, of a style inconsistent with the appearance of the place. The tablecloth, which was ready laid, was of the finest damask ; and the spoons, forks, etc., were of silver. Peveril looked at this apparatus with some surprise ; and again turning his eyes attentively upon his travelling-companion Ganlesse, he could not help discovering (by the aid of imagination, perhaps) that, though insignificant in person, plain in features, and dressed like one in indigence, there lurked still about his person and manners that indefinable ease of manner which belongs only to men of birth and quality, or to those who are in the constant habit of frequenting the best company. His companion, whom he called Will Smith, although tall and rather good-looking, besides being much better dressed, had not, nevertheless, exactly the same ease of demeanour, and was obliged to make up for the want by an additional proportion of assurance. Who these two persons could be, Peveril could not attempt even to form a guess. There was nothing for it but to watch their manner and conversation.

After speaking a moment in whispers, Smith said to his companion, ' We must go look after our nags for ten minutes, and allow Chaubert to do his office.'

' Will he not appear and minister before us, then ?' said Ganlesse.

' What, he ! — he shift a trencher — he hand a cup ! No, you forget whom you speak of. Such an order were enough to make him fall on his own sword ; he is already on the borders of despair, because no craw-fish are to be had.'

' Alack-a-day !' replied Ganlesse. ' Heaven forbid I should add to such a calamity ! To stable, then, and see we how our steeds eat their provender, while ours is getting ready.'

They adjourned to the stable accordingly, which, though a poor one, had been hastily supplied with whatever was necessary for the accommodation of four excellent horses ; one of which, that from which Ganlesse was just dismounted, the groom we have mentioned was cleaning and dressing by the light of a huge wax candle.

' I am still so far Catholic,' said Ganlesse, laughing, as he

saw that Peveril noticed this piece of extravagance. 'My horse is my saint, and I dedicate a candle to him.'

'Without asking so great a favour for mine, which I see standing behind yonder old hen-coop,' replied Peveril, 'I will at least relieve him of his saddle and bridle.'

'Leave him to the lad of the inn,' said Smith; 'he is not worthy any other person's handling; and I promise you, if you slip a single buckle, you will so flavour of that stable duty that you might as well eat roast-beef as ragouts, for any relish you will have of them.'

'I love roast-beef as well as ragouts at any time,' said Peveril, adjusting himself to a task which every young man should know how to perform when need is; 'and my horse, though it be but a sorry jade, will champ better on hay and corn than on an iron bit.'

While he was unsaddling his horse and shaking down some litter for the poor wearied animal, he heard Smith observe to Ganlesse—'By my faith, Dick, thou hast fallen into poor Slender's blunder: missed Anne Page and brought us a great lubberly postmaster's boy.'

'Hush! he will hear thee,' answered Ganlesse; 'there are reasons for all things—it is well as it is. But, prithee, tell thy fellow to help the youngster.'

'What!' replied Smith, 'd'ye think I am mad? Ask Tom Beacon—Tom of Newmarket—Tom of ten thousand, to touch such a four-legged brute as that? Why, he would turn me away on the spot—discard me, i' faith. It was all he would do to take in hand your own, my good friend; and if you consider him not the better, you are like to stand groom to him yourself to-morrow.'

'Well, Will,' answered Ganlesse, 'I will say that for thee, thou hast a set of the most useless, scoundrelly, insolent vermin about thee that ever eat up a poor gentleman's revenues.'

'Useless! I deny it,' replied Smith. 'Every one of my fellows does something or other so exquisitely that it were sin to make him do anything else; it is your jacks-of-all-trades who are masters of none. But hark to Chaubert's signal! The coxcomb is twangling it on the lute, to the tune of *Éveillez-vous, belle endormie*. Come, Master What-d'ye-Call (addressing Peveril), "get ye some water and wash this filthy witness from your hand," as Betterton says in the play; for Chaubert's cookery is like Friar Bacon's head—time is—time was—time will soon be no more.'

So saying, and scarce allowing Julian time to dip his hands in a bucket and dry them on a horse-cloth, he hurried him from the stable back to the supper-chamber.

Here all was prepared for their meal with an epicurean delicacy which rather belonged to the saloon of a palace than the cabin in which it was displayed. Four dishes of silver, with covers of the same metal, smoked on the table; and three seats were placed for the company. Beside the lower end of the board was a small side-table, to answer the purpose of what is now called a dumb waiter; on which several flasks reared their tall, stately, and swan-like crests, above glasses and rummers. Clean covers were also placed within reach; and a small travelling-case of morocco, hooped with silver, displayed a number of bottles, containing the most approved sauces that culinary ingenuity had then invented.

Smith, who occupied the lower seat, and seemed to act as president of the feast, motioned the two travellers to take their places and begin. 'I would not stay a grace-time,' he said, 'to save a whole nation from perdition. We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience, and even Chaubert is nothing unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! — ha! — ay — squab pigeons — wild-fowl — young chickens — venison cutlets — and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrevisses*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month.'

'A mere trifle,' said Ganlesse; 'but, like yourself, Will, he serves a generous master.'

The repast now commenced; and Julian, though he had seen his young friend the Earl of Derby and other gallants affect a considerable degree of interest and skill in the science of the kitchen, and was not himself either an enemy or a stranger to the pleasures of a good table, found that, on the present occasion, he was a mere novice. Both his companions, but Smith in especial, seemed to consider that they were now engaged in the only true and real business of life, and weighed all its minutiae with a proportional degree of accuracy. To carve the morsel in the most delicate manner, and to apportion the proper seasoning with the accuracy of the chemist; to be aware, exactly, of the order in which one dish should succeed another, and to do plentiful justice to all — was a minuteness of science to which Julian had hitherto been a stranger.

Smith accordingly treated him as a mere novice in epicurism, cautioning him 'to eat his soup before the bouilli, and to forget the Manx custom of bolting the boiled meat before the broth, as if Cutlar MacCulloch¹ and all his whingers were at the door.' Peveril took the hint in good part, and the entertainment proceeded with animation.

At length Ganlesse paused, and declared the supper exquisite. 'But, my friend Smith,' he added, 'are your wines curious? When you brought all that trash of plates and trumpery into Derbyshire, I hope you did not leave us at the mercy of the strong ale of the shire, as thick and muddy as the squires who drink it?'

'Did I not know that *you* were to meet me, Dick Ganlesse?' answered their host, 'and can you suspect me of such an omission? It is true, you must make champagne and claret serve, for my burgundy would not bear travelling. But if you have a fancy for sherry or Vin de Cahors, I have a notion Chaubert and Tom Beacon have brought some for their own drinking.'

'Perhaps the gentlemen would not care to impart,' said Ganlesse.

'O fie! anything in the way of civility,' replied Smith. 'They are, in truth, the best-natured lads alive, when treated respectfully; so that if you would prefer ——'

'By no means,' said Ganlesse — 'a glass of champagne will serve in a scarcity of better.'

'The cork shall start obsequious to my thumb,'

said Smith; and as he spoke, he untwisted the wire, and the cork struck the roof of the cabin. Each guest took a large rummer glass of the sparkling beverage, which Peveril had judgment and experience enough to pronounce exquisite.

'Give me your hand, sir,' said Smith; 'it is the first word of sense you have spoken this evening.'

'Wisdom, sir,' replied Peveril, 'is like the best ware in the pedlar's pack, which he never produces till he knows his customer.'

'Sharp as mustard,' returned the *bon vivant*; 'but be wise, most noble pedlar, and take another rummer of this same flask, which you see I have held in an oblique position for your service, not permitting it to retrograde to the perpendicular. Nay, take it off before the bubble bursts on the rim and the zest is gone.'

¹ See Note 20.

'You do me honour, sir,' said Peveril, taking the second glass. 'I wish you a better office than that of my cup-bearer.'

'You cannot wish Will Smith one more congenial to his nature,' said Ganlesse. 'Others have a selfish delight in the objects of sense. Will thrives, and is happy, by imparting them to his friends.'

'Better help men to pleasures than to pains, Master Ganlesse,' answered Smith, somewhat angrily.

'Nay, wrath thee not, Will,' said Ganlesse; 'and speak no words in haste, lest you may have cause to repent at leisure. Do I blame thy social concern for the pleasures of others? Why, man, thou dost therein most philosophically multiply thine own. A man has but one throat, and can but eat, with his best efforts, some five or six times a-day; but thou dinest with every friend that cuts up a capon, and art quaffing wine in other men's gullets from morning to night — *et sic de cæteris*.'

'Friend Ganlesse,' returned Smith, 'I prithee beware; thou knowest I can cut gullets as well as tickle them.'

'Ay, Will,' answered Ganlesse, carelessly; 'I think I have seen thee wave thy whinyard at the throat of a Hogan-mogan — a Netherlandish weasand, which expanded only on thy natural and mortal objects of aversion — Dutch cheese, rye-bread, pickled herring, onions, and Geneva.'

'For pity's sake, forbear the description!' said Smith; 'thy words overpower the perfumes, and flavour the apartment like a dish of salmagundi!'

'But for an epiglottis like mine,' continued Ganlesse, 'down which the most delicate morsels are washed by such claret as thou art now pouring out, thou couldst not, in thy bitterest mood, wish a worse fate than to be necklaced somewhat tight by a pair of white arms.'

'By a tenpenny cord,' answered Smith; 'but not till you were dead; that thereafter you be presently embowelled, you being yet alive; that your head be then severed from your body, and your body divided into quarters, to be disposed of at his Majesty's pleasure. How like you that, Master Richard Ganlesse?'

'E'en as you like the thoughts of dining on bran-bread and milk-porridge — an extremity which you trust never to be reduced to. But all this shall not prevent me from pledging you in a cup of sound claret.'

As the claret circulated, the glee of the company increased; and Smith, placing the dishes which had been made use of

upon the side-table, stamped with his foot on the floor, and the table sinking down a trap, again rose, loaded with olives, sliced neat's tongue, caviare, and other provocatives for the circulation of the bottle.

'Why, Will,' said Ganlesse, 'thou art a more complete mechanist than I suspected; thou hast brought thy scene-shifting inventions to Derbyshire in marvellously short time.'

'A rope and pulleys can be easily come by,' answered Will; 'and with a saw and a plane, I can manage that business in half a day. I love that knack of clean and secret conveyance; thou knowest it was the foundation of my fortunes.'

'It may be the wreck of them too, Will,' replied his friend.

'True, Diccon,' answered Will; 'but *dum vivimus, vivamus*—that is my motto; and therewith I present you a brimmer to the health of the fair lady you wot of.'

'Let it come, Will,' replied his friend; and the flask circulated briskly from hand to hand.

Julian did not think it prudent to seem a check on their festivity, as he hoped in its progress something might occur to enable him to judge of the character and purposes of his companions. But he watched them in vain. Their conversation was animated and lively, and often bore reference to the literature of the period, in which the elder seemed particularly well skilled. They also talked freely of the court, and of that numerous class of gallants who were then described as 'men of wit and pleasure about town'; and to which it seemed probable they themselves appertained.

At length the universal topic of the Popish Plot was started, upon which Ganlesse and Smith seemed to entertain the most opposite opinions. Ganlesse, if he did not maintain the authority of Oates in its utmost extent, contended that at least it was confirmed in a great measure by the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, and the letters written by Coleman¹ to the confessor of the French king.

With much more noise and less power of reasoning, Will Smith hesitated not to ridicule and run down the whole discovery, as one of the wildest and most causeless alarms which had ever been sounded in the ears of a credulous public. 'I shall never forget,' he said, 'Sir Godfrey's most original funeral. Two bouncing parsons, well armed with sword and pistol, mounted the pulpit to secure the third fellow who preached from being murdered in the face of the congregation. Three

¹ See Note 21.

parsons in one pulpit — three suns in one hemisphere — no wonder men stood aghast at such a prodigy.’¹

‘What then, Will,’ answered his companion, ‘you are one of those who think the good knight murdered himself, in order to give credit to the Plot?’

‘By my faith, not I,’ said the other; ‘but some true blue Protestant might do the job for him, in order to give the thing a better colour. I will be judged by our silent friend whether that be not the most feasible solution of the whole.’

‘I pray you, pardon me, gentlemen,’ said Julian; ‘I am but just landed in England, and am a stranger to the particular circumstances which have thrown the nation into such ferment. It would be the highest degree of assurance in me to give my opinion betwixt gentlemen who argue the matter so ably; besides, to say truth, I confess weariness; your wine is more potent than I expected, or I have drank more of it than I meant to do.’

‘Nay, if an hour’s nap will refresh you,’ said the elder of the strangers, ‘make no ceremony with us. Your bed — all we can offer as such — is that old-fashioned Dutch-built sofa, as the last new phrase calls it. We shall be early stirrers to-morrow morning.’

‘And that we may be so,’ said Smith, ‘I propose that we do sit up all this night. I hate lying rough, and detest a pallet-bed. So have at another flask, and the newest lampoon to help it out —

Now a plague of their votes
Upon Papists and plots,
And be’d — d. Doctor Oates!
Tol de rol.’

‘Nay, but our Puritanic host,’ said Ganlesse.

‘I have him in my pocket, man: his eyes, ears, nose, and tongue,’ answered his boon companion, ‘are all in my possession.’

‘In that case, when you give him back his eyes and nose, I pray you keep his ears and tongue,’ answered Ganlesse. ‘Seeing and smelling are organs sufficient for such a knave; to hear and tell are things he should have no manner of pretensions to.’

‘I grant you it were well done,’ answered Smith; ‘but it were a robbing of the hangman and the pillory; and I am an

¹ See Funeral Service of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey. Note 22.

honest fellow, who would give Dun¹ and the devil his due.
So,

All joy to great Cæsar,
Long life, love, and pleasure ;
May the King live for ever !
'T is no matter for us, boys.'

While this Bacchanalian scene proceeded, Julian had wrapt himself closely in his cloak and stretched himself on the couch which they had shown to him. He looked towards the table he had left ; the tapers seemed to become hazy and dim as he gazed ; he heard the sound of voices, but they ceased to convey any impression to his understanding ; and in a few minutes he was faster asleep than he had ever been in the whole course of his life.

¹ See Dun the Hangman. Note 23.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, 'Awa, awa ;
The House of Rhodes is all on flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.'

Old Ballad.

WHEN Julian awakened the next morning, all was still and vacant in the apartment. The rising sun, which shone through the half-closed shutters, showed some relics of the last night's banquet, which his confused and throbbing head assured him had been carried into a debauch.

Without being much of a boon companion, Julian, like other young men of the time, was not in the habit of shunning wine, which was then used in considerable quantities ; and he could not help being surprised that the few cups he had drunk over night had produced on his frame the effects of excess. He rose up, adjusted his dress, and sought in the apartment for water to perform his morning ablutions, but without success. Wine there was on the table ; and beside it one stool stood and another lay, as if thrown down in the heedless riot of the evening. 'Surely,' he thought to himself, 'the wine must have been very powerful which rendered me insensible to the noise my companions must have made ere they finished their carouse.'

With momentary suspicion, he examined his weapons, and the packet which he had received from the countess, and kept in a secret pocket of his upper coat, bound close about his person. All was safe ; and the very operation reminded him of the duties which lay before him. He left the apartment where they had supped and went into another, wretched enough, where, in a truckle-bed, were stretched two bodies, covered with a rug, the heads belonging to which were amicably deposited upon the same truss of hay. The one was the black shock-head of the groom ; the other, graced with a long

thrum nightcap, showed a grizzled pate, and a grave caricatured countenance, which the hook-nose and lantern-jaws proclaimed to belong to the Gallic minister of good cheer whose praises he had heard sung forth on the preceding evening. These worthies seemed to have slumbered in the arms of Bacchus as well as of Morpheus, for there were broken flasks on the floor; and their deep snoring alone showed that they were alive.

Bent upon resuming his journey, as duty and expedience alike dictated, Julian next descended the trap-stair and essayed a door at the bottom of the steps. It was fastened within. He called; no answer was returned. It must be, he thought, the apartment of the revellers, now probably sleeping as soundly as their dependants still slumbered, and as he himself had done a few minutes before. Should he awake them? To what purpose? They were men with whom accident had involved him against his own will; and, situated as he was, he thought it wise to take the earliest opportunity of breaking off from society which was suspicious, and might be perilous. Ruminating thus, he essayed another door, which admitted him to a bedroom, where lay another harmonious slumberer. The mean utensils, pewter measures, empty cans and casks, with which this room was lumbered, proclaimed it that of the host, who slept surrounded by his professional implements of hospitality and stock-in-trade.

This discovery relieved Peveril from some delicate embarrassment which he had formerly entertained. He put upon the table a piece of money, sufficient, as he judged, to pay his share of the preceding night's reckoning; not caring to be indebted for his entertainment to the strangers, whom he was leaving without the formality of an adieu.

His conscience cleared of this gentlemanlike scruple, Peveril proceeded with a light heart, though somewhat a dizzy head, to the stable, which he easily recognised among a few other paltry outhouses. His horse, refreshed with rest, and perhaps not unmindful of his services the evening before, neighed as his master entered the stable; and Peveril accepted the sound as an omen of a prosperous journey. He paid the augury with a sieveful of corn; and, while his palfrey profited by his attention, walked into the fresh air to cool his heated blood, and consider what course he should pursue in order to reach the Castle of Martindale before sunset. His acquaintance with the country in general gave him confidence that he could not have greatly deviated from the nearest road; and with his horse in

good condition, he conceived he might easily reach Martindale before nightfall.

Having adjusted his route in his mind, he returned into the stable to prepare his steed for the journey, and soon led him into the ruinous courtyard of the inn, bridled, saddled, and ready to be mounted. But as Peveril's hand was upon the mane and his left foot in the stirrup, a hand touched his cloak, and the voice of Ganlesse said, 'What, Master Peveril, is this your foreign breeding? or have you learned in France to take French leave of your friends?'

Julian started like a guilty thing, although a moment's reflection assured him that he was neither wrong nor in danger. 'I cared not to disturb you,' he said, 'although I did come as far as the door of your chamber. I supposed your friend and you might require, after our last night's revel, rather sleep than ceremony. I left my own bed, though a rough one, with more reluctance than usual; and as my occasions oblige me to be an early traveller, I thought it best to depart without leave-taking. I have left a token for mine host on the table of his apartment.'

'It was unnecessary,' said Ganlesse: 'the rascal is already overpaid. But are you not rather premature in your purpose of departing? My mind tells me that Master Julian Peveril had better proceed with me to London than turn aside for any purpose whatever. You may see already that I am no ordinary person, but a master-spirit of the time. For the cuckoo I travel with, and whom I indulge in his prodigal follies, he also has his uses. But you are of a different cast; and I not only would serve you, but even wish you to be my own.'

Julian gazed on this singular person when he spoke. We have already said his figure was mean and slight, with very ordinary and unmarked features, unless we were to distinguish the lightnings of a keen grey eye, which corresponded, in its careless and prideful glance, with the haughty superiority which the stranger assumed in his conversation. It was not till after a momentary pause that Julian replied, 'Can you wonder, sir, that in my circumstances — if they are indeed known to you so well as they seem — I should decline unnecessary confidence on the affairs of moment which have called me hither, or refuse the company of a stranger, who assigns no reason for desiring mine?'

'Be it as you list, young man,' answered Ganlesse; 'only remember hereafter, you had a fair offer; it is not every one to

whom I would have made it. If we should meet hereafter on other, and on worse, terms, impute it to yourself, and not to me.'

'I understand not your threat,' answered Peveril, 'if a threat be indeed implied. I have done no evil — I feel no apprehension; and I cannot, in common sense, conceive why I should suffer for refusing my confidence to a stranger, who seems to require that I should submit me blindfold to his guidance.'

'Farewell, then, Sir Julian of the Peak — that may soon be,' said the stranger, removing the hand which he had as yet left carelessly on the horse's bridle.

'How mean you by that phrase?' said Julian; 'and why apply such a title to me?'

The stranger smiled, and only answered, 'Here our conference ends. The way is before you. You will find it longer and rougher than that by which I would have guided you.'

So saying, Ganlesse turned his back and walked towards the house. On the threshold he turned about once more, and seeing that Peveril had not yet moved from the spot, he again smiled and beckoned to him; but Julian, recalled by that sign to recollection, spurred his horse and set forward on his journey.

It was not long ere his local acquaintance with the country enabled him to regain the road to Martindale, from which he had diverged on the preceding evening for about two miles. But the roads, or rather the paths, of this wild country, so much satirised by their native poet, Cotton, were so complicated in some places, so difficult to be traced in others, and so unfit for hasty travelling in almost all, that, in spite of Julian's utmost exertions, and though he made no longer delay upon the journey than was necessary to bait his horse at a small hamlet through which he passed at noon, it was nightfall ere he reached an eminence from which an hour sooner the battlements of Martindale Castle would have been visible; and where, when they were hid in night, their situation was indicated by a light constantly maintained in a lofty tower called the Warder's Turret, and which domestic beacon had acquired through all the neighbourhood the name of Peveril's Pole-star.

This was regularly kindled at curfew-toll, and supplied with as much wood and charcoal as maintained the light till sunrise; and at no period was the ceremonial omitted saving during the space intervening between the death of a lord of the castle and his interment. When this last event had taken place, the nightly beacon was rekindled with some ceremony, and continued till fate called the successor to sleep with his fathers.

It is not known from what circumstance the practice of maintaining this light originally sprung. Tradition spoke of it doubtfully. Some thought it was the signal of general hospitality, which, in ancient times, guided the wandering knight or the weary pilgrim to rest and refreshment. Others spoke of it as a 'love-lighted watchfire,' by which the provident anxiety of a former lady of Martindale guided her husband homeward through the terrors of a midnight storm. The less favourable construction of unfriendly neighbours of the dissenting persuasion ascribed the origin and continuance of this practice to the assuming pride of the family of Peveril, who thereby chose to intimate their ancient *suzerainté* over the whole country, in the manner of the admiral, who carries the lantern in the poop, for the guidance of the fleet. And in the former times our old friend, Master Solsgrace, dealt from the pulpit many a hard hit against Sir Geoffrey, as he that had raised his horn and set up his candlestick on high. Certain it is, that all the Peverils, from father to son, had been especially attentive to the maintenance of this custom, as something intimately connected with the dignity of their family; and in the hands of Sir Geoffrey the observance was not likely to be omitted.

Accordingly, the polar star of Peveril had continued to beam more or less brightly during all the vicissitudes of the Civil War; and glimmered, however faintly, during the subsequent period of Sir Geoffrey's depression. But he was often heard to say, and sometimes to swear, that, while there was a perch of woodland left to the estate, the old beacon-grate should not lack replenishing. All this his son Julian well knew; and therefore it was with no ordinary feelings of surprise and anxiety that, looking in the direction of the castle, he perceived that the light was not visible. He halted, rubbed his eyes, shifted his position, and endeavoured in vain to persuade himself that he had mistaken the point from which the polar star of his house was visible, or that some newly intervening obstacle — the growth of a plantation, perhaps, or the erection of some building — intercepted the light of the beacon. But a moment's reflection assured him that, from the high and free situation which Martindale Castle bore in reference to the surrounding country, this could not have taken place; and the inference necessarily forced itself upon his mind that Sir Geoffrey, his father, was either deceased or that the family must have been disturbed by some strange calamity, under the pressure of which their wonted custom and solemn usage had been neglected.

Under the influence of undefinable apprehension, young Peveril now struck the spurs into his jaded steed, and forcing him down the broken and steep path at a pace which set safety at defiance, he arrived at the village of Martindale-Moultrassie, eagerly desirous to ascertain the cause of this ominous eclipse. The street through which his tired horse paced slow and reluctantly was now deserted and empty; and scarcely a candle twinkled from a casement, except from the latticed window of the little inn, called the Peveril Arms, from which a broad light shone, and several voices were heard in rude festivity.

Before the door of this inn the jaded palfrey, guided by the instinct or experience which makes a hackney well acquainted with the outside of a house of entertainment, made so sudden and determined a pause that, notwithstanding his haste, the rider thought it best to dismount, expecting to be readily supplied with a fresh horse by Roger Raine, the landlord, the ancient dependant of his family. He also wished to relieve his anxiety, by inquiring concerning the state of things at the castle, when he was surprised to hear, bursting from the taproom of the loyal old host, a well-known song of the Commonwealth time, which some Puritanical wag had written in reprehension of the Cavaliers and their dissolute courses, and in which his father came in for a lash of the satirist.

‘Ye thought in the world there was no power to tame ye,
So you tippled and drabb’d till the saints overcame ye;
“Forsooth,” and “Ne’er stir,” sir, have vanquish’d “G—d—n me,”
Which nobody can deny.

There was bluff old Sir Geoffrey loved brandy and mum well,
And to see a beer-glass turn’d over the thumb well;
But he fled like the wind, before Fairfax and Cromwell,
Which nobody can deny.’

Some strange revolution, Julian was aware, must have taken place, both in the village and in the castle; ere these sounds of unseemly insult could have been poured forth in the very inn which was decorated with the armorial bearings of his family; and not knowing how far it might be advisable to intrude on these unfriendly revellers, without the power of repelling or chastising their insolence, he led his horse to a back-door, which, as he recollected, communicated with the landlord’s apartment, having determined to make private inquiry of him concerning the state of matters at the castle. He knocked repeatedly, and as often called on Roger Raine with an earnest but stifled voice.

At length a female voice replied by the usual inquiry, 'Who is there?'

'It is I, Dame Raine — I, Julian Peveril; tell your husband to come to me presently.'

'Alack, and a well-a-day, Master Julian, if it be really you — you are to know my poor Goodman has gone where he can come to no one; but, doubtless, we shall all go to him, as Matthew Chamberlain says.'

'He is dead, then?' said Julian. 'I am extremely sorry —'

'Dead six months and more, Master Julian; and let me tell you, it is a long time for a lone woman, as Matt Chamberlain says.'

'Well, do you or your chamberlain undo the door. I want a fresh horse; and I want to know how things are at the castle.'

'The castle — lack-a-day! Chamberlain — Matthew Chamberlain — I say, Matt!'

Matt Chamberlain apparently was at no great distance, for he presently answered her call; and Peveril, as he stood close to the door, could hear them whispering to each other, and distinguish in a great measure what they said. And here it may be noticed that Dame Raine, accustomed to submit to the authority of old Roger, who vindicated as well the husband's domestic prerogative as that of the monarch in the state, had, when left a buxom widow, been so far incommoded by the exercise of her newly acquired independence, that she had recourse, upon all occasions, to the advice of Matt Chamberlain; and as Matt began no longer to go slipshod, and in a red nightcap, but wore Spanish shoes and a high-crowned beaver, at least of a Sunday, and moreover was called 'Master Matthew' by his fellow-servants, the neighbours in the village argued a speedy change of the name on the sign-post — nay, perhaps, of the very sign itself, for Matthew was a bit of a Puritan, and no friend to Peveril of the Peak.

'Now counsel me, an you be a man, Matt Chamberlain,' said Widow Raine; 'for never stir, if here be not Master Julian's own self, and he wants a horse, and what not, and all as if things were as they wont to be.'

'Why, dame, an ye will walk by my counsel,' said the chamberlain, 'e'en shake him off: let him be jogging while his boots are green. This is no world for folks to scald their fingers in other folks' broth.'

'And that is well spoken, truly,' answered Dame Raine; 'but

then, look you, Matt, we have eaten their bread, and, as my poor Goodman used to say —

‘Nay — nay, dame, they that walk by the counsel of the dead shall have none of the living; and so you may do as you list; but if you will walk by mine, drop latch, and draw bolt, and bid him seek quarters farther — that is my counsel.’

‘I desire nothing of you, sirrah,’ said Peveril, ‘save but to know how Sir Geoffrey and his lady do?’

‘Lack-a-day! — lack-a-day!’ in a tone of sympathy, was the only answer he received from the landlady; and the conversation betwixt her and her chamberlain was resumed, but in a tone too low to be overheard.

At length, Matt Chamberlain spoke aloud, and with a tone of authority: ‘We undo no doors at this time of night, for it is against the justices’ orders, and might cost us our license; and for the castle, the road up to it lies before you, and I think you know it as well as we do.’

‘And I know you,’ said Peveril, remounting his wearied horse, ‘for an ungrateful churl, whom, on the first opportunity, I will assuredly cudgel to a mummy.’

To this menace Matthew made no reply, and Peveril presently heard him leave the apartment, after a few earnest words betwixt him and his mistress.

Impatient at this delay, and at the evil omen implied in these people’s conversation and deportment, Peveril, after some vain spurring of his horse, which positively refused to move a step farther, dismounted once more, and was about to pursue his journey on foot, notwithstanding the extreme disadvantage under which the high riding-boots of the period laid those who attempted to walk with such encumbrances, when he was stopped by a gentle call from the window.

Her counsellor was no sooner gone than the good-nature and habitual veneration of the dame for the house of Peveril, and perhaps some fear for her counsellor’s bones, induced her to open the casement, and cry, but in a low and timid tone, ‘Hist! hist! Master Julian — be you gone?’

‘Not yet, dame,’ said Julian; ‘though it seems my stay is unwelcome.’

‘Nay, but, good young master, it is because men counsel so differently; for here was my poor old Roger Raine would have thought the chimney-corner too cold for you; and here is Matt Chamberlain thinks the cold courtyard is warm enough.’

'Never mind that, dame,' said Julian; 'do but only tell me what has happened at Martindale Castle? I see the beacon is extinguished.'

'Is it in troth? — ay, like enough; then good Sir Geoffrey is gone to Heaven with my old Roger Raine!'

'Sacred Heaven!' exclaimed Peveril; 'when was my father taken ill?'

'Never, as I knows of,' said the dame; 'but, about three hours since, arrived a party at the castle, with buff-coats and bandeliers, and one of the Parliament's folks, like in Oliver's time. My old Roger Raine would have shut the gates of the inn against them, but he is in the church-yard, and Matt says it is against law; and so they came in and refreshed men and horse, and sent for Master Bridgenorth, that is at Moultrassie Hall even now; and so they went up to the castle, and there was a fray, it is like, as the old knight was no man to take napping, as poor Roger Raine used to say. Always the officers had the best on't; and reason there is, since they had law on their side, as our Matthew says. But since the pole-star of the castle is out, as your honour says, why, doubtless, the old gentleman is dead.'

'Gracious Heaven! Dear dame, for love or gold, let me have a horse to make for the castle!'

'The castle!' said the dame. 'The Roundheads, as my poor Roger called them, will kill you as they have killed your father. Better creep into the woodhouse, and I will send Bett with a blanket and some supper. Or stay — my old Dobbin stands in the little stable beside the hen-coop — e'en take him, and make the best of your way out of the country, for there is no safety here for you. Hear what songs some of them are singing at the tap! So take Dobbin, and do not forget to leave your own horse instead.'

Peveril waited to hear no farther, only that, just as he turned to go off to the stable, the compassionate female was heard to exclaim — 'O Lord! what will Matthew Chamberlain say?' but instantly added, 'Let him say what he will, I may dispose of what's my own.'

With the haste of a double-fee'd hostler did Julian exchange the equipments of his jaded brute with poor Dobbin, who stood quietly tugging at his rackful of hay, without dreaming of the business which was that night destined for him. Notwithstanding the darkness of the place, Julian succeeded marvellous quickly in preparing for his journey; and leaving his own horse

to find its way to Dobbin's rack by instinct, he leaped upon his new acquisition, and spurred him sharply against the hill, which rises steeply from the village to the castle. Dobbin, little accustomed to such exertions, snorted, panted, and trotted as briskly as he could; until at length he brought his rider before the entrance-gate of his father's ancient seat.

The moon was now rising, but the portal was hidden from its beams; being situated, as we have mentioned elsewhere, in a deep recess betwixt two large flanking towers. Peveril dismounted, turned his horse loose, and advanced to the gate, which, contrary to his expectation, he found open. He entered the large courtyard; and could then perceive that lights yet twinkled in the lower part of the building, although he had not before observed them, owing to the height of the outward walls. The main door, or great hall-gate, as it was called, was, since the partially decayed state of the family, seldom opened, save on occasions of particular ceremony. A smaller postern door served the purpose of ordinary entrance; and to that Julian now repaired. This also was open — a circumstance which would of itself have alarmed him, had he not already had so many causes for apprehension. His heart sunk within him as he turned to the left, through a small outward hall, towards the great parlour, which the family usually occupied as a sitting-apartment; and his alarm became still greater when, on a nearer approach, he heard proceeding from thence the murmur of several voices. He threw the door of the apartment wide; and the sight which was thus displayed warranted all the evil bodings which he had entertained.

In front of him stood the old knight, whose arms were strongly secured, over the elbows, by a leathern belt drawn tight round them, and made fast behind; two ruffianly-looking men, apparently his guards, had hold of his doublet. The scabbardless sword which lay on the floor, and the empty sheath which hung by Sir Geoffrey's side, showed the stout old Cavalier had not been reduced to this state of bondage without an attempt at resistance. Two or three persons, having their backs turned towards Julian, sat round a table, and appeared engaged in writing; the voices which he had heard were theirs, as they murmured to each other. Lady Peveril — the emblem of death, so pallid was her countenance — stood at the distance of a yard or two from her husband, upon whom her eyes were fixed with an intenseness of gaze like that of one who looks her last on the object which she loves the best. She was the first

to perceive Julian, and she exclaimed, 'Merciful Heaven! my son! — the misery of our house is complete!'

'My son!' echoed Sir Geoffrey, starting from the sullen state of dejection, and swearing a deep oath; 'thou art come in the right time, Julian. Strike me one good blow — cleave me that traitorous thief from the crown to the briskeet! and that done, I care not what comes next.'

The sight of his father's situation made the son forget the inequality of the contest which he was about to provoke.

'Villains,' he said, 'unhand him!' and, rushing on the guards with his drawn sword, compelled them to let go Sir Geoffrey and stand on their own defence.

Sir Geoffrey, thus far liberated, shouted to his lady, 'Undo the belt, dame, and we will have three good blows for it yet; they must fight well that beat both father and son!'

But one of those men who had started up from the writing-table when the fray commenced prevented Lady Peveril from rendering her husband this assistance; while another easily mastered the hampered knight, though not without receiving several severe kicks from his heavy boots — his condition permitting him no other mode of defence. A third, who saw that Julian, young, active, and animated with the fury of a son who fights for his parents, was compelling the two guards to give ground, seized on his collar, and attempted to master his sword. Suddenly dropping that weapon and snatching one of his pistols, Julian fired it at the head of the person by whom he was thus assailed. He did not drop, but, staggering back as if he had received a severe blow, showed Peveril, as he sunk into a chair, the features of old Bridgenorth, blackened with the explosion, which had even set fire to a part of his grey hair. A cry of astonishment escaped from Julian; and in the alarm and horror of the moment he was easily secured and disarmed by those with whom he had been at first engaged.

'Heed it not, Julian,' said Sir Geoffrey — 'heed it not, my brave boy; that shot has balanced all accounts. But how — what the devil — he lives! Was your pistol loaded with chaff, or has the foul fiend given him proof against lead?'

There was some reason for Sir Geoffrey's surprise, since, as he spoke, Major Bridgenorth collected himself, sat up in the chair as one who recovers from a stunning blow, then rose, and, wiping with his handkerchief the marks of the explosion from his face, he approached Julian, and said, in the same cold, unaltered tone in which he usually expressed himself, 'Young

man, you have reason to bless God, who has this day saved you from the commission of a great crime.'

'Bless the devil, ye crop-eared knave!' exclaimed Sir Geoffrey; 'for nothing less than the father of all fanatics saved your brains from being blown about like the rinsings of Beelzebub's porridge-pot!'

'Sir Geoffrey,' said Major Bridgenorth, 'I have already told you, that with you I will hold no argument; for to you I am not accountable for any of my actions.'

'Master Bridgenorth,' said the lady, making a strong effort to speak, and to speak with calmness, 'whatever revenge your Christian state of conscience may permit you to take on my husband — I — I, who have some right to experience compassion at your hand — for most sincerely did I compassionate you when the hand of Heaven was heavy on you — I implore you not to involve my son in our common ruin! Let the destruction of the father and mother, with the ruin of our ancient house, satisfy your resentment for any wrong which you have ever received at my husband's hand.'

'Hold your peace, housewife,' said the knight; 'you speak like a fool, and meddle with what concerns you not. Wrong at *my* hand? The cowardly knave has ever had but even too much right. Had I cudgelled the cur soundly when he first bayed at me, the cowardly mongrel had been now crouching at my feet, instead of flying at my throat. But if I get through this action, as I have got through worse weather, I will pay off old scores, as far as tough crab-tree and cold iron will bear me out.'

'Sir Geoffrey,' replied Bridgenorth, 'if the birth you boast of has made you blind to better principles, it might have at least taught you civility. What do you complain of? I am a magistrate; and I execute a warrant, addressed to me by the first authority in the state. I am a creditor also of yours; and law arms me with powers to recover my own property from the hands of an improvident debtor.'

'You a magistrate!' said the knight; 'much such a magistrate as Noll was a monarch. Your heart is up, I warrant, because you have the King's pardon, and are replaced on the bench, forsooth, to persecute the poor Papist. There was never turmoil in the state, but knaves had their vantage by it; never pot boiled, but the scum was cast uppermost.'

'For God's sake, my dearest husband,' said Lady Peveril, 'cease this wild talk! It can but incense Master Bridgenorth, who might otherwise consider that in common charity —'

‘Incense him!’ said Sir Geoffrey, impatiently interrupting her; ‘God’s death, madam, you will drive me mad! Have you lived so long in this world, and yet expect consideration and charity from an old starved wolf like that? And if he had it, do you think that I, or you, madam, as my wife, are subjects for his charity? Julian, my poor fellow, I am sorry thou hast come so unluckily, since thy petronel was not better loaded; but thy credit is lost for ever as a marksman.’

This angry colloquy passed so rapidly on all sides, that Julian, scarce recovered from the extremity of astonishment with which he was overwhelmed at finding himself suddenly plunged into a situation of such extremity, had no time to consider in what way he could most effectually act for the succour of his parents. To speak Bridgenorth fair seemed the more prudent course; but to this his pride could hardly stoop; yet he forced himself to say, with as much calmness as he could assume, ‘Master Bridgenorth, since you act as a magistrate, I desire to be treated according to the laws of England, and demand to know of what we are accused, and by whose authority we are arrested?’

‘Here is another howlet for ye!’ exclaimed the impetuous old knight; ‘his mother speaks to a Puritan of charity; and thou must talk of law to a Roundheaded rebel, with a wannion to you! What warrant hath he, think ye, beyond the Parliament’s or the devil’s?’

‘Who speaks of the Parliament?’ said a person entering, whom Peveril recognised as the official person whom he had before seen at the horse-dealer’s, and who now bustled in with all the conscious dignity of plenary authority — ‘who talks of the Parliament?’ he exclaimed. ‘I promise you, enough has been found in this house to convict twenty plotters. Here be arms, and that good store. Bring them in, captain.’

‘The very same,’ exclaimed the captain, approaching, ‘which I mention in my printed Narrative of Information, lodged before the Honourable House of Commons; they were commissioned from old Vander Huys of Rotterdam, by orders of Don John of Austria, for the service of the Jesuits.’

‘Now, by this light,’ said Sir Geoffrey, ‘they are the pikes, musketoons, and pistols that have been hidden in the garret ever since Naseby fight!’

‘And here,’ said the captain’s yoke-fellow, Everett, ‘are proper priest’s trappings — antiphoners, and missals, and copes, I warrant you — ay, and proper pictures, too, for Papists to mutter and bow over.’

'Now, plague on thy snuffling whine,' said Sir Geoffrey; 'here is a rascal will swear my grandmother's old farthingale to be priest's vestments, and the story-book of *Owlenspiegel* a Popish missal!'

'But how's this, Master Bridgenorth?' said Topham, addressing the magistrate. 'Your honour has been as busy as we have; and you have caught another knave while we recovered these toys.'

'I think, sir,' said Julian, 'if you look into your warrant, which, if I mistake not, names the persons whom you are directed to arrest, you will find you have no title to apprehend me.'

'Sir,' said the officer, puffing with importance, 'I do not know who you are; but I would you were the best man in England, that I might teach you the respect due to the warrant of the House. Sir, there steps not the man within the British seas but I will arrest him on authority of this bit of parchment; and I do arrest you accordingly. What do you accuse him of, gentlemen?'

Dangerfield swaggered forward, and peeping under Julian's hat, 'Stop my vital breath,' he exclaimed, 'but I have seen you before, my friend, an I could but think where; but my memory is not worth a bean, since I have been obliged to use it so much of late, in the behalf of the poor state. But I do know the fellow; and I have seen him amongst the Papists — I'll take that on my assured damnation.'

'Why, Captain Dangerfield,' said the captain's smotherer but more dangerous associate, 'verily, it is the same youth whom we saw at the horse-merchant's yesterday; and we had matter against him then; only Master Topham did not desire us to bring it out.'

'Ye may bring out what ye will against him now,' said Topham, 'for he hath blasphemed the warrant of the House. I think ye said ye saw him somewhere?'

'Ay, verily,' said Everett, 'I have seen him amongst the seminary pupils at St. Omer's; he was who but he with the regents there.'

'Nay, Master Everett, collect yourself,' said Topham; 'for, as I think, you said you saw him at a consult of the Jesuits in London.'

'It was I said so, Master Topham,' said the undaunted Dangerfield; 'and mine is the tongue that will swear it.'

'Good Master Topham,' said Bridgenorth, 'you may suspend

farther inquiry at present, as it doth but fatigue and perplex the memory of the king's witnesses.'

'You are wrong, Master Bridgenorth — clearly wrong. It doth but keep them in wind — only breathes them, like greyhounds before a coursing-match.'

'Be it so,' said Bridgenorth, with his usual indifference of manner; 'but at present this youth must stand committed upon a warrant, which I will presently sign, of having assaulted me while in discharge of my duty as a magistrate, for the rescue of a person legally attached. Did you not hear the report of a pistol?'

'I will swear to it,' said Everett.

'And I,' said Dangerfield. 'While we were making search in the cellar, I heard something very like a pistol-shot; but I conceived it to be the drawing of a long-corked bottle of sack, to see whether there were any Popish relics in the inside on 't.'

'A pistol-shot!' exclaimed Topham; 'here might have been a second Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey's matter. Oh, thou real spawn of the red old dragon! for he too would have resisted the House's warrant, had we not taken him something at unawares. Master Bridgenorth, you are a judicious magistrate and a worthy servant of the state; I would we had many such sound Protestant justices. Shall I have this young fellow away with his parents — what think you? or will you keep him for re-examination?'

'Master Bridgenorth,' said Lady Peveril, in spite of her husband's efforts to interrupt her, 'for God's sake, if ever you knew what it was to love one of the many children you have lost, or her who is now left to you, do not pursue your vengeance to the blood of my poor boy! I will forgive you all the rest — all the distress you have wrought — all the yet greater misery with which you threaten us; but do not be extreme with one who never can have offended you. Believe, that if your ears are shut against the cry of a despairing mother, those which are open to the complaint of all who sorrow will hear my petition and your answer.'

The agony of mind and of voice with which Lady Peveril uttered these words seemed to thrill through all present, though most of them were but too much inured to such scenes. Every one was silent when, ceasing to speak, she fixed on Bridgenorth her eyes, glistening with tears, with the eager anxiety of one whose life or death seemed to depend upon the answer to be returned. Even Bridgenorth's inflexibility seemed

to be shaken ; and his voice was tremulous, as he answered, 'Madam, I would to God I had the present means of relieving your great distress otherwise than by recommending to you a reliance upon Providence ; and that you take heed to your spirit, that it murmur not under this crook in your lot. For me, I am but as a rod in the hand of the strong man, which smites not of itself, but because it is wielded by the arm of him who holds the same.'

'Even as I and my black rod are guided by the Commons of England,' said Master Topham, who seemed marvellously pleased with the illustration.

Julian now thought it time to say something in his own behalf ; and he endeavoured to temper it with as much composure as it was possible for him to assume. 'Master Bridgenorth,' he said, 'I neither dispute your authority nor this gentleman's warrant —'

'You do not ?' said Topham. 'O ho, master youngster, I thought we should bring you to your senses presently !'

'Then, if you so will it, Master Topham,' said Bridgenorth, 'thus it shall be. You shall set out with early day, taking with you, towards London, the persons of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Peveril ; and that they may travel according to their quality, you will allow them their coach, sufficiently guarded.'

'I will travel with them myself,' said Topham ; 'for these rough Derbyshire roads are no easy riding ; and my very eyes are weary with looking on these bleak hills. In the coach I can sleep as sound as if I were in the House, and Master Bodderbrains on his legs.'

'It will become you so to take your ease, Master Topham,' answered Bridgenorth. 'For this youth, I will take him under my charge and bring him up myself.'

'I may not be answerable for that, worthy Master Bridgenorth,' said Topham, 'since he comes within the warrant of the House.'

'Nay, but,' said Bridgenorth, 'he is only under custody for an assault, with the purpose of a rescue ; and I counsel you against meddling with him, unless you have stronger guard. Sir Geoffrey is now old and broken, but this young fellow is in the flower of his youth, and hath at his beck all the debauched young Cavaliers of the neighbourhood. You will scarce cross the country without a rescue.'

Topham eyed Julian wistfully, as a spider may be supposed to look upon a stray wasp which has got into his web, and

which he longs to secure, though he fears the consequences of attempting him.

Julian himself replied, 'I know not if this separation be well or ill meant on your part, Master Bridgenorth; but on mine, I am only desirous to share the fate of my parents; and therefore I will give my word of honour to attempt neither rescue, nor escape, on condition you do not separate me from them.'

'Do not say so, Julian,' said his mother. 'Abide with Master Bridgenorth; my mind tells me he cannot mean so ill by us as his rough conduct would now lead us to infer.'

'And I,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'know, that between the doors of my father's house and the gates of hell there steps not such a villain on the ground. And if I wish my hands ever to be unbound again, it is because I hope for one downright blow at a grey head that has hatched more treason than the whole Long Parliament.'

'Away with thee!' said the zealous officer; 'is Parliament a word for so foul a mouth as thine? Gentlemen,' he added, turning to Everett and Dangerfield, 'you will bear witness to this.'

'To his having reviled the House of Commons — by God, that I will!' said Dangerfield; 'I will take it on my damnation.'

'And verily,' said Everett, 'as he spoke of Parliament generally, he hath even contemned the House of Lords also.'

'Why, ye poor insignificant wretches,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'whose very life is a lie, and whose bread is perjury, would you pervert my innocent words almost as soon as they have quitted my lips? I tell you the country is well weary of you; and should Englishmen come to their senses, the jail, the pillory, the whipping-post, and the gibbet will be too good preferment for such base blood-suckers. And now, Master Bridgenorth, you and they may do your worst; for I will not open my mouth to utter a single word while I am in the company of such knaves.'

'Perhaps, Sir Geoffrey,' answered Bridgenorth, 'you would better have consulted your own safety in adopting that resolution a little sooner: the tongue is a little member, but it causes much strife. You, Master Julian, will please to follow me, and without remonstrance or resistance; for you must be aware that I have the means of compelling.'

Julian was, indeed, but too sensible that he had no other course but that of submission to superior force; but ere he

left the apartment he kneeled down to receive his father's blessing, which the old man bestowed not without a tear in his eye, and in the emphatic words, 'God bless thee, my boy, and keep thee good and true to church and king, whatever wind shall bring foul weather!'

His mother was only able to pass her hand over his head, and to implore him, in a low tone of voice, not to be rash or violent in any attempt to render them assistance. 'We are innocent,' she said, 'my son — we are innocent; and we are in God's hands. Be the thought our best comfort and protection.'

Bridgenorth, now signed to Julian to follow him, which he did, accompanied, or rather conducted, by the two guards who had first disarmed him. When they had passed from the apartment, and were at the door of the outward hall, Bridgenorth asked Julian whether he should consider him as under parole; in which case, he said, he would dispense with all other security but his own promise.

Peveril, who could not help hoping somewhat from the favourable and unresentful manner in which he was treated by one whose life he had so recently attempted, replied, without hesitation, that he would give his parole for twenty-four hours, neither to attempt to escape by force nor by flight.

'It is wisely said,' replied Bridgenorth; 'for though you might cause bloodshed, be assured that your utmost efforts could do no service to your parents. Horses there — horses to the courtyard!'

The trampling of the horses was soon heard; and in obedience to Bridgenorth's signal, and in compliance with his promise, Julian mounted one which was presented to him, and prepared to leave the house of his fathers, in which his parents were now prisoners, and to go, he knew not whither, under the custody of one known to be the ancient enemy of his family. He was rather surprised at observing that Bridgenorth and he were about to travel without any other attendants.

When they were mounted, and as they rode slowly towards the outer gate of the courtyard, Bridgenorth said to him, 'It is not every one who would thus unreservedly commit his safety, by travelling at night and unaided, with the hot-brained youth who so lately attempted his life.'

'Master Bridgenorth,' said Julian, 'I might tell you truly, that I knew you not at the time when I directed my weapon against you; but I must also add, that the cause in which I

used it might have rendered me, even had I known you, a slight respecter of your person. At present, I do know you, and have neither malice against your person nor the liberty of a parent to fight for. Besides, you have my word; and when was a Peveril known to break it?

‘Ay,’ replied his companion, ‘a Peveril—a Peveril of the Peak!—a name which has long sounded like a war-trumpet in the land; but which has now perhaps sounded its last loud note. Look back, young man, on the darksome turrets of your father’s house, which uplift themselves as proudly on the brow of the hill as their owners raised themselves above the sons of their people. Think upon your father, a captive—yourself, in some sort a fugitive—your light quenched—your glory abased—your estate wrecked and impoverished. Think that Providence has subjected the destinies of the race of Peveril to one whom, in their aristocratic pride, they held as a plebeian upstart. Think of this; and when you again boast of your ancestry, remember, that He who raiseth the lowly can also abase the high in heart.’

Julian did indeed gaze for an instant, with a swelling heart, upon the dimly-seen turrets of his paternal mansion, on which poured the moonlight, mixed with long shadows of the towers and trees. But while he sadly acknowledged the truth of Bridgenorth’s observation, he felt indignant at his ill-timed triumph. ‘If fortune had followed worth,’ he said, ‘the Castle of Martindale and the name of Peveril had afforded no room for their enemy’s vainglorious boast. But those who have stood high on Fortune’s wheel must abide by the consequence of its revolutions. Thus much I will at least say for my father’s house, that it has not stood unhonoured; nor will it fall—if it is to fall—unlamented. Forbear, then, if you are indeed the Christian you call yourself, to exult in the misfortunes of others, or to confide in your own prosperity. If the light of our house be now quenched, God can rekindle it in His own good time.’

Peveril broke off in extreme surprise; for, as he spoke the last words, the bright red beams of the family beacon began again to glimmer from its wonted watch-tower, checkering the pale moonbeam with a ruddier glow. Bridgenorth also gazed on this unexpected illumination with surprise, and not, as it seemed, without disquietude. ‘Young man,’ he resumed, ‘it can scarcely be but that Heaven intends to work great things by your hand, so singularly has that augury followed on your words.’

So saying, he put his horse once more in motion; and looking back, from time to time, as if to assure himself that the beacon of the castle was actually rekindled, he led the way through the well-known paths and alleys, to his own house of Moultrassie, followed by Peveril, who, although sensible that the light might be altogether accidental, could not but receive as a good omen an event so intimately connected with the traditions and usages of his family.

They alighted at the hall-door, which was hastily opened by a female; and while the deep tone of Bridgenorth called on the groom to take their horses, the well-known voice of his daughter Alice was heard to exclaim in thanksgiving to God, who had restored her father in safety.

CHAPTER XXIV

We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream,
Which glide, and sigh, and sign, and move their lips,
But make no sound ; or, if they utter voice,
'T is but a low and undistinguish'd moaning,
Which has nor word nor sense of utter'd sound.

The Chieftain.

WE said, at the conclusion of the last chapter, that a female form appeared at the door of Moultrassie Hall ; and that the well-known accents of Alice Bridgenorth were heard to hail the return of her father, from what she naturally dreaded as a perilous visit to the Castle of Martindale.

Julian, who followed his conductor with a throbbing heart into the lighted hall, was therefore prepared to see her whom he best loved with her arms thrown around her father. The instant she had quitted his paternal embrace, she was aware of the unexpected guest who had returned in his company. A deep blush, rapidly succeeded by deadly paleness, and again by a slighter suffusion, showed plainly to her lover that his sudden appearance was anything but indifferent to her. He bowed profoundly, a courtesy which she returned with equal formality, but did not venture to approach more nearly, feeling at once the delicacy of his own situation and of hers.

Major Bridgenorth turned his cold, fixed, grey, melancholy glance first on the one of them and then on the other. 'Some,' he said, gravely, 'would, in my case, have avoided this meeting ; but I have confidence in you both, although you are young, and beset with the snares incidental to your age. There are those within who should not know that ye have been acquainted. Wherefore, be wise, and be as strangers to each other.'

Julian and Alice exchanged glances as her father turned from them, and, lifting a lamp which stood in the entrance-hall, led the way to the interior apartment. There was little of consolation in this exchange of looks ; for the sadness of Alice's

glance was mingled with fear, and that of Julian clouded by an anxious sense of doubt. The look also was but momentary; for Alice, springing to her father, took the light out of his hand; and, stepping before him, acted as the usher of both into the large oaken parlour, which has been already mentioned as the apartment in which Bridgenorth had spent the hours of dejection which followed the death of his consort and family. It was now lighted up as for the reception of company; and five or six persons sat in it, in the plain, black, stiff dress which was affected by the formal Puritans of the time, in evidence of their contempt of the manners of the luxurious court of Charles the Second, amongst whom excess of extravagance in apparel, like excess of every other kind, was highly fashionable.

Julian at first glanced his eyes but slightly along the range of grave and severe faces which composed this society — men, sincere perhaps in their pretensions to a superior purity of conduct and morals, but in whom that high praise was somewhat chastened by an affected austerity in dress and manners allied to those Pharisees of old who made broad their phylacteries, and would be seen of men to fast, and to discharge with rigid punctuality the observances of the law. Their dress was almost uniformly a black cloak and doublet, cut straight and close, and undecorated with lace or embroidery of any kind, black Flemish breeches and hose, square-toed shoes, with large roses made of serge ribbon. Two or three had huge loose boots of calf-leather, and almost every one was begirt with a long rapier, which was suspended by leathern thongs to a plain belt of buff or of black leather. One or two of the elder guests, whose hair had been thinned by time, had their heads covered with a skullcap of black silk or velvet, which, being drawn down betwixt the ears and the skull, and permitting no hair to escape, occasioned the former to project in the ungraceful manner which may be remarked in old pictures, and which procured for the Puritans the term of ‘prick-eared Roundheads,’ so unceremoniously applied to them by their contemporaries.

These worthies were ranged against the wall, each in his ancient, high-backed, long-legged chair; neither looking towards, nor apparently discoursing with, each other; but plunged in their own reflections, or awaiting, like an assembly of Quakers, the quickening power of Divine inspiration.

Major Bridgenorth glided along this formal society with noiseless step, and a composed severity of manner resembling their own. He paused before each in succession, and apparently

communicated, as he passed, the transactions of the evening, and the circumstances under which the heir of Martindale Castle was now a guest at Moultrassie Hall. Each seemed to stir at his brief detail, like a range of statues in an enchanted hall, starting into something like life as a talisman is applied to them successively. Most of them, as they heard the narrative of their host, cast upon Julian a look of curiosity, blended with haughty scorn and the consciousness of spiritual superiority; though, in one or two instances, the milder influences of compassion were sufficiently visible. Peveril would have undergone this gauntlet of eyes with more impatience had not his own been for the time engaged in following the motions of Alice, who glided through the apartment, and, only speaking very briefly, and in whispers, to one or two of the company who addressed her, took her place beside a treble-hooded old lady, the only female of the party, and addressed herself to her in such earnest conversation as might dispense with her raising her head or looking at any others in the company.

Her father put a question, to which she was obliged to return an answer — 'Where was Mistress Debbitch?'

'She had gone out,' Alice replied, 'early after sunset, to visit some old acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and she had not yet returned.'

Major Bridgenorth made a gesture indicative of displeasure; and, not content with that, expressed his determined resolution that Dame Deborah should no longer remain a member of his family. 'I will have those,' he said aloud, and without regarding the presence of his guests, 'and those only, around me, who know to keep within the sober and modest bounds of a Christian family. Who pretends to more freedom must go out from among us, as not being of us.'

A deep and emphatic humming noise, which was at that time the mode in which the Puritans signified their applause, as well of the doctrines expressed by a favourite divine in the pulpit as of those delivered in private society, ratified the approbation of the assessors, and seemed to secure the dismissal of the unfortunate governante, who stood thus detected of having strayed out of bounds. Even Peveril, although he had reaped considerable advantages, in his early acquaintance with Alice, from the mercenary and gossiping disposition of her governess, could not hear of her dismissal without approbation, so much was he desirous that, in the hour of difficulty, which might soon approach, Alice might have the benefit of counte-

nance and advice from one of her own sex of better manners and less suspicious probity than Mistress Debbitch.

Almost immediately after this communication had taken place, a servant in mourning showed his thin, pinched, and wrinkled visage in the apartment, announcing, with a voice more like a passing bell than the herald of a banquet, that refreshments were provided in an adjoining apartment. Gravely leading the way, with his daughter on one side and the Puritanical female whom we have distinguished on the other, Bridgenorth himself ushered his company, who followed with little attention to order or ceremony, into the eating-room, where a substantial supper was provided.

In this manner, Peveril, although entitled, according to ordinary ceremonial, to some degree of precedence — a matter at that time considered of much importance, although now little regarded — was left among the last of those who quitted the parlour; and might indeed have brought up the rear of all, had not one of the company, who was himself late in the retreat, bowed and resigned to Julian the rank in the company which had been usurped by others.

This act of politeness naturally induced Julian to examine the features of the person who had offered him this civility; and he started to observe, under the pinched velvet cap and above the short band-strings, the countenance of Ganlesse, as he called himself — his companion on the preceding evening. He looked again and again, especially when all were placed at the supper-board, and when, consequently, he had frequent opportunities of observing this person fixedly, without any breach of good manners. At first he wavered in his belief, and was much inclined to doubt the reality of his recollection; for the difference of dress was such as to effect a considerable change of appearance; and the countenance itself, far from exhibiting anything marked or memorable, was one of those ordinary visages which we see almost without remarking them, and which leave our memory so soon as the object is withdrawn from our eyes. But the impression upon his mind returned, and became stronger, until it induced him to watch with peculiar attention the manners of the individual who had thus attracted his notice.

During the time of a very prolonged grace before meat, which was delivered by one of the company, who, from his Geneva band and serge doublet, presided, as Julian supposed, over some dissenting congregation, he noticed that this man kept the same demure and severe cast of countenance usually affected by

the Puritans, and which rather caricatured the reverence unquestionably due upon such occasions. His eyes were turned upward, and his huge penthouse hat, with a high crown and broad brim, held in both hands before him, rose and fell with the cadences of the speaker's voice; thus marking time, as it were, to the periods of the benediction. Yet when the slight bustle took place which attends the adjusting of chairs, etc., as men sit down to table, Julian's eye encountered that of the stranger; and as their looks met, there glanced from those of the latter an expression of satirical humour and scorn, which seemed to intimate internal ridicule of the gravity of his present demeanour.

Julian again sought to fix his eye, in order to ascertain that he had not mistaken the tendency of this transient expression, but the stranger did not allow him another opportunity. He might have been discovered by the tone of his voice; but the individual in question spoke little, and in whispers, which was indeed the fashion of the whole company, whose demeanour at table resembled that of mourners at a funeral feast.

The entertainment itself was coarse, though plentiful; and must, according to Julian's opinion, be distasteful to one so exquisitely skilled in good cheer, and so capable of enjoying, critically and scientifically, the genial preparations of his companion, Smith, as Ganlesse had shown himself on the preceding evening. Accordingly, upon close observation, he remarked that the food which he took upon his plate remained there unconsumed; and that his actual supper consisted only of a crust of bread with a glass of wine.

The repast was hurried over with the haste of those who think it shame, if not sin, to make mere animal enjoyments the means of consuming time or of receiving pleasure; and when men wiped their mouths and mustachios, Julian remarked that the object of his curiosity used a handkerchief of the finest cambric—an article rather inconsistent with the exterior plainness, not to say coarseness, of his appearance. He used also several of the more minute refinements, then only observed at tables of the higher rank; and Julian thought he could discern at every turn something of courtly manners and gestures, under the precise and rustic simplicity of the character which he had assumed.¹

¹ A Scottish gentleman *in hiding*, as it was emphatically termed, for some concern in a Jacobite insurrection or plot, was discovered among a number of ordinary persons by the use of his toothpick.

But if this were indeed that same Ganlesse with whom Julian had met on the preceding evening, and who had boasted the facility with which he could assume any character which he pleased to represent for the time, what could be the purpose of his present disguise? He was, if his own words could be credited, a person of some importance, who dared to defy the danger of those officers and informers before whom all ranks at that time trembled; nor was he likely, as Julian conceived, without some strong purpose, to subject himself to such a masquerade as the present, which could not be otherwise than irksome to one whose conversation proclaimed him of light life and free opinions. Was his appearance here for good or for evil? Did it respect his father's house, or his own person, or the family of Bridgenorth? Was the real character of Ganlesse known to the master of the house, inflexible as he was in all which concerned morals as well as religion? If not, might not the machinations of a brain so subtle affect the peace and happiness of Alice Bridgenorth?

These were questions which no reflection could enable Peveril to answer. His eyes glanced from Alice to the stranger; and new fears, and undefined suspicions, in which the safety of that beloved and lovely girl was implicated, mingled with the deep anxiety which already occupied his mind on account of his father and his father's house.

He was in this tumult of mind when, after a thanksgiving as long as the grace, the company arose from table, and were instantly summoned to the exercise of family worship. A train of domestics, grave, sad, and melancholy as their superiors, glided in to assist at this act of devotion, and ranged themselves at the lower end of the apartment. Most of these men were armed with long tucks, as the straight stabbing swords, much used by Cromwell's soldiery, were then called. Several had large pistols also; and the corslets or cuirasses of some were heard to clank as they seated themselves to partake in this act of devotion. The ministry of him whom Julian had supposed a preacher was not used on this occasion. Major Bridgenorth himself read and expounded a chapter of Scripture with much strength and manliness of expression, although so as not to escape the charge of fanaticism. The nineteenth chapter of Jeremiah was the portion of Scripture which he selected; in which, under the type of breaking a potter's vessel, the prophet presages the desolation of the Jews. The lecturer was not naturally eloquent; but a strong, deep, and sincere

conviction of the truth of what he said, supplied him with language of energy and fire, as he drew a parallel between the abominations of the worship of Baal and the corruptions of the Church of Rome—so favourite a topic with the Puritans of that period; and denounced against the Catholics, and those who favoured them, that hissing and desolation which the prophet directed against the city of Jerusalem. His hearers made a yet closer application than the lecturer himself suggested; and many a dark proud eye intimated, by a glance on Julian, that on his father's house were already, in some part, realised those dreadful maledictions.

The lecture finished, Bridgenorth summoned them to unite with him in prayer; and on a slight change of arrangements amongst the company, which took place as they were about to kneel down, Julian found his place next to the single-minded and beautiful object of his affection, as she knelt, in her loveliness, to adore her Creator. A short time was permitted for mental devotion, during which Peveril could hear her half-breathed petition for the promised blessings of peace on earth and good-will towards the children of men.

The prayer which ensued was in a different tone. It was poured forth by the same person who had officiated as chaplain at the table, and was in the tone of a Boanerges, or Son of Thunder—a denouncer of crimes, an invoker of judgments, almost a prophet of evil and of destruction. The testimonies and the sins of the day were not forgotten: the mysterious murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey was insisted upon; and thanks and praise were offered, that the very night on which they were assembled had not seen another offering of a Protestant magistrate to the bloodthirsty fury of the revengeful Catholics.

Never had Julian found it more difficult, during an act of devotion, to maintain his mind in a frame befitting the posture and the occasion; and when he heard the speaker return thanks for the downfall and devastation of his family, he was strongly tempted to have started upon his feet and charged him with offering a tribute stained with falsehood and calumny at the throne of truth itself. He resisted, however, an impulse which it would have been insanity to have yielded to, and his patience was not without its reward; for when his fair neighbour arose from her knees, the lengthened and prolonged prayer being at last concluded, he observed that her eyes were streaming with tears; and one glance with which she looked at him in that

moment showed more of affectionate interest for him in his fallen fortunes and precarious condition than he had been able to obtain from her when his worldly estate seemed so much the more exalted of the two.

Cheered and fortified with the conviction that one bosom in the company, and that in which he most eagerly longed to secure an interest, sympathised with his distress, he felt strong to endure whatever was to follow, and shrunk not from the stern still smile with which, one by one, the meeting regarded him, as, gliding to their several places of repose, they indulged themselves at parting with a look of triumph on one whom they considered as their captive enemy.

Alice also passed by her lover, her eyes fixed on the ground, and answered his low obeisance without raising them. The room was now empty, but for Bridgenorth and his guest, or prisoner, for it is difficult to say in which capacity Peveril ought to regard himself. He took an old brazen lamp from the table, and, leading the way, said at the same time, 'I must be the uncourtly chamberlain who am to usher you to a place of repose more rude, perhaps, than you have been accustomed to occupy.'

Julian followed him, in silence, up an old-fashioned winding staircase, within a turret. At the landing-place on the top was a small apartment, where an ordinary pallet bed, two chairs, and a small stone table, were the only furniture. 'Your bed,' continued Bridgenorth, as if desirous to prolong their interview, 'is not of the softest; but innocence sleeps as sound upon straw as on down.'

'Sorrow, Major Bridgenorth, finds little rest on either,' replied Julian. 'Tell me, for you seem to await some question from me, what is to be the fate of my parents, and why you separate me from them?'

Bridgenorth, for answer, indicated with his finger the mark which his countenance still showed from the explosion of Julian's pistol.

'That,' replied Julian, 'is not the real cause of your proceedings against me. It cannot be that you, who have been a soldier, and are a man, can be surprised or displeased by my interference in the defence of my father. Above all, you cannot, and I must needs say you do not, believe that I would have raised my hand against you personally, had there been a moment's time for recognition.'

'I may grant all this,' said Bridgenorth; 'but what the

better are you for my good opinion, or for the ease with which I can forgive you the injury which you aimed at me? You are in my custody as a magistrate, accused of abetting the foul, bloody, and heathenish plot for the establishment of Popery, the murder of the King, and the general massacre of all true Protestants.'

'And on what grounds, either of fact or suspicion, dare any one accuse me of such a crime?' said Julian. 'I have hardly heard of the plot, save by the mouth of common rumour, which, while it speaks of nothing else, takes care to say nothing distinctly even on that subject.'

'It may be enough for me to tell you,' replied Bridgenorth, 'and perhaps it is a word too much, that you are a discovered intriguer, a spied spy, who carries tokens and messages betwixt the Popish Countess of Derby and the Catholic party in London. You have not conducted your matters with such discretion but that this is well known, and can be sufficiently proved. To this charge, which you are well aware you cannot deny, these men, Everett and Dangerfield, are not unwilling to add, from the recollection of your face, other passages, which will certainly cost you your life when you come before a Protestant jury.'

'They lie like villains,' said Peveril, 'who hold me accessary to any plot either against the King, the nation, or the state of religion; and for the countess, her loyalty has been too long and too highly proved to permit her being implicated in such injurious suspicions.'

'What she has already done,' said Bridgenorth, his face darkening as he spoke, 'against the faithful champions of pure religion hath sufficiently shown of what she is capable. She hath betaken herself to her rock, and sits, as she thinks, in security, like the eagle reposing after his bloody banquet. But the arrow of the fowler may yet reach her: the shaft is whetted, the bow is bended, and it will be soon seen whether Amalek or Israel shall prevail. But for thee, Julian Peveril — why should I conceal it from thee? — my heart yearns for thee as a woman's for her first-born. To thee I will give, at the expense of my own reputation, perhaps at the risk of personal suspicion, for who, in these days of doubt, shall be exempted from it? — to thee, I say, I will give means of escape, which else were impossible to thee. The staircase of this turret descends to the gardens, the postern gate is unlatched, on the right hand lie the stables, where you will find your own horse, take it, and make for Liverpool. I will give you credit with a friend under the

name of Simon Simonson, one persecuted by the prelates ; and he will expedite your passage from the kingdom.'

'Major Bridgenorth,' said Julian, 'I will not deceive you. Were I to accept your offer of freedom, it would be to attend to a higher call than that of mere self-preservation. My father is in danger, my mother in sorrow ; the voices of religion and nature call me to their side. I am their only child — their only hope ; I will aid them, or perish with them !'

'Thou art mad,' said Bridgenorth ; 'aid them thou canst not, perish with them thou well mayst, and even accelerate their ruin ; for, in addition to the charges with which thy unhappy father is loaded, it would be no slight aggravation that, while he meditated arming and calling together the Catholics and High Churchmen of Cheshire and Derbyshire, his son should prove to be the confidential agent of the Countess of Derby, who aided her in making good her stronghold against the Protestant commissioners, and was despatched by her to open secret communication with the Popish interest in London.'

'You have twice stated me as such an agent,' said Peveril, resolved that his silence should not be construed into an admission of the charge, though he felt that it was in some degree well founded. 'What reason have you for such an allegation ?'

'Will it suffice for a proof of my intimate acquaintance with your mystery,' replied Bridgenorth, 'if I should repeat to you the last words which the countess used to you when you left the castle of that Amalekitish woman ? Thus she spoke : "I am now a forlorn widow," she said, "whom sorrow has made selfish."'

Peveril started, for these were the very words the countess had used ; but he instantly recovered himself, and replied, 'Be your information of what nature it will, I deny and I defy it so far as it attaches aught like guilt to me. There lives not a man more innocent of a disloyal thought or of a traitorous purpose. What I say for myself, I will, to the best of my knowledge, say and maintain on account of the noble countess, to whom I am indebted for nurture.'

'Perish, then, in thy obstinacy !' said Bridgenorth ; and turning hastily from him, he left the room, and Julian heard him hasten down the narrow staircase, as if distrusting his own resolution.

With a heavy heart, yet with that confidence in an overruling Providence which never forsakes a good and brave man, Peveril betook himself to his lowly place of repose.

CHAPTER XXV

The course of human life is changeful still,
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill ;
Or, like the light dance which the wild breeze weaves
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves,
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses high,
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.
Such, and so varied, the precarious play
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day !

Anonymous.

WHILST, overcome with fatigue and worn out by anxiety, Julian Peveril slumbered as a prisoner in the house of his hereditary enemy, Fortune was preparing his release by one of those sudden frolics with which she loves to confound the calculations and expectancies of humanity ; and as she fixes on strange agents for such purposes, she condescended to employ, on the present occasion, no less a personage than Mistress Deborah Debbitch.

Instigated, doubtless, by the pristine reminiscences of former times, no sooner had that most prudent and considerate dame found herself in the vicinity of the scenes of her earlier days than she bethought herself of a visit to the ancient housekeeper of Martindale Castle, Dame Ellesmere by name, who, long retired from active service, resided at the keeper's lodge, in the west thicket, with her nephew, Lance Outram, subsisting upon the savings of her better days, and on a small pension allowed by Sir Geoffrey to her age and faithful services.

Now, Dame Ellesmere and Mistress Deborah had not by any means been formerly on so friendly a footing as this haste to visit her might be supposed to intimate. But years had taught Deborah to forget and forgive ; or perhaps she had no special objection, under cover of a visit to Dame Ellesmere, to take the chance of seeing what changes time had made on her old admirer the keeper. Both inhabitants were in the cottage when, after having seen her master set forth on his expedition

to the castle, Mistress Debbitch, dressed in her very best gown, footed it through gutter, and over stile, and by pathway green, to knock at their door, and to lift the latch at the hospitable invitation which bade her come in.

Dame Ellesmere's eyes were so dim that, even with the aid of spectacles, she failed to recognise, in the portly and mature personage who entered their cottage, the tight, well-made lass who, presuming on her good looks and flippant tongue, had so often provoked her by insubordination; and her former lover, the redoubted Lance, not being conscious that ale had given rotundity to his own figure, which was formerly so slight and active, and that brandy had transferred to his nose the colour which had once occupied his cheeks, was unable to discover that Deborah's French cap, composed of sarsenet and Brussels lace, shaded the features which had so often procured him a rebuke from Dr. Dummerar, for suffering his eyes, during the time of prayers, to wander to the maid-servants' bench.

In brief, the blushing visitor was compelled to make herself known; and when known, was received by aunt and nephew with the most sincere cordiality.

The home-brewed was produced; and, in lieu of more vulgar food, a few slices of venison presently hissed in the frying-pan, giving strong room for inference that Lance Outram, in his capacity of keeper, neglected not his own cottage when he supplied the larder at the castle. A modest sip of the excellent Derbyshire ale and a taste of the highly-seasoned hash soon placed Deborah entirely at home with her old acquaintance.

Having put all necessary questions, and received all suitable answers, respecting the state of the neighbourhood, and such of her own friends as continued to reside there, the conversation began rather to flag, until Deborah found the art of again renewing its interest by communicating to her friends the dismal intelligence that 'They must soon look for deadly bad news from the castle; for that her present master, Major Bridgenorth, had been summoned by some great people from London to assist in taking her old master, Sir Geoffrey; and that all Master Bridgenorth's servants, and several other persons whom she named, friends and adherents of the same interest, had assembled a force to surprise the castle; and that as Sir Geoffrey was now so old, and gouty withal, it could not be expected he should make the defence he was wont; and then he was known to be so stout-hearted, that it was not to be supposed that he would yield up without stroke of sword; and then if he was

killed, as he was like to be, amongst them that liked never a bone of his body, and now had him at their mercy, why, in that case, she, Dame Deborah, would look upon Lady Peveril as little better than a dead woman ; and undoubtedly there would be a general mourning through all that country, where they had such great kin ; and silks were likely to rise on it, as Master Lutestring, the mercer of Chesterfield, was like to feel in his purse bottom. But for her part, let matters wag how they would, an if Master Julian Peveril was to come to his own, she could give as near a guess as e'er another who was likely to be lady at Martindale.'

The text of this lecture, or, in other words, the fact that Bridgenorth was gone with a party to attack Sir Geoffrey Peveril in his own Castle of Martindale, sounded so stunningly strange in the ears of those old retainers of his family, that they had no power either to attend to Mistress Deborah's inferences or to interrupt the velocity of speech with which she poured them forth. And when at length she made a breathless pause, all that poor Dame Ellesmere could reply was the emphatic question, 'Bridgenorth brave Peveril of the Peak ! Is the woman mad ?'

'Come — come, dame,' said Deborah, 'woman me no more than I woman you. I have not been called "Mistress" at the head of the table for so many years, to be woman'd here by you. And for the news, it is as true as that you are sitting there in a white hood, who will wear a black one ere long.'

'Lance Outram,' said the old woman, 'make out, if thou be'st a man, and listen about if aught stirs up at the castle.'

'If there should,' said Outram, 'I am even too long here'; and he caught up his cross-bow and one or two arrows and rushed out of the cottage.

'Well-a-day !' said Mistress Deborah, 'see if my news have not frightened away Lance Outram too, whom they used to say nothing could start. But do not take on so, dame ; for I dare-say, if the castle and the lands pass to my new master, Major Bridgenorth, as it is like they will — for I have heard that he has powerful debts over the estate — you shall have my good word with him, and I promise you he is no bad man ; something precise about preaching and praying, and about the dress which one should wear, which, I must own, beseems not a gentleman, as, to be sure, every woman knows best what becomes her. But for you, dame, that wear a Prayer Book at your girdle with your housewife-case, and never change the

fashion of your white hood, I daresay he will not grudge you the little matter you need, and are not able to win.'

'Out, sordid jade!' exclaimed Dame Ellesmere, her very flesh quivering betwixt apprehension and anger, 'and hold your peace this instant, or I will find those that shall flay the very hide from thee with dog-whips. Hast thou eat thy noble master's bread, not only to betray his trust and fly from his service, but wouldst thou come here, like an ill-omened bird as thou art, to triumph over his downfall?'

'Nay, dame,' said Deborah, over whom the violence of the old woman had obtained a certain predominance; 'it is not I that say it, only the warrant of the Parliament folks.'

'I thought we had done with their warrants ever since the blessed twenty-ninth of May,' said the old housekeeper of Martindale Castle; 'but this I tell thee, sweetheart, that I have seen such warrants crammed, at the sword's point, down the throats of them that brought them; and so shall this be, if there is one true man left to drink of the Dove.'

As she spoke, Lance Outram re-entered the cottage. 'Naunt,' he said in dismay, 'I doubt it is true what she says. The beacon tower is as black as my belt. No pole-star of Peveril. What does that betoken?'

'Death, ruin, and captivity,' exclaimed old Ellesmere. 'Make for the castle, thou knave. Thrust in thy great body. Strike for the house that bred thee and fed thee; and if thou art buried under the ruins, thou diest a man's death.'

'Nay, naunt, I shall not be slack,' answered Outram. 'But here comes folks that I warrant can tell us more on 't.'

One or two of the female servants, who had fled from the castle during the alarm, now rushed in with various reports of the case; but all agreeing that a body of armed men were in possession of the castle, and that Major Bridgenorth had taken young Master Julian prisoner, and conveyed him down to Moultrassie Hall, with his feet tied under the belly of the nag — a shameful sight to be seen, and he so well born and so handsome.

Lance scratched his head; and though feeling the duty incumbent upon him as a faithful servant, which was indeed specially dinned into him by the cries and exclamations of his aunt, he seemed not a little dubious how to conduct himself. 'I would to God, naunt,' he said at last, 'that old Whitaker were alive now, with his long stories about Marston Moor and Edge Hill, that made us all yawn our jaws off their hinges, in

spite of broiled rashers and double-beer! When a man is missed, he is moaned, as they say; and I would rather than a broad piece he had been here to have sorted this matter, for it is clean out of my way as a woodsman, that have no skill of war. But dang it, if old Sir Geoffrey go to the wall without a knock for it! Here you, Nell (speaking to one of the fugitive maidens from the castle) — but no, you have not the heart of a cat, and are afraid of your own shadow by moonlight. But, Cis, you are a stout-hearted wench, and know a buck from a bullfinch. Hark thee, Cis, as you would wish to be married, get up to the castle again, and get thee in — thou best knowest where, for thou hast oft gotten out of postern to a dance, or junketing, to my knowledge. Get thee back to the castle, as ye hope to be married; see my lady — they cannot hinder thee of that — my lady has a head worth twenty of ours; if I am to gather force, light up the beacon for a signal, and spare not a tar barrel on't. Thou mayst do it safe enough. I warrant the Roundheads busy with drink and plunder. And, hark thee, say to my lady I am gone down to the miners' houses at Bonadventure. The rogues were mutinying for their wages but yesterday; they will be all ready for good or bad. Let her send orders down to me; or do you come yourself, your legs are long enough.

'Whether they are or not, Master Lance — and you know nothing of the matter — they shall do your errand to-night, for love of the old knight and his lady.'

So Cisly Sellok, a kind of Derbyshire Camilla, who had won the smock at the foot-race at Ashbourne, sprung forward towards the castle, with a speed which few could have equalled.

'There goes a mettled wench,' said Lance; 'and now, naunt, give me the old broadsword — it is above the bed-head — and my wood-knife; and I shall do well enough.'

'And what is to become of me?' bleated the unfortunate Mistress Deborah Debbitch.

'You must remain here with my aunt, Mistress Deb; and, for old acquaintance' sake, she will take care no harm befalls you; but take heed how you attempt to break bounds.'

So saying, and pondering in his own mind the task which he had undertaken, the hardy forester strode down the moonlight glade, scarcely hearing the blessings and cautions which Dame Ellesmere kept showering after him. His thoughts were not altogether warlike. 'What a tight ankle the jade hath! she trips it like a doe in summer over the dew. Well, but here

are the huts. Let us to this gear. Are ye all asleep, ye dammers, sinkers, and drift-drivers? Turn out, ye subterranean badgers. Here is your master, Sir Geoffrey, dead, for aught you know or care. Do not you see the beacon is unlit, and you sit there like so many asses?’

‘Why,’ answered one of the miners, who now began to come out of their huts,

‘An he be dead,
He will eat no more bread.’

‘And you are like to eat none neither,’ said Lance; ‘for the works will be presently stopped, and all of you turned off.’

‘Well, and what of it, Master Lance? As good play for nought as work for nought. Here is four weeks we have scarce seen the colour of Sir Geoffrey’s coin; and you ask us to care whether he be dead or in life? For you, that goes about, trotting upon your horse, and doing for work what all men do for pleasure, it may be well enough; but it is another matter to be leaving God’s light, and burrowing all day and night in darkness, like a toad in a hole—that’s not to be done for nought, I trow; and if Sir Geoffrey is dead, his soul will suffer for’t; and if he’s alive, we’ll have him in the barmoot court.’

‘Hark ye, gaffer,’ said Lance, ‘and take notice, my mates, all of you,’ for a considerable number of these rude and subterranean people had now assembled to hear the discussion—‘Has Sir Geoffrey, think you, ever put a penny in his pouch out of this same Bonadventure mine?’

‘I cannot say as I think he has,’ answered old Ditchley, the party who maintained the controversy.

‘Answer on your conscience, though it be but a leaden one. Do not you know that he hath lost a good penny?’

‘Why, I believe he may,’ said Gaffer Ditchley. ‘What then? Lose to-day, win to-morrow; the miner must eat in the meantime.’

‘True; but what will you eat when Master Bridgenorth gets the land, that will not hear of a mine being wrought on his own ground? Will he work on at dead loss, think ye?’ demanded trusty Lance.

‘Bridgenorth!—he of Moultrassie Hall, that stopped the great Felicity work, on which his father laid out, some say, ten thousand pounds, and never got in a penny? Why, what has he to do with Sir Geoffrey’s property down here at Bonadventure? It was never his, I trow.’

‘Nay, what do I know?’ answered Lance, who saw the impression he had made. ‘Law and debt will give him half Derbyshire, I think, unless you stand by old Sir Geoffrey.’

‘But if Sir Geoffrey be dead,’ said Ditchley, cautiously, ‘what good will our standing by do to him?’

‘I did not say he was dead but only as bad as dead : in the hands of the Roundheads — a prisoner up yonder at his own castle,’ said Lance ; ‘and will have his head cut off, like the good Earl of Derby’s, at Bolton-le-Moors.’

‘Nay, then, comrades,’ said Gaffer Ditchley, ‘an it be as Master Lance says, I think we should bear a hand for stout old Sir Geoffrey, against a low-born, mean-spirited fellow like Bridgenorth, who shut up a shaft had cost thousands, without getting a penny profit on’t. So hurra for Sir Geoffrey, and down with the Rump ! But hold ye a blink — hold (and the waving of his hand stopped the commencing cheer). Hark ye, Master Lance, it must be all over, for the beacon is as black as night ; and you know yourself that marks the lord’s death.’

‘It will kindle again in an instant,’ said Lance ; internally adding, ‘I pray to God it may ! It will kindle in an instant — lack of fuel, and the confusion of the family !’

‘Ay, like enow — like enow,’ said Ditchley ; ‘but I winna budge till I see it blazing.’

‘Why then, there a goes !’ said Lance. ‘Thank thee, Cis — thank thee, my good wench. Believe your own eyes, my lads, if you will not believe me ; and now hurra for Peveril of the Peak — the King and his friends — and down with Rumps and Roundheads !’

The sudden rekindling of the beacon had all the effect which Lance could have desired upon the minds of his rude and ignorant hearers, who, in their superstitious humour, had strongly associated the polar star of Peveril with the fortunes of the family. Once moved, according to the national character of their countrymen, they soon became enthusiastic ; and Lance found himself at the head of thirty stout fellows and upwards, armed with their pick-axes, and ready to execute whatever task he should impose on them.

Trusting to enter the castle by the postern, which had served to accommodate himself and other domestics upon an emergency, his only anxiety was to keep his march silent ; and he earnestly recommended to his followers to reserve their shouts for the moment of the attack. They had not advanced far on their road to the castle when Cisly Sellok met them, so breathless with

haste that the poor girl was obliged to throw herself into Master Lance's arms.

'Stand up, my mettled wench,' said he, giving her a sly kiss at the same time, 'and let us know what is going on up at the castle.'

'My lady bids you, as you would serve God and your master, not to come up to the castle, which can but make bloodshed; for she says Sir Geoffrey is lawfully in hand, and that he must bide the issue; and that he is innocent of what he is charged with, and is going up to speak for himself before King and Council, and she goes up with him. And besides, they have found out the postern, the Roundhead rogues; for two of them saw me when I went out of door, and chased me; but I showed them a fair pair of heels.'

'As ever dashed dew from the cowslip,' said Lance. 'But what the foul fiend is to be done? for if they have secured the postern, I know not how the dickens we can get in.'

'All is fastened with bolt and staple, and guarded with gun and pistol, at the castle,' quoth Cisly; 'and so sharp are they, that they nigh caught me coming with my lady's message, as I told you. But my lady says, if you could deliver her son, Master Julian, from Bridgenorth, that she would hold it good service.'

'What!' said Lance, 'is young master at the castle? I taught him to shoot his first shaft. But how to get in!'

'He was at the castle in the midst of the ruffle, but old Bridgenorth has carried him down prisoner to the hall,' answered Cisly. 'There was never faith nor courtesy in an old Puritan, who never had pipe and tabor in his house since it was built.'

'Or who stopped a promising mine,' said Ditchley, 'to save a few thousand pounds, when he might have made himself as rich as the Lord of Chatsworth, and fed a hundred good fellows all the whilst.'

'Why, then,' said Lance, 'since you are all of a mind, we will go draw the cover for the old badger; and I promise you that the hall is not like one of your real houses of quality, where the walls are as thick as whinstone dikes, but foolish brickwork, that your pick-axes will work through as if it were cheese. Huzza once more for Peveril of the Peak! down with Bridgenorth and all upstart cuckoldy Roundheads!'

Having indulged the throats of his followers with one buxom huzza, Lance commanded them to cease their clamours, and

proceeded to conduct them, by such paths as seemed the least likely to be watched, to the courtyard of Moultrassie Hall. On the road they were joined by several stout yeomen farmers, either followers of the Peveril family or friends to the High Church and Cavalier party; most of whom, alarmed by the news which began to fly fast through the neighbourhood, were armed with sword and pistol.

Lance Outram halted his party, at the distance, as he himself described it, of a flight-shot from the house, and advanced alone, and in silence, to reconnoitre; and having previously commanded Ditchley and his subterranean allies to come to his assistance whenever he should whistle, he crept cautiously forward, and soon found that those whom he came to surprise, true to the discipline which had gained their party such decided superiority during the Civil War, had posted a sentinel, who paced through the courtyard piously chanting a psalm-tune, while his arms, crossed on his bosom, supported a gun of formidable length.

‘Now, a true soldier,’ said Lance Outram to himself, ‘would put a stop to thy snivelling ditty, by making a broad arrow quiver in your heart, and no great alarm given. But, dang it, I have not the right spirit for a soldier: I cannot fight a man till my blood’s up; and for shooting him from behind a wall, it is cruelly like to stalking a deer. I’ll e’en face him and try what to make of him.’

With this doughty resolution, and taking no farther care to conceal himself, he entered the courtyard boldly, and was making forward to the front door of the hall, as a matter of course. But the old Cromwellian who was on guard had not so learned his duty. ‘Who goes there? Stand, friend — stand; or, verily, I will shoot thee to death!’ were challenges which followed each other quick, the last being enforced by the levelling and presenting the said long-barrelled gun with which he was armed.

‘Why, what a murrain!’ answered Lance. ‘Is it your fashion to go a-shooting at this time o’ night? Why, this is but a time for bat-fowling.’

‘Nay, but hark thee, friend,’ said the experienced sentinel, ‘I am none of those who do this work negligently. Thou canst not snare me with thy crafty speech, though thou wouldst make it to sound simple in mine ear. Of a verity I will shoot, unless thou tell thy name and business.’

‘Name!’ said Lance; ‘why, what a dickens should it be but

Robin Round—honest Robin of Redham; and for business, an you must needs know, I come on a message from some Parliament man up yonder at the castle, with letters for worshipful Master Bridgenorth of Moultrassie Hall, and this be the place, as I think; though why ye be marching up and down at his door, like the sign of the Red Man, with your old firelock there, I cannot so well guess.'

'Give me the letters, my friend,' said the sentinel, to whom this explanation seemed very natural and probable, 'and I will cause them forthwith to be delivered into his worship's own hand.'

Rummaging in his pockets, as if to pull out the letters which never existed, Master Lance approached within the sentinel's piece, and, before he was aware, suddenly seized him by the collar, whistled sharp and shrill, and exerting his skill as a wrestler, for which he had been distinguished in his youth, he stretched his antagonist on his back—the musket for which they struggled going off in the fall.

The miners rushed into the courtyard at Lance's signal; and, hopeless any longer of prosecuting his design in silence, Lance commanded two of them to secure the prisoner, and the rest to cheer loudly, and attack the door of the house. Instantly the courtyard of the mansion rang with the cry of 'Peveril of the Peak for ever!' with all the abuse which the Royalists had invented to cast upon the Roundheads during so many years of contention; and at the same time, while some assailed the door with their mining implements, others directed their attack against the angle, where a kind of porch joined to the main front of the building; and there, in some degree protected by the projection of the wall and of a balcony which overhung the porch, wrought in more security, as well as with more effect, than the others; for the doors being of oak, thickly studded with nails, offered a more effectual resistance to violence than the brickwork.

The noise of this hubbub on the outside soon excited wild alarm and tumult within. Lights flew from window to window; and voices were heard demanding the cause of the attack; to which the party cries of those who were in the courtyard afforded a sufficient, or at least the only, answer, which was vouchsafed. At length the window of a projecting staircase opened, and the voice of Bridgenorth himself demanded authoritatively what the tumult meant, and commanded the rioters to desist, upon their own proper and immediate peril.

'We want our young master, you canting old thief,' was the reply; 'and if we have him not instantly, the topmost stone of your house shall lie as low as the foundation!'

'We will try that presently,' said Bridgenorth; 'for if there is another blow struck against the walls of my peaceful house, I will fire my carabine among you, and your blood be upon your own head. I have a score of friends, well armed with musket and pistol, to defend my house; and we have both the means and heart, with Heaven's assistance, to repay any violence you can offer.'

'Master Bridgenorth,' replied Lance, who, though no soldier, was sportsman enough to comprehend the advantage which those under cover, and using firearms, must necessarily have over his party, exposed to their aim, in a great measure, and without means of answering their fire—'Master Bridgenorth, let us crave parley with you, and fair conditions. We desire to do you no evil, but will have back our young master; it is enough that you have got our old one and his lady. It is foul chasing, to kill hart, hind, and fawn; and we will give you some light on the subject in an instant.'

This speech was followed by a great crash amongst the lower windows of the house, according to a new species of attack which had been suggested by some of the assailants.

'I would take the honest fellow's word, and let young Peveril go,' said one of the garrison, who, carelessly yawning, approached on the inside the post at which Bridgenorth had stationed himself.

'Are you mad?' said Bridgenorth; 'or do you think me poor enough in spirit to give up the advantages I now possess over the family of Peveril for the awe of a parcel of boors, whom the first discharge will scatter like chaff before the whirlwind?'

'Nay,' answered the speaker, who was the same individual that had struck Julian by his resemblance to the man who called himself Ganlesse, 'I love a dire revenge, but we shall buy it somewhat too dear if these rascals set the house on fire, as they are like to do, while you are parleying from the window. They have thrown torches or firebrands into the hall; and it is all our friends can do to keep the flame from catching the wainscoting, which is old and dry.'

'Now, may Heaven judge thee for thy lightness of spirit,' answered Bridgenorth; 'one would think mischief was so properly thy element that to thee it was indifferent whether friend or foe was the sufferer.'

So saying, he ran hastily downstairs towards the hall, into which, through broken casements, and betwixt the iron bars, which prevented human entrance, the assailants had thrust lighted straw, sufficient to excite much smoke and some fire, and to throw the defenders of the house into great confusion; insomuch, that of several shots fired hastily from the windows little or no damage followed to the besiegers, who, getting warm in the onset, answered the hostile charges with loud shouts of 'Peveril for ever!' and had already made a practicable breach through the brick wall of the tenement, through which Lance, Ditchley, and several of the most adventurous among their followers, made their way into the hall.

The complete capture of the house remained, however, as far off as ever. The defenders mixed with much coolness and skill that solemn and deep spirit of enthusiasm which sets life at less than nothing in comparison to real or supposed duty. From the half-opened doors which led into the hall, they maintained a fire which began to grow fatal. One miner was shot dead; three or four were wounded; and Lance scarce knew whether he should draw his forces from the house and leave it a prey to the flames, or, making a desperate attack on the posts occupied by the defenders, try to obtain unmolested possession of the place. At this moment his course of conduct was determined by an unexpected occurrence, of which it is necessary to trace the cause.

Julian Peveril had been, like other inhabitants of Moultrassie Hall on that momentous night, awakened by the report of the sentinel's musket, followed by the shouts of his father's vassals and followers; of which he collected enough to guess that Bridgenorth's house was attacked with a view to his liberation. Very doubtful of the issue of such an attempt, dizzy with the slumber from which he had been so suddenly awakened, and confounded with the rapid succession of events to which he had been lately a witness, he speedily put on a part of his clothes and hastened to the window of his apartment. From this he could see nothing to relieve his anxiety, for it looked towards a quarter different from that on which the attack was made. He attempted his door; it was locked on the outside; and his perplexity and anxiety became extreme, when suddenly the lock was turned, and in an undress hastily assumed in the moment of alarm, her hair streaming on her shoulders, her eyes gleaming betwixt fear and resolution, Alice Bridgenorth rushed into his apartment, and seized his hand with the fervent exclamation, 'Julian, save my father!'

The light which she bore in her hand served to show those features which could rarely have been viewed by any one without emotion, but which bore an expression irresistible to a lover.

'Alice,' he said, 'what means this? What is the danger? Where is your father?'

'Do not stay to question,' she answered; 'but if you would save him, follow me!'

At the same time she led the way, with great speed, half-way down the turret staircase which led to his room, thence turning through a side door, along a long gallery, to a larger and wider stair, at the bottom of which stood her father, surrounded by four or five of his friends, scarce discernible through the smoke of the fire which began to take hold in the hall, as well as that which arose from the repeated discharge of their own firearms.

Julian saw there was not a moment to be lost, if he meant to be a successful mediator. He rushed through Bridgenorth's party ere they were aware of his approach, and throwing himself amongst the assailants, who occupied the hall in considerable numbers, he assured them of his personal safety, and conjured them to depart.

'Not without a few more slices at the Rump, master,' answered Lance. 'I am principally glad to see you safe and well; but here is Joe Rimegap shot as dead as a buck in season, and more of us are hurt; and we'll have revenge, and roast the Puritans like apples for lambswool!'

'Then you shall roast me along with them,' said Julian; 'for I vow to God, I will not leave the hall, being bound by parole of honour to abide with Major Bridgenorth till lawfully dismissed.'

'Now out on you, an you were ten times a Peveril!' said Ditchley; 'to give so many honest fellows loss and labour on your behalf, and to show them no kinder countenance. I say, beat up the fire and burn all together!'

'Nay—nay; but peace, my masters, and hearken to reason,' said Julian; 'we are all here in evil condition, and you will only make it worse by contention. Do you help to put out this same fire, which will else cost us all dear. Keep yourselves under arms. Let Master Bridgenorth and me settle some grounds of accommodation, and I trust all will be favourably made up on both sides; and if not, you shall have my consent and countenance to fight it out; and come on it what will, I will never forget this night's good service.'

He then drew Ditchley and Lance Outram aside, while the rest stood suspended at his appearance and words, and expressing the utmost thanks and gratitude for what they had already done, urged them, as the greatest favour which they could do towards him and his father's house, to permit him to negotiate the terms of his emancipation from thralldom ; at the same time forcing on Ditchley five or six gold pieces, that the brave lads of Bonadventure might drink his health ; whilst to Lance he expressed the warmest sense of his active kindness, but protested he could only consider it as good service to his house if he was allowed to manage the matter after his own fashion.

'Why,' answered Lance, 'I am well out on it, Master Julian ; for it is matter beyond my mastery. All that I stand to is, that I will see you safe out of this same Moultrassie Hall ; for our old naunt Ellesmere will else give me but cold comfort when I come home. Truth is, I began unwillingly ; but when I saw the poor fellow Joe shot beside me, why, I thought we should have some amends. But I put it all in your honour's hands.'

During this colloquy both parties had been amicably employed in extinguishing the fire, which might otherwise have been fatal to all. It required a general effort to get it under ; and both parties agreed on the necessary labour with as much unanimity as if the water they brought in leathern buckets from the well to throw upon the fire had had some effect in slaking their mutual hostility.

CHAPTER XXVI

Necessity, thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention,
Help us to composition !

Anonymous.

WHILE the fire continued, the two parties laboured in active union, like the jarring factions of the Jews during the siege of Jerusalem, when compelled to unite in resisting an assault of the besiegers. But when the last bucket of water had hissed on the few embers that continued to glimmer ; when the sense of mutual hostility, hitherto suspended by a feeling of common danger, was in its turn rekindled, the parties, mingled as they had hitherto been in one common exertion, drew off from each other, and began to arrange themselves at opposite sides of the hall, and handle their weapons, as if for a renewal of the fight.

Bridgenorth interrupted any further progress of this menaced hostility. 'Julian Peveril,' he said, 'thou art free to walk thine own path, since thou wilt not walk with me that road which is more safe, as well as more honourable. But if you do by my counsel, you will get soon beyond the British seas.'

'Ralph Bridgenorth,' said one of his friends, 'this is but evil and feeble conduct on thine own part. Wilt thou withhold thy hand from the battle, to defend, from these sons of Belial, the captive of thy bow and of thy spear ? Surely we are enow to deal with them in the security of our good old cause ; nor should we part with this spawn of the old serpent until we essay whether the Lord will not give us victory therein.'

A hum of stern assent followed ; and had not Ganlesse now interfered, the combat would probably have been renewed. He took the advocate for war apart into one of the window recesses, and apparently satisfied his objections ; for as he returned to his companions, he said to them, 'Our friend hath so well argued this matter that, verily, since he is of the same mind

with the worthy Major Bridgenorth, I think the youth may be set at liberty.'

As no further objection was offered, it only remained with Julian to thank and reward those who had been active in his assistance. Having first obtained from Bridgenorth a promise of indemnity to them for the riot they had committed, a few kind words conveyed his sense of their services; and some broad pieces, thrust into the hand of Lance Outram, furnished the means for affording them a holyday. They would have remained to protect him; but, fearful of farther disorder, and relying entirely on the good faith of Major Bridgenorth, he dismissed them all excepting Lance, whom he detained to attend upon him for a few minutes, till he should depart from Moultrassie. But, ere leaving the hall, he could not repress his desire to speak with Bridgenorth in secret; and advancing towards him, he expressed such a desire.

Tacitly granting what was asked of him, Bridgenorth led the way to a small summer saloon adjoining to the hall, where, with his usual gravity and indifference of manner, he seemed to await in silence what Peveril had to communicate.

Julian found it difficult, where so little opening was afforded him, to find a tone in which to open the subjects he had at heart, that should be at once dignified and conciliating. 'Major Bridgenorth,' he said at length, 'you have been a son, and an affectionate one. You may conceive my present anxiety. My father! What has been designed for him?'

'What the law will,' answered Bridgenorth. 'Had he walked by the counsels which I procured to be given to him, he might have dwelt safely in the house of his ancestors. His fate is now beyond my control — far beyond yours. It must be with him as his country shall decide.'

'And my mother?' said Peveril.

'Will consult, as she has ever done, her own duty; and create her own happiness by doing so,' replied Bridgenorth. 'Believe, my designs towards your family are better than they may seem through the mist which adversity has spread around your house. I may triumph as a man; but as a man I must also remember, in my hour, that mine enemies have had theirs. Have you aught else to say?' he added, after a momentary pause. 'You have rejected once, yea and again, the hand I stretched out to you. Methinks little more remains between us.'

These words, which seemed to cut short farther discussion,

were calmly spoken ; so that, though they appeared to discourage farther question, they could not interrupt that which still trembled on Julian's tongue. He made a step or two towards the door ; then suddenly returned. 'Your daughter!' he said — 'Major Bridgenorth — I should ask — I *do* ask forgiveness for mentioning her name — but may I not inquire after her? May I not express my wishes for her future happiness?'

'Your interest in her is but too flattering,' said Bridgenorth ; 'but you have already chosen your part ; and you must be, in future, strangers to each other. I may have wished it otherwise, but the hour of grace is passed, during which your compliance with my advice might — I will speak it plainly — have led to your union. For her happiness — if such a word belongs to a mortal pilgrimage — I shall care for it sufficiently. She leaves this place to-day, under the guardianship of a sure friend.'

'Not of ——' exclaimed Peveril, and stopped short ; for he felt he had no right to pronounce the name which came to his lips.

'Why do you pause?' said Bridgenorth ; 'a sudden thought is often a wise, almost always an honest, one. With whom did you suppose I meant to entrust my child, that the idea called forth so anxious an expression?'

'Again I should ask your forgiveness,' said Julian, 'for meddling where I have little right to interfere. But I saw a face here that is known to me ; the person calls himself Ganlesse. Is it with him that you mean to entrust your daughter?'

'Even to the person who calls himself Ganlesse,' said Bridgenorth, without expressing either anger or surprise.

'And do you know to whom you commit a charge so precious to all who know her and so dear to yourself?' said Julian.

'Do *you* know, who ask me the question?' answered Bridgenorth.

'I own I do not,' answered Julian ; 'but I have seen him in a character so different from what he now wears, that I feel it my duty to warn you how you entrust the charge of your child to one who can alternately play the profligate or the hypocrite, as it suits his own interest or humour.'

Bridgenorth smiled contemptuously. 'I might be angry,' he said, 'with the officious zeal which supposes that its green conceptions can instruct my grey hairs ; but, good Julian, I do but only ask from you the liberal construction that I, who

have had much converse with mankind, know with whom I trust what is dearest to me. He of whom thou speakest hath one visage to his friends, though he may have others to the world, living amongst those before whom honest features should be concealed under a grotesque vizard ; even as in the sinful sports of the day, called maskings and mummeries, where the wise, if he show himself at all, must be contented to play the apish and fantastic fool.'

'I would only pray your wisdom to beware,' said Julian, 'of one who, as he has a vizard for others, may also have one which can disguise his real features from you yourself.'

'This is being over careful, young man,' replied Bridgenorth, more shortly than he had hitherto spoken ; 'if you would walk by my counsel, you will attend to your own affairs, which, credit me, deserve all your care, and leave others to the management of theirs.'

This was too plain to be misunderstood ; and Peveril was compelled to take his leave of Bridgenorth and of Moultrassie Hall without farther parley or explanation. The reader may imagine how oft he looked back, and tried to guess, amongst the lights which continued to twinkle in various parts of the building, which sparkle it was that gleamed from the bower of Alice. When the road turned into another direction, he sunk into a deep reverie, from which he was at length roused by the voice of Lance, who demanded where he intended to quarter for the night. He was unprepared to answer the question ; but the honest keeper himself prompted a solution of the problem, by requesting that he would occupy a spare bed in the lodge, to which Julian willingly agreed. The rest of the inhabitants had retired to rest when they entered ; but Dame Ellesmere, apprised by a messenger of her nephew's hospitable intent, had everything in the best readiness she could for the son of her ancient patron. Peveril betook himself to rest ; and, notwithstanding so many subjects of anxiety, slept soundly till the morning was far advanced.

His slumbers were first broken by Lance, who had been long up, and already active in his service. He informed him that his horse, arms, and small cloak-bag had been sent from the castle by one of Major Bridgenorth's servants, who brought a letter, discharging from the major's service the unfortunate Deborah Debbitch, and prohibiting her return to the hall. The officer of the House of Commons, escorted by a strong guard, had left Martindale Castle that morning early, travelling in Sir

Geoffrey's carriage — his lady being also permitted to attend on him. To this he had to add, that the property at the castle was taken possession of by Master Win-the-Fight, the attorney, from Chesterfield, with other officers of law, in name of Major Bridgenorth, a large creditor of the unfortunate knight.

Having told these Job's tidings, Lance paused ; and, after a moment's hesitation, declared he was resolved to quit the country and go up to London along with his young master. Julian argued the point with him ; and insisted he had better stay to take charge of his aunt, in case she should be disturbed by these strangers. Lance replied, 'She would have one with her who would protect her well enough ; for there was where-withal to buy protection amongst them. But for himself, he was resolved to follow Master Julian to the death.'

Julian heartily thanked him for his love.

'Nay, it is not altogether out of love neither,' said Lance, 'though I am as loving as another ; but it is, as it were, partly out of fear, lest I be called over the coals for last night's matter ; for as for the miners, they will never trouble them, as the creatures only act after their kind.'

'I will write in your behalf to Major Bridgenorth, who is bound to afford you protection, if you have such fear,' said Julian.

'Nay, for that matter, it is not altogether fear, more than altogether love,' answered the enigmatical keeper ; 'although it hath a tasting of both in it. And, to speak plain truth, thus it is — Dame Debbitch and Naunt Ellesmere have resolved to set up their houses together, and have made up all their quarrels. And of all ghosts in the world, the worst is, when an old true-love comes back to haunt a poor fellow like me. Mistress Deborah, though distressed enow for the loss of her place, has been already speaking of a broken sixpence, or some such token, as if a man could remember such things for so many years, even if she had not gone over seas, like a woodcock, in the meanwhile.'

Julian could scarce forbear laughing. 'I thought you too much of a man, Lance, to fear a woman marrying you whether you would or no.'

'It has been many an honest man's luck, for all that,' said Lance ; 'and a woman in the very house has so many deuced opportunities. And then there would be two upon one ; for naunt, though high enough when any of *your* folks are con-

cerned, hath some look to the main chance; and 'it seems Mistress Deb is as rich as a Jew.'

'And you, Lance,' said Julian, 'have no mind to marry for cake and pudding?'

'No, truly, master,' answered Lance, 'unless I knew of what dough they were baked. How the devil do I know how the jade came by so much? And then if she speaks of tokens and love-passages, let her be the same tight lass I broke the sixpence with, and I will be the same true lad to her. But I never heard of true love lasting ten years; and hers, if it lives at all, must be nearer twenty.'

'Well, then, Lance,' said Julian, 'since you are resolved on the thing, we will go to London together; where, if I cannot retain you in my service, and if my father recovers not these misfortunes, I will endeavour to promote you elsewhere.'

'Nay — nay,' said Lance, 'I trust to be back to bonny Martin-dale before it is long, and to keep the greenwood, as I have been wont to do; for, as to Dame Debbitch, when they have not me for their common butt, naunt and she will soon bend bows on each other. So here comes old Dame Ellesmere with your breakfast. I will but give some directions about the deer to Rough Ralph, my helper, and saddle my forest pony, and your honour's horse, which is no prime one, and we will be ready to trot.'

Julian was not sorry for this addition to his establishment; for Lance had shown himself, on the preceding evening, a shrewd and bold fellow, and attached to his master. He therefore set himself to reconcile his aunt to parting with her nephew for some time. Her unlimited devotion for 'the family' readily induced the old lady to acquiesce in his proposal, though not without a gentle sigh over the ruins of a castle in the air, which was founded on the well-saved purse of Mistress Deborah Debbitch. 'At any rate,' she thought, 'it was as well that Lance should be out of the way of that bold, long-legged, beggarly trollop, Cis Sellok.' But to poor Deb herself, the expatriation of Lance, whom she had looked to as a sailor to a port under his lee, for which he can run if weather becomes foul, was a second severe blow, following close on her dismissal from the profitable service of Major Bridgenorth.

Julian visited the disconsolate damsel, in hopes of gaining some light upon Bridgenorth's projects regarding his daughter, the character of this Ganlesse, and other matters, with which her residence in the family might have made her acquainted;

but he found her by far too much troubled in mind to afford him the least information. The name of Ganlesse she did not seem to recollect, that of Alice rendered her hysterical, that of Bridgenorth furious. She numbered up the various services she had rendered in the family ; and denounced the plague of swartness to the linen, of leanness to the poultry, of dearth and dishonour to the housekeeping, and of lingering sickness and early death to Alice — all which evils, she averred, had only been kept off by her continued, watchful, and incessant cares. Then again turning to the subject of the fugitive Lance, she expressed such a total contempt of that mean-spirited fellow, in a tone between laughing and crying, as satisfied Julian it was not a topic likely to act as a sedative ; and that, therefore, unless he made a longer stay than the urgent state of his affairs permitted, he was not likely to find Mistress Deborah in such a state of composure as might enable him to obtain from her any rational or useful information.

Lance, who good-naturedly took upon himself the whole burden of Dame Debbitch's mental alienation, or 'taking on,' as such fits of *passio hysterica* are usually termed in the country, had too much feeling to present himself before the victim of her own sensibility and of his obduracy. He therefore intimated to Julian, by his assistant Ralph, that the horses stood saddled behind the lodge, and that all was ready for their departure.

Julian took the hint, and they were soon mounted, and clearing the road at a rapid trot in the direction of London ; but not by the most usual route. Julian calculated that the carriage in which his father was transported would travel slowly ; and it was his purpose, if possible, to get to London before it should arrive there, in order to have time to consult with the friends of his family what measures should be taken in his father's behalf.

In this manner, they advanced a day's journey towards London ; at the conclusion of which, Julian found his resting-place in a small inn upon the road. No one came, at the first call, to attend upon the guests and their horses, although the house was well lighted up ; and there was a prodigious chattering in the kitchen, such as can only be produced by a French cook, when his mystery is in the very moment of projection. It instantly occurred to Julian — so rare was the ministry of these Gallic artists at that time — that the clamour he heard must necessarily be produced by the *Sieur Chaubert*, on

whose *plats* he had lately feasted, along with Smith and Gausse.

One or both of these were therefore probably in the little inn; and if so, he might have some opportunity to discover their real purpose and character. How to avail himself of such a meeting he knew not; but chance favoured him more than he could have expected.

'I can scarce receive you, gentlefolks,' said the landlord, who at length appeared at the door; 'here be a sort of quality in my house to-night whom less than all will not satisfy; nor all neither, for that matter.'

'We are but plain fellows, landlord,' said Julian; 'we are bound for Moseley market, and can get no farther to-night. Any hole will serve us, no matter what.'

'Why,' said the honest host, 'if that be the case, I must e'en put one of you behind the bar, though the gentlemen have desired to be private; the other must take heart of grace, and help me at the tap.'

'The tap for me,' said Lance, without waiting his master's decision. 'It is an element which I could live and die in.'

'The bar, then, for me,' said Peveril; and stepping back, whispered to Lance to exchange cloaks with him, desirous, if possible, to avoid being recognised.

The exchange was made in an instant; and presently afterwards the landlord brought a light; and as he guided Julian into his hostelry, cautioned him to sit quiet in the place where he should stow him; and if he was discovered, to say that he was one of the house, and leave him to make it good. 'You will hear what the gallants say,' he added; 'but I think thou wilt carry away but little on it; for when it is not French it is court gibberish, and that is as hard to construe.'

The bar, into which our hero was inducted on these conditions, seemed formed, with respect to the public room, upon the principle of a citadel, intended to observe and bridle a rebellious capital. Here sat the host on the Saturday evenings, screened from the observation of his guests, yet with the power of observing both their wants and their behaviour, and also that of overhearing their conversation—a practice which he was much addicted to, being one of that numerous class of philanthropists to whom their neighbours' business is of as much consequence, or rather more, than their own.

Here he planted his new guest, with a repeated caution not to disturb the gentlemen by speech or motion; and a promise

that he should be speedily supplied with a cold buttock of beef and a tankard of home-brewed. And here he left him, with no other light than that which glimmered from the well-illuminated apartment within, through a sort of shuttle which accommodated the landlord with a view into it.

This situation, inconvenient enough in itself, was, on the present occasion, precisely what Julian would have selected. He wrapped himself in the weather-beaten cloak of Lance Outram, which had been stained, by age and climate, into a thousand variations of its original Lincoln green; and, with as little noise as he could, set himself to observe the two inmates, who had engrossed to themselves the whole of the apartment, which was usually open to the public. They sat by a table, well covered with such costly rarities as could only have been procured by much forecast, and prepared by the exquisite Mons. Chaubert; to which both seemed to do much justice.

Julian had little difficulty in ascertaining that one of the travellers was, as he had anticipated, the master of the said Chaubert, or, as he was called by Ganlesse, Smith; the other, who faced him, he had never seen before. This last was dressed like a gallant of the first order. His periwig, indeed, as he travelled on horseback, did not much exceed in size the bar-wig of a modern lawyer; but then the essence which he shook from it with every motion impregnated a whole apartment which was usually only perfumed by that vulgar herb, tobacco. His riding-coat was laced in the newest and most courtly style; and Grammont himself might have envied the embroidery of his waistcoat, and the peculiar cut of his breeches, which buttoned above the knee, permitting the shape of a very handsome leg to be completely seen. This, by the proprietor thereof, had been stretched out upon a stool, and he contemplated its proportions, from time to time, with infinite satisfaction.

The conversation between these worthies was so interesting, that we propose to assign to it another chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII

This is some creature of the elements,
Most like your sea-gull. He can wheel and whistle
His screaming song e'en when the storm is loudest,
Take for his sheeted couch the restless foam
Of the wild wave-crest, slumber in the calm,
And dally with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,
An arrant gull, with all this.

The Chieftain.

‘AND here is to thee,’ said the fashionable gallant whom we have described, ‘honest Tom ; and a cup of welcome to thee out of Looby-land. Why, thou hast been so long in the country, that thou hast got a bumpkinly clod-compelling sort of look thyself. That greasy doublet fits thee as if it were thine reserved Sunday’s apparel ; and the points seem as if they were stay-laces bought for thy true-love Marjory. I marvel thou canst still relish a ragout. Methinks now, to a stomach bound in such a jacket, eggs and bacon were a diet more conforming.’

‘Rally away, my good lord, while wit lasts,’ answered his companion ; ‘yours is not the sort of ammunition which will bear much expenditure. Or rather, tell me news from court, since we have met so opportunely.’

‘You would have asked me these an hour ago,’ said the lord, ‘had not your very soul been under Chaubert’s covered dishes. You remembered king’s affairs will keep cool, and *entremets* must be eaten hot.’

‘Not so, my lord ; I only kept common talk whilst that eavesdropping rascal of a landlord was in the room ; so that, now the coast is clear once more, I pray you for news from court.’

‘The Plot is nonsuited,’ answered the courtier, ‘Sir George Wakeman acquitted,¹ the witnesses discredited by the jury ; Scroggs, who ranted on one side, is now ranting on t’ other.’

¹ See First Check to the Plot. Note 24.

'Rat the Plot, Wakeman, witnesses, Papists, and Protestants all together! Do you think I care for such trash as that? Till the Plot comes up the palace back-stair and gets possession of Old Rowley's own imagination, I care not a farthing who believes or disbelieves. I hang by him will bear me out.'

'Well, then,' said my lord, 'the next news is Rochester's disgrace.'

'Disgraced! How, and for what? The morning I came off he stood as fair as any one.'

'That's over — the epitaph¹ has broken his neck; and now he may write one for his own court favour, for it is dead and buried.'

'The epitaph!' exclaimed Tom. 'Why, I was by when it was made; and it passed for an excellent good jest with him whom it was made upon.'

'Ay, so it did among ourselves,' answered his companion; 'but it got abroad, and had a run like a mill-race. It was in every coffee-house and in half the diurnals. Grammont translated it into French too; and there is no laughing at so sharp a jest, when it is dinned into your ears on all sides. So, disgraced is the author; and but for his Grace of Buckingham, the court would be as dull as my Lord Chancellor's wig.'

'Or as the head it covers. Well, my lord, the fewer at court, there is the more room for those that can bustle there. But there are two main-strings of Shaftesbury's fiddle broken — the Popish Plot fallen into discredit, and Rochester disgraced. Changeable times; but here is to the little man who shall mend them.'

'I apprehend you,' replied his lordship; 'and meet your health with my love. Trust me, my lord loves you and longs for you. Nay, I have done you reason. By your leave, the cup is with me. Here is to his buxom Grace of Bucks.'

'As blithe a peer,' said Smith, 'as ever turned night to day. Nay, it shall be an overflowing bumper, an you will; and I will drink it *super naculum*. And how stands the great Madam?'²

'Stoutly against all change,' answered my lord. 'Little Anthony³ can make nought of her.'

'Then he shall bring her influence to nought. Hark in thine ear. Thou knowest ——' here he whispered so low that Julian could not catch the sound.

¹ See Rochester's Epitaph on Charles II. Note 25.

² See Note 26.
³ Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, the politician and intriguer of the period.

‘Know him?’ answered the other—‘know Ned of the Island? to be sure I do.’

‘He is the man that shall knot the great fiddle-strings that have snapped. Say I told you so; and thereupon I give thee his health.’

‘And thereupon I pledge thee,’ said the young nobleman, ‘which on any other argument I were loth to do, thinking of Ned as somewhat the cut of a villain.’

‘Granted, man—granted,’ said the other, ‘a very thorough-paced rascal, but able, my lord—able and necessary, and in this plan indispensable. Pshaw! This champagne turns stronger as it gets older, I think.’

‘Hark, mine honest fellow,’ said the courtier; ‘I would thou wouldst give me some item of all this mystery. Thou hast it, I know; for whom do men entrust but trusty Chiffinch?’

‘It is your pleasure to say so, my lord,’ answered Smith (whom we shall hereafter call by his real name of Chiffinch), with much drunken gravity, for his speech had become a little altered by his copious libations in the course of the evening; ‘few men know more, or say less, than I do; and it well becomes my station. *Conticuerent omnes*, as the grammar hath it: all men should learn to hold their tongue.’

‘Except with a friend, Tom—except with a friend. Thou wilt never be such a dog-bolt as to refuse a hint to a friend? Come, you get too wise and statesmanlike for your office. The ligatures of thy most peasantly jacket there are like to burst with thy secret. Come, undo a button, man; it is for the health of thy constitution. Let out a reef; and let thy chosen friend know what is meditating. Thou knowest I am as true as thyself to little Anthony, if he can but get uppermost.’

‘*If*, thou lordly infidel!’ said Chiffinch; ‘talk’st thou to me of *ifs*? There is neither *if* nor *and* in the matter. The great Madam shall be pulled a peg down—the great Plot screwed a peg or two up. Thou knowest Ned? Honest Ned had a brother’s death to revenge.’

‘I have heard so,’ said the nobleman; ‘and that his persevering resentment of that injury was one of the few points which seemed to be a sort of heathenish virtue in him.’

‘Well,’ continued Chiffinch, ‘in manœuvring to bring about this revenge, which he hath laboured at many a day, he hath discovered a treasure.’

‘What! In the Isle of Man?’ said his companion.

‘Assure yourself of it. She is a creature so lovely, that she

needs but be seen to put down every one of the favourites, from Portsmouth and Cleveland down to that three-penny baggage, Mistress Nelly.'

'By my word, Chiffinch,' said my lord, 'that is a reinforcement after the fashion of thine own best tactics. But bethink thee, man! To make such a conquest, there wants more than a cherry cheek and a bright eye: there must be wit — wit, man, and manners, and a little sense besides, to keep influence when it is gotten.'

'Pshaw! will you tell me what goes to this vocation?' said Chiffinch. 'Here, pledge me her health in a brimmer. Nay, you shall do it on knees, too. Never such a triumphant beauty was seen. I went to church on purpose, for the first time these ten years. Yet I lie, it was not to church neither — it was to chapel.'

'To chapel! What the devil, is she a Puritan?' exclaimed the other courtier.

'To be sure she is. Do you think I would be accessory to bringing a Papist into favour in these times, when, as my good lord said in the House, there should not be a Popish manservant, nor a Popish maid-servant, not so much as dog or cat, left to bark or mew about the King!'¹

'But consider, Chiffie, the dislikelihood of her pleasing,' said the noble courtier. 'What! Old Rowley, with his wit and love of wit, his wildness and love of wildness — he form a league with a silly, scrupulous, unidea'd Puritan! Not if she were Venus.'

'Thou knowest nought of the matter,' answered Chiffinch. 'I tell thee, the fine contrast between the seeming saint and falling sinner will give zest to the old gentleman's inclinations. If I do not know him, who does? Her health, my lord, on your bare knee, as you would live to be of the bed-chamber!'

'I pledge you most devoutly,' answered his friend. 'But you have not told me how the acquaintance is to be made; for you cannot, I think, carry her to Whitehall.'

'Aha, my dear lord, you would have the whole secret! but that I cannot afford. I can spare a friend a peep at my ends, but no one must look on the means by which they are achieved.' So saying, he shook his drunken head most wisely.

The villainous design which this discourse implied, and which his heart told him was designed against Alice Bridgenorth,

¹ Such was the extravagance of Shaftesbury's eloquence.

stirred Julian so extremely that he involuntarily shifted his posture and laid his hand on his sword hilt.

Chiffinch heard a rustling, and broke off, exclaiming, 'Hark! Zounds, something moved. I trust I have told the tale to no ears but thine.'

'I will cut off any which have drunk in but a syllable of thy words,' said the nobleman; and raising a candle, he took a hasty survey of the apartment. Seeing nothing that could incur his menaced resentment, he replaced the light and continued: 'Well, suppose the Belle Louise de Querouaille¹ shoots from her high station in the firmament, how will you rear up the down-fallen Plot again; for without that same Plot, think of it as thou wilt, we have no change of hands, and matters remain as they were, with a Protestant courtesan instead of a Papist. Little Anthony can but little speed without that Plot of his. I believe, in my conscience, he begot it himself.'²

'Whoever begot it,' said Chiffinch, 'he hath adopted it; and a thriving babe it has been to him. Well, then, though it lies out of my way, I will play St. Peter again—up with t' other key and unlock t' other mystery.'

'Now thou speakest like a good fellow; and I will, with my own hands, unwire this fresh flask, to begin a brimmer to the success of thy achievement.'

'Well, then,' continued the communicative Chiffinch, 'thou knowest that they have long had a nibbling at the old Countess of Derby. So Ned was sent down—he owes her an old accompt, thou knowest—with private instructions to possess himself of the island, if he could, by help of some of his old friends. He hath ever kept up spies upon her; and happy man was he to think his hour of vengeance was come so nigh. But he missed his blow; and the old girl, being placed on her guard, was soon in a condition to make Ned smoke for it. Out of the island he came with little advantage for having entered it; when, by some means—for the devil, I think, stands ever his friend—he obtained information concerning a messenger, whom her old Majesty of Man had sent to London to make party in her behalf. Ned stuck himself to this fellow—a raw, half-bred lad, son of an old blundering Cavalier of the old stamp, down in Derbyshire, and so managed the swain, that he brought him

¹ Charles's principal mistress *en titre*. She was created Duchess of Portsmouth. [See Note 26.]

² Shaftesbury himself is supposed to have said that he knew not who was the inventor of the Plot, but that he himself had all the advantage of the discovery.

to the place where I was waiting, in anxious expectation of the pretty one I told you of. By St. Anthony, for I will swear by no meaner oath, I stared when I saw this great lout — not that the fellow is so ill-looking neither — I stared like — like — good now, help me to a simile.'

'Like St. Anthony's pig, an it were sleek,' said the young lord; 'your eyes, Chiffie, have the very blink of one. But what hath all this to do with the Plot? Hold; I have had wine enough.'

'You shall not baulk me,' said Chiffinch; and a jingling was heard, as if he were filling his comrade's glass with a very unsteady hand. 'Hey! What the devil is the matter? I used to carry my glass steady — very steady.'

'Well, but this stranger?'

'Why, he swept at game and ragout as he would at spring beef or summer mutton. Never saw so unnurtured a cub. Knew no more what he eat than an infidel. I cursed him by my gods when I saw Chaubert's *chef-d'œuvres* glugged down so indifferent a throat. We took the freedom to spice his goblet a little, and ease him of his packet of letters; and the fool went on his way the next morning with a budget artificially filled with grey paper. Ned would have kept him, in hopes to have made a witness of him, but the boy was not of that mettle.'

'How will you prove your letters?' said the courtier.

'La you there, my lord,' said Chiffinch; 'one may see with half an eye, for all your laced doublet, that you have been of the family of Furnival's, before your brother's death sent you to court. How prove the letters? Why, we have but let the sparrow fly with a string round his foot. We have him again so soon as we list.'

'Why, thou art turned a very Machiavel, Chiffinch,' said his friend. 'But how if the youth proved restiff? I have heard these Peak men have hot heads and hard hands.'

'Trouble not yourself, that was cared for, my lord,' said Chiffinch: 'his pistols might bark, but they could not bite.'

'Most exquisite Chiffinch, thou art turned micher as well as padder. Canst both rob a man and kidnap him!'

'Micher and padder — what terms be these?' said Chiffinch. 'Methinks these are sounds to lug out upon. You will have me angry to the degree of falling foul — robber and kidnapper!'

'You mistake verb for noun-substantive,' replied his lordship; 'I said *rob* and *kidnap* — a man may do either once and away without being professional.'

'But not without spilling a little foolish noble blood, or some such red-coloured gear,' said Chiffinch, starting up.

'Oh yes,' said his lordship; 'all this may be without these direful consequences, and so you will find to-morrow, when you return to England; for at present you are in the land of champagne, Chiffie; and that you may continue so, I drink thee this parting cup to line thy nightcap.'

'I do not refuse your pledge,' said Chiffinch; 'but I drink to thee in dudgeon and in hostility. It is a cup of wrath and a gage of battle. To-morrow, by dawn, I will have thee at point of fox, wert thou the last of the Savilles. What the devil! think you I fear you because you are a lord?'

'Not so, Chiffinch,' answered his companion. 'I know thou fearest nothing but beans and bacon, washed down with bumpkin-like beer. Adieu, sweet Chiffinch — to bed, Chiffinch — to bed.'

So saying, he lifted a candle and left the apartment. And Chiffinch, whom the last draught had nearly overpowered, had just strength enough left to do the same, muttering, as he staggered out, 'Yes, he shall answer it. Dawn of day! D—n me, it is come already. Yonder's the dawn. No, d—n me, 't is the fire glancing on the cursed red lattice. I am whistle-drunk, I think. This comes of a country inn. It is the smell of the brandy in this cursed room. It could not be the wine. Well, Old Rowley shall send me no more errands to the country again. Steady — steady.'

So saying, he reeled out of the apartment, leaving Peveril to think over the extraordinary conversation he had just heard.

The name of Chiffinch, the well-known minister of Charles's pleasures, was nearly allied to the part which he seemed about to play in the present intrigue; but that Christian, whom he had always supposed a Puritan as strict as his brother-in-law Bridgenorth, should be associated with him in a plot so infamous, seemed alike unnatural and monstrous. The near relationship might blind Bridgenorth, and warrant him in confiding his daughter to such a man's charge; but what a wretch he must be that could coolly meditate such an ignominious abuse of his trust! In doubt whether he could credit for a moment the tale which Chiffinch had revealed, he hastily examined his packet, and found that the sealskin case in which it had been wrapt up now only contained an equal quantity of waste-paper. If he had wanted further confirmation, the failure

of the shot which he had fired at Bridgenorth, and of which the wadding only struck him, showed that his arms had been tampered with. He examined the pistol which still remained charged, and found that the ball had been drawn. 'May I perish,' said he to himself, 'amid these villainous intrigues, but thou shalt be more surely loaded, and to better purpose ! The contents of these papers may undo my benefactress ; their having been found on me may ruin my father ; that I have been the bearer of them may cost, in these fiery times, my own life — that I care least for ; they form a branch of the scheme laid against the honour and happiness of a creature so innocent, that it is almost sin to think of her within the neighbourhood of such infamous knaves. I will recover the letters at all risks. But how ? that is to be thought on. Lance is stout and trusty ; and when a bold deed is once resolved upon, there never yet lacked the means of executing it.'

His host now entered with an apology for his long absence ; and after providing Peveril with some refreshments, invited him to accept, for his night-quarters, the accommodation of a remote hay-loft, which he was to share with his comrade ; professing, at the same time, he could hardly have afforded them this courtesy, but out of deference to the exquisite talents of Lance Outram, as assistant at the tap ; where, indeed, it seems probable that he, as well as the admiring landlord, did that evening contrive to drink nearly as much liquor as they drew.

But Lance was a seasoned vessel, on whom liquor made no lasting impression ; so that, when Peveril awaked that trusty follower at dawn, he found him cool enough to comprehend and enter into the design which he expressed of recovering the letters which had been abstracted from his person.

Having considered the whole matter with much attention, Lance shrugged, grinned, and scratched his head ; and at length manfully expressed his resolution. 'Well, my naunt speaks truth in her old saw —

He that serves Peveril maunna be slack,
Neither for weather nor yet for wrack.

And then, again, my good dame was wont to say, that whenever Peveril was in a broil, Outram was in a stew ; so I will never bear a base mind, but even hold a part with you, as my fathers have done with yours, for four generations, whatever more.'

'Spoken like a most gallant Outram,' said Julian ; 'and were

we but rid of that puppy lord and his retinue, we two could easily deal with the other three.'

'Two Londoners and a Frenchman!' said Lance. 'I would take them in mine own hand. And as for my Lord Saville, as they call him, I heard word last night that he and all his men of gilded gingerbread — that looked at an honest fellow like me as if they were the ore and I the dross — are all to be off this morning to some races, or such-like junketings, about Tutbury. It was that brought him down here, where he met this other civet-cat by accident.'

In truth, even as Lance spoke, a trampling was heard of horses in the yard; and from the hatch of their hay-loft they beheld Lord Saville's attendants mustered, and ready to set out as soon as he should make his appearance.

'So ho, Master Jeremy,' said one of the fellows to a sort of principal attendant, who just came out of the house, 'methinks the wine has proved a sleeping-cup to my lord this morning.'

'No,' answered Jeremy, 'he hath been up before light, writing letters for London; and to punish thy irreverence, thou, Jonathan, shalt be the man to ride back with them.'

'And so to miss the race!' said Jonathan, sulkily. 'I thank you for this good turn, good Master Jeremy; and hang me if I forget it.'

Further discussion was cut short by the appearance of the young nobleman, who, as he came out of the inn, said to Jeremy, 'These be the letters. Let one of the knaves ride to London for life and death, and deliver them as directed; and the rest of them get to horse and follow me.'

Jeremy gave Jonathan the packet with a malicious smile; and the disappointed groom turned his horse's head sullenly towards London, while Lord Saville and the rest of his retinue rode briskly off in an opposite direction, pursued by the benedictions of the host and his family, who stood bowing and courtseying at the door, in gratitude, doubtless, for the receipt of an unconscionable reckoning.

It was full three hours after their departure that Chiffinch lounged into the room in which they had supped, in a brocade nightgown, and green velvet cap, turned up with the most costly Brussels lace. He seemed but half awake; and it was with drowsy voice that he called for a cup of cold small beer. His manner and appearance were those of a man who had wrestled hard with Bacchus on the preceding evening, and had scarce recovered the effects of his contest with the jolly god.

Lance, instructed by his master to watch the motions of the courtier, officiously attended with the cooling beverage he called for, pleading, as an excuse to the landlord, his wish to see a Londoner in his morning gown and cap.

No sooner had Chiffinch taken his morning draught than he inquired after Lord Saville.

'His lordship was mounted and away by peep of dawn,' was Lance's reply.

'What the devil!' exclaimed Chiffinch; 'why, this is scarce civil. What! off for the races with his whole retinue?'

'All but one,' replied Lance, 'whom his lordship sent back to London with letters.'

'To London with letters!' said Chiffinch. 'Why, I am for London, and could have saved his express a labour. But stop—hold—I begin to recollect; d——n, can I have blabbed? I have—I have—I remember it all now—I have blabbed; and to the very weasel of the court, who sucks the yolk out of every man's secret. Furies and fire—that my afternoons should ruin my mornings thus! I must turn boon companion and good fellow in my cups; and have my confidences and my quarrels, my friends and my enemies, with a plague to me, as if any one could do a man much good or harm but his own self! His messenger must be stopped, though; I will put a spoke in his wheel. Hark ye, drawer-fellow, call my groom hither—call Tom Beacon.'

Lance obeyed; but failed not, when he had introduced the domestic, to remain in the apartment, in order to hear what should pass betwixt him and his master.

'Hark ye, Tom,' said Chiffinch, 'here are five pieces for you.'

'What's to be done now, I trow?' said Tom, without even the ceremony of returning thanks, which he was probably well aware would not be received even in part payment of the debt he was incurring.

'Mount your fleet nag, Tom—ride like the devil—overtake the groom whom Lord Saville despatched to London this morning—lame his horse—break his bones—fill him as drunk as the Baltic Sea—or do whatever may best and most effectually stop his journey. Why does the lout stand there without answering me? Dost understand me?'

'Why, ay, Master Chiffinch,' said Tom; 'and so I am thinking doth this honest man here, who need not have heard quite so much of your counsel, an it had been your will.'

'I am bewitched this morning,' said Chiffinch to himself, 'or else the champagne runs in my head still. My brain has become the very lowlands of Holland: a gill cup would inundate it. Hark thee, fellow,' he added, addressing Lance, 'keep my counsel; there is a wager betwixt Lord Saville and me, which of us shall first have a letter in London. Here is to drink my health and bring luck on my side. Say nothing of it; but help Tom to his nag. Tom, ere thou startest, come for thy credentials. I will give thee a letter to the Duke of Bucks, that may be evidence thou wert first in town.'

Tom Beacon ducked and exit; and Lance, after having made some show of helping him to horse, ran back to tell his master the joyful intelligence that a lucky accident had abated Chiffinch's party to their own number.

Peveril immediately ordered his horses to be got ready; and, so soon as Tom Beacon was despatched towards London on a rapid trot, had the satisfaction to observe Chiffinch, with his favourite Chaubert, mount to pursue the same journey, though at a more moderate rate. He permitted them to attain such a distance that they might be dogged without suspicion; then paid his reckoning, mounted his horse, and followed, keeping his men carefully in view; until he should come to a place proper for the enterprise which he meditated.

It had been Peveril's intention that, when they came to some solitary part of the road, they should gradually mend their pace, until they overtook Chaubert; that Lance Outram should then drop behind, in order to assail the man of spits and stoves, while he himself, spurring onward, should grapple with Chiffinch. But this scheme presupposed that the master and servant should travel in the usual manner—the latter riding a few yards behind the former. Whereas, such and so interesting were the subjects of discussion betwixt Chiffinch and the French cook, that, without heeding the rules of etiquette, they rode on together, amicably abreast, carrying on a conversation on the mysteries of the table, which the ancient Comus, or a modern gastronome, might have listened to with pleasure. It was, therefore, necessary to venture on them both at once.

For this purpose, when they saw a long tract of road before them, unvaried by the least appearance of man, beast, or human habitation, they began to mend their pace, that they might come up to Chiffinch, without giving him any alarm by a sudden and suspicious increase of haste. In this manner,

they lessened the distance which separated them till they were within about twenty yards, when Peveril, afraid that Chiffinch might recognise him at a nearer approach, and so trust to his horse's heels, made Lance the signal to charge.

At the sudden increase of their speed, and the noise with which it was necessarily attended, Chiffinch looked around, but had time to do no more, for Lance, who had pricked his pony, which was much more speedy than Julian's horse, into full gallop, pushed, without ceremony, betwixt the courtier and his attendant; and ere Chaubert had time for more than one exclamation, he upset both horse and Frenchman; '*mortbleu!*' thrilling from his tongue as he rolled on the ground amongst the various articles of his occupation, which, escaping from the budget in which he bore them, lay tumbled upon the highway in strange disorder; while Lance, springing from his palfrey, commanded his foeman to be still, under no less a penalty than that of death, if he attempted to rise.

Before Chiffinch could avenge his trusty follower's downfall, his own bridle was seized by Julian, who presented a pistol with the other hand, and commanded him to stand or die.

Chiffinch, though effeminate, was no coward. He stood still as commanded, and said, with firmness, 'Rogue, you have taken me at surprise. If you are a highwayman, there is my purse. Do us no bodily harm, and spare the budget of spices and sauces.'

'Look you, Master Chiffinch,' said Peveril, 'this is no time for dallying. I am no highwayman, but a man of honour. Give me back that packet which you stole from me the other night; or, by all that is good, I will send a brace of balls through you, and search for it at leisure.'

'What night? What packet?' answered Chiffinch, confused; yet willing to protract the time for the chance of assistance, or to put Peveril off his guard. 'I know nothing of what you mean. If you are a man of honour, let me draw my sword, and I will do you right, as a gentleman should do to another.'

'Dishonourable rascal!' said Peveril, 'you escape not in this manner. You plundered me when you had me at odds; and I am not the fool to let my advantage escape, now that my turn is come. Yield up the packet; and then, if you will, I will fight you on equal terms. But first,' he reiterated, 'yield up the packet, or I will instantly send you where the tenor of your life will be hard to answer for.'

The tone of Peveril's voice, the fierceness of his eye, and the manner in which he held the loaded weapon, within a hand's-breadth of Chiffinch's head, convinced the last there was neither room for compromise nor time for trifling. He thrust his hand into a side-pocket of his cloak, and with visible reluctance produced those papers and despatches with which Julian had been entrusted by the Countess of Derby.

'They are five in number,' said Julian; 'and you have given me only four. Your life depends on full restitution.'

'It escaped from my hand,' said Chiffinch, producing the missing document. 'There it is. Now, sir, your pleasure is fulfilled, unless,' he added, sulkily, 'you design either murder or farther robbery.'

'Base wretch!' said Peveril, withdrawing his pistol, yet keeping a watchful eye on Chiffinch's motions, 'thou art unworthy any honest man's sword; and yet, if you dare draw your own, as you proposed but now, I am willing to give you a chance upon fair equality of terms.'

'Equality!' said Chiffinch, sneeringly; 'yes, a proper equality — sword and pistol against single rapier, and two men upon one, for Chaubert is no fighter. No, sir; I shall seek amends upon some more fitting occasion, and with more equal weapons.'

'By backbiting or by poison, base pander!' said Julian; 'these are thy means of vengeance. But mark me — I know your vile purpose respecting a lady who is too worthy that her name should be uttered in such a worthless ear. Thou hast done me one injury, and thou see'st I have repaid it. But prosecute this farther villainy, and be assured I will put thee to death like a foul reptile, whose very slaver is fatal to humanity. Rely upon this, as if Machiavel had sworn it; for so surely as you keep your purpose, so surely will I prosecute my revenge. Follow me, Lance, and leave him to think on what I have told him.'

Lance had, after the first shock, sustained a very easy part in this rencontre; for all he had to do was to point the butt of his whip, in the manner of a gun, at the intimidated Frenchman, who, lying on his back and gazing at random on the skies, had as little the power or purpose of resistance as any pig which had ever come under his own slaughter-knife.

Summoned by his master from the easy duty of guarding such an unresisting prisoner, Lance remounted his horse, and they both rode off, leaving their discomfited antagonists to

console themselves for their misadventure as they best could. But consolation was hard to come by in the circumstances. The French artist had to lament the dispersion of his spices and the destruction of his magazine of sauces—an enchanter despoiled of his magic wand and talisman could scarce have been in more desperate extremity. Chiffinch had to mourn the downfall of his intrigue and its premature discovery. ‘To this fellow, at least,’ he thought, ‘I can have bragged none; here my evil genius alone has betrayed me. With this infernal discovery, which may cost me so dear on all hands, champagne had nought to do. If there be a flask left unbroken, I will drink it after dinner, and try if it may not even yet suggest some scene of redemption and of revenge.’

With this manly resolution, he prosecuted his journey to London.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, but nothing long ;
Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then, all for women, painting, fiddling, drinking ;
Besides a thousand freaks that died in thinking.

DRYDEN.

WE must now transport the reader to the magnificent hotel in — Street, inhabited at this time by the celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom Dryden has doomed to a painful immortality by the few lines which we have prefixed to this chapter. Amid the gay and the licentious of the laughing court of Charles, the duke was the most licentious and most gay ; yet, while expending a princely fortune, a strong constitution, and excellent talents, in pursuit of frivolous pleasures, he nevertheless nourished deeper and more extensive designs ; in which he only failed from want of that fixed purpose and regulated perseverance essential to all important enterprises, but particularly in politics.

It was long past noon ; and the usual hour of the duke's levee — if anything could be termed usual where all was irregular — had been long past. His hall was filled with lackeys and footmen in the most splendid liveries, the interior with the gentlemen and pages of his household, persons of the first quality, and, in no respect inferior to the duke himself, in the management of his affairs. The duke, in his ante-chamber, in particular, was engaged in the study of the art of killing, not of eagles to the slaughter, but of men, to express that vile race who, to one common end, live or administer to the pleasure or stimulate the wild wishes of the duke.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Sir Peter Lely.

by devising new modes and fresh motives of profusion. There stood the projector, with his mysterious brow, promising unbounded wealth to whomsoever might choose to furnish the small preliminary sum necessary to change egg-shells into the great *arcanum*. There was Captain Seagull, undertaker for a foreign settlement, with the map under his arm of Indian or American kingdoms, beautiful as the primitive Eden, waiting the bold occupants, for whom a generous patron should equip two brigantines and a fly-boat. Thither came, fast and frequent, the gamesters, in their different forms and calling. This, light, young, gay in appearance, the thoughtless youth of wit and pleasure—the pigeon rather than the rook—but at heart the same sly, shrewd, cold-blooded calculator as yonder old hard-featured professor of the same science, whose eyes are grown dim with watching the dice at midnight, and whose fingers are even now assisting his mental computation of chances and of odds. The fine arts, too—I would it were otherwise—have their professors amongst this sordid train. The poor poet, half ashamed, in spite of habit, of the part which he is about to perform, and abashed by consciousness at once of his base motive and his shabby black coat, lurks in yonder corner for the favourable moment to offer his dedication. Much better attired, the architect presents his splendid vision of front and wings, and designs a palace the expense of which may transfer his employer to a jail. But uppermost of all, the favourite musician, or singer, who waits on my lord to receive, in solid gold, the value of the dulcet sounds which solaced the banquet of the preceding evening.

Such, and many such like, were the morning attendants of the Duke of Buckingham—all genuine descendants of the daughter of the horse-leech, whose cry is ‘Give—give.’

But the levee of his Grace contained other and very different characters; and was indeed as various as his own opinions and tastes. Many of the young nobility and wealthy gentry made his Grace the glass at which they looked every day, and who learned from him the art of the smile and best grace, the general ‘road to success,’ and a graver character—discarded the frivolous imitation orators, servile tools of the fashion elsewhere, but who regarded him as a neutral ground, sure that, if they could not win this very circumstance, they would at least talk with them to-morrow.



GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

From a painting by Sir Peter Lely.



The Puritans themselves did not shun intercourse with a man whose talents must have rendered him formidable, even if they had not been united with high rank and an immense fortune. Several grave personages, with black suits, short cloaks, and bandstrings of a formal cut, were mingled, as we see their portraits in a gallery of paintings, among the gallants who ruffled in silk and embroidery. It is true, they escaped the scandal of being thought intimates of the duke, by their business being supposed to refer to money matters. Whether these grave and professing citizens mixed politics with money-lending was not known; but it had been long observed that the Jews, who in general confine themselves to the latter department, had become for some time faithful attendants at the duke's levee.

It was high-tide in the ante-chamber, and had been so for more than an hour, ere the duke's gentleman in ordinary ventured into his bedchamber, carefully darkened so as to make midnight at noonday, to know his Grace's pleasure. His soft and serene whisper, in which he asked whether it were his Grace's pleasure to rise, was briefly and sharply answered by the counter questions, 'Who waits? What's o'clock?'

'It is Jerningham, your Grace,' said the attendant. 'It is one afternoon; and your Grace appointed some of the people without at eleven.'

'Who are they? What do they want?'

'A message from Whitehall, your Grace.'

'Pshaw! it will keep cold. Those who make all others wait will be the better of waiting in their turn. Were I to be guilty of ill-breeding, it should rather be to a king than a beggar.'

'The gentlemen from the city.'

'I am tired of them — tired of their all cant and no religion — all Protestantism and no charity. Tell them to go to Shaftesbury — to Aldersgate Street with them — that's the best market for their wares.'

'Jockey, my lord, from Newmarket.'

'Let him ride to the devil; he has horse of mine and spurs of his own. Any more?'

'The whole ante-chamber is full, my lord — knights and squires, doctors and dicers.'

'The dicers, with their doctors in their pockets, I presume.'

'Counts, captains, and clergymen.'

'You are alliterative, Jerningham,' said the duke; 'and that is a proof you are poetical. Hand me my writing-things.'

Getting half out of bed — thrusting one arm into a brocade nightgown, deeply furred with sables, and one foot into a velvet slipper, while the other pressed in primitive nudity the rich carpet — his Grace, without thinking farther on the assembly without, began to pen a few lines of a satirical poem; then suddenly stopped — threw the pen into the chimney — exclaimed that the humour was past, and asked his attendant if there were any letters. Jerningham produced a huge packet.

'What the devil!' said his Grace, 'do you think I will read all these? I am like Clarence, who asked a cup of wine, and was soused into a butt of sack. I mean, is there anything which presses?'

'This letter, your Grace,' said Jerningham, 'concerning the Yorkshire mortgage.'

'Did I not bid thee carry it to old Gatheral, my steward?'

'I did, my lord,' answered the other; 'but Gatheral says there are difficulties.'

'Let the usurers foreclose, then; there is no difficulty in that; and out of a hundred manors I shall scarce miss one,' answered the duke. 'And hark ye, bring me my chocolate.'

'Nay, my lord, Gatheral does not say it is impossible, only difficult.'

'And what is the use of him, if he cannot make it easy? But you are all born to make difficulties,' replied the duke.

'Nay, if your Grace approves the terms in this schedule, and pleases to sign it, Gatheral will undertake for the matter,' answered Jerningham.

'And could you not have said so at first, you blockhead?' said the duke, signing the paper without looking at the contents. 'What other letters? And remember, I must be plagued with no more business.'

'Billets-doux, my lord — five or six of them. This left at the porter's lodge by a vizard mask.'

'Pshaw!' answered the duke, tossing them over, while his attendant assisted in dressing him; 'an acquaintance of a quarter's standing.'

'This given to one of the pages by my Lady —'s waiting-woman.'

'Plague on it! a jeremiade on the subject of perjury and treachery, and not a single new line to the old tune,' said the duke, glancing over the billet. 'Here is the old cant — "cruel

man — broken vows — Heaven's just revenge." Why, the woman is thinking of murder, not of love. No one should pretend to write upon so threadbare a topic without having at least some novelty of expression. "The despairing Araminta." Lie there, fair desperate. And this — how comes it ?

'Flung into the window of the hall, by a fellow who ran off at full speed,' answered Jerningham.

'This is a better text,' said the duke ; 'and yet it is an old one too — three weeks old at least. The little countess with the jealous lord. I should not care a farthing for her, save for that same jealous lord. Plague on't, and he's gone down to the country — "this evening — in silence and safety — written with a quill pulled from the wing of Cupid." Your ladyship has left him pen-feathers enough to fly away with ; better clipped his wings when you had caught him, my lady. And "so confident of her Buckingham's faith." I hate confidence in a young person. She must be taught better. I will not go.'

'Your Grace will not be so cruel !' said Jerningham.

'Thou art a compassionate fellow, Jerningham ; but conceit must be punished.'

'But if your lordship should resume your fancy for her ?'

'Why, then, you must swear the billet-doux miscarried,' answered the duke. 'And stay, a thought strikes me : it shall miscarry in great style. Hark ye, is — what is the fellow's name — the poet — is he yonder ?'

'There are six gentlemen, sir, who, from the reams of paper in their pocket and the threadbare seams at their elbows, appear to wear the livery of the Muses.'

'Poetical once more, Jerningham. He, I mean, who wrote the last lampoon,' said the duke.

'To whom your Grace said you owed five pieces and a beating ?' replied Jerningham.

'The money for his satire, and the cudgel for his praise. Good — find him — give him the five pieces, and thrust the countess's billet-doux — hold — take Araminta's and the rest of them — thrust them all into his portfolio. All will come out at the Wits' Coffee-house ; and if the promulgator be not cudgelled into all the colours of the rainbow, there is no spite in woman, no faith in crabtree, or pith in heart of oak. Araminta's wrath alone would overburden one pair of mortal shoulders.'

'But, my lord duke,' said his attendant, 'this Settle¹ is so dull a rascal, that nothing he can write will take.'

¹ See Note 27.

'Then, as we have given him steel to head the arrow,' said the duke, 'we will give him wings to waft it with; wood he has enough of his own to make a shaft or bolt of. Hand me my own unfinished lampoon; give it to him with the letters, let him make what he can of them all.'

'My lord duke — I crave pardon — but your Grace's style will be discovered; and though the ladies' names are not at the letters, yet they will be traced.'

'I would have it so, you blockhead. Have you lived with me so long, and cannot discover that the *éclat* of an intrigue is, with me, worth all the rest of it?'

'But the danger, my lord duke?' replied Jerningham. 'There are husbands, brothers, friends, whose revenge may be awakened.'

'And beaten to sleep again,' said Buckingham, haughtily. 'I have Black Will and his cudgel for plebeian grumblers;¹ and those of quality I can deal with myself. I lack breathing and exercise of late.'

'But yet your Grace ——'

'Hold your peace, fool! I tell you that your poor dwarfish spirit cannot measure the scope of mine. I tell thee I would have the course of my life a torrent: I am weary of easy achievements, and wish for obstacles, that I can sweep before my irresistible course.'

Another gentleman now entered the apartment. 'I humbly crave your Grace's pardon,' he said; 'but Master Christian is so importunate for admission instantly, that I am obliged to take your Grace's pleasure.'

'Tell him to call three hours hence. Damn his politic pate, that would make all men dance after his pipe!'

'I thank you for the compliment, my lord duke,' said Christian, entering the apartment in somewhat a more courtly garb, but with the same unpretending and undistinguished mien, and in the same placid and indifferent manner with which he had accosted Julian Peveril upon different occasions during his journey to London. 'It is precisely my present object to pipe to you; and you may dance to your own profit, if you will.'

'On my word, Master Christian,' said the duke, haughtily, 'the affair should be weighty that removes ceremony so entirely from betwixt us. If it relates to the subject of our last conversation, I must request our interview be postponed to some further opportunity. I am engaged in an affair of some weight.'

¹ See Employment of Assassins in England. Note 28.

Then turning his back on Christian, he went on with his conversation with Jerningham. 'Find the person you wot of, and give him the papers; and hark ye, give him this gold to pay for the shaft of his arrow; the steel-head and peacock's wing we have already provided.'

'This is all well, my lord,' said Christian, calmly, and taking his seat at the same time in an easy-chair at some distance; 'but your Grace's levity is no match for my equanimity. It is necessary I should speak with you; and I will await your Grace's leisure in the apartment.'

'Very well, sir,' said the duke, peevishly; 'if an evil is to be undergone, the sooner it is over the better; I can take measures to prevent its being renewed. So let me hear your errand without further delay.'

'I will wait till your Grace's toilette is completed,' said Christian, with the indifferent tone which was natural to him. 'What I have to say must be between ourselves.'

'Begone, Jerningham, and remain without till I call. Leave my doublet on the couch. How now? I have worn this cloth of silver a hundred times.'

'Only twice, if it please your Grace,' replied Jerningham.

'As well twenty times; keep it for yourself, or give it to my valet, if you are too proud of your gentility.'

'Your Grace has made better men than me wear your cast clothes,' said Jerningham, submissively.

'Thou art sharp, Jerningham,' said the duke; 'in one sense I have, and I may again. So now, that pearl-coloured thing will do with the ribbon and George. Get away with thee. And now that he is gone, Master Christian, may I once more crave your pleasure?'

'My lord duke,' said Christian, 'you are a worshipper of difficulties in state affairs, as in love matters.'

'I trust you have been no eavesdropper, Master Christian,' replied the duke; 'it scarce argues the respect due to me or to my roof.'

'I know not what you mean, my lord,' replied Christian.

'Nay, I care not if the whole world heard what I said but now to Jerningham. But to the matter,' replied the Duke of Buckingham.

'Your Grace is so much occupied with conquests over the fair and over the witty, that you have perhaps forgotten what a stake you have in the little Island of Man.'

'Not a whit, Master Christian. I remember well enough

that my Roundheaded father-in-law, Fairfax, had the island from the Long Parliament; and was ass enough to quit hold of it at the Restoration, when, if he had closed his clutches and held fast, like a true bird of prey, as he should have done, he might have kept it for him and his. It had been a rare thing to have had a little kingdom — made laws of my own — had my chamberlain with his white staff; I would have taught Jerningham, in half a day, to look as wise, walk as stiffly, and speak as sillily, as Harry Bennet.¹

'You might have done this, and more, if it had pleased your Grace.'

'Ay, and if it had pleased my Grace, thou, Ned Christian, shouldst have been the Jack Ketch of my dominions.'

'I your Jack Ketch, my lord?' said Christian, more in a tone of surprise than of displeasure.

'Why, ay; thou hast been perpetually intriguing against the life of yonder poor old woman. It were a kingdom to thee to gratify thy spleen with thy own hands.'

'I only seek justice against the countess,' said Christian.

'And the end of justice is always a gibbet,' said the duke.

'Be it so,' answered Christian. 'Well, the countess is in the Plot.'

'The devil confound the Plot, as I believe he first invented it!' said the Duke of Buckingham; 'I have heard of nothing else for months. If one must go to hell, I would it were by some new road, and in gentlemen's company. I should not like to travel with Oates, Bedloe, and the rest of that famous cloud of witnesses.'

'Your Grace is then resolved to forego all the advantages which may arise? If the house of Derby fall under forfeiture, the grant to Fairfax, now worthily represented by your duchess, revives; and you become the lord and sovereign of Man.'

'In right of a woman,' said the duke; 'but, in troth, my godly dame owes me some advantage for having lived the first year of our marriage with her and old Black Tom, her grim, fighting, Puritanic father. A man might as well have married the devil's daughter, and set up housekeeping with his father-in-law.'¹

'I understand you are willing, then, to join your interest for a heave at the house of Derby, my Lord Duke?'

'As they are unlawfully possessed of my wife's kingdom,

¹ See Earl of Arlington. Note 29.

² See Buckingham's Father-in-Law. Note 30.

they certainly can expect no favour at my hand. But thou knowest there is an interest at Whitehall predominant over mine.'

'That is only by your Grace's sufferance,' said Christian.

'No — no; I tell thee a hundred times no,' said the duke, rousing himself to anger at the recollection. 'I tell thee that base courtesan, the Duchess of Portsmouth, hath impudently set herself to thwart and contradict me; and Charles has given me both cloudy looks and hard words before the court. I would he could but guess what is the offence between her and me! I would he but knew that! But I will have her plumes plucked, or my name is not Villiers. A worthless French *fille-de-joie* to brave me thus! Christian, thou art right: there is no passion so spirit-stirring as revenge. I will patronise the Plot, if it be but to spite her, and make it impossible for the King to uphold her.'

As the duke spoke, he gradually wrought himself into a passion, and traversed the apartment with as much vehemence as if the only object he had on earth was to deprive the duchess of her power and favour with the King. Christian smiled internally to see him approaching the state of mind in which he was most easily worked upon, and judiciously kept silence, until the duke called out to him in a pet, 'Well, Sir Oracle, you that have laid so many schemes to supplant this she-wolf of Gaul, where are all your contrivances now? Where is the exquisite beauty who was to catch the sovereign's eye at the first glance? Chiffinch, hath he seen her? and what does he say, that exquisite critic in beauty and blanc-mange, women and wine?'

'He has *seen* and approves, but has not yet heard her; and her speech answers to all the rest. We came here yesterday; and to-day I intend to introduce Chiffinch to her, the instant he arrives from the country; and I expect him every hour. I am but afraid of the damsel's peevish virtue, for she hath been brought up after the fashion of our grandmothers; our mothers had better sense.'

'What! so fair, so young, so quick-witted, and so difficult?' said the duke. 'By your leave, you shall introduce me as well as Chiffinch.'

'That your Grace may cure her of her intractable modesty?' said Christian.

'Why,' replied the duke, 'it will but teach her to stand in her own light. Kings do not love to court and sue; they should have their game run down for them.'

‘Under your Grace’s favour,’ said Christian, ‘this cannot be. *Non omnibus dormio* — your Grace knows the classic allusion. If this maiden become a prince’s favourite, rank gilds the shame and the sin. But to any under Majesty she must not vail topsail.’

‘Why, thou suspicious fool, I was but in jest,’ said the duke. ‘Do you think I would interfere to spoil a plan so much to my own advantage as that which you have laid before me?’

Christian smiled and shook his head. ‘My lord,’ he said, ‘I know your Grace as well, or better perhaps, than you know yourself. To spoil a well-concerted intrigue by some cross stroke of your own would give you more pleasure than to bring it to a successful termination according to the plans of others. But Shaftesbury, and all concerned, have determined that our scheme shall at least have fair play. We reckon, therefore, on your help; and — forgive me when I say so — we will not permit ourselves to be impeded by your levity and fickleness of purpose.’

‘Who? I light and fickle of purpose?’ said the duke. ‘You see me here as resolved as any of you to dispossess the mistress and to carry on the Plot; these are the only two things I live for in this world. No one can play the man of business like me when I please, to the very filing and labelling of my letters. I am regular as a scrivener.’

‘You have Chiffinch’s letter from the country; he told me he had written to you about some passages betwixt him and the young Lord Saville.’

‘He did so — he did so,’ said the duke, looking among his letters; ‘but I see not his letter just now. I scarcely noted the contents — I was busy when it came; but I have it safely.’

‘You should have acted on it,’ answered Christian. ‘The fool suffered himself to be choused out of his secret, and prayed you to see that my lord’s messenger got not to the Duchess with some despatches which he sent up from Derbyshire, betraying our mystery.’

The duke was now alarmed, and rang the bell hastily. Jerningham appeared. ‘Where is the letter I had from Master Chiffinch some hours since?’

‘If it be not amongst those your Grace has before you, I know nothing of it,’ said Jerningham. ‘I saw none such arrive.’

‘You lie, you rascal,’ said Buckingham; ‘have you a right to remember better than I do?’

'If your Grace will forgive me reminding you, you have scarce opened a letter this week,' said his gentleman.

'Did you ever hear such a provoking rascal!' said the duke. 'He might be a witness in the Plot. He has knocked my character for regularity entirely on the head with his damned counter-evidence.'

'Your Grace's talent and capacity will at least remain unimpeached,' said Christian; 'and it is those that must serve yourself and your friends. If I might advise, you will hasten to court, and lay some foundation for the impression we wish to make. If your Grace can take the first word, and throw out a hint to cross-bite Saville, it will be well. But above all, keep the King's ear employed, which no one can do so well as you. Leave Chiffinch to fill his heart with a proper object. Another thing is, there is a blockhead of an old Cavalier, who must needs be a bustler in the Countess of Derby's behalf; he is fast in hold, with the whole tribe of witnesses at his haunches.'

'Nay, then, take him, Topham.'

'Topham has taken him already, my lord,' said Christian; 'and there is, besides, a young gallant, a son of the said knight, who was bred in the household of the Countess of Derby, and who has brought letters from her to the Provincial of the Jesuits and others in London.'

'What are their names?' said the duke, drily.

'Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle, in Derbyshire, and his son Julian.'

'What! Peveril of the Peak?' said the duke — 'a stout old Cavalier as ever swore an oath. A Worcester man, too, and, in truth, a man of all work, when blows were going. I will not consent to his ruin, Christian. These fellows must be flogged off such false scents; flogged in every sense, they must, and will be, when the nation comes to its eyesight again.'

'It is of more than the last importance, in the meantime, to the furtherance of our plan,' said Christian, 'that your Grace should stand for a space between them and the King's favour. The youth hath influence with the maiden, which we should find scarce favourable to our views; besides, her father holds him as high as he can any one who is no such Puritanic fool as himself.'

'Well, most Christian Christian,' said the duke, 'I have heard your commands at length. I will endeavour to stop the earths under the throne, that neither the lord, knight, nor squire in question shall find it possible to burrow there. For

the fair one, I must leave Chiffinch and you to manage her introduction to her high destinies, since I am not to be trusted. Adieu, most Christian Christian.'

He fixed his eyes on him, and then exclaimed, as he shut the door of the apartment — 'Most profligate and damnable villain! And what provokes me most of all is the knave's composed insolence. "Your Grace will do this" and "Your Grace will condescend to do that." A pretty puppet I should be, to play the second part, or rather the third, in such a scheme! No, they shall all walk according to my purpose, or I will cross them. I will find this girl out in spite of them, and judge if their scheme is likely to be successful. If so, she shall be mine — mine entirely, before she becomes the King's; and I will command her who is to guide Charles. Jerningham¹ (his gentleman entered), cause Christian to be dogged wherever he goes for the next four-and-twenty hours, and find out where he visits a female newly come to town. You smile, you knave?'

'I did but suspect a fresh rival to Araminta and the little countess,' said Jerningham.

'Away to your business, knave,' said the duke, 'and let me think of mine. To subdue a Puritan *in esse*, a king's favourite *in posse* — the very muster of western beauties — that is point first. The impudence of this Manx mongrel to be corrected — the pride of Madame la Duchesse to be pulled down — an important state intrigue to be furthered, or baffled, as circumstances render most to my own honour and glory — I wished for business but now, and I have got enough of it. But Buckingham will keep his own steerage-way through shoal and through weather.'

¹ See Letter from the Dead to the Living. Note 31.

CHAPTER XXIX

Mark you this, Bassanio —
The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose.
Merchant of Venice.

AFTER leaving the proud mansion of the Duke of Buckingham, Christian, full of the deep and treacherous schemes which he meditated, hastened to the city, where, in a decent inn, kept by a person of his own persuasion, he had been unexpectedly summoned to meet with Ralph Bridgenorth of Moultrassie. He was not disappointed: the major had arrived that morning, and anxiously expected him. The usual gloom of his countenance was darkened into a yet deeper shade of anxiety, which was scarcely relieved even while, in answer to his inquiry after his daughter, Christian gave the most favourable account of her health and spirits, naturally and unaffectedly intermingled with such praises of her beauty and her disposition as were likely to be most grateful to a father's ear.

But Christian had too much cunning to expatiate on this theme, however soothing. He stopped short exactly at the point where, as an affectionate relative, he might be supposed to have said enough. 'The lady,' he said, 'with whom he had placed Alice was delighted with her aspect and manners, and undertook to be responsible for her health and happiness. He had not,' he said, 'deserved so little confidence at the hand of his brother Bridgenorth, as that the major should, contrary to his purpose and to the plan which they had adjusted together, have hurried up from the country, as if his own presence were necessary for Alice's protection.'

'Brother Christian,' said Bridgenorth in reply, 'I must see my child — I must see this person with whom she is entrusted.'

'To what purpose?' answered Christian. 'Have you not often confessed that the over excess of the carnal affection which you have entertained for your daughter hath been a snare to you? Have you not, more than once, been on the

point of resigning those great designs which should place righteousness as a counsellor beside the throne, because you desired to gratify your daughter's girlish passion for this descendant of your old persecutor — this Julian Peveril ?'

'I own it,' said Bridgenorth ; 'and worlds would I have given, and would yet give, to clasp that youth to my bosom and call him my son. The spirit of his mother looks from his eye, and his stately step is as that of his father, when he daily spoke comfort to me in my distress, and said, "The child liveth."'

'But the youth walks,' said Christian, 'after his own lights, and mistakes the meteor of the marsh for the Polar star. Ralph Bridgenorth, I will speak to thee in friendly sincerity. Thou must not think to serve both the good cause and Baal. Obey, if thou wilt, thine own carnal affections : summon this Julian Peveril to thy house, and let him wed thy daughter ; but mark the reception she will meet with from the proud old knight, whose spirit is now, even now, as little broken with his chains as after the sword of the saints had prevailed at Worcester. Thou wilt see thy daughter spurned from his feet like an outcast.'

'Christian,' said Bridgenorth, interrupting him, 'thou dost urge me hard ; but thou dost it in love, my brother, and I forgive thee. Alice shall never be spurned. But this friend of thine — this lady — thou art my child's uncle, and, after me, thou art next to her in love and affection — still, thou art not her father — hast not her father's fears — art thou sure of the character of this woman to whom my child is entrusted ?'

'Am I sure of my own ? Am I sure that my name is Christian, yours Bridgenorth ? Is it a thing I am likely to be insecure in ? Have I not dwelt for many years in this city ? Do I not know this court ? And am I likely to be imposed upon ? For I will not think you can fear my imposing upon you.'

'Thou art my brother,' said Bridgenorth, 'the blood and bone of my departed saint ; and I am determined that I will trust thee in this matter.'

'Thou dost well,' said Christian ; 'and who knows what reward may be in store for thee ? I cannot look upon Alice but it is strongly borne in on my mind that there will be work for a creature so excellent beyond ordinary women. Courageous Judith freed Bethulia by her valour, and the comely features of Esther made her a safeguard and a defence to her people in the

land of captivity, when she found favour in the sight of King Ahasuerus.'

'Be it with her as Heaven wills,' said Bridgenorth; 'and now tell me what progress there is in the great work.'

'The people are weary of the iniquity of this court,' said Christian; 'and if this man will continue to reign, it must be by calling to his councils men of another stamp. The alarm excited by the damnable practices of the Papists has called up men's souls, and awakened their eyes, to the dangers of their state. He himself—for he will give up brother and wife to save himself—is not averse to a change of measures; and though we cannot at first see the court purged as with a winnowing fan, yet there will be enough of the good to control the bad—enough of the sober party to compel the grant of that universal toleration for which we have sighed so long, as a maiden for her beloved. Time and opportunity will lead the way to more thorough reformation; and that will be done without stroke of sword which our friends failed to establish on a sure foundation, even when their victorious blades were in their hands.'

'May God grant it!' said Bridgenorth; 'for I fear me I should scruple to do aught which should once more unsheath the civil sword; but welcome all that comes in a peaceful and parliamentary way.'

'Ay,' said Christian, 'and which will bring with it the bitter amends which our enemies have so long merited at our hands. How long hath our brother's blood cried for vengeance from the altar! Now shall that cruel Frenchwoman find that neither lapse of years, nor her powerful friends, nor the name of Stanley, nor the sovereignty of Man, shall stop the stern course of the pursuer of blood. Her name shall be struck from the noble, and her heritage shall another take.'

'Nay, but, brother Christian,' said Bridgenorth, 'art thou not over eager in pursuing this thing? It is thy duty as a Christian to forgive thine enemies.'

'Ay, but not the enemies of Heaven—not those who shed the blood of the saints,' said Christian, his eyes kindling with that vehement and fiery expression which at times gave to his uninteresting countenance the only character of passion which it ever exhibited. 'No, Bridgenorth,' he continued, 'I esteem this purpose of revenge holy—I account it a propitiatory sacrifice for what may have been evil in my life. I have submitted to be spurned by the haughty—I have humbled

myself to be as a servant ; but in my breast was the proud thought, "I, who do this, do it that I may avenge my brother's blood."

'Still, my brother,' said Bridgenorth, 'although I participate thy purpose, and have aided thee against this Moabitish woman, I cannot but think thy revenge is more after the law of Moses than after the law of love.'

'This comes well from thee, Ralph Bridgenorth,' answered Christian — 'from thee, who hast just smiled over the downfall of thine own enemy!'

'If you mean Sir Geoffrey Peveril,' said Bridgenorth, 'I smile not on his ruin. It is well he is abased ; but if it lies with me, I may humble his pride, but will never ruin his house.'

'You know your purpose best,' said Christian, 'and I do justice, brother Bridgenorth, to the purity of your principles ; but men who see with but worldly eyes would discern little purpose of mercy in the strict magistrate and severe creditor, and such have you been to Peveril.'

'And, brother Christian,' said Bridgenorth, his colour rising as he spoke, 'neither do I doubt your purpose, nor deny the surprising address with which you have procured such perfect information concerning the purposes of yonder woman of Ammon ; but it is free to me to think that, in your intercourse with the court and with courtiers, you may, in your carnal and worldly policy, sink the value of those spiritual gifts for which you were once so much celebrated among the brethren.'

'Do not apprehend it,' said Christian, recovering his temper, which had been a little ruffled by the previous discussion. 'Let us but work together as heretofore ; and I trust each of us shall be found doing the work of a faithful servant to that good old cause for which we have heretofore drawn the sword.'

So saying, he took his hat, and bidding Bridgenorth farewell, declared his intention of returning in the evening.

'Fare thee well!' said Bridgenorth ; 'to that cause wilt thou find me ever a true and devoted adherent. I will act by that counsel of thine, and will not even ask thee — though it may grieve my heart as a parent — with whom, or where, thou hast entrusted my child. I will try to cut off and cast from me even my right hand and my right eye ; but for thee, Christian, if thou dost deal otherwise than prudently and honestly in this matter, it is what God and man will require at thy hand.'

'Fear not me,' said Christian, hastily, and left the place, agitated by reflections of no pleasant kind.

'I ought to have persuaded him to return,' he said, as he stepped out into the street. 'Even his hovering in this neighbourhood may spoil the plan on which depends the rise of my fortunes—ay, and of his child's. Will men say I have ruined her, when I shall have raised her to the dazzling height of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and perhaps made her mother to a long line of princes? Chiffinch hath vouched for opportunity; and the voluptuary's fortune depends on his gratifying the taste of his master for variety. If she makes an impression, it must be a deep one; and once seated in his affections, I fear not her being supplanted. What will her father say? Will he, like a prudent man, put his shame in his pocket, because it is well gilded? or will he think it fitting to make a display of moral wrath and parental frenzy? I fear the latter. He has ever kept too strict a course to admit his conniving at such license. But what will his anger avail. I need not be seen in the matter; those who are will care little for the resentment of a country Puritan. And, after all, what I am labouring to bring about is best for himself, the wench, and, above all, for me, Edward Christian.'

With such base opiates did this unhappy wretch stifle his own conscience, while anticipating the disgrace of his friend's family, and the ruin of a near relative, committed in confidence to his charge. The character of this man was of no common description, nor was it by an ordinary road that he had arrived at the present climax of unfeeling and infamous selfishness.

Edward Christian, as the reader is aware, was the brother of that William Christian who was the principal instrument in delivering up the Island of Man to the Republic, and who became the victim of the Countess of Derby's revenge on that account. Both had been educated as Puritans, but William was a soldier, which somewhat modified the strictness of his religious opinions; Edward, a civilian, seemed to entertain these principles in the utmost rigour. But it was only seeming. The exactness of deportment which procured him great honour and influence among the 'sober party,' as they were wont to term themselves, covered a voluptuous disposition, the gratification of which was sweet to him as stolen waters, and pleasant as bread eaten in secret. While, therefore, his seeming godliness brought him worldly gain, his secret pleasures compensated for his outward austerity; until the Restoration,

and the countess's violent proceedings against his brother, interrupted the course of both. He then fled from his native island, burning with the desire of revenging his brother's death — the only passion foreign to his own gratification which he was ever known to cherish, and which was also at least partly selfish, since it concerned the restoration of his own fortunes.

He found easy access to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who, in right of his duchess, claimed such of the Derby estates as had been bestowed by the Parliament on his celebrated father-in-law, Lord Fairfax. His influence at the court of Charles, where a jest was a better plea than a long claim of faithful service, was so successfully exerted as to contribute greatly to the depression of that loyal and ill-rewarded family. But Buckingham was incapable, even for his own interest, of pursuing the steady course which Christian suggested to him ; and his vacillation probably saved the remnant of the large estates of the Earl of Derby.

Meantime, Christian was too useful a follower to be dismissed. From Buckingham and others of that stamp he did not affect to conceal the laxity of his morals ; but, towards the numerous and powerful party to which he belonged, he was able to disguise them by a seeming gravity of exterior, which he never laid aside. Indeed, so wide and absolute was then the distinction betwixt the court and the city, that a man might have for some time played two several parts, as in two different spheres, without its being discovered in the one that he exhibited himself in a different light in the other. Besides, when a man of talent shows himself an able and useful partizan, his party will continue to protect and accredit him, in spite of conduct the most contradictory to their own principles. Some facts are, in such cases, denied, some are glossed over ; and party zeal is permitted to cover at least as many defects as ever doth charity.

Edward Christian had often need of the partial indulgence of his friends ; but he experienced it, for he was eminently useful. Buckingham, and other courtiers of the same class, however dissolute in their lives, were desirous of keeping some connexion with the Dissenting or Puritanic party, as it was termed ; thereby to strengthen themselves against their opponents at court. In such intrigues, Christian was a notable agent ; and at one time had nearly procured an absolute union between a class which professed the most rigid principles of religion and morality and the latitudinarian courtiers, who set all principle at defiance.

Amidst the vicissitudes of a life of intrigue, during which Buckingham's ambitious schemes and his own repeatedly sent him across the Atlantic, it was Edward Christian's boast that he never lost sight of his principal object — revenge on the Countess of Derby. He maintained a close and intimate correspondence with his native island, so as to be perfectly informed of whatever took place there; and he stimulated, on every favourable opportunity, the cupidity of Buckingham to possess himself of this petty kingdom, by procuring the forfeiture of its present lord. It was not difficult to keep his patron's wild wishes alive on this topic, for his own mercurial imagination attached particular charms to the idea of becoming a sort of sovereign even in this little island; and he was, like Catiline, as covetous of the property of others as he was profuse of his own.

But it was not until the pretended discovery of the Papist Plot that the schemes of Christian could be brought to ripen; and then, so odious were the Catholics in the eyes of the credulous people of England, that, upon the accusation of the most infamous of mankind — common informers, the scourings of jails, and the refuse of the whipping-post — the most atrocious charges against persons of the highest rank and fairest character were readily received and credited.

This was a period which Christian did not fail to improve. He drew close his intimacy with Bridgenorth, which had indeed never been interrupted, and readily engaged him in his schemes, which, in the eyes of his brother-in-law, were alike honourable and patriotic. But, while he flattered Bridgenorth with the achieving a complete reformation in the state, checking the profligacy of the court, relieving the consciences of the Dissenters from the pressure of the penal laws, amending, in fine, the crying grievances of the time — while he showed him also, in prospect, revenge upon the Countess of Derby, and a humbling dispensation on the house of Peveril, from whom Bridgenorth had suffered such indignity, Christian did not neglect, in the meanwhile, to consider how he could best benefit himself by the confidence reposed in him by his unsuspecting relation.

The extreme beauty of Alice Bridgenorth, the great wealth which time and economy had accumulated on her father, pointed her out as a most desirable match to repair the wasted fortunes of some of the followers of the court; and he flattered himself that he could conduct such a negotiation so as to be in

a high degree conducive to his own advantage. He found there would be little difficulty in prevailing on Major Bridgenorth to entrust him with the guardianship of his daughter. That unfortunate gentleman had accustomed himself, from the very period of her birth, to regard the presence of his child as a worldly indulgence too great to be allowed to him; and Christian had little trouble in convincing him that the strong inclination which he felt to bestow her on Julian Peveril, provided he could be brought over to his own political opinions, was a blameable compromise with his more severe principles. Late circumstances had taught him the incapacity and unfitness of Dame Debbitch for the sole charge of so dear a pledge; and he readily and thankfully embraced the kind offer of her maternal uncle, Christian, to place Alice under the protection of a lady of rank in London, whilst he himself was to be engaged in the scenes of bustle and blood which, in common with all good Protestants, he expected were speedily to take place on a general rising of the Papists, unless prevented by the active and energetic measures of the good people of England. He even confessed his fears, that his partial regard for Alice's happiness might enervate his efforts in behalf of his country; and Christian had little trouble in eliciting from him a promise that he would forbear to inquire after her for some time.

Thus certain of being the temporary guardian of his niece for a space long enough, he flattered himself, for the execution of his purpose, Christian endeavoured to pave the way by consulting Chiffinch, whose known skill in court policy qualified him best as an adviser on this occasion. But this worthy person, being, in fact, a purveyor for his Majesty's pleasures, and on that account high in his good graces, thought it fell within the line of his duty to suggest another scheme than that on which Christian consulted him. A woman of such beauty as Alice was described he deemed more worthy to be a partaker of the affections of the merry monarch, whose taste in female beauty was so exquisite, than to be made the wife of some worn-out prodigal of quality. And then, doing perfect justice to his own character, he felt it would not be one whit impaired, while his fortune would be, in every respect, greatly amended, if, after sharing the short reign of the Gwyns, the Davises, the Robertses, and so forth, Alice Bridgenorth should retire from the state of a royal favourite into the humble condition of Mrs. Chiffinch.

After cautiously sounding Christian, and finding that the

near prospect of interest to himself effectually prevented his starting at this iniquitous scheme, Chiffinch detailed it to him fully, carefully keeping the final termination out of sight, and talking of the favour to be acquired by the fair Alice as no passing caprice, but the commencement of a reign as long and absolute as that of the Duchess of Portsmouth, of whose avarice and domineering temper Charles was now understood to be much tired, though the force of habit rendered him unequal to free himself of her yoke.

Thus chalked out, the scene prepared was no longer the scheme of a court pander, and a villainous resolution for the ruin of an innocent girl, but became a state intrigue, for the removal of an obnoxious favourite, and the subsequent change of the King's sentiments upon various material points, in which he was at present influenced by the Duchess of Portsmouth. In this light it was exhibited to the Duke of Buckingham, who, either to sustain his character for daring gallantry or in order to gratify some capricious fancy, had at one time made love to the reigning favourite, and experienced a repulse which he had never forgiven.

But one scheme was too little to occupy the active and enterprising spirit of the duke. An appendix of the Popish Plot was easily so contrived as to involve the Countess of Derby, who, from character and religion, was precisely the person whom the credulous part of the public were inclined to suppose the likely accomplice of such a conspiracy. Christian and Bridgenorth undertook the perilous commission of attacking her even in her own little kingdom of Man, and had commissions for this purpose, which were only to be produced in case of their scheme taking effect.

It miscarried, as the reader is aware, from the countess's alert preparations for defence; and neither Christian nor Bridgenorth held it sound policy to practise openly, even under Parliamentary authority, against a lady so little liable to hesitate upon the measures most likely to secure her feudal sovereignty; wisely considering that even the omnipotence, as it has been somewhat too largely styled, of Parliament might fail to relieve them from the personal consequences of a failure.

On the continent of Britain, however, no opposition was to be feared; and so well was Christian acquainted with all the motions in the interior of the countess's little court, or household, that Peveril would have been arrested the instant he set

foot on shore, but for the gale of wind, which obliged the vessel in which he was a passenger to run for Liverpool. Here Christian, under the name of Ganlesse, unexpectedly met with him, and preserved him from the fangs of the well-breathed witnesses of the Plot, with the purpose of securing his despatches, or, if necessary, his person also, in such a manner as to place him at his own discretion — a narrow and perilous game, which he thought it better, however, to undertake than to permit these subordinate agents, who were always ready to mutiny against all in league with them, to obtain the credit which they must have done by the seizure of the Countess of Derby's papers. It was, besides, essential to Buckingham's schemes that these should not pass into the hands of a public officer like Topham, who, however pompous and stupid, was upright and well-intentioned, until they had undergone the revisal of a private committee, where something might have probably been suppressed, even supposing that nothing had been added. In short, Christian, in carrying on his own separate and peculiar intrigue, by the agency of the Great Popish Plot, as it was called, acted just like an engineer, who derives the principle of motion which turns his machinery by means of a steam-engine, or large water-wheel, constructed to drive a separate and larger engine. Accordingly, he was determined that, while he took all the advantage he could from their supposed discoveries, no one should be admitted to tamper or interfere with his own plans of profit and revenge.

Chiffinch, who, desirous of satisfying himself with his own eyes of that excellent beauty which had been so highly extolled, had gone down to Derbyshire on purpose, was infinitely delighted when, during the course of a two hours' sermon at the dissenting chapel in Liverpool, which afforded him ample leisure for a deliberate survey, he arrived at the conclusion that he had never seen a form or face more captivating. His eyes having confirmed what was told him, he hurried back to the little inn which formed their place of rendezvous, and there awaited Christian and his niece, with a degree of confidence in the success of their project which he had not before entertained; and with an apparatus of luxury calculated, as he thought, to make a favourable impression on the mind of a rustic girl. He was somewhat surprised when, instead of Alice Bridgenorth, to whom he expected that night to have been introduced, he found that Christian was accompanied by Julian Peveril. It was indeed a severe disappointment, for he had prevailed on his

own indolence to venture thus far from the court, in order that he might judge with his own paramount taste, whether Alice was really the prodigy which her uncle's praises had bespoken her, and, as such, a victim worthy of the fate to which she was destined.

A few words betwixt the worthy confederates determined them on the plan of stripping Peveril of the countess's despatches, Chiffinch absolutely refusing to take any share in arresting him, as a matter of which his master's approbation might be very uncertain.

Christian had also his own reasons for abstaining from so decisive a step. It was by no means likely to be agreeable to Bridgenorth, whom it was necessary to keep in good-humour; it was not necessary, for the countess's despatches were of far more importance than the person of Julian. Lastly, it was superfluous in this respect also, that Julian was on the road to his father's castle, where it was likely he would be seized, as a matter of course, along with the other suspicious persons who fell under Topham's warrant and the denunciations of his infamous companions. He, therefore, far from using any violence to Peveril, assumed towards him such a friendly tone as might seem to warn him against receiving damage from others, and vindicate himself from having had any share in depriving him of his charge. This last manœuvre was achieved by an infusion of a strong narcotic into Julian's wine, under the influence of which he slumbered so soundly that the confederates were easily able to accomplish their inhospitable purpose.

The events of the succeeding days are already known to the reader. Chiffinch set forward to return to London with the packet, which it was desirable should be in Buckingham's hands as soon as possible; while Christian went to Moultrassie, to receive Alice from her father and convey her safely to London — his accomplice agreeing to defer his curiosity to see more of her until they should have arrived in that city.

Before parting with Bridgenorth, Christian had exerted his utmost address to prevail on him to remain at Moultrassie: he had even overstepped the bounds of prudence, and, by his urgency, awakened some suspicions of an indefinite nature, which he found it difficult to allay. Bridgenorth, therefore, followed his brother-in-law to London; and the reader has already been made acquainted with the arts which Christian used to prevent his farther interference with the destinies of

his daughter or the unhallowed schemes of her ill-chosen guardian. Still Christian, as he strode along the street in profound reflection, saw that his undertaking was attended with a thousand perils; and the drops stood like beads on his brow when he thought of the presumptuous levity and fickle temper of Buckingham — the frivolity and intemperance of Chiffinch — the suspicions of the melancholy and bigoted, yet sagacious and honest, Bridgenorth. 'Had I,' he thought, 'but tools fitted, each to their portion of the work, how easily could I heave asunder and disjoint the strength that opposes me! But with these frail and insufficient implements, I am in daily, hourly, momentary danger that one lever or other gives way, and that the whole ruin recoils on my own head. And yet, were it not for those failings I complain of, how were it possible for me to have acquired that power over them all which constitutes them my passive tools, even when they seem most to exert their own free will? Yes, the bigots have some right when they affirm that all is for the best.'

It may seem strange that, amidst the various subjects of Christian's apprehension, he was never visited by any long or permanent doubt that the virtue of his niece might prove the shoal on which his voyage should be wrecked. But he was an arrant rogue, as well as a hardened libertine; and, in both characters, a professed disbeliever in the virtue of the fair sex.

CHAPTER XXX

As for John Dryden's Charles, I own that king
Was never any very mighty thing ;
And yet he was a devilish honest fellow —
Enjoy'd his friend and bottle, and got mellow.

DR. WOLCOT.

LONDON, the grand central point of intrigues of every description, had now attracted within its dark and shadowy region the greater number of the personages whom we have had occasion to mention.

Julian Peveril, amongst others of the *dramatis personæ*, had arrived, and taken up his abode in a remote inn in the suburbs. His business, he conceived, was to remain incognito until he should have communicated in private with the friends who were most likely to lend assistance to his parents, as well as to his patroness, in their present situation of doubt and danger. Amongst these, the most powerful was the Duke of Ormond, whose faithful services, high rank, and acknowledged worth and virtue, still preserved an ascendancy in that very court where, in general, he was regarded as out of favour. Indeed, so much consciousness did Charles display in his demeanour towards that celebrated noble and servant of his father, that Buckingham once took the freedom to ask the King, whether the Duke of Ormond had lost his Majesty's favour or his Majesty the duke's, since, whenever they chanced to meet, the King appeared the more embarrassed of the two. But it was not Peveril's good fortune to obtain the advice or countenance of this distinguished person. His Grace of Ormond was not at that time in London.

The letter about the delivery of which the countess had seemed most anxious after that to the Duke of Ormond was addressed to Captain Barstow (a Jesuit, whose real name was Fenwicke), to be found, or at least to be heard of, in the house of one Martin Christal in the Savoy. To this place hastened

Peveril, upon learning the absence of the Duke of Ormond. He was not ignorant of the danger which he personally incurred by thus becoming a medium of communication betwixt a Popish priest and a suspected Catholic. But when he undertook the perilous commission of his patroness, he had done so frankly, and with the unreserved resolution of serving her in the manner in which she most desired her affairs to be conducted. Yet he could not forbear some secret apprehension when he felt himself engaged in the labyrinth of passages and galleries which led to different obscure sets of apartments in the ancient building termed the Savoy.

This antiquated and almost ruinous pile occupied a part of the site of the public offices in the Strand commonly called Somerset House. The Savoy had been formerly a palace, and took its name from an Earl of Savoy, by whom it was founded. It had been the habitation of John of Gaunt and various persons of distinction; had become a convent, an hospital, and finally, in Charles II.'s time, a waste of dilapidated buildings and ruinous apartments, inhabited chiefly by those who had some connexion with, or dependence upon, the neighbouring palace of Somerset House, which, more fortunate than the Savoy, had still retained its royal title, and was the abode of a part of the court, and occasionally of the King himself, who had apartments there.

It was not without several inquiries, and more than one mistake, that, at the end of a long and dusky passage, composed of boards so wasted by time that they threatened to give way under his feet, Julian at length found the name of Martin Christal, broker and appraiser, upon a shattered door. He was about to knock, when some one pulled his cloak; and looking round, to his great astonishment, which indeed almost amounted to fear, he saw the little mute damsel, who had accompanied him for a part of the way on his voyage from the Isle of Man. 'Fenella!' he exclaimed, forgetting that she could neither hear nor reply — 'Fenella! Can this be you?'

Fenella, assuming the air of warning and authority which she had heretofore endeavoured to adopt towards him, interposed betwixt Julian and the door at which he was about to knock, pointed with her finger towards it in a prohibiting manner, and at the same time bent her brows and shook her head sternly.

After a moment's consideration, Julian could place but one interpretation upon Fenella's appearance and conduct, and that was, by supposing her lady had come up to London, and had

despatched this mute attendant, as a confidential person, to apprise him of some change of her intended operations, which might render the delivery of her letters to Barstow, *alias* Fenwicke, superfluous, or perhaps dangerous. He made signs to Fenella, demanding to know whether she had any commission from the countess. She nodded. 'Had she any letter?' he continued, by the same mode of inquiry. She shook her head impatiently, and, walking hastily along the passage, made a signal to him to follow. He did so, having little doubt that he was about to be conducted into the countess's presence; but his surprise, at first excited by Fenella's appearance, was increased by the rapidity and ease with which she seemed to track the dusky and decayed mazes of the dilapidated Savoy, equal to that with which he had seen her formerly lead the way through the gloomy vaults of Castle Rushin, in the Isle of Man.

When he recollected, however, that Fenella had accompanied the countess on a long visit to London, it appeared not improbable that she might then have acquired this local knowledge which seemed so accurate. Many foreigners, dependent on the Queen or Queen Dowager, had apartments in the Savoy. Many Catholic priests also found refuge in its recesses, under various disguises, and in defiance of the severity of the laws against Popery. What was more likely than that the Countess of Derby, a Catholic and a Frenchwoman, should have had secret commissions among such people; and that the execution of such should be entrusted, at least occasionally, to Fenella?

Thus reflecting, Julian continued to follow her light and active footsteps as she glided from the Strand to Spring Gardens, and thence into the Park.

It was still early in the morning, and the Mall was untenanted, save by a few walkers, who frequented these shades for the wholesome purposes of air and exercise. Splendour, gaiety, and display did not come forth, at that period, until noon was approaching. All readers have heard that the whole space where the Horse-Guards are now built made, in the time of Charles II., a part of St. James's Park; and that the old building, now called the Treasury, was a part of the ancient palace of Whitehall, which was thus immediately connected with the Park. The canal had been constructed by the celebrated Le Nôtre, for the purpose of draining the Park; and it communicated with the Thames by a decoy, stocked with a quantity of the rarer waterfowl. It was towards this decoy that Fenella

bent her way with unabated speed ; and they were approaching a group of two or three gentlemen who sauntered by its banks, when, on looking closely at him who appeared to be the chief of the party, Julian felt his heart beat uncommonly thick, as if conscious of approaching some one of the highest consequence.

The person whom he looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed periwig which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was plain black velvet, with a diamond star, however, on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features, strongly lined, even to harshness, had yet an expression of dignified good-humour ; he was well and strongly built, walked upright and yet easily, and had upon the whole the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them, from time to time, with much affability, and probably with some liveliness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce restrained laughter, by which some of his sallies were received by his attendants. They also wore only morning dresses ; but their looks and manner were those of men of rank, in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black, curly-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are now called, cockers, which attended their master as closely, and perhaps with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group ; and whose gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he sometimes checked and sometimes encouraged. In addition to this pastime, a lackey, or groom, was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took, from time to time, a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the waterfowl.

This, the King's favourite occupation, together with his remarkable countenance and the deportment of the rest of the company towards him, satisfied Julian Peveril that he was approaching, perhaps indecorously, near to the person of Charles Stuart, the second of that unhappy name.

While he hesitated to follow his dumb guide any nearer, and felt the embarrassment of being unable to communicate to her his repugnance to further intrusion, a person in the royal retinue touched a light and lively air on the flageolet, at a signal from the King, who desired to have some tune repeated which had struck him in the theatre on the preceding evening.

While the good-natured monarch marked time with his foot and with the motion of his hand, Fenella continued to approach him, and threw into her manner the appearance of one who was attracted, as it were in spite of herself, by the sounds of the instrument.

Anxious to know how this was to end, and astonished to see the dumb girl imitate so accurately the manner of one who actually heard the musical notes, Peveril also drew near, though at somewhat greater distance.

The King looked good-humouredly at both, as if he admitted their musical enthusiasm as an excuse for their intrusion ; but his eyes became riveted on Fenella, whose face and appearance, although rather singular than beautiful, had something in them wild, fantastic, and, as being so, even captivating to an eye which had been gratified perhaps to satiety with the ordinary forms of female beauty. She did not appear to notice how closely she was observed ; but, as if acting under an irresistible impulse, derived from the sounds to which she seemed to listen, she undid the bodkin round which her long tresses were winded, and flinging them suddenly over her slender person, as if using them as a natural veil, she began to dance, with infinite grace and agility, to the tune which the flageolet played.

Peveril lost almost his sense of the King's presence, when he observed with what wonderful grace and agility Fenella kept time to notes which could only be known to her by the motions of the musician's fingers. He had heard, indeed, among other prodigies, of a person in Fenella's unhappy situation acquiring, by some unaccountable and mysterious tact, the power of acting as an instrumental musician, nay, becoming so accurate a performer as to be capable of leading a musical band ; and he had also heard of deaf and dumb persons dancing with sufficient accuracy, by observing the motions of their partner. But Fenella's performance seemed more wonderful than either, since the musician was guided by his written notes, and the dancer by the motions of the others ; whereas Fenella had no intimation, save what she seemed to gather, with infinite accuracy, by observing the motion of the artist's fingers on his small instrument.

As for the King, who was ignorant of the particular circumstances which rendered Fenella's performance almost marvellous, he was contented, at her first commencement, to authorise what seemed to him the frolic of this singular-looking damsel by a

good-humoured smile ; but when he perceived the exquisite truth and justice, as well as the wonderful combination of grace and agility, with which she executed to his favourite air a dance which was perfectly new to him, Charles turned his mere acquiescence into something like enthusiastic applause. He bore time to her motions with the movement of his foot, applauded with head and with hand, and seemed, like herself, carried away by the enthusiasm of the gestic art.

After a rapid yet graceful succession of *entrechats*, Fenella introduced a slow movement, which terminated the dance ; then dropping a profound courtesy, she continued to stand motionless before the King, her arms folded on her bosom, her head stooped, and her eyes cast down, after the manner of an Oriental slave ; while through the misty veil of her shadowy locks it might be observed that the colour which exercise had called to her cheeks was dying fast away, and resigning them to their native dusky hue.

‘By my honour,’ exclaimed the King, ‘she is like a fairy who trips it in moonlight. There must be more of air and fire than of earth in her composition. It is well poor Nelly Gwyn saw her not, or she would have died of grief and envy. Come, gentlemen, which of you contrived this pretty piece of morning pastime?’

The courtiers looked at each other, but none of them felt authorised to claim the merit of a service so agreeable.

‘We must ask the quick-eyed nymph herself, then,’ said the King ; and, looking at Fenella, he added, ‘Tell us, my pretty one, to whom we owe the pleasure of seeing you. I suspect the Duke of Buckingham ; for this is exactly a *tour de son métier*.’

Fenella, on observing that the King addressed her, bowed low and shook her head, in signal that she did not understand what he said. ‘Odds-fish, that is true,’ said the King ; ‘she must perforce be a foreigner : her complexion and agility speak it. France or Italy has had the moulding of these elastic limbs, dark cheek, and eye of fire.’ He then put to her in French, and again in Italian, the question, ‘By whom she had been sent hither?’

At the second repetition, Fenella threw back her veiling tresses, so as to show the melancholy which sat on her brow ; while she sadly shook her head, and intimated by imperfect muttering, but of the softest and most plaintive kind, her organic deficiency.

‘Is it possible nature can have made such a fault?’ said

Charles. 'Can she have left so curious a piece as thou art without the melody of voice, whilst she has made thee so exquisitely sensible to the beauty of sound? Stay — what means this? and what young fellow are you bringing up there? Oh, the master of the show, I suppose. Friend,' he added, addressing himself to Peveril, who, on the signal of Fenella, stepped forward almost instinctively and kneeled down, 'we thank thee for the pleasure of this morning. My lord marquis, you rooked me at piquet last night, for which disloyal deed thou shalt now atone, by giving a couple of pieces to this honest youth and five to the girl.'

As the nobleman drew out his purse and came forward to perform the King's generous commission, Julian felt some embarrassment ere he was able to explain that he had no title to be benefited by the young person's performance, and that his Majesty had mistaken his character.

'And who art thou, then, my friend?' said Charles; 'but, above all, and particularly, who is this dancing nymph, whom thou standest waiting on like an attendant faun?'

'The young person is a retainer of the Countess-Dowager of Derby, so please your Majesty,' said Peveril, in a low tone of voice; 'and I am ——'

'Hold — hold,' said the King; 'this is a dance to another tune, and not fit for a place so public. Hark thee, friend, do thou and the young woman follow Empson where he will conduct thee. Empson, carry them — hark in thy ear.'

'May it please your Majesty, I ought to say,' said Peveril, 'that I am guiltless of any purpose of intrusion ——'

'Now, a plague on him who can take no hint,' said the King, cutting short his apology. 'Odds-fish, man, there are times when civility is the greatest impertinence in the world. Do thou follow Empson, and amuse thyself for an half hour's space with the fairy's company, till we shall send for you.'

Charles spoke this not without casting an anxious eye around, and in a tone which intimated apprehension of being overheard. Julian could only bow obedience and follow Empson, who was the same person that played so rarely on the flageolet.

When they were out of sight of the King and his party, the musician wished to enter into conversation with his companions, and addressed himself first to Fenella, with a broad compliment of 'By the mass, ye dance rarely: ne'er a slut on the boards shows such a shank! I would be content to play to you till my throat were as dry as my whistle. Come, be a little free:

Old Rowley will not quit the Park till nine. I will carry you to Spring Gardens, and bestow sweet cakes and a quart of Rhenish on both of you; and we'll be cameradoes. What the devil! no answer? How's this, brother? Is this neat wench of yours deaf or dumb, or both? I should laugh at that, and she trip it so well to the flageolet.'

To rid himself of this fellow's discourse, Peveril answered him in French that he was a foreigner and spoke no English; glad to escape, though at the expense of a fiction, from the additional embarrassment of a fool, who was likely to ask more questions than his own wisdom might have enabled him to answer.

'*Étranger*—that means stranger,' muttered their guide; 'more French dogs and jades come to lick the good English butter off our bread, or perhaps an Italian puppet-show. Well, if it were not that they have a mortal enmity to the whole gamut, this were enough to make any honest fellow turn Puritan. But if I am to play to her at the Duchess's, I'll be d—d but I put her out in the tune, just to teach her to have the impudence to come to England and to speak no English.'

Having muttered to himself this truly British resolution, the musician walked briskly on towards a large house near the bottom of St. James's Street, and entered the court, by a grated door, from the Park, of which the mansion commanded an extensive prospect.

Peveril, finding himself in front of a handsome portico, under which opened a stately pair of folding-doors, was about to ascend the steps that led to the main entrance, when his guide seized him by the arm, exclaiming, 'Hold, Mounseer! What! you'll lose nothing, I see, for want of courage; but you must keep the back way, for all your fine doublet. Here it is not, "Knock and it shall be opened"; but may be instead, "Knock and you shall be knocked."'

Suffering himself to be guided by Empson, Julian deviated from the principal door to one which opened, with less ostentation, in an angle of the courtyard. On a modest tap from the flute-player, admittance was afforded him and his companions by a footman, who conducted them through a variety of stone passages to a very handsome summer parlour, where a lady, or something resembling one, dressed in a style of extra elegance, was trifling with a play-book while she finished her chocolate. It would not be easy to describe her, but by weighing her natural good qualities against the affectations which

counterbalanced them. She would have been handsome, but for rouge and *minauderie*; would have been civil, but for overstrained airs of patronage and condescension; would have had an agreeable voice, had she spoken in her natural tone; and fine eyes, had she not made such desperate hard use of them. She could only spoil a pretty ankle by too liberal display; but her shape, though she could not yet be thirty years old, had the embonpoint which might have suited better with ten years more advanced. She pointed Empson to a seat with the air of a duchess, and asked him, languidly, how he did this age, that she had not seen him, and what folks these were he had brought with him.

'Foreigners, madam — d—d foreigners,' answered Empson — 'starving beggars, that our old friend has picked up in the Park this morning; the wench dances, and the fellow plays on the Jew's-trump, I believe. On my life, madam, I begin to be ashamed of Old Rowley; I must discard him, unless he keeps better company in future.'

'Fie, Empson,' said the lady; 'consider it is our duty to countenance him, and keep him afloat; and indeed I always make a principle of it. Hark ye, he comes not hither this morning?'

'He will be here,' answered Empson, 'in the walking of a minuet.'

'My God!' exclaimed the lady, with unaffected alarm; and starting up with utter neglect of her usual airs of graceful languor, she tripped as swiftly as a milk-maid into an adjoining apartment, where they heard presently a few words of eager and animated discussion.

'Something to be put out of the way, I suppose,' said Empson. 'Well for madam I gave her the hint. There he goes, the happy swain.'

Julian was so situated that he could, from the same casement through which Empson was peeping, observe a man in a laced roquelaure, and carrying his rapier under his arm, glide from the door by which he had himself entered, and out of the court, keeping as much as possible under the shade of the buildings.

The lady re-entered at this moment, and observing how Empson's eyes were directed, said, with a slight appearance of hurry, 'A gentleman of the Duchess of Portsmouth's with a billet; and so tiresomely pressing for an answer, that I was obliged to write without my diamond pen. I have daubed my fingers, I daresay,' she added, looking at a very pretty hand,

and presently after dipping her fingers in a little silver vase of rose-water. 'But that little exotic monster of yours, Empson, I hope she really understands no English? On my life, she coloured. Is she such a rare dancer? I must see her dance, and hear him play on the Jew's-harp.'

'Dance!' replied Empson; 'she danced well enough when I played to her. I can make anything dance. Old Counsellor Clubfoot danced when he had a fit of the gout; you have seen no such *pas seul* in the theatre. I would engage to make the Archbishop of Canterbury dance the hays like a Frenchman. There is nothing in dancing; it all lies in the music. Rowley does not know that now. He saw this poor wench dance; and thought so much on't, when it was all along of me. I would have defied her to sit still. And Rowley gives her the credit of it, and five pieces to boot; and I have only two for my morning's work!'

'True, Master Empson,' said the lady; 'but you are of the family, though in a lower station; and you ought to consider ——'

'By G—, madam,' answered Empson, 'all I consider is, that I play the best flageolet in England; and that they can no more supply my place, if they were to discard me, than they could fill Thames from Fleet Ditch.'

'Well, Master Empson, I do not dispute but you are a man of talents,' replied the lady; 'still I say, mind the main chance; you please the ear to-day, another has the advantage of you to-morrow.'

'Never, mistress, while ears have the heavenly power of distinguishing one note from another.'

'Heavenly power, say you, Master Empson?' said the lady.

'Ay, madam, heavenly; for some very neat verses which we had at our festival say,

What know we of the blest above,
But that they sing and that they love?

It is master Waller wrote them, as I think; who, upon my word, ought to be encouraged.'

'And so should you, my dear Empson,' said the dame, yawning, 'were it only for the honour you do to your own profession. But, in the meantime, will you ask these people to have some refreshment? and will you take some yourself? The chocolate is that which the Ambassador Portuguese fellow brought over to the Queen.'

‘If it be genuine,’ said the musician.

‘How, sir!’ said the fair one, half rising from her pile of cushions — ‘not genuine, and in this house! Let me understand you, Master Empson. I think, when I first saw you, you scarce knew chocolate from coffee.’

‘By G—, madam,’ answered the flageolet-player, ‘you are perfectly right. And how can I show better how much I have profited by your ladyship’s excellent cheer, except by being critical?’

‘You stand excused, Master Empson,’ said the *petite maitresse*, sinking gently back on the downy couch, from which a momentary irritation had startled her. ‘I think the chocolate will please you, though scarce equal to what we had from the Spanish resident Mendoza. But we must offer these strange people something. Will you ask them if they would have coffee and chocolate, or cold wild-fowl, fruit and wine? They must be treated, so as to show them where they are, since here they are.’

‘Unquestionably, madam,’ said Empson; ‘but I have just at this instant forgot the French for chocolate, hot bread, coffee, game, and drinkables.’

‘It is odd,’ said the lady; ‘and I have forgot my French and Italian at the same moment. But it signifies little: I will order the things to be brought, and they will remember the names of them themselves.’

Empson laughed loudly at this jest, and pawned his soul that the cold sirloin, which entered immediately after, was the best emblem of roast-beef all the world over. Plentiful refreshments were offered to all the party, of which both Fenella and Peveril partook.

In the meanwhile, the flageolet-player drew closer to the side of the lady of the mansion; their intimacy was cemented, and their spirits set afloat, by a glass of liqueur, which gave them additional confidence in discussing the characters as well of the superior attendants of the court as of the inferior rank, to which they themselves might be supposed to belong.

The lady, indeed, during this conversation, frequently exerted her complete and absolute superiority over Master Empson; in which that musical gentleman humbly acquiesced whenever the circumstance was recalled to his attention, whether in the way of blunt contradiction, sarcastic insinuation, downright assumption of higher importance, or in any of the other various modes by which such superiority is usually

asserted and maintained. But the lady's obvious love of scandal was the lure which very soon brought her again down from the dignified port which for a moment she assumed, and placed her once more on a gossiping level with her companion.

Their conversation was too trivial, and too much allied to petty court intrigues with which he was totally unacquainted, to be in the least interesting to Julian. As it continued for more than an hour, he soon ceased to pay the least attention to a discourse consisting of nicknames, patchwork, and innuendo; and employed himself in reflecting on his own complicated affairs, and the probable issue of his approaching audience with the King, which had been brought about by so singular an agent, and by means so unexpected. He often looked to his guide, Fenella, and observed that she was, for the greater part of the time, drowned in deep and abstracted meditation. But three or four times — and it was when the assumed airs and affected importance of the musician and their hostess rose to the most extravagant excess — he observed that Fenella dealt askance on them some of those bitter and almost blighting elfin looks which in the Isle of Man were held to imply contemptuous execration. There was something in all her manner so extraordinary, joined to her sudden appearance, and her demeanour in the King's presence, so oddly, yet so well, contrived to procure him a private audience — which he might, by graver means, have sought in vain — that it almost justified the idea, though he smiled at it internally, that the little mute agent was aided in her machinations by the kindred imps to whom, according to Manx superstition, her genealogy was to be traced.

Another idea sometimes occurred to Julian, though he rejected the question as being equally wild with those doubts which referred Fenella to a race different from that of mortals — 'Was she really afflicted with those organical imperfections which had always seemed to sever her from humanity? If not, what could be the motives of so young a creature practising so dreadful a penance for such an unremitted term of years? And how formidable must be the strength of mind which could condemn itself to so terrific a sacrifice, how deep and strong the purpose for which it was undertaken!'

But a brief recollection of past events enabled him to dismiss this conjecture as altogether wild and visionary. He had but to call to memory the various stratagems practised by his light-hearted companion, the young Earl of Derby, upon this forlorn

girl, the conversations held in her presence, in which the character of a creature so irritable and sensitive upon all occasions was freely, and sometimes satirically, discussed, without her expressing the least acquaintance with what was going forward, to convince him that so deep a deception could never have been practised for so many years by a being of a turn of mind so peculiarly jealous and irascible.

He renounced, therefore, the idea, and turned his thoughts to his own affairs and his approaching interview with his sovereign, in which meditation we propose to leave him until we briefly review the changes which had taken place in the situation of Alice Bridgenorth.

CHAPTER XXXI

I fear the devil worst when gown and cassock,
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,
Conceals his cloven hoof.

Anonymous.

JULIAN PEVERIL had scarce set sail for Whitehaven, when Alice Bridgenorth and her governante, at the hasty command of her father, were embarked with equal speed and secrecy on board of a bark bound for Liverpool. Christian accompanied them on their voyage, as the friend to whose guardianship Alice was to be consigned during any future separation from her father, and whose amusing conversation, joined to his pleasing though cold manners, as well as his near relationship, induced Alice, in her forlorn situation, to consider her fate as fortunate in having such a guardian.

At Liverpool, as the reader already knows, Christian took the first overt step in the villainy which he had contrived against the innocent girl, by exposing her at a meeting-house to the unhallowed gaze of Chiffinch, in order to convince him she was possessed of such uncommon beauty as might well deserve the infamous promotion to which they meditated to raise her.

Highly satisfied with her personal appearance, Chiffinch was no less so with the sense and delicacy of her conversation, when he met her in company with her uncle afterwards in London. The simplicity, and at the same time the spirit, of her remarks made him regard her as his scientific attendant the cook might have done a newly invented sauce, sufficiently *piquante* in its qualities to awaken the jaded appetite of a cloyed and gorged epicure. 'She was,' he said and swore, 'the very corner-stone on which, with proper management, and with his instructions, a few honest fellows might build a court fortune.'

That the necessary introduction might take place, the con-

federates judged fit she should be put under the charge of an experienced lady, whom some called Mistress Chiffinch, and others Chiffinch's mistress—one of those obliging creatures who are willing to discharge all the duties of a wife without the inconvenient and indissoluble ceremony.

It was one, and not perhaps the least, prejudicial consequence of the license of that ill-governed time, that the bounds betwixt virtue and vice were so far smoothed down and levelled, that the frail wife, or the tender friend who was no wife, did not necessarily lose their place in society; but, on the contrary, if they moved in the higher circles, were permitted and encouraged to mingle with women whose rank was certain and whose reputation was untainted.

A regular *liaison*, like that of Chiffinch and his fair one, inferred little scandal; and such was his influence, as prime minister of his master's pleasures, that, as Charles himself expressed it, the lady whom we introduced to our readers in the last chapter had obtained a brevet commission to rank as a married woman. And to do the gentle dame justice, no wife could have been more attentive to forward his plans, or more liberal in disposing of his income.

She inhabited a set of apartments called Chiffinch's—the scene of many an intrigue, both of love and politics; and where Charles often held his private parties for the evening, when, as frequently happened, the ill-humour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, his reigning sultana, prevented his supping with her. The hold which such an arrangement gave a man like Chiffinch, used as he well knew how to use it, made him of too much consequence to be slighted even by the first persons in the state, unless they stood aloof from all manner of politics and court intrigue.

In the charge of Mistress Chiffinch, and of him whose name she bore, Edward Christian placed the daughter of his sister and of his confiding friend, calmly contemplating her ruin as an event certain to follow; and hoping to ground upon it his own chance of a more assured fortune than a life spent in intrigue had hitherto been able to procure for him.

The innocent Alice, without being able to discover what was wrong either in the scenes of unusual luxury with which she was surrounded or in the manners of her hostess, which, both from nature and policy, were kind and caressing, felt nevertheless an instinctive apprehension that all was not right—a feeling in the human mind allied, perhaps, to that sense of danger

which animals exhibit when placed in the vicinity of the natural enemies of their race, and which makes birds cower when the hawk is in the air, and beasts tremble when the tiger is abroad in the desert. There was a heaviness at her heart which she could not dispel; and the few hours which she had already spent at Chiffinch's were like those passed in a prison by one unconscious of the cause or event of his captivity. It was the third morning after her arrival in London that the scene took place which we now recur to.

The impertinence and vulgarity of Empson, which was permitted to him as an unrivalled performer upon his instrument, were exhausting themselves at the expense of all other musical professors, and Mistress Chiffinch was listening with careless indifference, when some one was heard speaking loudly, and with animation, in the inner apartment.

'O gemini and gilliflower water!' exclaimed the damsel, startled out of her fine airs into her natural vulgarity of exclamation, and running to the door of communication, 'if he has not come back again after all! and if Old Rowley——'

A tap at the further and opposite door here arrested her attention; she quitted the handle of that which she was about to open as speedily as if it had burnt her fingers, and, moving back towards her couch, asked, 'Who is there?'

'Old Rowley himself, madam,' said the King, entering the apartment with his usual air of easy composure.

'O crimini! your Majesty! I thought——'

'That I was out of hearing, doubtless,' said the King; 'and spoke of me as folks speak of absent friends. Make no apology. I think I have heard ladies say of their lace, that a rent is better than a darn. Nay, be seated. Where is Chiffinch?'

'He is down at York House, your Majesty,' said the dame, recovering, though with no small difficulty, the calm affectation of her usual demeanour. 'Shall I send your Majesty's commands?'

'I will wait his return,' said the King. 'Permit me to taste your chocolate.'

'There is some fresh frothed in the office,' said the lady; and using a little silver call, or whistle, a black boy, superbly dressed like an Oriental page, with gold bracelets on his naked arms and a gold collar around his equally bare neck, attended with the favourite beverage of the morning, in an apparatus of the richest china.

While he sipped his cup of chocolate, the King looked round:

the apartment, and observing Fenella, Peveril, and the musician, who remained standing beside a large Indian screen, he continued, addressing Mistress Chiffinch, though with polite indifference, 'I sent you the fiddles this morning — or rather the flute — Empson, and a fairy elf whom I met in the Park, who dances divinely. She has brought us the very newest saraband from the court of Queen Mab, and I sent her here that you may see it at leisure.'

'Your Majesty does me by far too much honour,' said Chiffinch; her eyes properly cast down, and her accents minced into becoming humility.

'Nay, little Chiffinch,' answered the King, in a tone of as contemptuous familiarity as was consistent with his good-breeding, 'it was not altogether for thine own private ear, though quite deserving of all sweet sounds; but I thought Nelly had been with thee this morning.'

'I can send Bajazet for her, your Majesty,' answered the lady.

'Nay, I will not trouble your little heathen sultan to go so far. Still, it strikes me that Chiffinch said you had company — some country cousin, or such a matter. Is there not such a person?'

'There is a young person from the country,' said Mistress Chiffinch, striving to conceal a considerable portion of embarrassment; 'but she is unprepared for such an honour as to be admitted into your Majesty's presence, and ——'

'And therefore the fitter to receive it, Chiffinch. There is nothing in nature so beautiful as the first blush of a little rustic between joy and fear, and wonder and curiosity. It is the down on the peach — pity it decays so soon! The fruit remains, but the first high colouring and exquisite flavour are gone. Never put up thy lip for the matter, Chiffinch, for it is as I tell you; so pray let us have *la belle cousine*.'

Mistress Chiffinch, more embarrassed than ever, again advanced towards the door of communication, which she had been in the act of opening when his Majesty entered. But just as she coughed pretty loudly, perhaps as a signal to some one within, voices were again heard in a raised tone of altercation; the door was flung open, and Alice rushed out of the inner apartment, followed to the door of it by the enterprising Duke of Buckingham, who stood fixed with astonishment on finding his pursuit of the flying fair one had hurried him into the presence of the King.

Alice Bridgenorth appeared too much transported with anger to permit her to pay attention to the rank or character of the company into which she had thus suddenly entered. 'I remain no longer here, madam,' she said to Mrs. Chiffinch, in a tone of uncontrollable resolution; 'I leave instantly a house where I am exposed to company which I detest, and to solicitations which I despise.'

The dismayed Mistress Chiffinch could only implore her, in broken whispers, to be silent; adding, while she pointed to Charles, who stood with his eyes fixed rather on his audacious courtier than on the game which he pursued, 'The King — the King!'

'If I am in the King's presence,' said Alice, aloud, and in the same torrent of passionate feeling, while her eyes sparkled through tears of resentment and insulted modesty, 'it is the better; it is his Majesty's duty to protect me, and on his protection I throw myself.'

These words, which were spoken aloud and boldly, at once recalled Julian to himself, who had hitherto stood, as it were, bewildered. He approached Alice, and whispering in her ear that she had beside her one who would defend her with his life, implored her to trust to his guardianship in this emergency.

Clinging to his arm in all the ecstasy of gratitude and joy, the spirit which had so lately invigorated Alice in her own defence gave way in a flood of tears, when she saw herself supported by him whom perhaps she most wished to recognise as her protector. She permitted Peveril gently to draw her back towards the screen before which he had been standing; where, holding by his arm, but at the same time endeavouring to conceal herself behind him, they waited the conclusion of a scene so singular.

The King seemed at first so much surprised at the unexpected apparition of the Duke of Buckingham as to pay little or no attention to Alice, who had been the means of thus unceremoniously introducing his Grace into the presence at a most unsuitable moment. In that intriguing court, it had not been the first time that the duke had ventured to enter the lists of gallantry in rivalry of his sovereign, which made the present insult the more intolerable. His purpose of lying concealed in these private apartments was explained by the exclamations of Alice; and Charles, notwithstanding the placidity of his disposition, and his habitual guard over his passions, resented the attempt to seduce his destined mistress, as an

Eastern sultan would have done the insolence of a vizier, who anticipated his intended purchases of captive beauty in the slave market. The swarthy features of Charles reddened, and the strong lines on his dark visage seemed to become inflated, as he said, in a voice which faltered with passion, 'Buckingham, you dared not have thus insulted your equal! To your master you may securely offer any affront, since his rank glues his sword to the scabbard.'

The haughty duke did not brook this taunt unanswered. 'My sword,' he said, with emphasis, 'was never in the scabbard when your Majesty's service required it should be unsheathed.'

'Your Grace means, when its service was required for its master's interest,' said the King; 'for you could only gain the coronet of a duke by fighting for the royal crown. But it is over; I have treated you as a friend—a companion—almost an equal—you have repaid me with insolence and ingratitude.'

'Sire,' answered the duke, firmly, but respectfully, 'I am unhappy in your displeasure; yet thus far fortunate, that, while your words can confer honour, they cannot impair or take it away. It is hard,' he added, lowering his voice so as only to be heard by the King—'it is hard that the squall of a peevish wench should cancel the services of so many years!'

'It is harder,' said the King, in the same subdued tone, which both preserved through the rest of the conversation, 'that a wench's bright eyes can make a nobleman forget the decencies due to his sovereign's privacy.'

'May I presume to ask your Majesty what decencies are those?' said the duke.

Charles bit his lip to keep himself from smiling. 'Buckingham,' he said, 'this is a foolish business; and we must not forget, as we have nearly done, that we have an audience to witness this scene, and should walk the stage with dignity. I will show you your fault in private.'

'It is enough that your Majesty has been displeased, and that I have unhappily been the occasion,' said the duke, reverently, 'although quite ignorant of any purpose beyond a few words of gallantry; and I sue thus low for your Majesty's pardon.'

So saying, he kneeled gracefully down. 'Thou hast it, George,' said the placable prince. 'I believe thou wilt be sooner tired of offending than I of forgiving.'

'Long may your Majesty live to give the offence with which

it is your royal pleasure at present to charge my innocence,' said the duke.

'What mean you by that, my lord?' said Charles, the angry shade returning to his brow for a moment.

'My liege,' replied the duke, 'you are too honourable to deny your custom of shooting with Cupid's bird-bolts in other men's warrens. You have taken the royal right of free forestry over every man's park. It is hard that you should be so much displeased at hearing a chance arrow whizz near your own pales.'

'No more on't,' said the King; 'but let us see where the dove has harboured.'

'The Helen has found a Paris while we were quarrelling,' replied the duke.

'Rather an Orpheus,' said the King; 'and, what is worse, one that is already provided with a Eurydice. She is clinging to the fiddler.'

'It is mere fright,' said Buckingham, 'like Rochester's, when he crept into the bass-viol to hide himself from Sir Dermot O'Cleaver.'

'We must make the people show their talents,' said the King, 'and stop their mouths with money and civility, or we shall have this foolish encounter over half the town.'

The King then approached Julian, and desired him to take his instrument and cause his female companion to perform a saraband.

'I had already the honour to inform your Majesty,' said Julian, 'that I cannot contribute to your pleasure in the way you command me; and that this young person is ——'

'A retainer of the Lady Powis,' said the King, upon whose mind things not connected with his pleasures made a very slight impression. 'Poor lady, she is in trouble about the lords in the Tower.'

'Pardon me, sir,' said Julian, 'she is a dependant of the Countess of Derby.'

'True — true,' answered Charles; 'it is indeed of Lady Derby, who hath also her own distresses in these times. Do you know who taught the young person to dance? Some of her steps mightily resemble Le Jeune's of Paris.'

'I presume she was taught abroad, sir,' said Julian; 'for myself, I am charged with some weighty business by the countess, which I would willingly communicate to your Majesty.'

'We will send you to our Secretary of State,' said the King. 'But this dancing envoy will oblige us once more, will she not? Empson, now that I remember, it was to your pipe that she danced. Strike up, man, and put mettle into her feet.'

Empson began to play a well-known measure; and, as he had threatened, made more than one false note, until the King, whose ear was very accurate, rebuked him with, 'Sirrah, art thou drunk at this early hour, or must thou too be playing thy slippery tricks with me? Thou thinkest thou art born to beat time, but I will have time beat into thee.'

The hint was sufficient, and Empson took good care so to perform his air as to merit his high and deserved reputation. But on Fenella it made not the slightest impression. She rather leant than stood against the wall of the apartment, her countenance as pale as death, her arms and hands hanging down as if stiffened, and her existence only testified by the sobs which agitated her bosom and the tears which flowed from her half-closed eyes.

'A plague on it,' said the King, 'some evil spirit is abroad this morning, and the wenches are all bewitched, I think. Cheer up, my girl. What, in the devil's name, has changed thee at-once from a nymph to a Niobe? If thou standest there longer, thou wilt grow to the very marble wall. Or — odds-fish, George, have you been bird-bolting in this quarter also?'

Ere Buckingham could answer to this charge, Julian again kneeled down to the King, and prayed to be heard, were it only for five minutes. 'The young woman,' he said, 'had been long in attendance on the Countess of Derby. She was bereaved of the faculties of speech and hearing.'

'Odds-fish, man, and dances so well?' said the King. 'Nay, all Gresham College shall never make me believe that.'

'I would have thought it equally impossible but for what I to-day witnessed,' said Julian; 'but only permit me, sir, to deliver the petition of my lady the countess.'

'And who art thou thyself, man?' said the sovereign; 'for, though everything which wears bodice and breast-knot has a right to speak to a king and be answered, I know not that they have a title to audience through an envoy extraordinary.'

'I am Julian Peveril of Derbyshire,' answered the supplicant, 'the son of Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle, who —'

'Body of me — the old Worcester man?' said the King. 'Odds-fish, I remember him well; some harm has happened to him, I think. Is he not dead, or very sick at least?'

'Ill at ease, and it please your Majesty, but not ill in health. He has been imprisoned on account of alleged accession to this Plot.'

'Look you there,' said the King, 'I knew he was in trouble; and yet how to help the stout old knight I can hardly tell. I can scarce escape suspicion of the Plot myself, though the principal object of it is to take away my own life. Were I to stir to save a plotter, I should certainly be brought in as an accessory. Buckingham, thou hast some interest with those who built this fine state engine, or at least who have driven it on — be good-natured for once, though it is scarcely thy wont, and interfere to shelter our old Worcester friend, Sir Godfrey. You have not forgot him?'

'No, sir,' answered the duke; 'for I never heard the name.'

'It is Sir Geoffrey his Majesty would say,' said Julian.

'And if his Majesty *did* say Sir Geoffrey, Master Peveril, I cannot see of what use I can be to your father,' replied the duke, coldly. 'He is accused of a heavy crime; and a British subject so accused can have no shelter either from prince or peer, but must stand to the award and deliverance of God and his country.'

'Now, Heaven forgive thee thy hypocrisy, George,' said the King, hastily. 'I would rather hear the devil preach religion than thee teach patriotism. Thou knowest as well as I that the nation is in a scarlet fever for fear of the poor Catholics, who are not two men to five hundred; and that the public mind is so harassed with new narrations of conspiracy, and fresh horrors every day, that people have as little real sense of what is just or unjust as men who talk in their sleep of what is sense or nonsense. I have borne and borne with it; I have seen blood flow on the scaffold, fearing to thwart the nation in its fury; and I pray to God that I or mine be not called on to answer for it. I will no longer swim with the torrent, which honour and conscience call upon me to stem: I will act the part of a sovereign, and save my people from doing injustice, even in their own despite.'

Charles walked hastily up and down the room as he expressed these unwonted sentiments, with energy equally unwonted. After a momentary pause, the duke answered him gravely, 'Spoken like a royal king, sir; but — pardon me — not like a king of England.'

Charles paused, as the duke spoke, beside a window which looked full on Whitehall, and his eye was involuntarily attracted

by the fatal window of the Banqueting House, out of which his unhappy father was conducted to execution. Charles was naturally, or, more properly, constitutionally, brave; but a life of pleasure, together with the habit of governing his course rather by what was expedient than by what was right, rendered him unapt to dare the same scene of danger or of martyrdom which had closed his father's life and reign; and the thought came over his half-formed resolution like the rain upon a kindling beacon. In another man, his perplexity would have seemed almost ludicrous; but Charles could not lose, even under these circumstances, the dignity and grace which were as natural to him as his indifference and his good-humour. 'Our council must decide in this matter,' he said, looking to the duke; 'and be assured, young man,' he added, addressing Julian, 'your father shall not want an intercessor in his king, so far as the laws will permit my interference in his behalf.'

Julian was about to retire, when Fenella, with a marked look, put into his hand a slip of paper, on which she had hastily written, 'The packet — give him the packet.'

After a moment's hesitation, during which he reflected that Fenella was the organ of the countess's pleasure, Julian resolved to obey. 'Permit me, then, sire,' he said, 'to place in your royal hands this packet, entrusted to me by the Countess of Derby. The letters have already been once taken from me; and I have little hope that I can now deliver them as they are addressed. I place them, therefore, in your royal hands, certain that they will evince the innocence of the writer.'

The King shook his head as he took the packet reluctantly. 'It is no safe office you have undertaken, young man. A messenger has sometimes his throat cut for the sake of his despatches. But give them to me; and, Chiffinch, give me wax and a taper.' He employed himself in folding the countess's packet in another envelope. 'Buckingham,' he said, 'you are evidence that I do not read them till the council shall see them.'

Buckingham approached, and offered his services in folding the parcel, but Charles rejected his assistance; and having finished his task, he sealed the packet with his own signet-ring.

The duke bit his lip and retired.

'And now, young man,' said the King, 'your errand is sped, so far as it can at present be forwarded.'

Julian bowed deeply, as to take leave at these words, which he rightly interpreted as a signal for his departure. Alice

Bridgenorth still clung to his arm, and motioned to withdraw along with him. The King and Buckingham looked at each other in conscious astonishment, and yet not without a desire to smile, so strange did it seem to them that a prize, for which, an instant before, they had been mutually contending, should thus glide out of their grasp, or rather be borne off by a third and very inferior competitor.

‘Mistress Chiffinch,’ said the King, with a hesitation which he could not disguise, ‘I hope your fair charge is not about to leave you?’

‘Certainly not, your Majesty,’ answered Chiffinch. ‘Alice, my love, you mistake; that opposite door leads to your apartments.’

‘Pardon me, madam,’ answered Alice; ‘I have indeed mistaken my road, but it was when I came hither.’

‘The errant damozel,’ said Buckingham, looking at Charles with as much intelligence as etiquette permitted him to throw into his eye, and then turning it towards Alice, as she still held by Julian’s arm, ‘is resolved not to mistake her road a second time. She has chosen a sufficient guide.’

‘And yet stories tell that such guides have led maidens astray,’ said the King.

Alice blushed deeply, but instantly recovered her composure so soon as she saw that her liberty was likely to depend upon the immediate exercise of resolution. She quitted, from a sense of insulted delicacy, the arm of Julian, to which she had hitherto clung; but as she spoke she continued to retain a slight grasp of his cloak. ‘I have indeed mistaken my way,’ she repeated, still addressing Mistress Chiffinch, ‘but it was when I crossed this threshold. The usage to which I have been exposed in your house has determined me to quit it instantly.’

‘I will not permit that, my young mistress,’ answered Chiffinch, ‘until your uncle, who placed you under my care, shall relieve me of the charge of you.’

‘I will answer for my conduct both to my uncle and, what is of more importance, to my father,’ said Alice. ‘You must permit me to depart, madam; I am free-born, and you have no right to detain me.’

‘Pardon me, my young madam,’ said Mistress Chiffinch, ‘I have a right, and I will maintain it too.’

‘I will know that before quitting this presence,’ said Alice, firmly; and, advancing a step or two, she dropped on her knee.

before the King. 'Your Majesty,' said she, 'if indeed I kneel before King Charles, is the father of your subjects.'

'Of a good many of them,' said the Duke of Buckingham, apart.

'I demand protection of you, in the name of God and of the oath your Majesty swore when you placed on your head the crown of this kingdom!'

'You have my protection,' said the King, a little confused by an appeal so unexpected and so solemn. 'Do but remain quiet with this lady, with whom your parents have placed you; neither Buckingham nor any one else shall intrude on you.'

'His Majesty,' added Buckingham, in the same tone, and speaking from the restless and mischief-making spirit of contradiction, which he never could restrain, even when indulging it was most contrary not only to propriety, but to his own interest—'his Majesty will protect you, fair lady, from all intrusion save what must not be termed such.'

Alice darted a keen look on the duke, as if to read his meaning; another on Charles, to know whether she had guessed it rightly. There was a guilty confession on the King's brow, which confirmed Alice's determination to depart. 'Your Majesty will forgive me,' she said; 'it is not here that I can enjoy the advantage of your royal protection. I am resolved to leave this house. If I am detained, it must be by violence, which I trust no one dare offer me in your Majesty's presence. This gentleman, whom I have long known, will conduct me to my friends.'

'We make but an indifferent figure in this scene, methinks,' said the King, addressing the Duke of Buckingham, and speaking in a whisper; 'but she must go. I neither will nor dare stop her from returning to her father.'

'And if she does,' swore the duke internally, 'I would, as Sir Andrew saith, I might never touch fair lady's hand.' And stepping back, he spoke a few words with Empson, the musician, who left the apartment for a few minutes, and presently returned.

The King seemed irresolute concerning the part he should act under circumstances so peculiar. To be foiled in a gallant intrigue was to subject himself to the ridicule of his gay court; to persist in it by any means which approached to constraint would have been tyrannical; and, what perhaps he might judge as severe an imputation, it would have been unbecoming a gentleman. 'Upon my honour, young lady,' he said, with an emphasis,

'you have nothing to fear in this house. But it is improper, for your own sake, that you should leave it in this abrupt manner. If you will have the goodness to wait but a quarter of an hour, Mistress Chiffinch's coach will be placed at your command, to transport you where you will. Spare yourself the ridicule, and me the pain, of seeing you leave the house of one of my servants as if you were escaping from a prison.'

The King spoke in good-natured sincerity, and Alice was inclined for an instant to listen to his advice; but recollecting that she had to search for her father and uncle, or, failing them, for some suitable place of secure residence, it rushed on her mind that the attendants of Mistress Chiffinch were not likely to prove trusty guides or assistants in such a purpose. Firmly and respectfully she announced her purpose of instant departure. She needed no other escort, she said, than what this gentleman, Master Julian Peveril, who was well known to her father, would willingly afford her; nor did she need that farther than until she had reached her father's residence.

'Farewell, then, lady, a God's name!' said the King. 'I am sorry so much beauty should be wedded to so many shrewish suspicions. For you, Master Peveril, I should have thought you had enough to do with your own affairs, without interfering with the humours of the fair sex. The duty of conducting all strayed damsels into the right path is, as matters go in this good city, rather too weighty an undertaking for your youth and inexperience.'

Julian, eager to conduct Alice safe from a place of which he began fully to appreciate the perils, answered nothing to this taunt, but, bowing reverently, led her from the apartment. Her sudden appearance, and the animated scene which followed, had entirely absorbed, for the moment, the recollection of his father and of the Countess of Derby; and while the dumb attendant of the latter remained in the room, a silent and, as it were, stunned spectator of all that had happened, Peveril had become, in the predominating interest of Alice's critical situation, totally forgetful of her presence. But no sooner had he left the room, without noticing or attending to her, than Fenella, starting as from a trance, drew herself up and looked wildly around, like one waking from a dream, as if to assure herself that her companion was gone, and gone without paying the slightest attention to her. She folded her hands together, and cast her eyes upwards with an expression of such agony as explained to Charles, as he thought, what painful

ideas were passing in her mind. 'This Peveril is a perfect pattern of successful perfidy,' said the King: 'he has not only succeeded at first sight in carrying off this queen of the amazons, but he has left us, I think, a disconsolate Ariadne in her place. But weep not, my princess of pretty movements,' he said, addressing himself to Fenella; 'if we cannot call in Bacchus to console you, we will commit you to the care of Empson, who shall drink with *Liber Pater* for a thousand pounds, and I will say done first.'

As the King spoke these words, Fenella rushed past him with her wonted rapidity of step, and, with much less courtesy than was due to the royal presence, hurried downstairs and out of the house, without attempting to open any communication with the monarch. He saw her abrupt departure with more surprise than displeasure; and presently afterwards, bursting into a fit of laughter, he said to the duke, 'Odds-fish, George, this young spark might teach the best of us how to manage the wenches. I have had my own experience, but I could never yet contrive either to win or lose them with so little ceremony.'

'Experience, sir,' replied the duke, 'cannot be acquired without years.'

'True, George; and you would, I suppose, insinuate,' said Charles, 'that the gallant who acquires it loses as much in youth as he gains in art? I defy your insinuation, George. You cannot overreach your master, old as you think him, either in love or politics. You have not the secret *plumer la poule sans la faire crier* — witness this morning's work. I will give you odds at all games — ay, and at the mall too, if thou darest accept my challenge. Chiffinch, what for dost thou convulse thy pretty throat and face with sobbing and hatching tears, which seem rather unwilling to make their appearance?'

'It is for fear,' whined Chiffinch, 'that your Majesty should think — that you should expect —'

'That I should expect gratitude from a courtier, or faith from a woman?' answered the King, patting her at the same time under the chin, to make her raise her face. 'Tush! chicken, I am not so superfluous.'

'There it is now,' said Chiffinch, continuing to sob the more bitterly, as she felt herself unable to produce any tears; 'I see your Majesty is determined to lay all the blame on me, when I am innocent as an unborn babe; I will be judged by his Grace.'

'No doubt — no doubt, Chiffie,' said the King. 'His Grace

and you will be excellent judges in each other's cause, and as good witnesses in each other's favour. But to investigate the matter impartially, we must examine our evidence apart. My lord duke, we meet at the Mall at noon, if your Grace dare accept my challenge.'

His Grace of Buckingham bowed and retired.

CHAPTER XXXII

But when the bully with assuming pace
Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way ; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side.
Yet rather bear the shower and toils of mud
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.

GAY's Trivia.

JULIAN PEVERIL, half-leading, half-supporting Alice Bridgenorth, had reached the middle of St. James's Street ere the doubt occurred to him which way they should bend their course. He then asked Alice whither he should conduct her, and learned, to his surprise and embarrassment, that, far from knowing where her father was to be found, she had no certain knowledge that he was in London, and only hoped that he had arrived, from the expressions which he had used at parting. She mentioned her uncle Christian's address, but it was with doubt and hesitation, arising from the hands in which he had already placed her ; and her reluctance to go again under his protection was strongly confirmed by her youthful guide, when a few words had established to his conviction the identity of Ganlesse and Christian. What then was to be done ?

'Alice,' said Julian, after a moment's reflection, 'you must seek your earliest and best friend ; I mean my mother. She has now no castle in which to receive you ; she has but a miserable lodging, so near the jail in which my father is confined that it seems almost a cell of the same prison. I have not seen her since my coming hither ; but thus much have I learned by inquiry. We will now go to her apartment ; such as it is, I know she will share it with one so innocent and so unprotected as you are.'

'Gracious Heaven !' said the poor girl, 'am I then so totally deserted, that I must throw myself on the mercy of her who, of all the world, has most reason to spurn me from her ?'

Julian, can you advise me to this? Is there none else who will afford me a few hours' refuge, till I can hear from my father? — no other protectress but her whose ruin has, I fear, been accelerated by — Julian, I dare not appear before your mother! She must hate me for my family, and despise me for my meanness. To be a second time cast on her protection, when the first has been so evil repaid! Julian, I dare not go with you!

'She has never ceased to love you, Alice,' said her conductor, whose steps she continued to attend, even while declaring her resolution not to go with him: 'she never felt anything but kindness towards you, nay, towards your father; for though his dealings with us have been harsh, she can allow much for the provocation which he has received. Believe me, with her you will be safe as with a mother — perhaps may be the means of reconciling the divisions by which we have suffered so much.'

'Might God grant it!' said Alice. 'Yet how shall I face your mother? And will she be able to protect me against these powerful men — against my uncle Christian? Alas, that I must call him my worst enemy!'

'She has the ascendancy which honour hath over infamy, and virtue over vice,' said Julian; 'and to no human power but your father's will she resign you, if you consent to choose her for your protectress. Come, then, with me, Alice; and —'

Julian was interrupted by some one, who, laying an uncere-
monious hold of his cloak, pulled it with so much force as compelled him to stop and lay his hand on his sword. He turned at the same time, and, when he turned, beheld Fenella. The cheek of the mute glowed like fire, her eyes sparkled, and her lips were forcibly drawn together, as if she had difficulty to repress those wild screams which usually attended her agonies of passion, and which, uttered in the open street, must instantly have collected a crowd. As it was, her appearance was so singular, and her emotion so evident, that men gazed as they came on, and looked back after they had passed, at the singular vivacity of her gestures; while, holding Peveril's cloak with one hand, she made, with the other, the most eager and imperious signs that he should leave Alice Bridgenorth and follow her. She touched the plume in her bonnet, to remind him of the earl; pointed to her heart, to intimate the countess; raised her closed hand, as if to command him in their name; and next moment folded both, as if to supplicate him in her own; while, pointing to Alice with an expression at once of angry and scornful derision, she waved her hand repeatedly and disdainfully, to

intimate that Peveril ought to cast her off, as something undeserving his protection.

Frightened, she knew not why, at these wild gestures, Alice clung closer to Julian's arm than she had at first dared to do ; and this mark of confidence in his protection seemed to increase the passion of Fenella.

Julian was dreadfully embarrassed ; his situation was sufficiently precarious, even before Fenella's ungovernable passions threatened to ruin the only plan which he had been able to suggest. What she wanted with him — how far the fate of the earl and countess might depend on his following her, he could not even conjecture ; but be the call how peremptory soever, he resolved not to comply with it until he had seen Alice placed in safety. In the meantime, he determined not to lose sight of Fenella ; and disregarding her repeated, disdainful, and impetuous rejection of the hand which he offered her, he at length seemed so far to have soothed her, that she seized upon his right arm, and, as if despairing of his following *her* path, appeared reconciled to attend him on that which he himself should choose.

Thus, with a youthful female clinging to each arm, and both remarkably calculated to attract the public eye, though from very different reasons, Julian resolved to make the shortest road to the water-side, and there to take boat for Blackfriars, as the nearest point of landing to Newgate, where he concluded that Lance had already announced his arrival in London to Sir Geoffrey, then inhabiting that dismal region, and to his lady, who, so far as the jailor's rigour permitted, shared and softened his imprisonment.

Julian's embarrassment in passing Charing Cross and Northumberland House was so great as to excite the attention of the passengers ; for he had to compose his steps so as to moderate the unequal and rapid pace of Fenella to the timid and faint progress of his left-hand companion ; and while it would have been needless to address himself to the former, who could not comprehend him, he dared not speak himself to Alice, for fear of awakening into frenzy the jealousy, or at least the impatience, of Fenella.

Many passengers looked at them with wonder, and some with smiles ; but Julian remarked that there were two who never lost sight of them, and to whom his situation, and the demeanour of his companions, seemed to afford matter of undisguised merriment. These were young men, such as may be seen in the same precincts in the present day, allowing for the difference

in the fashion of their apparel. They abounded in periwig, and fluttered with many hundred yards of ribbon, disposed in bow-knots upon their sleeves, their breeches, and their waistcoats, in the very extremity of the existing mode. A quantity of lace and embroidery made their habits rather fine than tasteful. In a word, they were dressed in that caricature of the fashion which sometimes denotes a hare-brained man of quality who has a mind to be distinguished as a fop of the first order, but is much more frequently the disguise of those who desire to be esteemed men of rank on account of their dress, having no other pretension to the distinction.

These two gallants passed Peveril more than once, linked arm-in-arm, then sauntered, so as to oblige him to pass them in turn, laughing and whispering during these manœuvres, staring broadly at Peveril and his female companions, and affording them, as they came into contact, none of those facilities of giving place which are required on such occasions by the ordinary rules of the *paré*.

Peveril did not immediately observe their impertinence; but when it was too gross to escape his notice, his gall began to arise; and, in addition to all the other embarrassments of his situation, he had to combat the longing desire which he felt to cudgel handsomely the two coxcombs who seemed thus determined on insulting him. Patience and sufferance were indeed strongly imposed on him by circumstances; but at length it became scarcely possible to observe their dictates any longer.

When, for the third time, Julian found himself obliged, with his companions, to pass this troublesome brace of fops, they kept walking close behind him, speaking so loud as to be heard, and in a tone of perfect indifference whether he listened to them or not.

'This is bumpkin's best luck,' said the taller of the two, who was indeed a man of remarkable size, alluding to the plainness of Peveril's dress, which was scarce fit for the streets of London. 'Two such fine wenches, and under guard of a grey frock and an oaken riding-rod!'

'Nay, Puritan's luck rather, and more than enough of it,' said his companion. 'You may read Puritan in his pace and in his patience.'

'Right as a pint bumper, Tom,' said his friend. 'Issachar is an ass that stoopeth between two burdens.'

'I have a mind to ease long-eared Laurence of one of his en-

cumbrances,' said the shorter fellow. 'That black-eyed sparkler looks as if she had a mind to run away from him.'

'Ay,' answered the taller, 'and the blue-eyed trembler looks as if she would fall behind into my loving arms.'

At these words, Alice, holding still closer by Peveril's arm than formerly, mended her pace almost to running, in order to escape from men whose language was so alarming; and Fenella walked hastily forward in the same manner, having perhaps caught, from the men's gestures and demeanour, that apprehension which Alice had taken from their language.

Fearful of the consequences of a fray in the streets, which must necessarily separate him from these unprotected females, Peveril endeavoured to compound betwixt the prudence necessary for their protection and his own rising resentment; and as this troublesome pair of attendants endeavoured again to pass them close to Hungerford Stairs, he said to them, with constrained calmness, 'Gentlemen, I owe you something for the attention you have bestowed on the affairs of a stranger. If you have any pretension to the name I have given you, you will tell me where you are to be found.'

'And with what purpose,' said the taller of the two, sneeringly, 'does your most rustic gravity, or your most grave rusticity, require of us such information?'

So saying, they both faced about, in such a manner as to make it impossible for Julian to advance any farther.

'Make for the stairs, Alice,' he said; 'I will be with you in an instant.' Then freeing himself with difficulty from the grasp of his companions, he cast his cloak hastily round his left arm, and said sternly to his opponents, 'Will you give me your names, sirs; or will you be pleased to make way?'

'Not till we know for whom we are to give place,' said one of them.

'For one who will else teach you what you want—good manners,' said Peveril, and advanced, as if to push between them.

They separated, but one of them stretched forth his foot before Peveril, as if he meant to trip him. The blood of his ancestors was already boiling within him; he struck the man on the face with the oaken rod which he had just sneered at, and, throwing it from him, instantly unsheathed his sword. Both the others drew, and pushed at once; but he caught the point of the one rapier in his cloak, and parried the other thrust with his own weapon. He might have been less lucky in the

second close, but a cry arose among the watermen of 'Shame — shame! two upon one!'

'They are men of the Duke of Buckingham's,' said one fellow; 'there's no safe meddling with them.'

'They may be the devil's men, if they will,' said an ancient triton, flourishing his stretcher; 'but I say fair play and Old England for ever; and, I say, knock the gold-laced puppies down, unless they will fight turn-about with grey jerkin, like honest fellows — one down, t' other come on.'

The lower orders of London have in all times been remarkable for the delight which they have taken in club-law, or fist-law; and for the equity and impartiality with which they see it administered. The noble science of defence was then so generally known, that a bout at single rapier excited at that time as much interest and as little wonder as a boxing-match in our own days. The bystanders, experienced in such affrays, presently formed a ring, within which Peveril and the taller and more forward of his antagonists were soon engaged in close combat with their swords, whilst the other, overawed by the spectators, was prevented from interfering.

'Well done the tall fellow!' 'Well thrust, long-legs!' 'Huzza for two ells and a quarter!' were the sounds with which the fray was at first cheered; for Peveril's opponent not only showed great activity and skill in fence, but had also a decided advantage, from the anxiety with which Julian looked out for Alice Bridgenorth, the care for whose safety diverted him in the beginning of the onset from that which he ought to have exclusively bestowed on the defence of his own life. A slight flesh-wound in the side at once punished, and warned him of, his inadvertence; when, turning his whole thoughts on the business in which he was engaged, and animated with anger against his impertinent intruder, the rencontre speedily began to assume another face, amidst cries of 'Well done, grey jerkin!' 'Try the metal of his gold doublet!' 'Finely thrust!' 'Curiously parried!' 'There went another eyelet-hole to his broidered jerkin!' 'Fairly pinked, by G—d!' In fact, the last exclamation was uttered amid a general roar of applause, accompanying a successful and conclusive lounge, by which Peveril ran his gigantic antagonist through the body. He looked at his prostrate foe for a moment; then, recovering himself, called loudly to know what had become of the lady.

'Never mind the lady, if you be wise,' said one of the watermen; 'the constable will be here in an instant. I'll give

your honour a cast across the water in a moment. It may be as much as your neck's worth. Shall only charge a Jacobus.'

'You be d—d!' said one of his rivals in profession, 'as your father was before you; for a Jacobus, I'll set the gentleman into Alsatia, where neither bailiff nor constable dare trespass.'

'The lady, you scoundrels—the lady!' exclaimed Peveril. 'Where is the lady?'

'I'll carry your honour where you shall have enough of ladies, if that be your want,' said the old triton; and as he spoke, the clamour amongst the watermen was renewed, each hoping to cut his own profit out of the emergency of Julian's situation.

'A sculler will be least suspected, your honour,' said one fellow.

'A pair of oars will carry you through the water like a wild duck,' said another.

'But you have got never a tilt, brother,' said a third. 'Now, I can put the gentleman as snug as if he were under hatches.'

In the midst of the oaths and clamour attending this aquatic controversy for his custom, Peveril at length made them understand that he would bestow a Jacobus, not on him whose boat was first oars, but on whomsoever should inform him of the fate of the lady.

'Of which lady?' said a sharp fellow; 'for, to my thought, there was a pair on them.'

'Of both—of both,' answered Peveril; 'but first, of the fair-haired lady.'

'Ay—ay, that was she that shrieked so when gold-jacket's companion handed her into No. 20.'

'Who—what—who dared to hand her?' exclaimed Peveril.

'Nay, master, you have heard enough of my tale without a fee,' said the waterman.

'Sordid rascal!' said Peveril, giving him a gold piece, 'speak out or I'll run my sword through you!'

'For the matter of that, master,' answered the fellow, 'not while I can handle this trunnion; but a bargain's a bargain, and so I'll tell you, for your gold piece, that the comrade of the fellow forced one of your wenches, her with the fair hair, will she nill she, into Tickling Tom's wherry; and they are far enough up Thames by this time, with wind and tide.'

'Sacred Heaven, and I stand here!' exclaimed Julian.

'Why, that is because your honour will not take a boat.'

'You are right, my friend; a boat—a boat instantly!'

‘Follow me, then, squire. Hear, Tom, bear a hand ; the gentleman is our fare.’

A volley of water language was exchanged betwixt the successful candidate for Peveril’s custom and his disappointed brethren, which concluded by the ancient triton’s bellowing out, in a tone above them all, ‘that the gentleman was in a fair way to make a voyage to the isle of gulls, for that sly Jack was only bantering him : No. 20 had rowed for York Buildings.’

‘To the isle of gallows,’ cried another ; ‘for here comes one who will mar his trip up Thames, and carry him down to Execution Dock.’

In fact, as he spoke the word, a constable, with three or four of his assistants, armed with the old-fashioned brown-bills, which were still used for arming those guardians of the peace, cut off our hero’s farther progress to the water’s edge by arresting him in the King’s name. To attempt resistance would have been madness, as he was surrounded on all sides ; so Peveril was disarmed and carried before the nearest justice of the peace, for examination and committal.

The legal sage before whom Julian was taken was a man very honest in his intentions, very bounded in his talents, and rather timid in his disposition. Before the general alarm given to England, and to the city of London in particular, by the notable discovery of the Popish Plot, Master Maulstatute had taken serene and undisturbed pride and pleasure in the discharge of his duties as a justice of the peace, with the exercise of all its honorary privileges and awful authority. But the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey had made a strong, nay, an indelible, impression on his mind ; and he walked the courts of Themis with fear and trembling after that memorable and melancholy event.

Having a high idea of his official importance, and rather an exalted notion of his personal consequence, his honour saw nothing from that time but cords and daggers before his eyes, and never stepped out of his own house, which he fortified, and in some measure garrisoned, with half a dozen tall watchmen and constables, without seeing himself watched by a Papist in disguise, with a drawn sword under his cloak. It was even whispered that, in the agonies of his fears, the worshipful Master Maulstatute mistook the kitchen-wench with a tinder-box for a Jesuit with a pistol ; but if any one dared to laugh at such an error, he would have done well to conceal his mirth,

lest he fell under the heavy inculpation of being a banterer and stifler of the Plot—a crime almost as deep as that of being himself a plotter. In fact, the fears of the honest justice, however ridiculously exorbitant, were kept so much in countenance by the outcry of the day and the general nervous fever which afflicted every good Protestant, that Master Maulstatute was accounted the bolder man and the better magistrate, while, under the terror of the air-drawn dagger which fancy placed continually before his eyes, he continued to dole forth justice in the recesses of his private chamber, nay, occasionally to attend quarter-sessions, when the hall was guarded by a sufficient body of the militia. Such was the wight at whose door, well chained and doubly bolted, the constable who had Julian in custody now gave his important and well-known knock.

Notwithstanding this official signal, the party was not admitted until the clerk, who acted the part of high warder, had reconnoitred them through a grated wicket; for who could say whether the Papists might not have made themselves master of Master Constable's sign, and have prepared a pseudo-watch to burst in and murder the justice, under pretence of bringing a criminal before him? Less hopeful projects had figured in the Narrative of the Popish Plot.

All being found right, the key was turned, the bolts were drawn, and the chain unhooked, so as to permit entrance to the constable, the prisoner, and the assistants; and the door was then as suddenly shut against the witnesses, who, as less trustworthy persons, were requested, through the wicket, to remain in the yard, until they should be called in their respective turns.

Had Julian been inclined for mirth, as was far from being the case, he must have smiled at the incongruity of the clerk's apparel, who had belted over his black buckram suit a buff baldric, sustaining a broadsword and a pair of huge horse-pistols; and, instead of the low flat hat which, coming in place of the city cap, completed the dress of a scrivener, had placed on his greasy locks a rusted steel cap, which had seen Marston Moor; across which projected his well-used quill, in the guise of a plume—the shape of the morion not admitting of its being stuck, as usual, behind his ear.

This whimsical figure conducted the constable, his assistants, and the prisoner into the low hall, where his principal dealt forth justice, who presented an appearance still more singular than that of his dependant.

Sundry good Protestants, who thought so highly of themselves as to suppose they were worthy to be distinguished as objects of Catholic cruelty, had taken to defensive arms on the occasion. But it was quickly found that a breast-plate and back-plate of proof, fastened together with iron clasps, was no convenient inclosure for a man who meant to eat venison and custard; and that a buff-coat, or shirt of mail, was scarcely more accommodating to the exertions necessary on such active occasions. Besides, there were other objections, as the alarming and menacing aspects which such warlike habiliments gave to the exchange and other places where merchants most do congregate; and excoriations were bitterly complained of by many, who, not belonging to the artillery company or trained bands, had no experience in bearing defensive armour.

To obviate these objections, and, at the same time, to secure the persons of all true Protestant citizens against open force or privy assassinations on the part of the Papists, some ingenious artist, belonging, we may presume, to the worshipful Mercers' Company, had contrived a species of armour, of which neither the horse-armoury in the Tower, nor Gwynnap's Gothic Hall, no, nor Dr. Meyrick's invaluable collection of ancient arms, has preserved any specimen. It was called silk armour,¹ being composed of a doublet and breeches of quilted silk, so closely stitched, and of such thickness, as to be proof against either bullet or steel; while a thick bonnet, of the same materials, with ear-flaps attached to it, and, on the whole, much resembling a nightcap, completed the equipment, and ascertained the security of the wearer from the head to the knee.

Master Maulstatute, among other worthy citizens, had adopted this singular panoply, which had the advantage of being soft, and warm, and flexible, as well as safe. And he now sat in his judicial elbow-chair—a short, rotund figure, hung round, as it were, with cushions, for such was the appearance of the quilted garments; and with a nose protruded from under the silken casque the size of which, together with the unwieldiness of the whole figure, gave his worship no indifferent resemblance to the sign of the Hog in Armour, which was considerably improved by the defensive garment being of a dusky orange-colour, not altogether unlike the hue of those half-wild swine which are to be found in the forests of Hampshire.

Secure in these invulnerable envelopments, his worship had

¹ See Note 32.

rested content, although severed from his own death-doing weapons of rapier, poniard, and pistols, which were placed, nevertheless, at no great distance from his chair. One offensive implement, indeed, he thought it prudent to keep on the table beside his huge *Coke upon Lyttleton*. This was a sort of pocket-flail, consisting of a piece of strong ash, about eighteen inches long, to which was attached a swinging club of *lignum vitae*, nearly twice as long as the handle, but jointed so as to be easily folded up. This instrument, which bore at that time the singular name of the Protestant flail, might be concealed under the coat until circumstances demanded its public appearance. A better precaution against surprise than his arms, whether offensive or defensive, was a strong iron grating, which, crossing the room in front of the justice's table, and communicating by a grated door, which was usually kept locked, effectually separated the accused party from his judge.

Justice Maulstatute, such as we have described him, chose to hear the accusation of the witnesses before calling on Peveril for his defence. The detail of the affray was briefly given by the bystanders, and seemed deeply to touch the spirit of the examiner. He shook his silken casque emphatically when he understood that, after some language betwixt the parties, which the witnesses did not quite understand, the young man in custody struck the first blow, and drew his sword before the wounded party had unsheathed his weapon. Again he shook his crested head yet more solemnly, when the result of the conflict was known; and yet again, when one of the witnesses declared that, to the best of his knowledge, the sufferer in the fray was a gentleman belonging to the household of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

'A worthy peer,' quoth the armed magistrate — 'a true Protestant, and a friend to his country. Mercy on us, to what a height of audacity hath this age arisen! We see well, and could, were we as blind as a mole, out of what quiver this shaft hath been drawn!'

He then put on his spectacles, and having desired Julian to be brought forward, he glared upon him awfully with those glazen eyes from under the shade of his quilted turban.

'So young,' he said, 'and so hardened — lack-a-day! and a Papist, I'll warrant.'

Peveril had time enough to recollect the necessity of his being at large, if he could possibly obtain his freedom, and interposed here a civil contradiction of his worship's gracious

supposition. 'He was no Catholic,' he said, 'but an unworthy member of the Church of England.'

'Perhaps but a lukewarm Protestant, notwithstanding,' said the sage justice; 'there are those amongst us who ride tantivy to Rome, and have already made out half the journey — ahem!'

Peveril disowned his being any such.

'And who art thou, then?' said the justice; 'for, friend, to tell you plainly, I like not your visage — ahem!'

These short and emphatic coughs were accompanied each by a succinct nod, intimating the perfect conviction of the speaker that he had made the best, the wisest, and the most acute observation of which the premises admitted.

Julian, irritated by the whole circumstances of his detention, answered the justice's interrogation in rather a lofty tone — 'My name is Julian Peveril!'

'Now, Heaven be around us!' said the terrified justice; 'the son of that black-hearted Papist and traitor, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, now in hands, and on the verge of trial!'

'How, sir!' exclaimed Julian, forgetting his situation, and, stepping forward to the grating with a violence which made the bars clatter, he so startled the appalled justice that, snatching his Protestant flail, Master Maulstatute aimed a blow at his prisoner, to repel what he apprehended was a premeditated attack. But whether it was owing to the justice's hurry of mind or inexperience in managing the weapon, he not only missed his aim, but brought the swinging part of the machine round his own skull, with such a severe counter-buff as completely to try the efficacy of his cushioned helmet, and, in spite of its defence, to convey a stunning sensation, which he rather hastily imputed to the consequence of a blow received from Peveril.

His assistants did not indeed directly confirm the opinion which the justice had so unwarrantably adopted; but all with one voice agreed that, but for their own active and instantaneous interference, there was no knowing what mischief might have been done by a person so dangerous as the prisoner. The general opinion that he meant to proceed in the matter of his own rescue *par voie du fait* was indeed so deeply impressed on all present, that Julian saw it would be in vain to offer any defence, especially being but too conscious that the alarming, and probably the fatal, consequences of his rencontre with the bully rendered his commitment inevitable. He contented

himself with asking into what prison he was to be thrown; and when the formidable word Newgate was returned as full answer, he had at least the satisfaction to reflect that, stern and dangerous as was the shelter of that roof, he should at least enjoy it in company with his father; and that, by some means or other, they might perhaps obtain the satisfaction of a melancholy meeting, under the circumstances of mutual calamity which seemed impending over their house.

Assuming the virtue of more patience than he actually possessed, Julian gave the magistrate, to whom all the mildness of his demeanour could not, however, reconcile him, the direction to the house where he lodged, together with a request that his servant, Lance Outram, might be permitted to send him his money and wearing-apparel; adding, that all which might be in his possession, either of arms or writings—the former amounting to a pair of travelling-pistols, and the last to a few memoranda of little consequence—he willingly consented to place at the disposal of the magistrate. It was in that moment that he entertained, with sincere satisfaction, the comforting reflection that the important papers of Lady Derby were already in the possession of the sovereign.

The justice promised attention to his requests; but reminded him, with great dignity, that his present complacent and submissive behaviour ought, for his own sake, to have been adopted from the beginning, instead of disturbing the presence of magistracy with such atrocious marks of the malignant, rebellious, and murderous spirit of Popery as he had at first exhibited. 'Yet,' he said, 'as he was a goodly young man, and of honourable quality, he would not suffer him to be dragged through the streets as a felon, but had ordered a coach for his accommodation.'

His honour, Master Maulstatute, uttered the word 'coach' with the importance of one who, as Dr. Johnson saith of later date, is conscious of the dignity of putting horses to his chariot. The worshipful Master Maulstatute did not, however, on this occasion, do Julian the honour of yoking to his huge family caroché the two 'frampal jades,' to use the term of the period, which were wont to drag that ark to the meeting-house of pure and precious Master Howlaglass on a Thursday's evening for lecture, and on a Sunday for a four-hours' sermon. He had recourse to a leathern convenience, then more rare, but just introduced, with every prospect of the great facility which has since been afforded by hackney coaches to all manner of com-

munication, honest and dishonest, legal and illegal. Our friend Julian, hitherto much more accustomed to the saddle than to any other conveyance, soon found himself in a hackney carriage, with the constable and two assistants for his companions, armed up to the teeth — the port of destination being, as they had already intimated, the ancient fortress of Newgate.

CHAPTER XXXIII

'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail. Pray look on him,
But at a wary distance. Rouse him not ;
He bays not till he worries.

The Black Dog of Newgate.

THE coach stopped before those tremendous gates which resemble those of Tartarus, save only that they rather more frequently permit safe and honourable egress ; although at the price of the same anxiety and labour with which Hercules and one or two of the demi-gods extricated themselves from the hell of the ancient mythology, and sometimes, it is said, by the assistance of the golden bough.

Julian stepped out of the vehicle, carefully supported on either side by his companions, and also by one or two turnkeys, whom the first summons of the deep bell at the gate had called to their assistance. That attention, it may be guessed, was not bestowed lest he should make a false step, so much as for fear of his attempting an escape, of which he had no intentions. A few prentices and straggling boys of the neighbouring market, which derived considerable advantage from increase of custom in consequence of the numerous committals on account of the Popish Plot, and who therefore were zealous Protestants, saluted him on his descent with jubilee shouts of 'Whoop, Papist !—whoop, Papist ! D——n to the Pope and all his adherents !'

Under such auspices, Peveril was ushered in beneath that gloomy gateway where so many bid adieu on their entrance at once to honour and to life. The dark and dismal arch under which he soon found himself opened upon a large courtyard, where a number of debtors were employed in playing at hand-ball, pitch-and-toss, hustle-cap, and other games ; for which relaxations the rigour of their creditors afforded them full leisure, while it debarred them the means of pursuing the honest labour by which they might have redeemed their affairs and maintained their starving and beggared families.

But with this careless and desperate group Julian was not to be numbered, being led, or rather forced, by his conductors into a low arched door, which, carefully secured by bolts and bars, opened for his reception on one side of the archway, and closed, with all its fastenings, the moment after his hasty entrance. He was then conducted along two or three gloomy passages, which, where they intersected each other, were guarded by as many strong wickets, one of iron grates and the others of stout oak, clenched with plates and studded with nails of the same metal. He was not allowed to pause until he found himself hurried into a little round vaulted room, which several of these passages opened into, and which seemed, with respect to the labyrinth through part of which he had passed, to resemble the central point of a spider's web, in which the main lines of that reptile's curious maze are always found to terminate.

The resemblance did not end here ; for in this small vaulted apartment, the walls of which were hung round with musketoons, pistols, cutlasses, and other weapons, as well as with many sets of fetters and irons of different construction, all disposed in great order and ready for employment, a person sat who might not unaptly be compared to a huge bloated and bottled spider, placed there to secure the prey which had fallen into his toils.

This official had originally been a very strong and square-built man of large size, but was now so over-grown, from over-feeding, perhaps, and want of exercise, as to bear the same resemblance to his former self which a stall-fed ox still retains to a wild bull. The look of no man is so inauspicious as a fat man upon whose features ill-nature has marked an habitual stamp. He seems to have reversed the old proverb of 'laugh and be fat,' and to have thriven under the influence of the worst affections of the mind. Passionate we can allow a jolly mortal to be ; but it seems unnatural to his goodly case to be sulky and brutal. Now, this man's features, surly and tallow-coloured, his limbs swelled and disproportioned, his huge paunch and unwieldy carcass, suggested the idea that, having once found his way into this central recess, he had there battened, like the weasel in the fable, and fed largely and foully, until he had become incapable of retreating through any of the narrow paths that terminated at his cell ; and was thus compelled to remain, like a toad under the cold stone, fattening amid the squalid airs of the dungeons by which he

was surrounded, which would have proved pestiferous to any other than such a congenial inhabitant. Huge iron-clasped books lay before this ominous specimen of pinguitude — the records of the realm of misery, in which office he officiated as prime minister; and had Peveril come thither as an unconcerned visitor, his heart would have sunk within him at considering the mass of human wretchedness which must needs be registered in these fatal volumes. But his own distresses sat too heavy on his mind to permit any general reflections of this nature.

The constable and this bulky official whispered together, after the former had delivered to the latter the warrant of Julian's commitment. The word 'whispered' is not quite accurate, for their communication was carried on less by words than by looks and expressive signs; by which, in all such situations, men learn to supply the use of language, and to add mystery to what is in itself sufficiently terrible to the captive. The only words which could be heard were those of the warden, or, as he was called then, the captain, of the jail — 'Another bird to the cage?'

'Who will whistle "Pretty Pope of Rome" with any starling in your "knight's ward,"' answered the constable, with a facetious air, checked, however, by the due respect to the superior presence in which he stood.

The grim feature relaxed into something like a smile as he heard the officer's observation; but instantly composing himself into the stern solemnity which for an instant had been disturbed, he looked fiercely at his new guest, and pronounced, with an awful and emphatic, yet rather an under-voice, the single and impressive word 'Garnish!'

Julian Peveril replied with assumed composure; for he had heard of the customs of such places, and was resolved to comply with them, so as if possible to obtain the favour of seeing his father, which he shrewdly guessed must depend on his gratifying the avarice of the keeper. 'I am quite ready,' he said, 'to accede to the customs of the place in which I unhappily find myself. You have but to name your demands, and I will satisfy them.'

So saying, he drew out his purse, thinking himself at the same time fortunate that he had retained about him a considerable sum of gold. The captain remarked its width, depth, its extension and depression, with an involuntary smile, which had scarce contorted his hanging under-lip and the wiry and greasy

mustachio which thatched the upper, when it was checked by the recollection that there were regulations which set bounds to his rapacity, and prevented him from pouncing on his prey like a kite and swooping it all off at once.

This chilling reflection produced the following sullen reply to Peveril : — ‘There were sundry rates. Gentlemen must choose for themselves. He asked nothing but his fees. But civility,’ he muttered, ‘must be paid for.’

‘And shall, if I can have it for payment,’ said Peveril ; ‘but the price, my good sir — the price?’

He spoke with some degree of scorn, which he was the less anxious to repress, that he saw, even in this jail, his purse gave him an indirect but powerful influence over his jailor.

The captain seemed to feel the same ; for, as he spoke, he plucked from his head, almost involuntarily, a sort of scalded fur-cap, which served it for covering. But his fingers, revolting from so unusual an act of complaisance, began to indemnify themselves by scratching his grisly shock-head, as he muttered, in a tone resembling the softened growling of a mastiff when he has ceased to bay the intruder who shows no fear of him — ‘There are different rates. There is the “little ease,” for common fees of the crown — rather dark, and the common sewer runs below it ; and some gentlemen object to the company, who are chiefly padders and michers. Then the “master’s side” — the garnish came to one piece, and none lay stowed there but who were in for murder at the least.’

‘Name your highest price, sir, and take it,’ was Julian’s concise reply.

‘Three pieces for the “knight’s ward,”’ answered the governor of this terrestrial Tartarus.

‘Take five and place me with Sir Geoffrey,’ was again Julian’s answer, throwing down the money upon the desk before him.

‘Sir Geoffrey ! Hum ! — ay, Sir Geoffrey,’ said the jailor, as if meditating what he ought to do. ‘Well, many a man has paid money to see Sir Geoffrey — scarce so much as you have, though. But then you are like to see the last on him — ha, ha, ha !’

These broken muttered exclamations, which terminated with a laugh somewhat like the joyous growl of a tiger over his meal, Julian could not comprehend, and only replied to by repeating his request to be placed in the same cell with Sir Geoffrey.

‘Ay, master,’ said the jailor, ‘never fear, I’ll keep word with

you, as you seem to know something of what belongs to your station and mine. And hark ye, Jem Clink will fetch you the darbies.'

'Derby!' interrupted Julian. 'Has the earl or countess ——'
'Earl or countess! Ha, ha, ha!' again laughed, or rather growled, the warden. 'What is your head running on? You are a high fellow, belike; but all is one here. The darbies are the fetlocks—the fast-keepers, my boy—the bail for good behaviour, my darling; and if you are not the more conforming, I can add you a steel nightcap and a curious bosom-friend, to keep you warm of a winter night. But don't be disheartened: you have behaved genteel, and you shall not be put upon. And as for this here matter, ten to one it will turn out chance-medley, or manslaughter, at the worst on't; and then it is but a singed thumb instead of a twisted neck—always if there be no Papistry about it, for then I warrant nothing. Take the gentleman's worship away, Clink.'

A turnkey, who was one of the party that had ushered Peveril into the presence of this Cerberus, now conveyed him out in silence; and, under his guidance, the prisoner was carried through a second labyrinth of passages with cells opening on each side, to that which was destined for his reception.

On the road through this sad region, the turnkey more than once ejaculated, 'Why, the gentleman must be stark mad! Could have had the best crown cell to himself for less than half the garnish, and must pay double to pig in with Sir Geoffrey! Ha, ha! Is Sir Geoffrey akin to you, if one may make free to ask?'

'I am his son,' answered Peveril, sternly, in hopes to impose some curb on the fellow's impertinence; but the man only laughed louder than before.

'His son! Why, that's best of all. Why, you are a strapping youth—five feet ten, if you be an inch—and Sir Geoffrey's son! Ha, ha, ha!'

'Truce with your impertinence,' said Julian. 'My situation gives you no title to insult me!'

'No more I do,' said the turnkey, smothering his mirth at the recollection, perhaps, that the prisoner's purse was not exhausted. 'I only laughed because you said you were Sir Geoffrey's son. But no matter—'t is a wise child that knows his own father. And here is Sir Geoffrey's cell; so you and he may settle the fatherhood between you.'

So saying, he ushered his prisoner into a cell, or rather a

strong room, of the better order, in which there were four chairs, a truckle-bed, and one or two other articles of furniture.

Julian looked eagerly around for his father; but to his surprise the room appeared totally empty. He turned with anger on the turnkey, and charged him with misleading him; but the fellow answered, 'No — no, master; I have kept faith with you. Your father, if you call him so, is only tappiced in some corner. A small hole will hide him; but I'll rouse him out presently for you. Here, hoicks! Turn out, Sir Geoffrey! Here is — ha, ha, ha! — your son — or your wife's son — for I think you can have but little share in him — come to wait on you.'

Peveril knew not how to resent the man's insolence; and indeed his anxiety and apprehension of some strange mistake mingled with, and in some degree neutralised, his anger. He looked again and again, around and around the room; until at length he became aware of something rolled up in a dark corner, which rather resembled a small bundle of crimson cloth than any living creature. At the vociferation of the turnkey, however, the object seemed to acquire life and motion — uncoiled itself in some degree, and, after an effort or two, gained an erect posture; still covered from top to toe with the crimson drapery in which it was at first wrapped. Julian, at the first glance, imagined from the size that he saw a child of five years old; but a shrill and peculiar tone of voice soon assured him of his mistake.

'Warder,' said this unearthly sound, 'what is the meaning of this disturbance? Have you more insults to heap on the head of one who hath ever been the butt of fortune's malice? But I have a soul that can wrestle with all my misfortunes; it is as large as any of your bodies.'

'Nay, Sir Geoffrey, if this be the way you welcome your own son!' said the turnkey; 'but you quality folks know your own ways best.'

'My son!' exclaimed the little figure. 'Audacious ——'

'Here is some strange mistake,' said Peveril, in the same breath. 'I sought Sir Geoffrey ——'

'And you have him before you, young man,' said the pigmy tenant of the cell, with an air of dignity; at the same time casting on the floor his crimson cloak, and standing before them in his full dignity of three feet six inches of height. 'I, who was the favoured servant of three successive sovereigns of the crown of England, am now the tenant of this dun-

geon, and the sport of its brutal keepers. I am Sir Geoffrey Hudson.¹

Julian, though he had never before seen this important personage, had no difficulty in recognising, from description, the celebrated dwarf of Henrietta Maria, who had survived the dangers of civil war and private quarrel, the murder of his royal master, Charles I., and the exile of his widow, to fall upon evil tongues and evil days amidst the unsparing accusations connected with the Popish Plot. He bowed to the unhappy old man, and hastened to explain to him and to the turnkey that it was Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle in Derbyshire whose prison he had desired to share.

'You should have said that before you parted with the gold-dust, my master,' answered the turnkey; 'for t'other Sir Geoffrey — that is the big, tall, grey-haired man — was sent to the Tower last night; and the captain will think he has kept his word well enow with you by lodging you with this here Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who is the better show of the two.'

'I pray you go to your master,' said Peveril, 'explain the mistake, and say to him I beg to be sent to the Tower.'

'The Tower! Ha, ha, ha!' exclaimed the fellow. 'The Tower is for lords and knights, and not for squires of low degree; for high treason, and not for ruffling on the streets with rapier and dagger; and there must go a secretary's warrant to send you there.'

'At least, let me not be a burden on this gentleman,' said Julian. 'There can be no use in quartering us together, since we are not even acquainted. Go tell your master of the mistake.'

'Why, so I should,' said Clink, still grinning, 'if I were not sure that he knew it already. You paid to be sent to Sir Geoffrey, and he sent you to Sir Geoffrey. You are so put down in the register, and he will blot it for no man. Come — come, be conformable, and you shall have light and easy irons — that's all I can do for you.'

Resistance and expostulation being out of the question, Peveril submitted to have a light pair of fetters secured on his ankles, which allowed him, nevertheless, the power of traversing the apartment.

During this operation, he reflected that the jailor, who had taken the advantage of the equivoque betwixt the two Sir Geoffreys, must have acted as his assistant had hinted, and

¹ See Note 33.

cheated him from malice prepense, since the warrant of committal described him as the son of Sir Geoffrey Peveril. It was therefore in vain, as well as degrading, to make farther application to such a man on the subject. Julian determined to submit to his fate, as what could not be averted by any effort of his own.

Even the turnkey was moved in some degree by his youth, good mien, and the patience with which, after the first effervescence of disappointment, the new prisoner resigned himself to his situation. 'You seem a brave young gentleman,' he said, 'and shall at least have a good dinner, and as good a pallet to sleep on as is within the walls of Newgate. And, Master Sir Geoffrey, you ought to make much of him, since you do not like tall fellows; for I can tell you that Master Peveril is in for pinking long Jack Jenkins, that was the master of defence — as tall a man as is in London, always excepting the King's porter, Master Evans, that carried you about in his pocket, Sir Geoffrey, as all the world has heard tell.'

'Begone, fellow!' answered the dwarf. 'Fellow, I scorn you!'

The turnkey sneered, withdrew, and locked the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Degenerate youth, and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodged a mighty mind !

Iliad.

LEFT quiet at least, if not alone, for the first time after the events of this troubled and varied day, Julian threw himself on an old oaken seat, beside the embers of a sea-coal fire, and began to muse on the miserable situation of anxiety and danger in which he was placed, where, whether he contemplated the interests of his love, his family affections, or his friendships, all seemed such a prospect as that of a sailor who looks upon breakers on every hand, from the deck of a vessel which no longer obeys the helm.

As Peveril sat sunk in despondency, his companion in misfortune drew a chair to the opposite side of the chimney-corner, and began to gaze at him with a sort of solemn earnestness, which at length compelled him, though almost in spite of himself, to pay some attention to the singular figure who seemed so much engrossed with contemplating him.

Geoffrey Hudson (we drop occasionally the title of knight-hood, which the King had bestowed on him in a frolic, but which might introduce some confusion into our history), although a dwarf of the least possible size, had nothing positively ugly in his countenance or actually distorted in his limbs. His head, hands, and feet were indeed large, and disproportioned to the height of his body, and his body itself much thicker than was consistent with symmetry, but in a degree which was rather ludicrous than disagreeable to look upon. His countenance, in particular, had he been a little taller, would have been accounted, in youth, handsome, and now, in age, striking and expressive; it was but the uncommon disproportion betwixt the head and the trunk which made the features seem whimsical and bizarre — an effect which was considerably increased by the dwarf's mustachios, which it was his pleasure to wear so large

that they almost twisted back amongst, and mingled with, his grizzled hair.

The dress of this singular wight announced that he was not entirely free from the unhappy taste which frequently induces those whom nature has marked by personal deformity to distinguish, and at the same time to render themselves ridiculous, by the use of showy colours, and garments fantastically and extraordinarily fashioned. But poor Geoffrey Hudson's laces, embroideries, and the rest of his finery were sorely worn and tarnished by the time which he had spent in jail under the vague and malicious accusation that he was somehow or other an accomplice in this all-involving, all-devouring whirlpool of a Popish conspiracy—an impeachment which, if pronounced by a mouth the foulest and most malicious, was at that time sufficiently predominant to sully the fairest reputation. It will presently appear that, in the poor man's manner of thinking and tone of conversation, there was something analogous to his absurd fashion of apparel; for, as in the latter good stuff and valuable decorations were rendered ludicrous by the fantastic fashion in which they were made up; so, such glimmerings of good sense and honourable feeling as the little man often evinced were made ridiculous by a restless desire to assume certain airs of importance, and a great jealousy of being despised on account of the peculiarity of his outward form.

After the fellow-prisoners had looked at each other for some time in silence, the dwarf, conscious of his dignity as first owner of their joint apartment, thought it necessary to do the honours of it to the new-comer. 'Sir,' he said, modifying the alternate harsh and squeaking tones of his voice into accents as harmonious as they could attain, 'I understand you to be the son of my worthy namesake and ancient acquaintance, the stout Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak. I promise you, I have seen your father where blows have been going more plenty than gold pieces; and for a tall heavy man, who lacked, as we martialists thought, some of the lightness and activity of our more slightly made Cavaliers, he performed his duty as a man might desire. I am happy to see you, his son; and, though by a mistake, I am glad we are to share this comfortless cabin together.'

Julian bowed, and thanked his courtesy; and Geoffrey Hudson, having broken the ice, proceeded to question him without farther ceremony. 'You are no courtier, I presume, young gentleman?'

Julian replied in the negative.

'I thought so,' continued the dwarf; 'for although I have now no official duty at court, the region in which my early years were spent, and where I once held a considerable office, yet I still, when I had my liberty, visited the presence from time to time, as in duty bound for former service; and am wont, from old habit, to take some note of the courtly gallants, those choice spirits of the age, among whom I was once enrolled. You are, not to compliment you, a marked figure, Master Peveril, though something of the tallest, as was your father's case; I think I could scarce have seen you anywhere without remembering you.'

Peveril thought he might, with great justice, have returned the compliment; but contented himself with saying, 'He had scarce seen the British court.'

'T is pity,' said Hudson; 'a gallant can hardly be formed without frequenting it. But you have been perhaps in a rougher school: you have served, doubtless?'

'My Maker, I hope,' said Julian.

'Fie on it, you mistake. I meant,' said Hudson, '*à la Française*: you have served in the army?'

'No. I have not yet had that honour,' answered Julian.

'What! neither courtier nor soldier, Master Peveril?' said the important little man. 'Your father is to blame. By cock and pie he is, Master Peveril! How shall a man be known or distinguished unless by his bearing in peace and war? I tell you, sir, that at Newberry, where I charged with my troop abreast with Prince Rupert, and when, as you may have heard, we were both beaten off by those cuckoldly hinds the trained bands of London, we did what men could; and I think it was a matter of three or four minutes after most of our gentlemen had been driven off, that his Highness and I continued to cut at their long pikes with our swords, and I think might have broken in, but that I had a tall, long-legged brute of a horse, and my sword was somewhat short — in fine, at last we were obliged to make *volte-face*, and then, as I was going to say, the fellows were so glad to get rid of us that they set up a great jubilee cry of "There goes Prince Robin and Cock Robin!" Ay — ay, every scoundrel among them knew me well. But those days are over. And where were you educated, young gentleman?'

Peveril named the household of the Countess of Derby.

'A most honourable lady, upon my word as a gentleman,'

said Hudson. 'I knew the noble countess well, when I was about the person of my royal mistress, Henrietta Maria. She was then the very muster of all that was noble, loyal, and lovely. She was, indeed, one of the fifteen fair ones of the court whom I permitted to call me Piccoluomini — a foolish jest on my somewhat diminutive figure, which always distinguished me from ordinary beings, even when I was young. I have now lost much stature by stooping, but always the ladies had their jest at me. Perhaps, young man, I had my own amends of some of them somewhere, and somehow or other — I *say* nothing if I had or no, far less do I insinuate disrespect to the noble countess. She was daughter of the Duc de la Tremouille, or, more correctly, Des Thouars. But certainly to serve the ladies, and condescend to their humours, even when somewhat too free or too fantastic, is the true decorum of gentle blood.'

Depressed as his spirits were, Peveril could scarce forbear smiling when he looked at the pigmy creature, who told these stories with infinite complacency, and appeared disposed to proclaim, as his own herald, that he had been a very model of valour and gallantry, though love and arms seemed to be pursuits totally irreconcilable to his shrivelled, weather-beaten countenance and wasted limbs. Julian was, however, so careful to avoid giving his companion pain, that he endeavoured to humour him by saying that, 'Unquestionably, one bred up like Sir Geoffrey Hudson, in courts and camps, knew exactly when to suffer personal freedoms and when to control them.'

The little knight, with great vivacity, though with some difficulty, began to drag his seat from the side of the fire opposite to that where Julian was seated, and at length succeeded in bringing it near him, in token of increasing cordiality.

'You say well, Master Peveril,' said the dwarf; 'and I have given proofs both of bearing and forbearing. Yes, sir, there was not that thing which my most royal mistress, Henrietta Maria, could have required of me, that I would not have complied with, sir: I was her sworn servant, both in war and in festival, in battle and pageant, sir. At her Majesty's particular request, I once condescended to become — ladies, you know, have strange fancies — to become the tenant, for a time, of the interior of a pie.'

'Of a pie!' said Julian, somewhat amazed.

'Yes, sir, of a pie. I hope you find nothing risible in my complaisance?' replied his companion, something jealously.

'Not I, sir,' said Peveril; 'I have other matters than laughter in my head at present.'

'So had I,' said the dwarfish champion, 'when I found myself imprisoned in a huge platter, of no ordinary dimensions you may be assured, since I could lie at length in it, and when I was entombed, as it were, in walls of standing crust and a huge cover of pastry, the whole constituting a sort of sarcophagus, of size enough to have recorded the epitaph of a general officer or an archbishop on the lid. Sir, notwithstanding the conveniences which were made to give me air, it was more like being buried alive than aught else which I could think of.'

'I conceive it,' said Julian.

'Moreover, sir,' continued the dwarf, 'there were few in the secret, which was contrived for the Queen's divertisement; for advancing of which I would have crept into a filbert nut, had it been possible; and few, as I said, being private in the scheme, there was a risk of accidents. I doubted, while in my darksome abode, whether some awkward attendant might not have let me fall, as I have seen happen to a venison pasty; or whether some hungry guest might not anticipate the moment of my resurrection, by sticking his knife into my upper crust. And though I had my weapons about me, young man, as has been my custom in every case of peril; yet, if such a rash person had plunged deep into the bowels of the supposed pasty, my sword and dagger could barely have served me to avenge, assuredly not to prevent, either of these catastrophes.'

'Certainly I do so understand it,' said Julian, who began, however, to feel that the company of little Hudson, talkative as he showed himself, was likely rather to aggravate than to alleviate the inconveniences of a prison.

'Nay,' continued the little man, enlarging on his former topic, 'I had other subjects of apprehension; for it pleased my Lord of Buckingham, his Grace's father who now bears the title, in his plenitude of court favour, to command the pasty to be carried down to the office, and committed anew to the oven, alleging preposterously that it was better to be eaten warm than cold.'

'And did this, sir, not disturb your equanimity?' said Julian.

'My young friend,' said Geoffrey Hudson, 'I cannot deny it. Nature will claim her rights from the best and boldest of us. I thought of Nebuchadnezzar and his fiery furnace; and I waxed warm with apprehension. But, I thank Heaven, I also

thought of my sworn duty to my royal mistress; and was thereby obliged and enabled to resist all temptations to make myself prematurely known. Nevertheless, the duke—if of malice, may Heaven forgive him—followed down into the office himself, and urged the master-cook very hard that the pasty should be heated, were it but for five minutes. But the master-cook, being privy to the very different intentions of my royal mistress, did most manfully resist the order; and I was again reconveyed in safety to the royal table.

‘And in due time liberated from your confinement, I doubt not?’ said Peveril.

‘Yes, sir; that happy, and I may say glorious, moment at length arrived,’ continued the dwarf. ‘The upper crust was removed; I started up to the sound of trumpet and clarion, like the soul of a warrior when the last summons shall sound; or rather, if that simile be over audacious, like a spell-bound champion relieved from his enchanted state. It was then that, with my buckler on my arm and my trusty Bilboa in my hand, I executed a sort of warlike dance, in which my skill and agility then rendered me pre-eminent, displaying at the same time my postures, both of defence and offence, in a manner so totally inimitable, that I was almost deafened with the applause of all around me, and half-drowned by the scented waters with which the ladies of the court deluged me from their casting-bottles. I had amends of his Grace of Buckingham also; for as I tripped a hasty morris hither and thither upon the dining-table, now offering my blade, now recovering it, I made a blow at his nose—a sort of *estramaçon*, the dexterity of which consists in coming mighty near to the object you seem to aim at, yet not attaining it. You may have seen a barber make such a flourish with his razor. I promise you, his Grace sprung back a half-yard at least. He was pleased to threaten to brain me with a chicken-bone, as he disdainfully expressed it; but the King said, “George, you have but a Rowland for an Oliver.” And so I tripped on, showing a bold heedlessness of his displeasure, which few dared to have done at that time, albeit countenanced to the utmost like me by the smiles of the brave and the fair. But, well-a-day! sir, youth, its fashions, its follies, its frolics, and all its pomp and pride, are as idle and transitory as the crackling of thorns under a pot.’

‘The flower that is cast into the oven were a better simile,’ thought Peveril. ‘Good God, that a man should live to regret

not being young enough to be still treated as baked meat and served up in a pie !'

His companion, whose tongue had for many days been as closely imprisoned as his person, seemed resolved to indemnify his loquacity by continuing to indulge it on the present occasion at his companion's expense. He proceeded, therefore, in a solemn tone, to moralise on the adventure which he had narrated.

'Young men will no doubt think one to be envied,' he said, 'who was thus enabled to be the darling and admiration of the court (Julian internally stood self-exculpated from the suspicion), and yet it is better to possess fewer means of distinction, and remain free from the backbiting, the slander, and the odium which are always the share of court favour. Men, who had no other cause, cast reflections upon me because my size varied somewhat from the common proportion ; and jests were sometimes unthinkingly passed upon me by those I was bound to, who did not in that case, peradventure, sufficiently consider that the wren is made by the same hand which formed the bustard, and that the diamond, though small in size, out-values ten thousand-fold the rude granite. Nevertheless, they proceeded in the vein of humour ; and as I could not in duty or gratitude retort upon nobles and princes, I was compelled to cast about in my mind how to vindicate my honour towards those who, being in the same rank with myself as servants and courtiers, nevertheless bore themselves towards me as if they were of a superior class in the rank of honour, as well as in the accidental circumstance of stature. And as a lesson to my own pride and that of others, it so happened that the pageant which I have but just narrated — which I justly reckon the most honourable moment of my life, excepting perhaps my distinguished share in the battle of Round-way-Down — became the cause of a most tragic event, in which I acknowledge the greatest misfortune of my existence.'

The dwarf here paused, fetched a sigh, big at once with regret and with the importance becoming the subject of a tragic history ; then proceeded as follows : —

'You would have thought in your simplicity, young gentleman, that the pretty pageant I have mentioned could only have been quoted to my advantage as a rare masking frolic, prettily devised, and not less deftly executed ; and yet the malice of the courtiers, who maligned and envied me, made them strain their wit and exhaust their ingenuity in putting

false and ridiculous constructions upon it. In short, my ears were so much offended with allusions to pies, puff-paste, ovens, and the like, that I was compelled to prohibit such subject of mirth, under penalty of my instant and severe displeasure. But it happ'd there was then a gallant about the court, a man of good quality, son to a knight baronet, and in high esteem with the best in that sphere, also a familiar friend of mine own, from whom, therefore, I had no reason to expect any of that species of gibling which I had intimated my purpose to treat as offensive. Howbeit, it pleased the Honourable Mr. Crofts, so was this youth called and designed, one night, at the groom-porter's, being full of wine and waggery, to introduce this threadbare subject, and to say something concerning a goose-pie, which I could not but consider as levelled at me. Nevertheless, I did but calmly and solidly pray him to choose a different subject; failing which, I let him know I should be sudden in my resentment. Notwithstanding, he continued in the same tone, and even aggravated the offence by speaking of a tomtit, and other unnecessary and obnoxious comparisons; whereupon I was compelled to send him a cartel, and we met accordingly. Now, as I really loved the youth, it was my intention only to correct him by a flesh wound or two; and I would willingly that he had named the sword for his weapon. Nevertheless, he made pistols his election; and being on horseback, he produced, by way of his own weapon, a foolish engine which children are wont, in their roguery, to use for spouting water — a — a — in short I forget the name.

'A squirt, doubtless,' said Peveril, who began to recollect having heard something of this adventure.

'You are right,' said the dwarf: 'you have indeed the name of the little engine, of which I have had experience in passing the yards at Westminster. Well, sir, this token of slight regard compelled me to give the gentleman such language as soon rendered it necessary for him to take more serious arms. We fought on horseback — breaking ground and advancing by signal; and, as I never miss aim, I had the misadventure to kill the Honourable Master Crofts at the first shot. I would not wish my worst foe the pain which I felt when I saw him reel on his saddle, and so fall down to the earth; and, when I perceived that the life-blood was pouring fast, I could not but wish to Heaven that it had been my own instead of his. Thus fell youth, hopes, and bravery, a sacrifice to a silly and thoughtless jest; yet, alas! wherein had I choice, seeing that honour

is, as it were, the very breath in our nostrils, and that in no sense can we be said to live if we permit ourselves to be deprived of it?’

The tone of feeling in which the dwarfish hero concluded his story gave Julian a better opinion of his heart, and even of his understanding, than he had been able to form of one who gloried in having, upon a grand occasion, formed the contents of a pasty. He was indeed enabled to conjecture that the little champion was seduced into such exhibitions by the necessity attached to his condition, by his own vanity, and by the flattery bestowed on him by those who sought pleasure in practical jokes. The fate of the unlucky Master Crofts, however, as well as various exploits of this diminutive person during the Civil Wars, in which he actually, and with great gallantry, commanded a troop of horse, rendered most men cautious of openly rallying him; which was indeed the less necessary, as, when left alone, he seldom failed voluntarily to show himself on the ludicrous side.

At one hour after noon, the turnkey, true to his word, supplied the prisoners with a very tolerable dinner and a flask of well-flavoured, though light, claret, which the old man, who was something of a *bon-vivant*, regretted to observe was nearly as diminutive as himself. The evening also passed away, but not without continued symptoms of garrulity on the part of Geoffrey Hudson.

It is true, these were of a graver character than he had hitherto exhibited, for, when the flask was empty, he repeated a long Latin prayer. But the religious act in which he had been engaged only gave his discourse a more serious turn than belonged to his former themes of war, lady’s love, and courtly splendour.

The little knight harangued, at first on polemical points of divinity, and diverged from this thorny path into the neighbouring and twilight walk of mysticism. He talked of secret warnings, of the predictions of sad-eyed prophets, of the visits of monitory spirits, and the Rosicrucian secrets of the Cabala; all which topics he treated of with such apparent conviction, nay, with so many appeals to personal experience, that one would have supposed him a member of the fraternity of gnomes, or fairies, whom he resembled so much in point of size.

In short, he persevered for a stricken hour in such a torrent of unnecessary tattle as determined Peveril, at all events, to

endeavour to procure a separate lodging. Having repeated his evening prayers in Latin, as formerly, for the old gentleman was a Catholic, which was the sole cause of his falling under suspicion, he set off on a new score, as they were undressing; and continued to prattle until he had fairly talked both himself and his companion to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXV

Of airy tongues that syllable men's names.

Comus.

JULIAN had fallen asleep with his brain rather filled with his own sad reflections than with the mystical lore of the little knight; and yet it seemed as if in his visions the latter had been more present to his mind than the former.

He dreamed of gliding spirits, gibbering phantoms, bloody hands, which, dimly seen by twilight, seemed to beckon him forward like errant-knight on sad adventure bound. More than once he started from his sleep, so lively was the influence of these visions on his imagination; and he always awaked under the impression that some one stood by his bedside. The chillness of his ankles, the weight and clatter of the fetters, as he turned himself on his pallet, reminded him on these occasions where he was, and under what circumstances. The extremity to which he saw all that was dear to him at present reduced struck a deeper cold on his heart than the iron upon his limbs; nor could he compose himself again to rest without a mental prayer to Heaven for protection. But when he had been for a third time awakened from repose by these thick-stirring fancies, his distress of mind vented itself in speech, and he was unable to suppress the almost despairing ejaculation, 'God have mercy upon us!'

'Amen!' answered a voice as sweet and 'soft as honey dew,' which sounded as if the words were spoken close by his bedside.

The natural inference was that Geoffrey Hudson, his companion in calamity, had echoed the prayer which was so proper to the situation of both. But the tone of voice was so different from the harsh and dissonant sounds of the dwarf's enunciation, that Peveril was impressed with the certainty it could not proceed from Hudson. He was struck with involuntary terror, for which he could give no sufficient reason; and it was not

without an effort that he was able to utter the question, 'Sir Geoffrey, did you speak?'

No answer was returned. He repeated the question louder; and the same silver-toned voice which had formerly said 'Amen' to his prayers answered to his interrogatory, 'Your companion will not awake while I am here.'

'And who are you? What seek you? How came you into this place?' said Peveril, huddling, eagerly, question upon question.

'I am a wretched being, but one who loves you well. I come for your good. Concern yourself no farther.'

It now rushed on Julian's mind that he had heard of persons possessed of the wonderful talent of counterfeiting sounds to such accuracy that they could impose on their hearers the belief that they proceeded from a point of the apartment entirely opposite to that which the real speaker occupied. Persuaded that he had now gained the depth of the mystery, he replied, 'This trifling, Sir Geoffrey, is unseasonable. Say what you have to say in your own voice and manner. These apish pleasantries do not become midnight in a Newgate dungeon.'

'But the being who speaks with you,' answered the voice, 'is fitted for the darkest hour and the most melancholy haunts.'

Impatient of suspense, and determined to satisfy his curiosity, Julian jumped at once from his pallet, hoping to secure the speaker, whose voice indicated he was so near. But he altogether failed in his attempt, and grasped nothing save thin air.

For a turn or two, Peveril shuffled at random about the room, with his arms extended; and then at last recollected that, with the impediment of his shackles, and the noise which necessarily accompanied his motions, and announced where he was, it would be impossible for him to lay hands on any one who might be disposed to keep out of his reach. He therefore endeavoured to return to his bed; but, in groping for his way, lighted first on that of his fellow-prisoner. The little captive slept deep and heavy, as was evinced from his breathing; and upon listening a moment, Julian became again certain, either that his companion was the most artful of ventriloquists and of dissemblers, or that there was actually within the precincts of that guarded chamber some third being, whose very presence there seemed to intimate that it belonged not to the ordinary line of humanity.

Julian was no ready believer in the supernatural; but that

age was very far from being so incredulous concerning ghostly occurrences as our own; and it was no way derogatory to his good sense that he shared the prejudices of his time. His hair began to bristle, and the moisture to stand on his brow, as he called on his companion to awake, for Heaven's sake.

The dwarf answered — but he spoke without awaking — 'The day may dawn and be d—d. Tell the master of the horse I will not go to the hunting, unless I have the little black jennet.'

'I tell you,' said Julian, 'there is some one in the apartment. Have you not a tinder-box to strike a light?'

'I care not how slight my horse be,' replied the slumberer, pursuing his own train of ideas, which, doubtless, carried him back to the green woods of Windsor, and the royal deer-hunts which he had witnessed there. 'I am not overweight. I will not ride that great Holstein brute, that I must climb up to by a ladder, and then sit on his back like a pin-cushion on an elephant.'

Julian at length put his hand to the sleeper's shoulder and shook him so as to awake him from his dream; when, after two or three snorts and groans, the dwarf asked, peevishly, 'What the devil ailed him?'

'The devil himself, for what I know,' said Peveril, 'is at this very moment in the room here beside us.'

The dwarf on this information started up, crossed himself, and began to hammer a flint and steel with all despatch, until he had lighted a little piece of candle, which he said was consecrated to St. Bridget, and as powerful as the herb called *fuga dæmonum*, or the liver of the fish burnt by Tobit in the house of Raguel, for chasing all goblins and evil or dubious spirits from the place of its radiance; 'if, indeed,' as the dwarf carefully guarded his proposition, 'they existed anywhere, save in the imagination of his fellow-prisoner.'

Accordingly, the apartment was no sooner enlightened by this holy candle's end than Julian began to doubt the evidence of his own ears; for not only was there no one in the room save Sir Geoffrey Hudson and himself, but all the fastenings of the door were so secure that it seemed impossible that they could have been opened and again fixed, without a great deal of noise, which, on the last occasion at least, could not possibly have escaped his ears, seeing that he must have been on his feet, and employed in searching the chamber, when the unknown, if an earthly, being was in the act of retreating from it.

Julian gazed for a moment with great earnestness, and no

little perplexity, first on the bolted door, then on the grated window; and began to accuse his own imagination of having played him an unpleasant trick. He answered little to the questions of Hudson, and returning to his bed, heard, in silence, a long studied oration on the merits of St. Bridget, which comprehended the greater part of her long-winded legend, and concluded with the assurance that, from all accounts preserved of her, that holy saint was the least of all possible women, except those of the pigmy kind.

By the time the dwarf had ceased to speak, Julian's desire of sleep had returned; and after a few glances around the apartment, which was still illuminated by the expiring beams of the holy taper, his eyes were again closed in forgetfulness, and his repose was not again disturbed in the course of that night.

Morning dawns on Newgate, as well as on the freest mountain-turf which Welshman or wild goat ever trode; but in so different a fashion, that the very beams of heaven's precious sun, when they penetrate into the recesses of the prison-house, have the air of being committed to jail. Still, with the light of day around him, Peveril easily persuaded himself of the vanity of his preceding night's visions; and smiled when he reflected that fancies, similar to those to which his ear was often exposed in the Isle of Man, had been able to arrange themselves in a manner so impressive, when he heard them from the mouth of so singular a character as Hudson, and in the solitude of a prison.

Before Julian had awaked, the dwarf had already quitted his bed, and was seated in the chimney-corner of the apartment, where, with his own hands, he had arranged a morsel of fire, partly attending to the simmering of a small pot, which he had placed on the flame, partly occupied with a huge folio volume which lay on the table before him, and seemed well-nigh as tall and bulky as himself. He was wrapped up in the dusky crimson cloak already mentioned, which served him for a morning-gown as well as a mantle against the cold, and which corresponded with a large montero cap, that enveloped his head. The singularity of his features, and of the eyes, armed with spectacles, which were now cast on the subject of his studies, now directed toward his little caldron, would have tempted Rembrandt to exhibit him on canvas, either in the character of an alchemist or of a necromancer, engaged in some strange experiment, under the direction of one of the huge manuals which treat of the theory of these mystic arts.

The attention of the dwarf was bent, however, upon a more domestic object. He was only preparing soup, of no unsavoury quality, for breakfast, which he invited Peveril to partake with him. 'I am an old soldier,' he said, 'and, I must add, an old prisoner; and understand how to shift for myself better than you can do, young man. Confusion to the scoundrel Clink, he has put the spice-box out of my reach! Will you hand it me from the mantelpiece! I will teach you, as the French have it, *faire la cuisine*; and then, if you please, we will divide, like brethren, the labours of our prison-house.'

Julian readily assented to the little man's friendly proposal, without interposing any doubt as to his continuing an inmate of the same cell. Truth is, that although, upon the whole, he was inclined to regard the whispering voice of the preceding evening as the impression of his own excited fancy, he felt, nevertheless, curiosity to see how a second night was to pass over in the same cell; and the tone of the invisible intruder, which at midnight had been heard by him with terror, now excited on recollection a gentle and not unpleasing species of agitation — the combined effect of awe and of awakened curiosity.

Days of captivity have little to mark them as they glide away. That which followed the night which we have described afforded no circumstance of note. The dwarf imparted to his youthful companion a volume similar to that which formed his own studies, and which proved to be a tome of one of Scudéri's now forgotten romances, of which Geoffrey Hudson was a great admirer, and which were then very fashionable both at the French and English courts; although they contrive to unite in their immense folios all the improbabilities and absurdities of the old romances of chivalry, without that tone of imagination which pervades them, and all the metaphysical absurdities which Cowley and the poets of the age had heaped upon the passion of love, like so many load of small coal upon a slender fire, which it smothers instead of aiding.

But Julian had no alternative saving only to muse over the sorrows of Artamenes and Mandane, or on the complicated distress of his own situation; and in these disagreeable diversions the morning crept through as it could.

Noon first, and thereafter nightfall, were successively marked by a brief visit from their stern turnkey, who, with noiseless step and sullen demeanour, did in silence the necessary offices about the meals of the prisoners, exchanging with them

as few words as an official in the Spanish Inquisition might have permitted himself upon a similar occasion. With the same taciturn gravity, very different from the laughing humour into which he had been surprised on a former occasion, he struck their fetters with a small hammer, to ascertain, by the sound thus produced, whether they had been tampered with by file or otherwise. He next mounted on a table to make the same experiment on the window-grating.

Julian's heart throbbed; for might not one of those grates have been so tampered with as to give entrance to the nocturnal visitant? But they returned to the experienced ear of Master Clink, when he struck them in turn with the hammer, a clear and ringing sound, which assured him of their security.

'It would be difficult for any one to get in through these defences,' said Julian, giving vent in words to his own feelings.

'Few wish that,' answered the surly groom, misconstruing what was passing in Peveril's mind; 'and let me tell you, master, folks will find it quite as difficult to get out.' He retired, and night came on.

The dwarf, who took upon himself for the day the whole duties of the apartment, trundled about the room, making a most important clutter as he extinguished their fire, and put aside various matters which had been in use in the course of the day, talking to himself all the while in a tone of no little consequence, occasionally grounded on the dexterity with which an old soldier could turn his hand to everything, and at other times on the wonder that a courtier of the first rank should condescend to turn his hand to anything. Then came the repetition of his accustomed prayers; but his disposition to converse did not, as on the former occasion, revive after his devotions. On the contrary, long before Julian had closed an eye, the heavy breathing from Sir Geoffrey Hudson's pallet declared that the dwarf was already in the arms of Morpheus.

Amid the total darkness of the apartment, and with a longing desire, and at the same time no small fear, for the recurrence of the mysterious address of the preceding evening, Julian lay long awake without his thoughts receiving any interruption, save when the clock told the passing hour from the neighbouring steeple of St. Sepulchre. At length he sunk into slumber; but had not slept, to his judgment, above an hour, when he was roused by the sound which his waking ear had so long expected in vain.

'Can you sleep? Will you sleep? Dare you sleep?' were

the questions impressed on his ear, in the same clear, soft, and melodious voice which had addressed him on the preceding night.

'Who is it asks me the question?' answered Julian. 'But be the questioner good or evil, I reply that I am a guiltless prisoner, and that innocence may wish and dare to sleep soundly.'

'Ask no questions of me,' said the voice, 'neither attempt to discover who speaks to you; and be assured that folly alone can sleep, with fraud around and danger before him.'

'Can you, who tell me of dangers, counsel me how to combat or how to avoid them?' said Julian.

'My power is limited,' said the voice; 'yet something I can do, as a glow-worm can show a precipice. But you must confide in me.'

'Confidence must beget confidence,' answered Julian. 'I cannot repose trust in I know not what or whom.'

'Speak not so loud,' replied the voice, sinking almost into a whisper.

'Last night you said my companion would not awake,' said Julian.

'To-night I warrant not that he shall sleep,' said the voice. And as it spoke, the hoarse, snatching, discordant tones of the dwarf were heard, demanding of Julian why he talked in his sleep; wherefore he did not rest himself, and let other people rest; and, finally, whether his visions of last night were returned upon him again?

'Say "yes,"' said the voice, in a whisper so low, yet so distinct, that Julian almost doubted whether it was not an echo of his own thought — 'say but "yes," and I part to return no more!'

In desperate circumstances men look to strange and unusual remedies; and although unable to calculate the chances of advantage which this singular communication opened to him, Julian did not feel inclined to let them at once escape from him. He answered the dwarf, that he had been troubled by an alarming dream.

'I could have sworn it, from the sound of your voice,' said Hudson. 'It is strange, now, that you overgrown men never possess the extreme firmness of nerves proper to us who are cast in a more compact mould. My own voice retains its masculine sounds on all occasions. Dr. Cockerel was of opinion that there was the same allowance of nerve and sinew to men of every size, and that nature spun the stock out thinner or

stronger, according to the extent of surface which they were to cover. Hence, the least creatures are oftentimes the strongest. Place a beetle under a tall candlestick, and the insect will move it by its efforts to get out; which is, in point of comparative strength, as if one of us should shake his Majesty's prison of Newgate by similar struggles. Cats also, and weasels, are creatures of greater exertion and endurance than dogs or sheep. And in general you may remark that little men dance better, and are more unwearied under exertion of every kind, than those to whom their own weight must necessarily be burdensome. I respect you, Master Peveril, because I am told you have killed one of those gigantic fellows, who go about swaggering as if their souls were taller than ours, because their noses are nearer to the clouds by a cubit or two. But do not value yourself on this, as anything very unusual. I would have you to know it hath been always thus; and that, in the history of all ages, the clean, tight, dapper, little fellow hath proved an overmatch for his bulky antagonist. I need only instance, out of Holy Writ, the celebrated downfall of Goliath, and of another lubbard, who had more fingers to his hand and more inches to his stature than ought to belong to an honest man, and who was slain by a nephew of good King David; and of many others whom I do not remember; nevertheless, they were all Philistines of gigantic stature. In the classics, also, you have Tydeus, and other tight, compact heroes, whose diminutive bodies were the abode of large minds. And indeed you may observe, in sacred as well as profane history, that your giants are ever heretics and blasphemers, robbers and oppressors, outragers of the female sex, and scoffers at regular authority. Such were Gog and Magog, whom our authentic chronicles vouch to have been slain near to Plymouth, by the good little knight Corineus, who gave name to Cornwall. Ascaparte also was subdued by Bevis, and Colbrand by Guy, as Southampton and Warwick can testify. Like unto these was the giant Hoel, slain in Bretagne by King Arthur. And if Ryence, king of North Wales, who was done to death by the same worthy champion of Christendom, be not actually termed a giant, it is plain he was little better, since he required twenty-four kings' beards, which were then worn full and long, to fur his gown; whereby, computing each beard at eighteen inches—and you cannot allow less for a beard-royal—and supposing only the front of the gown trimmed therewith, as we use ermine, and that the back was mounted and lined, instead of cat-skins and squirrels'

fur, with the beards of earls and dukes and other inferior dignitaries, may amount to — But I will work the question to-morrow.’

Nothing is more soporific to any, save a philosopher or monied man, than the operation of figures; and when in bed the effect is irresistible. Sir Geoffrey fell asleep in the act of calculating King Ryence’s height from the supposed length of his mantle. Indeed, had he not stumbled on this abstruse subject of calculation, there is no guessing how long he might have held forth upon the superiority of men of little stature, which was so great a favourite with him that, numerous as such narratives are, the dwarf had collected almost all the instances of their victories over giants which history or romance afforded.

No sooner had unequivocal signs of the dwarf’s sound slumbers reached Julian’s ears than he began again to listen eagerly for the renewal of that mysterious communication which was at once interesting and awful. Even whilst Hudson was speaking, he had, instead of bestowing his attention upon his eulogy on persons of low stature, kept his ears on watchful guard, to mark, if possible, the lightest sounds of any sort which might occur in the apartment; so that he thought it scarce possible that even a fly should have left it without its motion being overheard. If, therefore, his invisible monitor was indeed a creature of this world — an opinion which Julian’s sound sense rendered him unwilling to renounce — that being could not have left the apartment; and he waited impatiently for a renewal of their communication. He was disappointed: not the slightest sound reached his ear; and the nocturnal visitor, if still in the room, appeared determined on silence.

It was in vain that Peveril coughed, hemmed, and gave other symptoms of being awake; at length, such became his impatience that he resolved, at any risk, to speak first, in hopes of renewing the communication betwixt them. ‘Whoever thou art,’ he said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by a waking person, but not so high as to disturb his sleeping companion — ‘whoever or whatever thou art, that hast shown some interest in the fate of such a castaway as Julian Peveril, speak once more, I conjure thee; and be your communication for good or evil, believe me, I am equally prepared to abide the issue.’

No answer of any kind was returned to this invocation; nor did the least sound intimate the presence of the being to whom it was so solemnly addressed.

'I speak in vain,' said Julian; 'and perhaps I am but invoking that which is insensible of human feeling, or which takes a malign pleasure in human suffering.'

There was a gentle and half-broken sigh from a corner of the apartment, which, answering to this exclamation, seemed to contradict the imputation which it conveyed.

Julian, naturally courageous, and familiarised by this time to his situation, raised himself in bed and stretched out his arm to repeat his adjuration, when the voice, as if alarmed at his action and energy, whispered, in a tone more hurried than that which it had hitherto used, 'Be still — move not — or I am mute for ever!'

'It is then a mortal being who is present with me,' was the natural inference of Julian, 'and one who is probably afraid of being detected; I have then some power over my visitor, though I must be cautious how I use it. If your intents are friendly,' he proceeded, 'there was never a time in which I lacked friends more, or would be more grateful for kindness. The fate of all who are dear to me is weighed in the balance, and with worlds would I buy the tidings of their safety.'

'I have said my power is limited,' replied the voice. 'You I may be able to preserve; the fate of your friends is beyond my control.'

'Let me at least know it,' said Julian; 'and, be it as it may, I will not shun to share it.'

'For whom would you inquire?' said the soft, sweet voice, not without a tremulousness of accent, as if the question was put with diffident reluctance.

'My parents,' said Julian, after a moment's hesitation; 'how fare they? What will be their fate?'

'They fare as the fort under which the enemy has dug a deadly mine. The work may have cost the labour of years, such were the impediments to the engineers; but time brings opportunity upon its wings.'

'And what will be the event?' said Peveril.

'Can I read the future,' answered the voice, 'save by comparison with the past? Who has been hunted on these stern and unmitigable accusations, but has been at last brought to bay? Did high and noble birth, honoured age, and approved benevolence save the unfortunate Lord Stafford? Did learning, capacity of intrigue, or high court favour redeem Coleman, although the confidential servant of the heir presumptive of the crown of England? Did subtilty and genius, and the

exertions of a numerous sect, save Fenwicke, or Whitbread, or any other of the accused priests? Were Groves, Pickering, or the other humble wretches who have suffered, safe in their obscurity? There is no condition in life, no degree of talent, no form of principle, which affords protection against an accusation which levels conditions, confounds characters, renders men's virtues their sins, and rates them as dangerous in proportion as they have influence, though attained in the noblest manner, and used for the best purposes. Call such a one but an accessory to the Plot, let him be mouthed in the evidence of Oates or Dugdale, and the blindest shall foresee the issue of their trial.'

'Prophet of evil!' said Julian, 'my father has a shield invulnerable to protect him. He is innocent.'

'Let him plead his innocence at the bar of Heaven,' said the voice; 'it will serve him little where Scroggs presides.'

'Still I fear not,' said Julian, counterfeiting more confidence than he really possessed; 'my father's cause will be pleaded before twelve Englishmen.'

'Better before twelve wild beasts,' answered the Invisible, 'than before Englishmen influenced with party prejudice, passion, and the epidemic terror of an imaginary danger. They are bold in guilt in proportion to the number amongst whom the crime is divided.'

'Ill-omened speaker,' said Julian, 'thine is indeed a voice fitted only to sound with the midnight bell and the screech-owl. Yet speak again. Tell me, if thou canst,' he would have said, 'of Alice Bridgenorth,' but the word would not leave his tongue — 'tell me,' he said, 'if the noble house of Derby —'

'Let them keep their rock like the sea-fowl in the tempest, and it may so fall out,' answered the voice, 'that their rock may be a safe refuge. But there is blood on their ermine; and revenge has dogged them for many a year, like a bloodhound that hath been distanced in the morning chase, but may yet grapple the quarry ere the sun shall set. At present, however, they are safe. Am I now to speak farther on your own affairs, which involve little short of your life and honour, or are there yet any whose interests you prefer to your own?'

'There is,' said Julian, 'one, from whom I was violently parted yesterday; if I knew but of her safety, I were little anxious for my own.'

'One!' returned the voice, 'only *one* from whom you were parted yesterday?'

‘But in parting from whom,’ said Julian, ‘I felt separated from all happiness which the world can give me.’

‘You mean Alice Bridgenorth,’ said the Invisible, with some bitterness of accent; ‘but her you will never see more. Your own life and hers depend on your forgetting each other.’

‘I cannot purchase my own life at that price,’ replied Julian.

‘Then DIE in your obstinacy,’ returned the Invisible; nor to all the entreaties which he used was he able to obtain another word in the course of that remarkable night.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A short-hough'd man, but full of pride.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE blood of Julian Peveril was so much fevered by the state in which his invisible visitor left him, that he was unable, for a length of time, to find repose. He swore to himself that he would discover and expose the nocturnal demon which stole on his hours of rest only to add gall to bitterness, and to pour poison into those wounds which already smarted so severely. There was nothing which his power extended to that, in his rage, he did not threaten. He proposed a closer and more rigorous survey of his cell; so that he might discover the mode by which his tormentor entered, were it as unnoticeable as an auger-hole. If his diligence should prove unavailing, he determined to inform the jailers, to whom it could not be indifferent to know that their prison was open to such intrusions. He proposed to himself to discover from their looks whether they were already privy to these visits; and if so, to denounce them to the magistrates, to the judges, to the House of Commons, was the least that his resentment proposed. Sleep surprised his worn-out frame in the midst of his projects of discovery and vengeance, and, as frequently happens, the light of the ensuing day proved favourable to calmer resolutions.

He now reflected that he had no ground to consider the motives of his visitor as positively malevolent, although he had afforded him little encouragement to hope for assistance on the points he had most at heart. Towards himself there had been expressed a decided feeling both of sympathy and interest; if through means of these he could acquire his liberty, he might, when possessed of freedom, turn it to the benefit of those for whom he was more interested than for his own welfare. 'I have behaved like a fool,' he said; 'I ought to have temporised with this singular being, learned the motives of its interference, and availed myself of its succour, provided I could do so with-

out any dishonourable conditions. It would have been always time enough to reject such when they should have been proposed to me.'

So saying, he was forming projects for regulating his intercourse with the stranger more prudently, in case their communication should be renewed, when his meditations were interrupted by the peremptory summons of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, that he would, in his turn, be pleased to perform those domestic duties of their common habitation which the dwarf had yesterday taken upon himself.

There was no resisting a request so reasonable, and Peveril accordingly rose and betook himself to the arrangement of their prison; while Sir Hudson, perched upon a stool from which his legs did not by half way reach the ground, sat in a posture of elegant languor, twangling upon an old broken-winded guitar, and singing songs in Spanish, Moorish, and *Lingua Franca*, most detestably out of tune. He failed not, at the conclusion of each ditty, to favour Julian with some account of what he had sung, either in the way of translation or historical anecdote, or as the lay was connected with some peculiar part of his own eventful history, in the course of which the poor little man had chanced to have been taken by a Sallee rover and carried captive into Morocco.

This part of his life Hudson used to make the era of many strange adventures; and, if he could himself be believed, he had made wild work among the affections of the emperor's seraglio. But, although few were in a situation to cross-examine him on gallantries and intrigues of which the scene was so remote, the officers of the garrison of Tangier had a report current amongst them, that the only use to which the tyrannical Moors could convert a slave of such slender corporeal strength was to employ him to lie a-bed all day and hatch turkey's eggs. The least allusion to this rumour used to drive him wellnigh frantic, and the fatal termination of his duel with young Crofts, which began in wanton mirth and ended in bloodshed, made men more coy than they had formerly been of making the fiery little hero the subject of their raillery.

While Peveril did the drudgery of the apartment, the dwarf remained much at his ease, carolling in the manner we have described; but when he beheld Julian attempting the task of the cook, Sir Geoffrey Hudson sprung from the stool on which he sat *en signor*, at the risk of breaking both his guitar and

his neck, exclaiming, 'That he would rather prepare breakfast every morning betwixt this and the day of judgment than commit a task of such consequence to an inexperienced bungler like his companion.'

The young man gladly resigned his task to the splenetic little knight, and only smiled at his resentment when he added that, to be but a mortal of middle stature, Julian was as stupid as a giant. Leaving the dwarf to prepare the meal after his own pleasure, Peveril employed himself in measuring the room with his eyes on every side, and in endeavouring to discover some private entrance, such as might admit his midnight visitant, and perhaps could be employed in case of need for effecting his own escape. The floor next engaged a scrutiny equally minute, but more successful.

Close by his own pallet, and dropped in such a manner that he must have seen it sooner but for the hurry with which he obeyed the summons of the impatient dwarf, lay a slip of paper, sealed, and directed with the initial letters 'J. P.,' which seemed to ascertain that it was addressed to himself. He took the opportunity of opening it while the soup was in the very moment of projection, and the full attention of his companion was occupied by what he, in common with wiser and taller men, considered as one of the principal occupations of life ; so that, without incurring his observation or awaking his curiosity, Julian had the opportunity to read as follows :—

'Rash and infatuated as you are, there is one who would forfeit much to stand betwixt you and your fate. You are to-morrow to be removed to the Tower, where your life cannot be assured for a single day ; for, during the few hours you have been in London, you have provoked a resentment which is not easily slaked. There is but one chance for you : renounce A. B., think no more of her. If that be impossible, think of her but as one whom you can never see again. If your heart can resolve to give up an attachment which it should never have entertained, and which it would be madness to cherish longer, make your acquiescence in this condition known by putting on your hat a white band, or white feather, or knot of ribbon of the same colour, whichever you may most easily come by. A boat will, in that case, run, as if by accident, on board of that which is to convey you to the Tower. Do you in the confusion jump overboard, and swim to the Southwark side of the Thames. Friends will attend there to secure your escape,

and you will find yourself with one who will rather lose character and life than that a hair of your head should fall to the ground, but who, if you reject the warning can only think of you as of the fool who perishes in his folly. May Heaven guide you to a sound judgment of your condition! So prays one who would be your friend, if you pleased,

‘UNKNOWN.’

The Tower! it was a word of terror, even more so than a civil prison; for how many passages to death did that dark structure present! The severe executions which it had witnessed in preceding reigns were not perhaps more numerous than the secret murders which had taken place within its walls; yet Peveril did not a moment hesitate on the part which he had to perform. ‘I will share my father’s fate,’ he said; ‘I thought but of him when they brought me hither; I will think of nothing else when they convey me to yonder still more dreadful place of confinement; it is his, and it is but meet that it should be his son’s. And thou, Alice Bridgenorth, the day that I renounce thee, may I be held alike a traitor and a dastard! Go, false adviser, and share the fate of seducers and heretical teachers!’

He could not help uttering this last expression aloud, as he threw the billet into the fire, with a vehemence which made the dwarf start with surprise. ‘What say you of burning heretics, young man?’ he exclaimed; ‘by my faith, your zeal must be warmer than mine, if you talk on such a subject when the heretics are the prevailing number. May I measure six feet without my shoes, but the heretics would have the best of it if we came to that work. Beware of such words.’

‘Too late to beware of words spoken and heard,’ said the turnkey, who, opening the door with unusual precautions to avoid noise, had stolen unperceived into the room; ‘however, Master Peveril has behaved like a gentleman, and I am no tale-bearer, on condition he will consider I have had trouble in his matters.’

Julian had no alternative but to take the fellow’s hint and administer a bribe, with which Master Clink was so well satisfied that he exclaimed, ‘It went to his heart to take leave of such a kind-natured gentleman, and that he could have turned the key on him for twenty years with pleasure. But the best friends must part.’

‘I am to be removed, then?’ said Julian.

'Ay, truly, master, the warrant is come from the council.'

'To convey me to the Tower?'

'Whew!' exclaimed the officer of the law, 'who the devil told you that? But since you do know it, there is no harm to say "Ay." So make yourself ready to move immediately; and first, hold out your dew-beaters till I take off the darbies.'

'Is that usual?' said Peveril, stretching out his feet as the fellow directed, while his fetters were unlocked.

'Why, ay, master, these fetters belong to the keeper; they are not a-going to send them to the lieutenant, I trow. No — no, the warders must bring their own gear with them; they get none here, I promise them. Nevertheless, if your honour hath a fancy to go in fetters, as thinking it may move compassion of your case —'

'I have no intention to make my case seem worse than it is,' said Julian, whilst at the same time it crossed his mind that his anonymous correspondent must be well acquainted both with his own personal habits, since the letter proposed a plan of escape which could only be executed by a bold swimmer, and with the fashions of the prison, since it was foreseen that he would not be ironed on his passage to the Tower. The turnkey's next speech made him carry conjecture still farther.

'There is nothing in life I would not do for so brave a guest,' said Clink; 'I could nab one of my wife's ribbons for you, if your honour had the fancy to mount the white flag in your beaver.'

'To what good purpose?' said Julian, shortly, connecting, as was natural, the man's proposed civility with the advice given and the signal prescribed in the letter.

'Nay, to no good purpose I know of,' said the turnkey; 'only it is the fashion to seem white and harmless — a sort of token of not guiltiness, as I may say, which folks desire to show the world whether they be truly guilty or not; but I cannot say that guiltiness or not-guiltiness argues much, saving they be words in the verdict.'

'Strange,' thought Peveril, although the man seemed to speak quite naturally, and without any double meaning — 'strange that all should apparently combine to realise the plan of escape, could I but give my consent to it! And had I not better consent? Whoever does so much for me must wish me well, and a well-wisher would never enforce the unjust conditions on which I am required to consent to my liberation.'

But this misgiving of his resolution was but for a moment.

He speedily recollected that whoever aided him in escaping must be necessarily exposed to great risk, and had a right to name the stipulation on which he was willing to incur it. He also recollected that falsehood is equally base, whether expressed in words or in dumb show; and that he should lie as flatly by using the signal agreed upon in evidence of his renouncing Alice Bridgenorth as he would in direct terms if he made such renunciation without the purpose of abiding by it.

‘If you would oblige me,’ he said to the turnkey, ‘let me have a piece of black silk crape for the purpose you mention.’

‘Of crape,’ said the fellow; ‘what should that signify? Why, the bien morts, who bing out to tour at you,¹ will think you a chimney-sweeper on May-day.’

‘It will show my settled sorrow,’ said Julian, ‘as well as my determined resolution.’

‘As you will, sir,’ answered the fellow. ‘I’ll provide you with a black rag of some kind or other. So, now, let us be moving.’

Julian intimated his readiness to attend him, and proceeded to bid farewell to his late companion, the stout Geoffrey Hudson. The parting was not without emotion on both sides, more particularly on that of the poor little man, who had taken a particular liking to the companion of whom he was now about to be deprived. ‘Fare ye well,’ he said, ‘my young friend,’ taking Julian’s hand in both his own uplifted palms, in which action he somewhat resembled the attitude of a sailor pulling a rope overhead. ‘Many a one in my situation would think himself wronged, as a soldier and servant of the King’s chamber, in seeing you removed to a more honourable prison than that which I am limited unto. But, I thank God, I grudge you not the Tower, nor the rocks of Scilly, nor even Carisbrooke Castle, though the latter was graced with the captivity of my blessed and martyred master. Go where you will, I wish you all the distinction of an honourable prison-house, and a safe and speedy deliverance in God’s own time. For myself, my race is near a close, and that because I fall a martyr to the over-tenderness of my own heart. There is a circumstance, good Master Julian Peveril, which should have been yours, had Providence permitted our farther intimacy, but it fits not the present hour. Go then, my friend, and bear witness in life and death that Geoffrey Hudson scorns the insults and persecutions of fortune, as he would despise, and has often despised, the mischievous pranks of an overgrown schoolboy.’

¹ The smart girls, who turn out to look at you.

So saying, he turned away and hid his face with his little handkerchief, while Julian felt towards him that tragi-comic sensation which makes us pity the object which excites it not the less that we are somewhat inclined to laugh amid our sympathy. The jailor made him a signal, which Peveril obeyed, leaving the dwarf to disconsolate solitude.

As Julian followed the keeper through the various windings of this penal labyrinth, the man observed, that 'He was a rum fellow, that little Sir Geoffrey, and, for gallantry, a perfect cock of Bantam, for as old as he was. There was a certain gay wench,' he said, 'that had hooked him; but what she could make of him, save she carried him to Smithfield and took money for him, as for a motion of puppets, it was,' he said, 'hard to gather.'

Encouraged by this opening, Julian asked if his attendant knew why his prison was changed. 'To teach you to become a king's post without commission,' answered the fellow.

He stopped in his tattle as they approached that formidable central point, in which lay couched on his leathern elbow-chair the fat commander of the fortress, stationed apparently for ever in the midst of his citadel, as the huge boa is sometimes said to lie stretched as a guard upon the subterranean treasures of Eastern rajahs. This overgrown man of authority eyed Julian wistfully and sullenly, as the miser the guinea which he must part with, or the hungry mastiff the food which is carried to another kennel. He growled to himself as he turned the leaves of his ominous register, in order to make the necessary entry respecting the removal of his prisoner. 'To the Tower — to the Tower; ay, ay, all must to the Tower — that's the fashion of it; free Britons to a military prison, as if we had neither bolts nor chains here! I hope Parliament will have it up, this Towering work, that's all. Well, the youngster will take no good by the change, and that is one comfort.'

Having finished at once his official act of registration and his soliloquy, he made a signal to his assistants to remove Julian, who was led along the same stern passages which he had traversed upon his entrance, to the gate of the prison, whence a coach, escorted by two officers of justice, conveyed him to the water-side.

A boat here waited him, with four warders of the Tower, to whose custody he was formally resigned by his late attendants. Clink, however, the turnkey, with whom he was more especially acquainted, did not take leave of him without furnishing him with the piece of black crape which he requested. Peveril

fixed it on his hat amid the whispers of his new guardians. 'The gentleman is in a hurry to go into mourning,' said one; 'mayhap he had better wait till he has cause.'

'Perhaps others may wear mourning for him ere he can mourn for any one,' answered another of these functionaries.

Yet, notwithstanding the tenor of these whispers, their behaviour to their prisoner was more respectful than he had experienced from his former keepers, and might be termed a sullen civility. The ordinary officers of the law were in general rude, as having to do with felons of every description; whereas these men were only employed with persons accused of state crimes—men who were from birth and circumstances usually entitled to expect, and able to reward, decent usage.

The change of keepers passed unnoticed by Julian, as did the gay and busy scene presented by the broad and beautiful river on which he was now launched. A hundred boats shot past them, bearing parties intent on business or on pleasure. Julian only viewed them with the stern hope that whoever had endeavoured to bribe him from his fidelity by the hope of freedom might see, from the colour of the badge which he had assumed, how determined he was to resist the temptation presented to him.

It was about high water, and a stout wherry came up the river, with sail and oar, so directly upon that in which Julian was embarked that it seemed as if likely to run her aboard. 'Get your carabines ready,' cried the principal warder to his assistants. 'What the devil can these scoundrels mean?'

But the crew in the other boat seemed to have perceived their error, for they suddenly altered their course and struck off into the middle stream, while a torrent of mutual abuse was exchanged betwixt them and the boat whose course they had threatened to impede.

'The Unknown has kept his faith,' said Julian to himself; 'I too have kept mine.'

It even seemed to him, as the boats neared each other, that he heard from the other wherry something like a stifled scream or groan; and when the momentary bustle was over he asked the warder who sat next him what boat that was.

'Men-of-war's-men on a frolic, I suppose,' answered the warder. 'I know no one else would be so impudent as run foul of the King's boat; for I am sure the fellow put the helm up on purpose. But mayhap you, sir, know more of the matter than I do.'

This insinuation effectually prevented Julian from putting farther questions, and he remained silent until the boat came under the dusky bastions of the Tower. The tide carried them up under a dark and lowering arch, closed at the upper end by the well-known 'Traitor's Gate,'¹ formed like a wicket of huge intersecting bars of wood, through which might be seen a dim and imperfect view of soldiers and warders upon duty, and of the steep ascending causeway which leads up from the river into the interior of the fortress. By this gate—and it is the well-known circumstance which assigned its name—those accused of state crimes were usually committed to the Tower. The Thames afforded a secret and silent mode of conveyance for transporting thither such whose fallen fortunes might move the commiseration, or whose popular qualities might excite the sympathy, of the public; and even where no cause for especial secrecy existed, the peace of the city was undisturbed by the tumult attending the passage of the prisoner and his guards through the most frequented streets.

Yet this custom, however recommended by state policy, must have often struck chill upon the heart of the criminal, who thus, stolen, as it were, out of society, reached the place of his confinement without encountering even one glance of compassion on the road; and as, from under the dusky arch, he landed on those flinty steps, worn by many a footstep anxious as his own, against which the tide lapped fitfully with small successive waves, and thence looked forward to the steep ascent into a Gothic state-prison, and backward to such part of the river as the low-browed vault suffered to become visible, he must often have felt that he was leaving daylight, hope, and life itself behind him.

While the warder's challenge was made and answered, Peveril endeavoured to obtain information from his conductors where he was likely to be confined; but the answer was brief and general—'Where the lieutenant should direct.'

'Could he not be permitted to share the imprisonment of his father, Sir Geoffrey Peveril?' He forgot not, on this occasion, to add the surname of his house.

The warder, an old man of respectable appearance, stared, as if at the extravagance of the demand, and said bluntly, 'It is impossible.'

'At least,' said Peveril, 'show me where my father is confined, that I may look upon the walls which separate us.'

¹ See *Fortunes of Nigel*, Note 35, p. 460.

'Young gentleman,' said the senior warder, shaking his grey head, 'I am sorry for you ; but asking questions will do you no service. In this place we know nothing of fathers and sons.'

Yet chance seemed, in a few minutes afterwards, to offer Peveril that satisfaction which the rigour of his keepers was disposed to deny to him. As he was conveyed up the steep passage which leads under what is called the Wakefield Tower, a female voice, in a tone wherein grief and joy were indescribably mixed, exclaimed, 'My son! — my dear son!'

Even those who guarded Julian seemed softened by a tone of such acute feeling. They slackened their pace. They almost paused to permit him to look up towards the casement from which the sounds of maternal agony proceeded ; but the aperture was so narrow, and so closely grated, that nothing was visible save a white female hand, which grasped one of those rusty barricadoes, as if for supporting the person within, while another streamed a white handkerchief, and then let it fall. The casement was instantly deserted.

'Give it me,' said Julian to the officer who lifted the handkerchief ; 'it is perhaps a mother's last gift.'

The old warder lifted the napkin, and looked at it with the jealous minuteness of one who is accustomed to detect secret correspondence in the most trifling acts of intercourse.

'There may be writing on it with invisible ink,' said one of his comrades.

'It is wetted, but I think it is only with tears,' answered the senior. 'I cannot keep it from the poor young gentleman.'

'Ah, Master Coleby,' said his comrade, in a gentle tone of reproach, 'you would have been wearing a better coat than a yeoman's to-day had it not been for your tender heart.'

'It signifies little,' said old Coleby, 'while my heart is true to my king, what I feel in discharging my duty, or what coat keeps my old bosom from the cold weather.'

Peveril, meanwhile, folded in his breast the token of his mother's affection which chance had favoured him with ; and when placed in the small and solitary chamber which he was told to consider as his own during his residence in the Tower, he was soothed even to weeping by this trifling circumstance, which he could not help considering as an omen that his unfortunate house was not entirely deserted by Providence.

But the thoughts and occurrences of a prison are too uniform for a narrative, and we must now convey our readers into a more bustling scene.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Henceforth 't is done — Fortune and I are friends ;
And I must live, for Buckingham commends.

POPE.

THE spacious mansion of the Duke of Buckingham, with the demesne belonging to it, originally bore the name of York House, and occupied a large portion of the ground adjacent to the Savoy.

This had been laid out by the munificence of his father, the favourite of Charles the First, in a most splendid manner, so as almost to rival Whitehall itself. But during the increasing rage for building new streets, and the creating of almost an additional town, in order to connect London and Westminster, this ground had become of very great value ; and the second Duke of Buckingham, who was at once fond of scheming and needy of money, had agreed to a plan laid before him by some adventurous architect, for converting the extensive grounds round his palace into those streets, lanes, and courts which still perpetuate his name and titles ; though those who live in Buckingham Street, Duke Street, Villiers Street, or in Of Alley (for even that connecting particle is locally commemorated), probably think seldom of the memory of the witty, eccentric, and licentious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose titles are preserved in the names of their residence and its neighbourhood.

This building plan the duke had entered upon with all the eagerness which he usually attached to novelty. His gardens were destroyed, his pavilions levelled, his splendid stables demolished, the whole pomp of his suburban demesne laid waste, cumbered with ruins, and intersected with the foundations of new buildings and cellars, and the process of levelling different lines for the intended streets. But the undertaking, although it proved afterwards both lucrative and successful, met with a check at the outset, partly from want of the

necessary funds, partly from the impatient and mercurial temper of the duke, which soon carried him off in pursuit of some more new object; so that, though much was demolished, very little, in comparison, was reared up in the stead, and nothing was completed. The principal part of the ducal mansion still remained uninjured; but the demesne in which it stood bore a strange analogy to the irregular mind of its noble owner. Here stood a beautiful group of exotic trees and shrubs, the remnant of the garden, amid yawning common sewers and heaps of rubbish. In one place an old tower threatened to fall upon the spectator, and in another he ran the risk of being swallowed up by a modern vault. Grandeur of conception could be discovered in the undertaking, but was almost everywhere marred by poverty or negligence of execution. In short, the whole place was the true emblem of an understanding and talents run to waste, and become more dangerous than advantageous to society, by the want of steady principle and the improvidence of the possessor.

There were men who took a different view of the duke's purpose in permitting his mansion to be thus surrounded, and his demesne occupied by modern buildings which were incomplete, and ancient which were but half demolished. They alleged that, engaged as he was in so many mysteries of love and of politics, and having the character of the most daring and dangerous intriguer of his time, his Grace found it convenient to surround himself with this ruinous arena, into which officers of justice could not penetrate without some difficulty and hazard; and which might afford, upon occasion, a safe and secret shelter for such tools as were fit for desperate enterprises, and a private and unobserved mode of access to those whom he might have any special reason for receiving in secret.

Leaving Peveril in the Tower, we must once more convey our readers to the levee of the duke, who, on the morning of Julian's transference to that fortress, thus addressed his minister-in-chief and principal attendant: — 'I have been so pleased with your conduct in this matter, Jerningham, that if old Nick were to arise in our presence, and offer me his best imp as a familiar in thy room, I would hold it but a poor compliment.'

'A legion of imps,' said Jerningham, bowing, 'could not have been more busy than I in your Grace's service; but if your Grace will permit me to say so, your whole plan was wellnigh marred by your not returning home till last night, or rather this morning.'

'And why, I pray you, sage Master Jerningham,' said his Grace, 'should I have returned home an instant sooner than my pleasure and convenience served?'

'Nay, my lord duke,' replied the attendant, 'I know not; only, when you sent us word by Empson, in Chiffinch's apartment, to command us to make sure of the girl at any rate, and at all risks, you said you would be here so soon as you could get freed of the King.'

'Freed of the King, you rascal! What sort of phrase is that?' demanded the duke.

'It was Empson who used it, my lord, as coming from your Grace.'

'There is much, very fit for my Grace to say, that misbecomes such mouths as Empson's or yours to repeat,' answered the duke, haughtily, but instantly resumed his tone of familiarity, for his humour was as capricious as his pursuits. 'But I know what thou wouldst have; first, your wisdom would know what became of me since thou hadst my commands at Chiffinch's; and next, your valour would fain sound another flourish of trumpets on thine own most artificial retreat, leaving thy comrade in the hands of the Philistines.'

'May it please your Grace,' said Jerningham, 'I did but retreat for the preservation of the baggage.'

'What! do you play at crambo with me?' said the duke. 'I would have you know that the common parish fool should be whipt were he to attempt to pass pun or quodlibet as a genuine jest, even amongst ticket-porters and hackney-chairmen.'

'And yet I have heard your Grace indulge in the *jeu de mots*,' answered the attendant.

'Sirrah Jerningham,' answered the patron, 'discard thy memory, or keep it under correction, else it will hamper thy rise in the world. Thou mayest perchance have seen me also have a fancy to play at trap-ball, or to kiss a serving-wench, or to guzzle ale and eat toasted cheese in a porterly whimsy; but is it fitting thou shouldst remember such follies? No more on't. Hark you; how came the long lubberly fool, Jenkins, being a master of the noble science of defence, to suffer himself to be run through the body so simply by a rustic swain like this same Peveril?'

'Please your Grace, this same Corydon is no such novice. I saw the onset; and, except in one hand, I never saw a sword managed with such life, grace, and facility.'

'Ay, indeed?' said the duke, taking his own sheathed

rapier in his hand, 'I could not have thought that. I am somewhat rusted, and have need of breathing. Peveril is a name of note. As well go to Barns Elms or behind Montagu House with him as with another. His father a rumoured plotter, too. The public would have noted it in me as becoming a zealous Protestant. Needful I do something to maintain my good name in the city, to atone for non-attendance on prayer and preaching. But your Laertes is fast in the Fleet; and I suppose his blundering blockhead of an antagonist is dead or dying.'

'Recovering, my lord, on the contrary,' replied Jerningham; 'the blade fortunately avoided his vitals.'

'D—n his vitals!' answered the duke. 'Tell him to postpone his recovery, or I will put him to death in earnest.'

'I will caution his surgeon,' said Jerningham, 'which will answer equally well.'

'Do so; and tell him he had better be on his own death-bed as cure his patient till I send him notice. That young fellow must be let loose again at no rate.'

'There is little danger,' said the attendant. 'I hear some of the witnesses have got their net flung over him on account of some matters down in the north; and that he is to be translated to the Tower for that, and for some letters of the Countess of Derby, as rumour goes.'

'To the Tower let him go, and get out as he can,' replied the duke; 'and when you hear he is fast there, let the fencing fellow recover as fast as the surgeon and he can mutually settle it.'

The duke, having said this, took two or three turns in the apartment, and appeared to be in deep thought. His attendant waited the issue of his meditations at leisure, being well aware that such moods, during which his mind was strongly directed in one point, were never of so long duration with his patron as to prove a severe burden to his own patience.

Accordingly, after the silence of seven or eight minutes, the duke broke through it, taking from the toilette a large silk purse, which seemed full of gold. 'Jerningham,' he said, 'thou art a faithful fellow, and it would be sin not to cherish thee. I beat the King at mall on his bold defiance. The honour is enough for me; and thou, my boy, shalt have the winnings.'

Jerningham pocketed the purse with due acknowledgments.

'Jerningham,' his Grace continued, 'I know you blame me

for changing my plans too often ; and on my soul I have heard you so learned on the subject that I have become of your opinion, and have been vexed at myself for two or three hours together, for not sticking as constantly to one object as doubtless I shall when age (touching his forehead) shall make this same weathercock too rusty to turn with the changing breeze. But as yet, while I have spirit and action, let it whirl like the vane at the mast-head, which teaches the pilot how to steer his course ; and when I shift mine, think I am bound to follow fortune, and not to control her.'

'I can understand nothing from all this, please your Grace,' replied Jerningham, 'save that you have been pleased to change some purposed measures, and think that you have profited by doing so.'

'You shall judge yourself,' replied the duke. 'I have seen the Duchess of Portsmouth. You start. It is true, by Heaven ! I have seen her, and from sworn enemies we have become sworn friends. The treaty between such high and mighty powers had some weighty articles ; besides, I had a French negotiator to deal with ; so that you will allow a few hours' absence was but a necessary interval to make up our matters of diplomacy.'

'Your Grace astonishes me,' said Jerningham. 'Christian's plan of supplanting the great lady is then entirely abandoned ? I thought you had but desired to have the fair successor here, in order to carry it on under your own management.'

'I forget what I meant at the time,' said the duke ; 'unless that I was resolved she should not jilt me as she did the good-natured man of royalty ; and so I am still determined, since you put me in mind of the fair Dowsabelle. But I had a contrite note from the duchess while we were at the Mall. I went to see her, and found her a perfect Niobe. On my soul, in spite of red eyes, and swelled features, and dishevelled hair, there are, after all, Jerningham, some women who do, as the poets say, look lovely in affliction. Out came the cause ; and with such humility, such penitence, such throwing herself on my mercy — she the proudest devil, too, in the whole court — that I must have had heart of steel to resist it all. In short, Chiffinch in a drunken fit had played the babbler, and let young Saville into our intrigue. Saville plays the rogue, and informs the duchess by a messenger, who luckily came a little late into the market. She learned, too, being a very devil for intelligence, that there had been some jarring between the

master and me about this new Phillis; and that I was most likely to catch the bird — as any one may see who looks on us both. It must have been Empson who fluted all this into her Grace's ear; and thinking she saw how her ladyship and I could hunt in couples, she entreats me to break Christian's scheme, and keep the wench out of the King's sight, especially if she were such a rare piece of perfection as fame has reported her.'

'And your Grace has promised her your hand to uphold the influence which you have so often threatened to ruin?' said Jerningham.

'Ay, Jerningham; my turn was as much served when she seemed to own herself in my power and cry me mercy. And observe, it is all one to me by which ladder I climb into the King's cabinet. That of Portsmouth is ready fixed — better ascend by it than fling it down to put up another; I hate all unnecessary trouble.'

'And Christian?' said Jerningham.

'May go to the devil for a self-conceited ass. One pleasure of this twist of intrigue is, to revenge me of that villain, who thought himself so essential that, by Heaven! he forced himself on my privacy and lectured me like a schoolboy. Hang the cold-blooded hypocritical vermin. If he mutters, I will have his nose slit as wide as Coventry's.¹ Hark ye, is the colonel come?'

'I expect him every moment, your Grace.'

'Send him up when he arrives,' said the duke. 'Why do you stand looking at me? What would you have?'

'Your Grace's direction respecting the young lady,' said Jerningham.

'Odd zooks,' said the duke, 'I had totally forgotten her. Is she very tearful? Exceedingly afflicted?'

'She does not take on so violently as I have seen some do,' said Jerningham; 'but, for a strong, firm, concentrated indignation, I have seen none to match her.'

'Well, we will permit her to cool. I will not face the affliction of a second fair one immediately. I am tired of snivelling, and swelled eyes, and blubbered cheeks for some time; and, moreover, must husband my powers of consolation. Begone, and send the colonel.'

'Will your Grace permit me one other question?' demanded his confidant.

¹ See Coventry's Act. Note 34.

‘Ask what thou wilt, Jerningham, and then begone.’

‘Your Grace has determined to give up Christian,’ said the attendant. ‘May I ask what becomes of the kingdom of Man?’

‘Forgotten, as I have a Christian soul!’ said the duke — ‘as much forgotten as if I had never nourished that scheme of royal ambition. D—n it, we must knit up the ravelled skean of that intrigue. Yet it is but a miserable rock, not worth the trouble I have been bestowing on it; and for a kingdom — it has a sound indeed; but, in reality, I might as well stick a cock-chicken’s feather into my hat and call it a plume. Besides, now I think upon it, it would scarce be honourable to sweep that petty royalty out of Derby’s possession. I won a thousand pieces of the young earl when he was last here, and suffered him to hang about me at court. I question if the whole revenue of his kingdom is worth twice as much. Easily I could win it of him, were he here, with less trouble than it would cost me to carry on these troublesome intrigues of Christian’s.’

‘If I may be permitted to say so, please your Grace,’ answered Jerningham, ‘although your Grace is perhaps somewhat liable to change your mind, no man in England can afford better reasons for doing so.’

‘I think so myself, Jerningham,’ said the duke; ‘and it may be it is one reason for my changing. One likes to vindicate his own conduct, and to find out fine reasons for doing what one has a mind to. And now, once again, begone. Or, hark ye — hark ye, I shall need some loose gold. You may leave the purse I gave you; and I will give you an order for as much, and two years’ interest on old Jacob Doublefee.’

‘As your Grace pleases,’ said Jerningham, his whole stock of complaisance scarcely able to conceal his mortification at exchanging for a distant order, of a kind which of late had not been very regularly honoured, the sunny contents of the purse which had actually been in his pocket. Secretly but solemnly did he make a vow that two years’ interest alone should not be the compensation for this involuntary exchange in the form of his remuneration.

As the discontented dependent left the apartment, he met, at the head of the grand staircase, Christian himself, who, exercising the freedom of an ancient friend of the house, was making his way, unannounced, to the duke’s dressing-apartment. Jerningham, conjecturing that his visit at this crisis would be anything but well-timed or well-taken, endeavoured

to avert his purpose by asserting that the duke was indisposed and in his bedchamber; and this he said so loud that his master might hear him, and, if he pleased, realise the apology which he offered in his name by retreating into the bedroom as his last sanctuary, and drawing the bolt against intrusion.

But, far from adopting a stratagem to which he had had recourse on former occasions, in order to avoid those who came upon him, though at an appointed hour, and upon business of importance, Buckingham called, in a loud voice, from his dressing-apartment, commanding his chamberlain instantly to introduce his good friend Master Christian, and censuring him for hesitating for an instant to do so.

‘Now,’ thought Jerningham within himself, ‘if Christian knew the duke as well as I do, he would sooner stand the leap of a lion, like the London ‘prentice bold, than venture on my master at this moment, who is even now in a humour nearly as dangerous as the animal.’

He then ushered Christian into his master’s presence, taking care to post himself within ear-shot of the door.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

'Speak not of niceness, when there's chance of wreck,'
The captain said, as ladies writhed their neck
To see the dying dolphin flap the deck.
'If we go down, on us these gentry sup ;
We dine upon them, if we haul them up.
Wise men applaud us when we eat the eaters,
As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the cheaters.'

The Sea Voyage.

THERE was nothing in the duke's manner towards Christian which could have conveyed to that latter personage, experienced as he was in the worst possible ways of the world, that Buckingham would, at that particular moment, rather have seen the devil than himself; unless it was that Buckingham's reception of him, being rather extraordinarily courteous towards so old an acquaintance, might have excited some degree of suspicion.

Having escaped with some difficulty from the vague region of general compliments, which bears the same relation to that of business that Milton informs us the *limbo patrum* has to the sensible and material earth, Christian asked his Grace of Buckingham, with the same blunt plainness with which he usually veiled a very deep and artificial character, whether he had lately seen Chiffinch or his helpmate.

'Neither of them lately,' answered Buckingham. 'Have not you waited on them yourself? I thought you would have been more anxious about the great scheme.'

'I have called once and again,' said Christian, 'but I can gain no access to the sight of that important couple. I begin to be afraid they are paltering with me.'

'Which, by the welkin and its stars, you would not be slow in avenging, Master Christian. I know your Puritanical principles on that point well,' said the duke. 'Revenge may be well said to be sweet, when so many grave and wise men are ready to exchange for it all the sugar-plums which pleasures offer to the poor sinful people of the world, besides the rever-

sion of those which they talk of expecting in the way of *post obit*.'

'You may jest, my lord,' said Christian, 'but still ——'

'But still you will be revenged on Chiffinch and his little commodious companion. And yet the task may be difficult: Chiffinch has so many ways of obliging his master; his little woman is such a convenient pretty sort of a screen, and has such winning little ways of her own, that, in faith, in your case, I would not meddle with them. What is this refusing their door, man? We all do it to our best friends now and then, as well as to duns and dull company.'

'If your Grace is in a humour of rambling thus wildly in your talk,' said Christian, 'you know my old faculty of patience: I can wait till it be your pleasure to talk more seriously.'

'Seriously!' said his Grace. 'Wherefore not? I only wait to know what your serious business may be.'

'In a word, my lord, from Chiffinch's refusal to see me, and some vain calls which I have made at your Grace's mansion, I am afraid either that our plan has miscarried or that there is some intention to exclude me from the further conduct of the matter.' Christian pronounced these words with considerable emphasis.

'That were folly, as well as treachery,' returned the duke, 'to exclude from the spoil the very engineer who conducted the attack. But hark ye, Christian—I am sorry to tell bad news without preparation; but, as you insist on knowing the worst, and are not ashamed to suspect your best friends, out it must come. Your niece left Chiffinch's house the morning before yesterday.'

Christian staggered, as if he had received a severe blow; and the blood ran to his face in such a current of passion that the duke concluded he was struck with an apoplexy. But, exerting the extraordinary command which he could maintain under the most trying circumstances, he said, with a voice the composure of which had an unnatural contrast with the alteration of his countenance, 'Am I to conclude that, in leaving the protection of the roof in which I placed her, the girl has found shelter under that of your Grace?'

'Sir,' replied Buckingham, gravely, 'the supposition does my gallantry more credit than it deserves.'

'Oh, my lord duke,' answered Christian, 'I am not one whom you can impose on by this species of courtly jargon. I know of what your Grace is capable; and that, to gratify the caprice

of a moment, you would not hesitate to disappoint even the schemes at which you yourself have laboured most busily. Suppose this jest played off. Take your laugh at those simple precautions by which I intended to protect your Grace's interest, as well as that of others. Let us know the extent of your frolic, and consider how far its consequences can be repaired.'

'On my word, Christian,' said the duke, laughing, 'you are the most obliging of uncles and of guardians. Let your niece pass through as many adventures as Boccaccio's bride of the King of Garbo, you care not. Pure or soiled, she will still make the footstool of your fortune.'

An Indian proverb says that the dart of contempt will even pierce through the shell of the tortoise; but this is more peculiarly the case when conscience tells the subject of the sarcasm that it is justly merited. Christian, stung with Buckingham's reproach, at once assumed a haughty and threatening mien, totally inconsistent with that in which sufferance seemed to be as much his badge as that of Shylock. 'You are a foul-mouthed and most unworthy lord,' he said; 'and as such I will proclaim you, unless you make reparation for the injury you have done me.'

'And what,' said the Duke of Buckingham, 'shall I proclaim *you*, that can give you the least title to notice from such as I am? What name shall I bestow on the little transaction which has given rise to such unexpected misunderstanding?'

Christian was silent, either from rage or from mental conviction.

'Come—come, Christian,' said the duke, smiling, 'we know too much of each other to make a quarrel safe. Hate each other we may, circumvent each other—it is the way of courts—but proclaim! a fico for the phrase.'

'I used it not,' said Christian, 'till your Grace drove me to extremity. You know, my lord, I have fought both at home and abroad; and you should not rashly think that I will endure any indignity which blood can wipe away.'

'On the contrary,' said the duke, with the same civil and sneering manner, 'I can confidently assert that the life of half a score of your friends would seem very light to you, Christian, if their existence interfered, I do not say with your character, as being a thing of much less consequence, but with any advantage which their existence might intercept. Fie upon it, man, we have known each other long. I never thought you a

coward, and am only glad to see I could strike a few sparkles of heat out of your cold and constant disposition. I will now, if you please, tell you at once the fate of the young lady, in which I pray you to believe that I am truly interested.'

'I hear you, my lord duke,' said Christian. 'The curl of your upper lip and your eyebrow does not escape me. Your Grace knows the French proverb, "He laughs best who laughs last." But I hear you.'

'Thank Heaven you do,' said Buckingham; 'for your case requires haste, I promise you, and involves no laughing matter. Well, then, hear a simple truth, on which, if it became me to offer any pledge for what I assert to be such, I could pledge life, fortune, and honour. It was the morning before last, when, meeting with the King at Chiffinch's unexpectedly—in fact, I had looked in to fool an hour away, and to learn how your scheme advanced—I saw a singular scene. Your niece terrified little Chiffinch—the hen Chiffinch, I mean—bid the King defiance to his teeth, and walked out of the presence triumphantly, under the guardianship of a young fellow of little mark or likelihood, excepting a tolerable personal presence and the advantage of a most unconquerable impudence. Egad, I can hardly help laughing to think how the King and I were both baffled; for I will not deny that I had tried to trifle for a moment with the fair Indamora. But, egad, the young fellow swooped her off from under our noses like my own Drawcansir clearing off the banquet from the two kings of Brentford. There was a dignity in the gallant's swaggering retreat which I must try to teach Mohun; it will suit his part admirably.'

'This is incomprehensible, my lord duke,' said Christian, who by this time had recovered all his usual coolness; 'you cannot expect me to believe this. Who dared be so bold as to carry off my niece in such a manner, and from so august a presence? And with whom, a stranger as he must have been, would she, wise and cautious as I know her, have consented to depart in such a manner? My lord, I cannot believe this.'

'One of your priests, my most devout Christian,' replied the duke, 'would answer, "Die, infidel, in thine unbelief"; but I am only a poor worldly sinner, and will add what mite of information I can. The young fellow's name, as I am given to understand, is Julian, son of Sir Geoffrey, whom men call Peveril of the Peak.'

'Peveril of the Devil, who hath his cavern there!' said Christian, warmly; 'for I know that gallant, and believe him

capable of anything bold and desperate. But how could he intrude himself into the royal presence? Either Hell aids him or Heaven looks nearer into mortal dealings than I have yet believed. If so, may God forgive us, who deemed He thought not on us at all!

‘Amen, most Christian Christian,’ replied the duke. ‘I am glad to see thou hast yet some touch of grace that leads thee to augur so. But Empson, the hen Chiffinch, and half a dozen more, saw the swain’s entrance and departure. Please examine these witnesses with your own wisdom, if you think your time may not be better employed in tracing the fugitives. I believe he gained entrance as one of some dancing or masking party. Rowley, you know, is accessible to all who will come forth to make him sport. So in stole this termagant, tearing gallant, like Samson among the Philistines, to pull down our fine scheme about our ears.’

‘I believe you, my lord,’ said Christian — ‘I cannot but believe you; and I forgive you, since it is your nature, for making sport of what is ruin and destruction. But which way did they take?’

‘To Derbyshire, I should presume, to seek her father,’ said the duke. ‘She spoke of going into the paternal protection, instead of yours, Master Christian. Something had chanced at Chiffinch’s to give her cause to suspect that you had not altogether provided for his daughter in the manner which her father was likely to approve of.’

‘Now, Heaven be praised,’ said Christian, ‘she knows not her father is come to London! and they must be gone down either to Martindale Castle or to Moultrassie Hall; in either case they are in my power, I must follow them close. I will return instantly to Derbyshire. I am undone if she meet her father until these errors are amended. Adieu, my lord. I forgive the part which I fear your Grace must have had in baulking our enterprise; it is no time for mutual reproaches.’

‘You speak truth, Master Christian,’ said the duke, ‘and I wish you all success. Can I help you with men or horses, or money?’

‘I thank your Grace,’ said Christian, and hastily left the apartment.

The duke watched his descending footsteps on the staircase, until they could be heard no longer, and then exclaimed to Jerningham, who entered, ‘*Victoria! victoria! magna est veritas et prævalebit!* Had I told the villain a word of a lie, he is so

familiar with all the regions of falsehood — his whole life has been such an absolute imposture — that I had stood detected in an instant; but I told him truth, and that was the only means of deceiving him. *Victoria!* my dear Jerningham, I am prouder of cheating Christian than I should have been of circumventing a minister of state.'

'Your Grace holds his wisdom very high,' said the attendant.

'His cunning, at least, I do, which, in court affairs, often takes the weather-gage of wisdom, as in Yarmouth Roads a herring-buss will baffle a frigate. He shall not return to London if I can help it until all these intrigues are over.'

As his Grace spoke, the colonel, after whom he had repeatedly made inquiry, was announced by a gentleman of his household. 'He met not Christian, did he?' said the duke, hastily.

'No, my lord,' returned the domestic, 'the colonel came by the old garden staircase.'

'I judged as much,' replied the duke; 't'is an owl that will not take wing in daylight, when there is a thicket left to skulk under. Here he comes from threading lane, vault, and ruinous alley, very near as ominous a creature as the fowl of ill augury which he resembles.'

The colonel, to whom no other appellation seemed to be given than that which belonged to his military station, now entered the apartment. He was tall, strongly built, and past the middle period of life, and his countenance, but for the heavy cloud which dwelt upon it, might have been pronounced a handsome one. While the duke spoke to him, either from humility or some other cause, his large, serious eye was cast down upon the ground; but he raised it, when he answered, with a keen look of earnest observation. His dress was very plain, and more allied to that of the Puritans than of the Cavaliers of the time; a shadowy black hat like the Spanish sombrero, a large black mantle or cloak, and a long rapier, gave him something the air of a Castilione, to which his gravity and stiffness of demeanour added considerable strength.

'Well, colonel,' said the duke, 'we have been long strangers; how have matters gone with you?'

'As with other men of action in quiet times,' answered the colonel, 'or as a good war-caper that lies high and dry in a muddy creek till seams and planks are rent and riven.'

'Well, colonel,' said the duke, 'I have used your valour before now, and I may again; so that I shall speedily see that the vessel is careened and undergoes a thorough repair.'

'I conjecture, then,' said the colonel, 'that your Grace has some voyage in hand?'

'No, but there is one which I want to interrupt,' replied the duke.

'Tis but another stave of the same tune. Well, my lord, I listen,' answered the stranger.

'Nay,' said the duke, 'it is but a trifling matter after all. You know Ned Christian?'

'Ay, surely, my lord,' replied the colonel; 'we have been long known to each other.'

'He is about to go down to Derbyshire to seek a certain niece of his, whom he will scarcely find there. Now, I trust to your tried friendship to interrupt his return to London. Go with him, or meet him, cajole him, or assail him, or do what thou wilt with him, only keep him from London for a fortnight at least, and then I care little how soon he comes.'

'For by that time, I suppose,' replied the colonel, 'any one may find the wench that thinks her worth the looking for.'

'Thou mayest think her worth the looking for thyself, colonel,' rejoined the duke; 'I promise you she hath many a thousand stitched to her petticoat; such a wife would save thee from skeldering on the public.'

'My lord, I sell my blood and my sword, but not my honour,' answered the man, sullenly; 'if I marry, my bed may be a poor but it shall be an honest one.'

'Then thy wife will be the only honest matter in thy possession, colonel, at least since I have known you,' replied the duke.

'Why, truly, your Grace may speak your pleasure on that point. It is chiefly your business which I have done of late; and if it were less strictly honest than I could have wished, the employer was to blame as well as the agent. But for marrying a cast-off mistress, the man — saving your Grace, to whom I am bound — lives not who dares propose it to me.'

The duke laughed loudly. 'Why, this is mine Ancient Pistol's vein,' he replied.

'Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!'

'My breeding is too plain to understand ends of playhouse verse, my lord,' said the colonel, sullenly. 'Has your Grace no other service to command me?'

‘None; only I am told you have published a Narrative¹ concerning the Plot.’

‘What should ail me, my lord?’ said the colonel. ‘I hope I am a witness as competent as any that has yet appeared?’

‘Truly, I think so to the full,’ said the duke; ‘and it would have been hard, when so much profitable mischief was going, if so excellent a Protestant as yourself had not come in for a share.’

‘I came to take your Grace’s commands, not to be the object of your wit,’ said the colonel.

‘Gallantly spoken, most resolute and most immaculate colonel! As you are to be on full pay in my service for a month to come, I pray your acceptance of this purse, for contingents and equipments, and you shall have my instructions from time to time.’

‘They shall be punctually obeyed, my lord,’ said the colonel; ‘I know the duty of a subaltern officer. I wish your Grace a good morning.’

So saying, he pocketed the purse, without either affecting hesitation or expressing gratitude, but merely as a part of a transaction in the regular way of business, and stalked from the apartment with the same sullen gravity which marked his entrance. ‘Now, there goes a scoundrel after my own heart,’ said the duke: ‘a robber from his cradle, a murderer since he could hold a knife, a profound hypocrite in religion, and a worse and deeper hypocrite in honour — would sell his soul to the devil to accomplish any villainy, and would cut the throat of his brother, did he dare to give the villainy he had so acted its right name. Now, why stand you amazed, good Master Jerningham; and look on me as you would on some monster of Ind, when you had paid your shilling to see it, and were staring out your pennyworth with your eyes as round as a pair of spectacles? Wink, man, and save them, and then let thy tongue untie the mystery.’

‘On my word, my lord duke,’ answered Jerningham, ‘since I am compelled to speak, I can only say, that the longer I live with your Grace, I am the more at a loss to fathom your motives of action. Others lay plans, either to attain profit or pleasure by their execution; but your Grace’s delight is to counteract your own schemes, when in the very act of performance, like a child — forgive me — that breaks its favourite toy, or a man who should set fire to the house he has half built.’

¹ See Note 35.

‘And why not, if he wanted to warm his hands at the blaze?’ said the duke.

‘Ay, my lord,’ replied his dependant; ‘but what if, in doing so, he should burn his fingers? My lord, it is one of your noblest qualities, that you will sometimes listen to the truth without taking offence; but were it otherwise, I could not, at this moment, help speaking out at every risk.’

‘Well, say on, I can bear it,’ said the duke, throwing himself into an easy-chair and using his toothpick with graceful indifference and equanimity; ‘I love to hear what such potsherds as thou art think of the proceedings of us who are of the pure porcelain clay of the earth.’

‘In the name of Heaven, my lord, let me then ask you,’ said Jerningham, ‘what merit you claim, or what advantage you expect, from having embroiled everything in which you are concerned to a degree which equals the chaos of the blind old Roundhead’s poem which your Grace is so fond of? To begin with the King. In spite of good-humour, he will be incensed at your repeated rivalry.’

‘His Majesty defied me to it.’

‘You have lost all hopes of the isle, by quarrelling with Christian.’

‘I have ceased to care a farthing about it,’ replied the duke.

‘In Christian himself, whom you have insulted, and to whose family you intend dishonour, you have lost a sagacious, artful, and cool-headed instrument and adherent,’ said the monitor.

‘Poor Jerningham!’ answered the duke; ‘Christian would say as much for thee, I doubt not, wert thou discarded to-morrow. It is the common error of such tools as you and he to think themselves indispensable. As to his family, what was never honourable cannot be dishonoured by any connexion with my house.’

‘I say nothing of Chiffinch,’ said Jerningham, ‘offended as he will be when he learns why, and by whom, his scheme has been ruined and the lady spirited away. He and his wife — I say nothing of them.’

‘You need not,’ said the duke; ‘for, were they even fit persons to speak to me about, the Duchess of Portsmouth has bargained for their disgrace.’

‘Then this bloodhound of a colonel, as he calls himself — your Grace cannot even lay *him* on a quest which is to do you service,

but you must do him such indignity at the same time as he will not fail to remember, and be sure to fly at your throat should he ever have an opportunity of turning on you.'

'I will take care he has none,' said the duke; 'and yours, Jerningham, is a low-lived apprehension. Beat your spaniel heartily if you would have him under command. Ever let your agents see you know what they are, and prize them accordingly. A rogue, who must needs be treated as a man of honour, is apt to get above his work. Enough, therefore, of your advice and censure, Jerningham; we differ in every particular. Were we both engineers, you would spend your life in watching some old woman's wheel, which spins flax by the ounce; I must be in the midst of the most varied and counteracting machinery, regulating checks and counter-checks, balancing weights, proving springs and wheels, directing and controlling a hundred combined powers.'

'And your fortune, in the meanwhile?' said Jerningham; 'pardon this last hint, my lord.'

'My fortune,' said the duke, 'is too vast to be hurt by a petty wound; and I have, as thou knowest, a thousand salves in store for the scratches and scars which it sometimes receives in greasing my machinery.'

'Your Grace does not mean Dr. Wilderhead's powder of projection?'

'Pshaw! he is a quacksalver, and mountebank, and beggar.'

'Or Solicitor Drowndland's plan for draining the fens?'

'He is a cheat — videlicet, an attorney.'

'Or the Laird of Lackpelf's sale of Highland woods?'

'He is a Scotsman,' said the duke — 'videlicet, both cheat and beggar.'

'These streets here, upon the site of your noble mansion-house?' said Jerningham.

'The architect's a bite, and the plan's a bubble. I am sick of the sight of this rubbish, and I will soon replace our old alcoves, alleys, and flower-pots by an Italian garden and a new palace.'

'That, my lord, would be to waste, not to improve, your fortune,' said his domestic.

'Clodpate and muddy spirit that thou art, thou hast forgot the most hopeful scheme of all — the South Sea Fisheries; their stock is up 50 per cent already. Post down to the Alley and tell old Manasses to buy £20,000 for me. Forgive me, Plutus, I forgot to lay my sacrifice on thy shrine; and yet expected thy

favours ! Fly post haste, Jerningham — for thy life, for thy life, for thy life !'¹

With hands and eyes uplifted, Jerningham left the apartment ; and the duke, without thinking a moment further on old or new intrigues, on the friendship he had formed, or the enmity he had provoked, on the beauty whom he had carried off from her natural protectors, as well as from her lover, or on the monarch against whom he had placed himself in rivalry, sat down to calculate chances with all the zeal of De Moivre ; tired of the drudgery in half an hour ; and refused to see the zealous agent whom he had employed in the city, because he was busily engaged in writing a new lampoon.

¹ See Stock-jobbing. Note 36.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Ah ! changeful head and fickle heart !

Progress of Discontent.

NO event is more ordinary in narratives of this nature than the abduction of the female on whose fate the interest is supposed to turn ; but that of Alice Bridgenorth was thus far particular, that she was spirited away by the Duke of Buckingham more in contradiction than in the rivalry of passion ; and that, as he made his first addresses to her at Chiffinch's rather in the spirit of rivalry to his sovereign than from any strong impression which her beauty had made on his affections, so he had formed the sudden plan of spiriting her away by means of his dependants rather to perplex Christian, the King, Chiffinch, and all concerned, than because he had any particular desire for her society at his own mansion. Indeed, so far was this from being the case, that his Grace was rather surprised than delighted with the success of the enterprise which had made her an inmate there, although it is probable he might have thrown himself into an uncontrollable passion had he learned its miscarriage instead of its success.

Twenty-four hours passed over since he had returned to his own roof before, notwithstanding sundry hints from Jerningham, he could even determine on the exertion necessary to pay his fair captive a visit ; and then it was with the internal reluctance of one who can only be stirred from indolence by novelty.

'I wonder what made me plague myself about this wench,' said he, 'and doom myself to encounter all the hysterical rhapsodies of a country Phillis, with her head stuffed with her grandmother's lessons about virtue and the Bible-book, when the finest and best-bred women in town may be had upon more easy terms. It is a pity one cannot mount the victor's car of triumph without having a victory to boast of ; yet, faith, it is what most of our modern gallants do, though it would not

become Buckingham. Well, I must see her,' he concluded, 'though it were but to rid the house of her. The Portsmouth will not hear of her being set at liberty near Charles, so much is she afraid of a new fair seducing the old sinner from his allegiance. So how the girl is to be disposed of—for I shall have little fancy to keep her here, and she is too wealthy to be sent down to Cliefden as a housekeeper—is a matter to be thought on.'

He then called for such a dress as might set off his natural good mien—a compliment which he considered as due to his own merit; for as to anything farther, he went to pay his respects to his fair prisoner with almost as little zeal in the cause as a gallant to fight a duel in which he has no warmer interest than the maintenance of his reputation as a man of honour.

The set of apartments consecrated to the use of those favourites who occasionally made Buckingham's mansion their place of abode, and who were, so far as liberty was concerned, often required to observe the regulations of a convent, were separated from the rest of the duke's extensive mansion. He lived in the age when what was called gallantry warranted the most atrocious actions of deceit and violence; as may be best illustrated by the catastrophe of an unfortunate actress, whose beauty attracted the attention of the last De Vere, Earl of Oxford. While her virtue defied his seductions, he ruined her under colour of a mock marriage, and was rewarded for a success which occasioned the death of his victim by the general applause of the men of wit and gallantry who filled the drawing-room of Charles.

Buckingham had made provision in the interior of his ducal mansion for exploits of a similar nature; and the set of apartments which he now visited were alternately used to confine the reluctant and to accommodate the willing.

Being now destined for the former purpose, the key was delivered to the duke by a hooded and spectacled old lady, who sat reading a devout book in the outer hall which divided these apartments, usually called the Nunnery, from the rest of the house. This experienced dowager acted as mistress of the ceremonies on such occasions, and was the trusty depositary of more intrigues than were known to any dozen of her worshipful calling besides.

'As sweet a linnet,' she said, as she undid the outward door, 'as ever sung in a cage.'

'I was afraid she might have been more for moping than for singing, Dowlas,' said the duke.

'Till yesterday she was so, please your Grace,' answered Dowlas; 'or, to speak sooth, till early this morning, we heard of nothing but *lachrymæ*. But the air of your noble Grace's house is favourable to singing-birds, and to-day matters have been a-much mended.'

'Tis sudden, dame,' said the duke; 'and 'tis something strange, considering that I have never visited her, that the pretty trembler should have been so soon reconciled to her fate.'

'Ah, your Grace has such magic that it communicates itself to your very walls; as wholesome Scripture says, Exodus, first and seventh, "It cleaveth to the walls and the door-posts."'

'You are too partial, Dame Dowlas,' said the Duke of Buckingham.

'Not a word but truth,' said the dame; 'and I wish I may be an outcast from the fold of the lambs, but I think this damsel's very frame has changed since she was under your Grace's roof. Methinks she hath a lighter form, a finer step, a more displayed ankle—I cannot tell, but I think there is a change. But, lack-a-day, your Grace knows I am as old as I am trusty, and that my eyes wax something uncertain.'

'Especially when you wash them with a cup of canary, Dame Dowlas,' answered the duke, who was aware that temperance was not amongst the cardinal virtues which were most familiar to the old lady's practice.

'Was it canary, your Grace said? Was it indeed with canary that your Grace should have supposed me to have washed my eyes?' said the offended matron. 'I am sorry that your Grace should know me no better.'

'I crave your pardon, dame,' said the duke, shaking aside, fastidiously, the grasp which, in the earnestness of her exculpation, Madam Dowlas had clutched upon his sleeve—'I crave your pardon. Your nearer approach has convinced me of my erroneous imputation: I should have said Nantz, not canary.'

So saying, he walked forward into the inner apartments, which were fitted up with an air of voluptuous magnificence.

'The dame said true, however,' said the proud deviser and proprietor of the splendid mansion. 'A country Phillis might well reconcile herself to such a prison as this, even without a skilful bird-fancier to touch a bird-call. But I wonder where she can be, this rural Phidele. Is it possible she can have

retreated, like a despairing commandant, into her bedchamber, the very citadel of the place, without even an attempt to defend the outworks?’

As he made this reflection, he passed through an ante-chamber and little eating-parlour, exquisitely furnished, and hung with excellent paintings of the Venetian school.

Beyond these lay a withdrawing-room, fitted up in a style of still more studied elegance. The windows were darkened with painted glass, of such a deep and rich colour as made the mid-day beams, which found their way into the apartment, imitate the rich colours of sunset; and, in the celebrated expression of the poet, ‘taught light to counterfeit a gloom.’

Buckingham’s feelings and taste had been too much, and too often, and too readily, gratified to permit him, in the general case, to be easily accessible, even to those pleasures which it had been the business of his life to pursue. The hackneyed voluptuary is like the jaded epicure, the mere listlessness of whose appetite becomes at length a sufficient penalty for having made it the principal object of his enjoyment and cultivation. Yet novelty has always some charms, and uncertainty has more.

The doubt how he was to be received, the change of mood which his prisoner was said to have evinced, the curiosity to know how such a creature as Alice Bridgenorth had been described was likely to bear herself under the circumstances in which she was so unexpectedly placed, had upon Buckingham the effect of exciting unusual interest. On his own part, he had none of those feelings of anxiety with which a man, even of the most vulgar mind, comes to the presence of the female whom he wishes to please, far less the more refined sentiments of love, respect, desire, and awe with which the more refined lover approaches the beloved object. He had been, to use an expressive French phrase, too completely *blasé* even from his earliest youth to permit him now to experience the animal eagerness of the one, far less the more sentimental pleasure of the other. It is no small aggravation of this jaded and uncomfortable state of mind that the voluptuary cannot renounce the pursuits with which he is satiated, but must continue, for his character’s sake, or from the mere force of habit, to take all the toil, fatigue, and danger of the chase, while he has so little real interest in the termination.

Buckingham, therefore, felt it due to his reputation as a successful hero of intrigue to pay his addresses to Alice Bridge-

north with dissembled eagerness; and, as he opened the door of the inner apartment, he paused to consider whether the tone of gallantry or that of passion was fittest to use on the occasion. This delay enabled him to hear a few notes of a lute, touched with exquisite skill, and accompanied by the still sweeter strains of a female voice, which, without executing any complete melody, seemed to sport itself in rivalry of the silver sound of the instrument.

‘A creature so well educated,’ said the duke, ‘with the sense she is said to possess, would, rustic as she is, laugh at the assumed rants of Oroondates. It is the vein of Dorimant — once, Buckingham, thine own — that must here do the feat, besides that the part is easier.’

So thinking, he entered the room with that easy grace which characterised the gay courtiers among whom he flourished, and approached the fair tenant, whom he found seated near a table covered with books and music, and having on her left hand the large half-opened casement, dim with stained glass, admitting only a doubtful light into this lordly retiring-room, which, hung with the richest tapestry of the Gobelines, and ornamented with piles of china and splendid mirrors, seemed like a bower built for a prince to receive his bride.

The splendid dress of the inmate corresponded with the taste of the apartment which she occupied, and partook of the Oriental costume which the much-admired Roxalana had then brought into fashion. A slender foot and ankle, which escaped from the wide trowser of richly ornamented and embroidered blue satin, was the only part of her person distinctly seen; the rest was enveloped, from head to foot, in a long veil of silver gauze, which, like a feathery and light mist on a beautiful landscape, suffered you to perceive that what it concealed was rarely lovely, yet induced the imagination even to enhance the charms it shaded. Such part of the dress as could be discovered, was, like the veil and the trowsers, in the Oriental taste; a rich turban and splendid caftan were rather indicated than distinguished through the folds of the former. The whole attire argued at least coquetry on the part of a fair one, who must have expected, from her situation, a visitor of some pretension; and induced Buckingham to smile internally at Christian’s account of the extreme simplicity and purity of his niece.

He approached the lady *en cavalier*, and addressed her with the air of being conscious, while he acknowledged his offences,

that his condescending to do so formed a sufficient apology for them. 'Fair Mistress Alice,' he said, 'I am sensible how deeply I ought to sue for pardon for the mistaken zeal of my servants, who, seeing you deserted and exposed without protection during an unlucky affray, took it upon them to bring you under the roof of one who would expose his life rather than suffer you to sustain a moment's anxiety. Was it my fault that those around me should have judged it necessary to interfere for your preservation; or that, aware of the interest I must take in you, they have detained you till I could myself, in personal attendance, receive your commands?'

'That attendance has not been speedily rendered, my lord,' answered the lady. 'I have been a prisoner for two days—neglected, and left to the charge of menials.'

'How say you, lady? Neglected!' exclaimed the duke. 'By Heaven, if the best in my household has failed in his duty, I will discard him on the instant!'

'I complain of no lack of courtesy from your servants, my lord,' she replied; 'but methinks it had been but complaisant in the duke himself to explain to me earlier wherefore he has had the boldness to detain me as a state prisoner.'

'And can the divine Alice doubt,' said Buckingham, 'that, had time and space, those cruel enemies to the flight of passion, given permission, the instant in which you crossed your vassal's threshold had seen its devoted master at your feet, who hath thought, since he saw you, of nothing but the charms which that fatal morning placed before him at Chiffinch's?'

'I understand, then, my lord,' said the lady, 'that you have been absent, and have had no part in the restraint which has been exercised upon me?'

'Absent on the King's command, lady, and employed in the discharge of his duty,' answered Buckingham, without hesitation. 'What could I do? The moment you left Chiffinch's, his Majesty commanded me to the saddle in such haste that I had no time to change my satin buskins for riding-boots.¹ If my absence has occasioned you a moment of inconvenience, blame the inconsiderate zeal of those who, seeing me depart from London, half distracted at my separation from you, were willing to contribute their unmannered, though well-meant, exertions to preserve their master from despair, by retaining the fair Alice within his reach. To whom, indeed, could they have restored you? He whom you selected as your champion is in

¹ See *Hurried Departure*. Note 37.

prison or fled, your father absent from town, your uncle in the north. To Chiffinch's house you had expressed your well-founded aversion; and what fitter asylum remained than that of your devoted slave, where you must ever reign a queen?

'An imprisoned one,' said the lady. 'I desire not such royalty.'

'Alas! how wilfully you misconstrue me!' said the duke, kneeling on one knee; 'and what right can you have to complain of a few hours' gentle restraint—you, who destine so many to hopeless captivity! Be merciful for once, and withdraw that envious veil; for the divinities are ever most cruel when they deliver their oracles from such clouded recesses. Suffer at least my rash hand——'

'I will save your Grace that unworthy trouble,' said the lady, haughtily; and rising up, she flung back over her shoulders the veil which shrouded her, saying, at the same time, 'Look on me, my lord duke, and see if these be indeed the charms which have made on your Grace an impression so powerful.'

Buckingham did look; and the effect produced on him by surprise was so strong that he rose hastily from his knee, and remained for a few seconds as if he had been petrified. The figure that stood before him had neither the height nor the rich shape of Alice Bridgenorth; and, though perfectly well made, was so slightly formed as to seem almost infantine. Her dress was three or four short vests of embroidered satin, disposed one over the other, of different colours, or rather different shades of similar colours; for strong contrast was carefully avoided. These opened in front, so as to show part of the throat and neck, partially obscured by an inner covering of the finest lace; over the uppermost vest was worn a sort of mantle or coat of rich fur. A small but magnificent turban was carelessly placed on her head, from under which flowed a profusion of coal-black tresses, which Cleopatra might have envied. The taste and splendour of the Eastern dress corresponded with the complexion of the lady's face, which was brunette, of a shade so dark as might almost have served an Indian.

Amidst a set of features in which rapid and keen expression made amends for the want of regular beauty, the essential points of eyes as bright as diamonds and teeth as white as pearls did not escape the Duke of Buckingham, a professed connoisseur in female charms. In a word, the fanciful and singular female who thus unexpectedly produced herself before him had one of those

faces which are never seen without making an impression; which, when removed, are long after remembered; and for which, in our idleness, we are tempted to invent a hundred histories, that we may please our fancy by supposing the features under the influence of different kinds of emotion. Every one must have in recollection countenances of this kind, which, from a captivating and stimulating originality of expression, abide longer in the memory, and are more seductive to the imagination, than even regular beauty.

‘My lord duke,’ said the lady, ‘it seems the lifting of my veil has done the work of magic upon your Grace. Alas, for the captive princess, whose nod was to command a vassal so costly as your Grace! She runs, methinks, no slight chance of being turned out of doors, like a second Cinderella, to seek her fortune among lackeys and lightermen.’

‘I am astonished!’ said the duke. ‘That villain, Jerningham — I will have the scoundrel’s blood!’

‘Nay, never abuse Jerningham for the matter,’ said the Unknown; ‘but lament your own unhappy engagements. While you, my lord duke, were posting northward, in white satin buskins, to toil in the King’s affairs, the right and lawful princess sat weeping in sables in the uncheered solitude to which your absence condemned her. Two days she was disconsolate in vain; on the third came an African enchantress to change the scene for her, and the person for your Grace. Methinks, my lord, this adventure will tell but ill, when some faithful squire shall recount or record the gallant adventures of the second Duke of Buckingham.’

‘Fairly bit, and bantered to boot,’ said the duke; ‘the monkey has a turn for satire, too, by all that is *piquante*. Hark ye, fair princess, how dared you adventure on such a trick as you have been accomplice to?’

‘Dare, my lord!’ answered the stranger; ‘put the question to others, not to one who fears nothing.’

‘By my faith, I believe so; for thy front is bronzed by nature. Hark ye once more, mistress. What is your name and condition?’

‘My condition I have told you: I am a Mauritanian sorceress by profession, and my name is Zarah,’ replied the Eastern maiden.

‘But methinks that face, shape, and eyes —’ said the duke. ‘When didst thou pass for a dancing fairy? Some such imp thou wert, not many days since.’

'My sister you may have seen — my twin sister ; but not me, my lord,' answered Zarah.

'Indeed,' said the duke, 'that duplicate of thine, if it was not thy very self, was possessed with a dumb spirit as thou with a talking one. I am still in the mind that you are the same ; and that Satan, always so powerful with your sex, had art enough on our former meeting to make thee hold thy tongue.'

'Believe what you will of it, my lord,' replied Zarah, 'it cannot change the truth. And now, my lord, I bid you farewell. Have you any commands to Mauritania ?'

'Tarry a little, my princess,' said the duke ; 'and remember, that you have voluntarily entered yourself as pledge for another, and are justly subjected to any penalty which it is my pleasure to exact. None must brave Buckingham with impunity.'

'I am in no hurry to depart, if your Grace hath any commands for me.'

'What ! are you neither afraid of my resentment nor of my love, fair Zarah ?' said the duke.

'Of neither, by this glove,' answered the lady. 'Your resentment must be a petty passion indeed, if it could stoop to such a helpless object as I am ; and for your love — good lack ! good lack !'

'And why good lack, with such a tone of contempt, lady ?' said the duke, piqued in spite of himself. 'Think you Buckingham cannot love, or has never been beloved in return ?'

'He may have thought himself beloved,' said the maiden ; 'but by what slight creatures ! — things whose heads could be rendered giddy by a playhouse rant, whose brains were only filled with red-heeled shoes and satin buskins, and who run altogether mad on the argument of a George and a star.'

'And are there no such frail fair ones in your climate, most scornful princess ?' said the duke.

'There are,' said the lady ; 'but men rate them as parrots and monkeys — things without either sense or soul, head or heart. The nearness we bear to the sun has purified, while it strengthens, our passions. The icicles of your frozen climate shall as soon hammer hot bars into ploughshares as shall the foppery and folly of your pretended gallantry make an instant's impression on a breast like mine.'

'You speak like one who knows what passion is,' said the duke. 'Sit down, fair lady, and grieve not that I detain you. Who can consent to part with a tongue of so much melody or

an eye of such expressive eloquence! You have known, then, what it is to love?

'I know — no matter if by experience or through the report of others — but I do know, that to love as I would love would be to yield not an iota to avarice, not one inch to vanity, not to sacrifice the slightest feeling to interest or to ambition; but to give up ALL to fidelity of heart and reciprocal affection.'

'And how many women, think you, are capable of feeling such disinterested passion?'

'More, by thousands, than there are men who merit it,' answered Zarah. 'Alas! how often do you see the female, pale, and wretched, and degraded, still following with patient constancy the footsteps of some predominating tyrant, and submitting to all his injustice with the endurance of a faithful and misused spaniel, which prizes a look from his master, though the surliest groom that ever disgraced humanity, more than all the pleasures which the world besides can furnish him? Think what such would be to one who merited and repaid her devotion.'

'Perhaps the very reverse,' said the duke; 'and for your simile, I can see little resemblance. I cannot charge my spaniel with any perfidy; but for my mistresses — to confess truth, I must always be in a cursed hurry if I would have the credit of changing them before they leave me.'

'And they serve you but rightly, my lord,' answered the lady; 'for what are you? Nay, frown not; for you must hear the truth for once. Nature has done its part, and made a fair outside, and courtly education hath added its share. You are noble, it is the accident of birth; handsome, it is the caprice of nature; generous, because to give is more easy than to refuse; well-apparelled, it is to the credit of your tailor; well-natured in the main, because you have youth and health; brave, because to be otherwise were to be degraded; and witty, because you cannot help it.'

The duke darted a glance on one of the large mirrors. 'Noble, and handsome, and court-like, generous, well-attired, good-humoured, brave, and witty! You allow me more, madam, than I have the slightest pretension to, and surely enough to make my way, at some point at least, to female favour.'

'I have neither allowed you a heart nor a head,' said Zarah, calmly. 'Nay, never redden as if you would fly at me. I say not but nature may have given you both; but folly has confounded the one, and selfishness perverted the other. The

man whom I call deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself, whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while Heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road nor take an evil path to gain a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.'

She spoke with so much energy that the water sparkled in her eyes, and her cheek coloured with the vehemence of her feelings.

'You speak,' said the duke, 'as if you had yourself a heart which could pay the full tribute to the merit which you describe so warmly.'

'And have I not?' she said, laying her hand on her bosom. 'Here beats one that would bear me out in what I have said, whether in life or in death!'

'Were it in my power,' said the duke, who began to get farther interested in his visitor than he could at first have thought possible — 'were it in my power to deserve such faithful attachment, methinks it should be my care to requite it.'

'Your wealth, your titles, your reputation as a gallant — all you possess were too little to merit such sincere affection.'

'Come, fair lady,' said the duke, a good deal piqued, 'do not be quite so disdainful. Bethink you, that if your love be as pure as coined gold, still a poor fellow like myself may offer you an equivalent in silver. The quantity of my affection must make up for its quality.'

'But I am not carrying my affection to market, my lord, and therefore I need none of the base coin you offer in change for it.'

'How do I know that, my fairest?' said the duke. 'This is the realm of Paphos. You have invaded it, with what purpose you best know; but I think with none consistent with your present assumption of cruelty. Come — come, eyes that are so intelligent can laugh with delight as well as gleam with scorn and anger. You are here a waif on Cupid's manor; and I must seize on you in name of the deity.'

'Do not think of touching me, my lord,' said the lady. 'Approach me not, if you would hope to learn the purpose of my being here. Your Grace may suppose yourself a Solomon, if you please; but I am no travelling princess, come from distant climes either to flatter your pride or wonder at your glory.'

'A defiance, by Jupiter!' said the duke.

'You mistake the signal,' said the 'dark ladye'; 'I came not here without taking sufficient precautions for my retreat.'

'You mouth it bravely,' said the duke; 'but never fortress so boasted its resources but the garrison had some thoughts of surrender. Thus I open the first parallel.'

They had been hitherto divided from each other by a long narrow table, which, placed in the recess of the large casement we have mentioned, had formed a sort of barrier on the lady's side against the adventurous gallant. The duke went hastily to remove it as he spoke; but, attentive to all his motions, his visitor instantly darted through the half-open window.

Buckingham uttered a cry of horror and surprise, having no doubt at first that she had precipitated herself from a height of at least fourteen feet, for so far the window was distant from the ground. But when he sprung to the spot, he perceived, to his astonishment, that she had effected her descent with equal agility and safety.

The outside of this stately mansion was decorated with a quantity of carving, in the mixed state, betwixt the Gothic and Grecian styles, which marks the age of Elizabeth and her successor; and though the feat seemed a surprising one, the projections of these ornaments were sufficient to afford footing to a creature so light and active, even in her hasty descent.

Inflamed alike by mortification and curiosity, Buckingham at first entertained some thought of following her by the same dangerous route, and had actually got upon the sill of the window for that purpose; and was contemplating what might be his next safe movement, when, from a neighbouring thicket of shrubs, amongst which his visitor had disappeared, he heard her chant a verse of a comic song, then much in fashion, concerning a despairing lover who had recourse to a precipice—

'But when he came near,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
Though his suit was rejected,
He sadly reflected,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck that's once broken
Can never be set.'

The duke could not help laughing, though much against his will, at the resemblance which the verses bore to his own absurd

situation, and, stepping back into the apartment, desisted from an attempt which might have proved dangerous as well as ridiculous. He called his attendants, and contented himself with watching the little thicket, unwilling to think that a female who had thrown herself in a great measure into his way meant absolutely to mortify him by a retreat.

That question was determined in an instant. A form, wrapped in a mantle, with a slouched hat and shadowy plume, issued from the bushes, and was lost in a moment amongst the ruins of ancient and of modern buildings with which, as we have already stated, the demesne formerly termed York House was now encumbered in all directions.

The duke's servants, who had obeyed his impatient summons, were hastily directed to search for this tantalising siren in every direction. Their master, in the meantime, eager and vehement in every new pursuit, but especially when his vanity was piqued, encouraged their diligence by bribes, and threats, and commands. All was in vain. They found nothing of the Mauritanian princess, as she called herself, but the turban and the veil; both of which she had left in the thicket, together with her satin slippers, which articles, doubtless, she had thrown aside as she exchanged them for others less remarkable.

Finding all his search in vain, the Duke of Buckingham, after the example of spoiled children of all ages and stations, gave a loose to the frantic vehemence of passion; and fiercely he swore vengeance on his late visitor, whom he termed by a thousand opprobrious epithets, of which the elegant phrase 'jilt' was most frequently repeated.

Even Jerningham, who knew the depths and shallows of his master's mood, and was bold to fathom them at almost every state of his passions, kept out of his way on the present occasion; and, cabined with the pious old housekeeper, declared to her, over a bottle of ratafia, that, in his apprehension, if his Grace did not learn to put some control on his temper, chains, darkness, straw, and Bedlam would be the final doom of the gifted and admired Duke of Buckingham.

CHAPTER XL

Contentions fierce,
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.

Albion.

THE quarrels between man and wife are proverbial; but let not these honest folks think that connexions of a less permanent nature are free from similar jars. The frolic of the Duke of Buckingham, and the subsequent escape of Alice Bridgenorth, had kindled fierce dissension in Chiffinch's family, when, on his arrival in town, he learned these two stunning events. 'I tell you,' he said to his obliging helpmate, who seemed but little moved by all that he could say on the subject, 'that your d—d carelessness has ruined the work of years.'

'I think it is the twentieth time you have said so,' replied the dame; 'and without such frequent assurance, I was quite ready to believe that a very trifling matter would upset any scheme of yours, however long thought of.'

'How on earth could you have the folly to let the duke into the house when you expected the King?' said the irritated courtier.

'Lord, Chiffinch,' answered the lady, 'ought not you to ask the porter, rather than me, that sort of question? I was putting on my cap to receive his Majesty.'

'With the address of a madge-howlet,' said Chiffinch, 'and in the meanwhile you gave the cat the cream to keep.'

'Indeed, Chiffinch,' said the lady, 'these jaunts to the country do render you excessively vulgar! There is a brutality about your very boots! nay, your muslin ruffles, being somewhat soiled, give to your knuckles a sort of rural rusticity, as I may call it.'

'It were a good deed,' muttered Chiffinch, 'to make both boots and knuckles bang the folly and affectation out of thee.' Then speaking aloud, he added, like a man who would fain break off an argument, by extorting from his adversary a con-

fession that he has reason on his side, 'I am sure, Kate, you must be sensible that our all depends on his Majesty's pleasure.'

'Leave that to me,' said she; 'I know how to pleasure his Majesty better than you can teach me. Do you think his Majesty is booby enough to cry like a schoolboy because his sparrow has flown away? His Majesty has better taste. I am surprised at you, Chiffinch,' she added, drawing herself up, 'who were once thought to know the points of a fine woman, that you should have made such a roaring about this country wench. Why, she has not even the country quality of being plump as a barn-door fowl, but is more like a Dunstable lark, that one must crack bones and all if you would make a mouthful of it. What signifies whence she came, or where she goes? There will be those behind that are much more worthy of his Majesty's condescending attention, even when the Duchess of Portsmouth takes the frumps.'

'You mean your neighbour, Mistress Nelly,'¹ said her worthy helpmate; 'but, Kate, her date is out. Wit she has; let her keep herself warm with it in worse company, for the cant of a gang of strollers is not language for a prince's chamber.'

'It is no matter what I mean, or whom I mean,' said Mrs. Chiffinch; 'but I tell you, Tom Chiffinch, that you will find your master quite consoled for loss of the piece of prudish Puritanism that you would needs saddle him with; as if the good man were not plagued enough with them in Parliament, but you must, forsooth, bring them into his very bedchamber.'

'Well, Kate,' said Chiffinch, 'if a man were to speak all the sense of the seven wise masters, a woman would find nonsense enough to overwhelm him with; so I shall say no more, but that I would to Heaven I may find the King in no worse humour than you describe him. I am commanded to attend him down the river to the Tower to-day, where he is to make some survey of arms and stores. They are clever fellows who contrive to keep Rowley from engaging in business, for, by my word, he has a turn for it.'

'I warrant you,' said Chiffinch the female, nodding, but rather to her own figure reflected from a mirror than to her politic husband — 'I warrant you we will find means of occupying him that will sufficiently fill up his time.'

'On my honour, Kate,' said the male Chiffinch, 'I find you strangely altered, and, to speak truth, grown most extremely

¹ See Note 38.

opinionative. I shall be happy if you have good reason for your confidence.'

The dame smiled superciliously, but deigned no other answer, unless this were one — 'I shall order a boat to go upon the Thames to-day with the royal party.'

'Take care what you do, Kate; there are none dare presume so far but women of the first rank. Duchess of Bolton, of Buckingham, of ——'

'Who cares for a list of names? Why may not I be as forward as the greatest B. amongst your string of them?'

'Nay, faith, thou mayest match the greatest B. in court already,' answered Chiffinch; 'so e'en take thy own course of it. But do not let Chaubert forget to get some collation ready, and a *souper au petit couvert*, in case it should be commanded for the evening.'

'Ay, there your boasted knowledge of court matters begins and ends. Chiffinch, Chaubert, & Company; dissolve that partnership, and you break Tom Chiffinch for a courtier.'

'Amen, Kate,' replied Chiffinch; 'and let me tell you, it is as safe to rely on another person's fingers as on our own wit. But I must give orders for the water. If you will take the pinnace, there are the cloth-of-gold cushions in the chapel may serve to cover the benches for the day. They are never wanted where they lie, so you may make free with them too.'

Madam Chiffinch accordingly mingled with the flotilla which attended the King on his voyage down the Thames, amongst whom was the Queen, attended by some of the principal ladies of the court. The little plump Cleopatra, dressed to as much advantage as her taste could devise, and seated upon her embroidered cushions like Venus in her shell, neglected nothing that effrontery and *minauderie* could perform to draw upon herself some portion of the King's observation; but Charles was not in the vein, and did not even pay her the slightest passing attention of any kind, until her boatmen, having ventured to approach nearer to the Queen's barge than etiquette permitted, received a peremptory order to back their oars and fall out of the royal procession. Madam Chiffinch cried for spite, and transgressed Solomon's warning by cursing the King in her heart; but had no better course than to return to Westminster and direct Chaubert's preparations for the evening.

In the meantime, the royal barge paused at the Tower; and, accompanied by a laughing train of ladies and of courtiers, the gay monarch made the echoes of the old prison-towers ring with

the unwonted sounds of mirth and revelry. As they ascended from the river-side to the centre of the building, where the fine old keep of William the Conqueror, called the White Tower, predominates over the exterior defences, Heaven only knows how many gallant jests, good or bad, were run on the comparison of his Majesty's state-prison to that of Cupid, and what killing similes were drawn between the ladies' eyes and the guns of the fortress, which, spoken with a fashionable *congé*, and listened to with a smile from a fair lady, formed the fine conversation of the day.

This gay swarm of flutterers did not, however, attend close on the King's person, though they had accompanied him upon his party on the river. Charles, who often formed manly and sensible resolutions, though he was too easily diverted from them by indolence or pleasure, had some desire to make himself personally acquainted with the state of the military stores, arms, etc., of which the Tower was then, as now, the magazine; and, although he had brought with him the usual number of his courtiers, only three or four attended him on the scrutiny which he intended. Whilst, therefore, the rest of the train amused themselves as they might in other parts of the Tower, the King, accompanied by the Dukes of Buckingham, Ormond, and one or two others, walked through the well-known hall, in which is preserved the most splendid magazine of arms in the world, and which, though far from exhibiting its present extraordinary state of perfection, was even then an arsenal worthy of the great nation to which it belonged.

The Duke of Ormond, well known for his services during the Great Civil War, was, as we have elsewhere noticed, at present rather on cold terms with his sovereign, who nevertheless asked his advice on many occasions, and who required it on the present amongst others, when it was not a little feared that the Parliament, in their zeal for the Protestant religion, might desire to take the magazines of arms and ammunition under their own exclusive orders. While Charles sadly hinted at such a termination of the popular jealousies of the period, and discussed with Ormond the means of resisting or evading it, Buckingham, falling a little behind, amused himself with ridiculing the antiquated appearance and embarrassed demeanour of the old warder who attended on the occasion, and who chanced to be the very same that escorted Julian Peveril to his present place of confinement. The duke prosecuted his raillery with the greater activity, that he found the

old man, though restrained by the place and presence, was rather upon the whole testy, and disposed to afford what sportsmen call *play* to his persecutor. The various pieces of ancient armour with which the wall was covered afforded the principal source of the duke's wit, as he insisted upon knowing from the old man, who, he said, could best remember matters from the days of King Arthur downwards at the least, the history of the different warlike weapons, and anecdotes of the battles in which they had been wielded. The old man obviously suffered when he was obliged, by repeated questions, to tell the legends (often sufficiently absurd) which the tradition of the place had assigned to particular relics. Far from flourishing his partizan and augmenting the emphasis of his voice, as was and is the prevailing fashion of these warlike *ciceroni*, it was scarcely possible to extort from him a single word concerning those topics on which their information is usually overflowing.

'Do you know, my friend,' said the duke to him at last, 'I begin to change my mind respecting you? I supposed you must have served as a Yeoman of the Guard since bluff King Henry's time, and expected to hear something from you about the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and I thought of asking you the colour of Anne Bullen's breast-knot, which cost the Pope three kingdoms; but I am afraid you are but a novice in such recollections of love and chivalry. Art sure thou didst not creep into thy warlike office from some dark shop in the Tower-Hamlets, and that thou hast not converted an unlawful measuring-yard into that glorious halberd? I warrant, thou canst not even tell one whom this piece of antique panoply pertained to?'

The duke pointed at random to a cuirass which hung amongst others, but was rather remarkable from being better cleaned.

'I should know that piece of iron,' said the warder, bluntly, yet with some change in his voice; 'for I have known a man withinside of it who would not have endured half the impertinence I have heard spoken to-day.'

The tone of the old man, as well as the words, attracted the attention of Charles and the Duke of Ormond, who were only two steps before the speaker. They both stopped and turned round; the former saying at the same time, 'How now, sirrah! what answers are these? What man do you speak of?'

'Of one who is none now,' said the warder, 'whatever he may have been.'

'The old man surely speaks of himself,' said the Duke of

Ormond, closely examining the countenance of the warder, which he in vain endeavoured to turn away. 'I am sure I remember these features. Are not you my old friend, Major Coleby?'

'I wish your Grace's memory had been less accurate,' said the old man, colouring deeply and fixing his eyes on the ground.

The King was greatly shocked. 'Good God,' he said, 'the gallant Major Coleby, who joined us with his four sons and a hundred and fifty men at Warrington! And is this all we could do for an old Worcester friend?'

The tears rushed thick into the old man's eyes as he said, in broken accents, 'Never mind me, sire; I am well enough here—a worn-out soldier rusting among old armour. Where one old Cavalier is better, there are twenty worse. I am sorry your Majesty should know anything of it, since it grieves you.'

With that kindness which was a redeeming point of his character, Charles, while the old man was speaking, took the partizan from him with his own hand, and put it into that of Buckingham, saying, 'What Coleby's hand has borne, can disgrace neither yours nor mine, and you owe him this atonement. Time has been with him that, for less provocation, he would have laid it about your ears.'

The duke bowed deeply, but coloured with resentment, and took an immediate opportunity to place the weapon carelessly against a pile of arms. The King did not observe a contemptuous motion, which, perhaps, would not have pleased him, being at the moment occupied with the veteran, whom he exhorted to lean upon him, as he conveyed him to a seat, permitting no other person to assist him. 'Rest there,' he said, 'my brave old friend; and Charles Stuart must be poor indeed if you wear that dress an hour longer. You look very pale, my good Coleby, to have had so much colour a few minutes since. Be not vexed at what Buckingham says; no one minds his folly. You look worse and worse. Come—come, you are too much hurried by this meeting. Sit still—do not rise—do not attempt to kneel. I command you to repose yourself till I have made the round of these apartments.'

The old Cavalier stooped his head in token of acquiescence in the command of his sovereign, but he raised it not again. The tumultuous agitation of the moment had been too much for spirits which had been long in a state of depression, and health which was much decayed. When the King and his

attendants, after half an hour's absence, returned to the spot where they had left the veteran, they found him dead, and already cold, in the attitude of one who has fallen easily asleep. The King was dreadfully shocked ; and it was with a low and faltering voice that he directed the body, in due time, to be honourably buried in the chapel of the Tower.¹ He was then silent, until he attained the steps in front of the arsenal, where the party in attendance upon his person began to assemble at his approach, along with some other persons of respectable appearance, whom curiosity had attracted.

'This is dreadful,' said the King. 'We must find some means of relieving the distresses and rewarding the fidelity of our suffering followers, or posterity will cry fie upon our memory.'

'Your Majesty has had often such plans agitated in your council,' said Buckingham.

'True, George,' said the King. 'I can safely say it is not my fault. I have thought of it for years.'

'It cannot be too well considered,' said Buckingham ; 'besides, every year makes the task of relief easier.'

'True,' said the Duke of Ormond, 'by diminishing the number of sufferers. Here is poor old Coleby will no longer be a burden to the crown.'

'You are too severe, my Lord of Ormond,' said the King, 'and should respect the feelings you trespass on. You cannot suppose that we would have permitted this poor man to hold such a situation had we known of the circumstance ?'

'For God's sake, then, sire,' said the Duke of Ormond, 'turn your eyes, which have just rested on the corpse of one old friend, upon the distresses of others. Here is the valiant old Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, who fought through the whole war, wherever blows were going, and was the last man, I believe, in England who laid down his arms ; here is his son, of whom I have the highest accounts, as a gallant of spirit, accomplishments, and courage ; here is the unfortunate house of Derby — for pity's sake, interfere in behalf of these victims, whom the folds of this hydra-plot have entangled, in order to crush them to death ; rebuke the fiends that are seeking to devour their lives, and disappoint the harpies that are gaping for their property. This very day seven-night the unfortunate family,

¹ A story of this nature is current in the legends of the Tower. The affecting circumstances are, I believe, recorded in one of the little manuals which are put into the hands of visitors, but are not to be found in the later editions.

father and son, are to be brought upon trial for crimes of which they are as guiltless, I boldly pronounce, as any who stand in this presence. For God's sake, sire, let us hope that, should the prejudices of the people condemn them, as it has done others, you will at last step between the blood-hunters and their prey.'

The King looked, as he really was, exceedingly perplexed.

Buckingham, between whom and Ormond there existed a constant and almost mortal quarrel, interfered to effect a diversion in Charles's favour. 'Your Majesty's royal benevolence,' he said, 'needs never want exercise, while the Duke of Ormond is near your person. He has his sleeve cut in the old and ample fashion, that he may always have store of ruined Cavaliers stowed in it to produce at demand, rare old raw-boned boys, with Malmsey noses, bald heads, spindle shanks, and merciless histories of Edgehill and Naseby.'

'My sleeve is, I daresay, of an antique cut,' said Ormond, looking full at the duke; 'but I pin neither bravoës nor ruffians upon it, my Lord of Buckingham, as I see fastened to coats of the new mode.'

'That is a little too sharp for our presence, my lord,' said the King.

'Not if I make my words good,' said Ormond. 'My Lord of Buckingham, will you name the man you spoke to as you left the boat?'

'I spoke to no one,' said the duke, hastily; 'nay, I mistake, I remember a fellow whispered in my ear that one who I thought had left London was still lingering in town. A person whom I had business with.'

'Was yon the messenger?' said Ormond, singling out from the crowd who stood in the courtyard a tall, dark-looking man, muffled in a large cloak, wearing a broad shadowy black beaver hat, with a long sword of the Spanish fashion; the very colonel, in short, whom Buckingham had despatched in quest of Christian, with the intention of detaining him in the country.

When Buckingham's eyes had followed the direction of Ormond's finger, he could not help blushing so deeply as to attract the King's attention.¹

'What new frolic is this, George?' he said. 'Gentlemen, bring that fellow forward. On my life, a truculent-looking caitiff. Hark ye, friend, who are you? If an honest man, nature has forgot to label it upon your countenance. Does none here know him?'

¹ See Colonel Blood. Note 39.

With every symptom of a knave complete,
If he be honest, he 's a devilish cheat.'

'He is well known to many, sire,' replied Ormond; 'and that he walks in this area with his neck safe and his limbs unshackled is an instance, amongst many, that we live under the sway of the most merciful prince of Europe.'

'Odds-fish! who is the man, my lord duke?' said the King. 'Your Grace talks mysteries, Buckingham blushes, and the rogue himself is dumb.'

'That honest gentleman, please your Majesty,' replied the Duke of Ormond, 'whose modesty makes him mute, though it cannot make him blush, is the notorious Colonel Blood, as he calls himself, whose attempt to possess himself of your Majesty's royal crown took place at no very distant date in this very Tower of London.'

'That exploit is not easily forgotten,' said the King; 'but that the fellow lives shows your Grace's clemency as well as mine.'

'I cannot deny that I was in his hands, sire,' said Ormond, 'and had certainly been murdered by him, had he chosen to take my life on the spot, instead of destining me — I thank him for the honour — to be hanged at Tyburn. I had certainly been sped, if he had thought me worth knife or pistol, or anything short of the cord. Look at him, sire! If the rascal dared, he would say at this moment, like Caliban in the play, "Ho — ho, I would I had done it!"'

'Why, odds-fish!' answered the King, 'he hath a villainous sneer, my lord, which seems to say as much; but, my lord duke, we have pardoned him, and so has your Grace.'

'It would ill have become me,' said the Duke of Ormond, 'to have been severe in prosecuting an attempt on my poor life, when your Majesty was pleased to remit his more outrageous and insolent attempt upon your royal crown. But I must conceive it as a piece of supreme insolence on the part of this blood-thirsty bully, by whomsoever he may be now backed, to appear in the Tower, which was the theatre of one of his villainies, or before me, who was wellnigh the victim of another.'

'It shall be amended in future,' said the King. 'Hark ye, sirrah Blood, if you again presume to thrust yourself in the way you have done but now, I will have the hangman's knife and your knavish ears made acquainted.'

Blood bowed, and, with a coolness of impudence which did

his nerves great honour, he said he had only come to the Tower accidentally, to communicate with a particular friend on business of importance. 'My Lord Duke of Buckingham,' he said, 'knew he had no other intentions.'

'Get you gone, you scoundrelly cut-throat,' said the duke, as much impatient of Colonel Blood's claim of acquaintance as a town-rake of the low and blackguard companions of his midnight rambles, when they accost him in daylight amidst better company; 'if you dare to quote my name again, I will have you thrown into the Thames.'

Blood, thus repulsed, turned round with the most insolent composure and walked away down from the parade, all men looking at him, as at some strange and monstrous prodigy, so much was he renowned for daring and desperate villainy. Some even followed him, to have a better survey of the notorious Colonel Blood, like the smaller tribe of birds which keep fluttering round an owl when he appears in the light of the sun. But as, in the latter case, these thoughtless flutterers are careful to keep out of reach of the beak and claws of the bird of Minerva, so none of those who followed and gazed on Blood as something ominous cared to bandy looks with him, or to endure and return the lowering and deadly glances which he shot from time to time on those who pressed nearest to him. He stalked on in this manner, like a daunted yet sullen wolf, afraid to stop, yet unwilling to fly, until he reached the Traitor's Gate, and getting on board a sculler which waited for him, he disappeared from their eyes.

Charles would fain have obliterated all recollection of his appearance by the observation, 'It were shame that such a reprobate scoundrel should be the subject of discord between two noblemen of distinction'; and he recommended to the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormond to join hands, and forget a misunderstanding which rose on so unworthy a subject.

Buckingham answered carelessly, 'That the Duke of Ormond's honoured white hairs were a sufficient apology for his making the first overtures to a reconciliation,' and he held out his hand accordingly.

But Ormond only bowed in return, and said, 'The King had no cause to expect that the court would be disturbed by his personal resentments, since time would not yield him back twenty years, nor the grave restore his gallant son Ossory. As to the ruffian who had intruded himself there, he was obliged to him, since, by showing that his Majesty's

clemency extended even to the very worst of criminals, he strengthened his hopes of obtaining the King's favour for such of his innocent friends as were now in prison, and in danger, from the odious charges brought against them on the score of the Popish Plot.'

The King made no other answer to this insinuation than by directing that the company should embark for their return to Whitehall; and thus took leave of the officers of the Tower who were in attendance with one of those well-turned compliments to their discharge of duty which no man knew better how to express; and issued at the same time strict and anxious orders for protection and defence of the important fortress confided to them, and all which it contained.

Before he parted with Ormond on their arrival at Whitehall, he turned round to him, as one who has made up his resolution, and said, 'Be satisfied, my lord duke, our friends' case shall be looked to.'

In the same evening the Attorney-General, and North, Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, had orders, with all secrecy, to meet his Majesty that evening on especial matters of state at the apartments of Chiffinch, the centre of all affairs, whether of gallantry or business.

CHAPTER XLI

Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade !

Absalom and Achitophel.

THE morning which Charles had spent in visiting the Tower had been very differently employed by those unhappy individuals whom their bad fate, and the singular temper of the times, had made the innocent tenants of that state prison, and who had received official notice that they were to stand their trial in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster on the seventh succeeding day. The stout old Cavalier at first only railed at the officer for spoiling his breakfast with the news, but evinced great feeling when he was told that Julian was to be put under the same indictment.

We intend to dwell only very generally on the nature of their trial, which corresponded, in the outline, with almost all those that took place during the prevalence of the Popish Plot. That is, one or two infamous and perjured evidences, whose profession of common informers had become frightfully lucrative, made oath to the prisoners' having expressed themselves interested in the great confederacy of the Catholics. A number of others brought forward facts or suspicions, affecting the character of the parties as honest Protestants and good subjects ; and betwixt the direct and presumptive evidence enough was usually extracted for justifying, to a corrupted court and a perjured jury, the fatal verdict of ' Guilty.'

The fury of the people had, however, now begun to pass away, exhausted even by its own violence. The English nation differ from all others, indeed even from those of the sister kingdoms, in being very easily sated with punishment, even when they suppose it most merited. Other nations are like the tamed tiger, which, when once its native appetite for slaughter

is indulged in one instance, rushes on in promiscuous ravages. But the English public have always rather resembled what is told of the sleuth-dog, which, eager, fierce, and clamorous in pursuit of his prey, desists from it so soon as blood is sprinkled upon his path.

Men's minds were now beginning to cool; the character of the witnesses was more closely sifted, their testimonies did not in all cases tally, and a wholesome suspicion began to be entertained of men who would never say they had made a full discovery of all they knew, but avowedly reserved some point of evidence to bear on future trials.

The King also, who had lain passive during the first burst of popular fury, was now beginning to bestir himself, which produced a marked effect on the conduct of the crown counsel, and even the judges. Sir George Wakeman had been acquitted in spite of Oates's direct testimony; and public attention was strongly excited concerning the event of the next trial, which chanced to be that of the Peverils, father and son, with whom, I know not from what concatenation, little Hudson the dwarf was placed at the bar of the Court of King's Bench.

It was a piteous sight to behold a father and son, who had been so long separated, meet under circumstances so melancholy; and many tears were shed when the majestic old man — for such he was, though now broken with years — folded his son to his bosom, with a mixture of joy, affection, and a bitter anticipation of the event of the impending trial. There was a feeling in the court that for a moment overcame every prejudice and party feeling. Many spectators shed tears; and there was even a low moaning, as of those who weep aloud.

Such as felt themselves sufficiently at ease to remark the conduct of poor little Geoffrey Hudson, who was scarcely observed amid the preponderating interest created by his companions in misfortune, could not but notice a strong degree of mortification on the part of that diminutive gentleman. He had soothed his great mind by the thoughts of playing the character which he was called on to sustain in a manner which should be long remembered in that place; and on his entrance had saluted the numerous spectators, as well as the court, with a cavalier air, which he meant should express grace, high-breeding, perfect coolness, with a noble disregard to the issue of their proceedings. But his little person was so obscured and jostled aside, on the meeting of the father and son, who had been brought in different boats from the Tower and placed

at the bar at the same moment, that his distress and his dignity were alike thrown into the background, and attracted neither sympathy nor admiration.

The dwarf's wisest way to attract attention would have been to remain quiet, when so remarkable an exterior would certainly have received in its turn the share of public notice which he so eagerly coveted. But when did personal vanity listen to the suggestions of prudence? Our impatient friend scrambled, with some difficulty, on the top of the bench intended for his seat; and there, 'paining himself to stand a-tiptoe,' like Chaucer's gallant Sir Chaunticlere, he challenged the notice of the audience as he stood bowing and claiming acquaintance of his namesake Sir Geoffrey the larger, with whose shoulders, notwithstanding his elevated situation, he was scarcely yet upon a level.

The taller knight, whose mind was occupied in a very different manner, took no notice of these advances upon the dwarf's part, but sat down with the determination rather to die on the spot than evince any symptoms of weakness before Roundheads and Presbyterians, under which obnoxious epithets, being too old-fashioned to find out party designations of a newer date, he comprehended all persons concerned in his present trouble.

By Sir Geoffrey the larger's change of position, his face was thus brought on a level with that of Sir Geoffrey the less, who had an opportunity of pulling him by the cloak. He of Martindale Castle, rather mechanically than consciously, turned his head towards the large wrinkled visage, which, struggling between an assumed air of easy importance and an anxious desire to be noticed, was grimacing within a yard of him. But neither the singular physiognomy, the nods and smiles of greeting and recognition into which it was wreathed, nor the strange little form by which it was supported, had at that moment the power of exciting any recollections in the old knight's mind; and having stared for a moment at the poor little man, his bulky namesake turned away his head without farther notice.

Julian Peveril, the dwarf's more recent acquaintance, had, even amid his own anxious feelings, room for sympathy with those of his little fellow-sufferer. As soon as he discovered that he was at the same terrible bar with himself, although he could not conceive how their causes came to be conjoined, he acknowledged him by a hearty shake of the hand, which the old man returned with affected dignity and real gratitude.

‘Worthy youth,’ he said, ‘thy presence is restorative, like the nepenthe of Homer, even in this syncope of our mutual fate. I am concerned to see that your father hath not the same alacrity of soul as that of ours, which are lodged within smaller compass; and that he hath forgotten an ancient comrade and fellow-soldier, who now stands beside him to perform, perhaps, their last campaign.’

Julian briefly replied that his father had much to occupy him. But the little man — who, to do him justice, cared no more (in his own phrase) for imminent danger or death than he did for the puncture of a flea’s proboscis — did not so easily renounce the secret object of his ambition, which was to acquire the notice of the large and lofty Sir Geoffrey Peveril, who, being at least three inches taller than his son, was in so far possessed of that superior excellence which the poor dwarf, in his secret soul, valued before all other distinctions, although, in his conversation, he was constantly depreciating it. ‘Good comrade and namesake,’ he proceeded, stretching out his hand so as again to reach the elder Peveril’s cloak, ‘I forgive your want of reminiscence, seeing it is long since I saw you at Naseby, fighting as if you had as many arms as the fabled Briareus.’

The knight of Martindale, who had again turned his head towards the little man, and had listened, as if endeavouring to make something out of his discourse, here interrupted him with a peevish ‘Pshaw!’

‘Pshaw!’ repeated Sir Geoffrey the less. “‘Pshaw’ is an expression of slight esteem — nay, of contempt — in all languages; and were this a befitting place —”

But the judges had now taken their places, the criers called ‘Silence,’ and the stern voice of the Lord Chief-Justice, the notorious Scroggs, demanded what the officers meant by permitting the accused to communicate together in open court.

It may here be observed, that this celebrated personage was, upon the present occasion, at a great loss how to proceed. A calm, dignified, judicial demeanour was at no time the characteristic of his official conduct. He always ranted and roared either on the one side or the other; and of late he had been much unsettled which side to take, being totally incapable of anything resembling impartiality. At the first trials for the Plot, when the whole stream of popularity ran against the accused, no one had been so loud as Scroggs; to attempt to impeach the character of Oates or Bedloe, or any other leading

witness, he treated as a crime more heinous than it would have been to blaspheme the Gospel on which they had been sworn; it was a stifling of the Plot, or discrediting of the king's witnesses — a crime not greatly, if at all, short of high treason against the king himself.

But of late a new light had begun to glimmer upon the understanding of this interpreter of the laws. Sagacious in the signs of the times, he began to see that the tide was turning; and that court favour at least, and probably popular opinion also, were likely, in a short time, to declare against the witnesses and in favour of the accused.

The opinion which Scroggs had hitherto entertained of the high respect in which Shaftesbury, the patron of the Plot, was held by Charles had been definitely shaken by a whisper from his brother North to the following effect: 'His lordship has no more interest at court than your footman.'

This notice, from a sure hand, and received but that morning, had put the judge to a sore dilemma; for, however indifferent to actual consistency, he was most anxious to save appearances. He could not but recollect how violent he had been on former occasions in favour of these prosecutions; and being sensible at the same time that the credit of the witnesses, though shaken in the opinion of the more judicious, was, amongst the bulk of the people out of doors, as strong as ever, he had a difficult part to play. His conduct, therefore, during the whole trial, resembled the appearance of a vessel about to go upon another tack, when her sails are shivering in the wind, ere they have yet caught the impulse which is to send her forth in a new direction. In a word, he was so uncertain which side it was his interest to favour, that he might be said on that occasion to have come nearer a state of total impartiality than he was ever capable of attaining, whether before or afterwards. This was shown by his bullying now the accused, and now the witnesses, like a mastiff too much irritated to lie still without baying, but uncertain whom he shall first bite.

The indictment was then read; and Sir Geoffrey Peveril heard, with some composure, the first part of it, which stated him to have placed his son in the household of the Countess of Derby, a recusant Papist, for the purpose of aiding the horrible and bloodthirsty Popish Plot; with having had arms and ammunition concealed in his house; and with receiving a blank commission from the Lord Stafford, who had suffered death on account of the Plot. But when the charge went on to state

that he had communicated for the same purpose with Geoffrey Hudson, sometimes called Sir Geoffrey Hudson, now, or formerly, in the domestic service of the Queen Dowager, he looked at his companion as if he suddenly recalled him to remembrance, and broke out impatiently — 'These lies are too gross to require a moment's consideration. I might have had enough of intercourse, though in nothing but what was loyal and innocent, with my noble kinsman, the late Lord Stafford — I will call him so in spite of his misfortunes — and with my wife's relation, the honourable Countess of Derby; but what likelihood can there be that I should have collogueued with a decrepit buffoon, with whom I never had an instant's communication, save once at an Easter feast, when I whistled a hornpipe, as he danced on a trencher to amuse the company?'

The rage of the poor dwarf brought tears in his eyes, while, with an affected laugh, he said that, instead of those juvenile and festive passages, Sir Geoffrey Peveril might have remembered his charging along with him at Wiggan Lane.

'On my word,' said Sir Geoffrey, after a moment's recollection, 'I will do you justice, Master Hudson — I believe you were there; I think I heard you did good service. But you will allow you might have been near one without his seeing you.'

A sort of titter ran through the court at the simplicity of the larger Sir Geoffrey's testimony, which the dwarf endeavoured to control by standing on his tiptoes and looking fiercely around, as if to admonish the laughers that they indulged their mirth at their own peril. But perceiving that this only excited farther scorn, he composed himself into a semblance of careless contempt, observing, with a smile, that no one feared the glance of a chained lion — a magnificent simile, which rather increased than diminished the mirth of those who heard it.

Against Julian Peveril there failed not to be charged the aggravated fact, that he had been bearer of letters between the Countess of Derby and other Papists and priests, engaged in the universal, treasonable conspiracy of the Catholics; and the attack of the house at Moultrassie Hall, with his skirmish with Chiffinch, and his assault, as it was termed, on the person of John Jenkins, servant of the Duke of Buckingham, were all narrated at length, as so many open and overt acts of treasonable import. To this charge Peveril contented himself with pleading 'Not Guilty.'

His little companion was not satisfied with so simple a plea; for when he heard it read, as a part of the charge applying to

him, that he had received from an agent of the Plot a blank commission as colonel of a regiment of grenadiers, he replied, in wrath and scorn, that if Goliath of Gath had come to him with such a proposal, and proffered him the command of the whole sons of Anak in a body, he should never have had occasion or opportunity to repeat the temptation to another. 'I would have slain him,' said the little man of loyalty, 'even where he stood.'

The charge was stated anew by the counsel for the crown; and forth came the notorious Doctor Oates, rustling in the full silken canonicals of priesthood, for it was at a time when he affected no small dignity of exterior decoration and deportment.

This singular man, who, aided by the obscure intrigues of the Catholics themselves, and the fortuitous circumstance of Godfrey's murder, had been able to cram down the public throat such a mass of absurdity as his evidence amounts to, had no other talent for imposture than an impudence which set conviction and shame alike at defiance. A man of sense or reflection, by trying to give his plot an appearance of more probability, would most likely have failed, as wise men often do, in addressing the multitude, from not daring to calculate upon the prodigious extent of their credulity, especially where the figments presented to them involve the fearful and the terrible.

Oates was by nature choleric, and the credit he had acquired made him insolent and conceited. Even his exterior was portentous. A fleece of white periwig showed a most uncouth visage, of great length, having the mouth, as the organ by use of which he was to rise to eminence, placed in the very centre of the countenance, and exhibiting to the astonished spectator as much chin below as there was nose and brow above the aperture. His pronunciation, too, was after a conceited fashion of his own, in which he accented the vowels in a manner altogether peculiar to himself.

This notorious personage, such as we have described him, stood forth on the present trial, and delivered his astonishing testimony concerning the existence of a Catholic plot for the subversion of the government and murder of the King in the same general outline in which it may be found in every English history. But as the doctor always had in reserve some special piece of evidence affecting those immediately on trial, he was pleased, on the present occasion, deeply to inculcate the

Countess of Derby. 'He had seen,' as he said, 'that honourable lady when he was at the Jesuits' College at St. Omer's. She had sent for him to an inn, or *auberge*, as it was there termed, the sign of the Golden Lamb, and had ordered him to breakfast in the same room with her ladyship; and afterwards told him that, knowing he was trusted by the fathers of the society, she was determined that he should have a share of her secrets also; and therewithal, that she drew from her bosom a broad, sharp-pointed knife, such as butchers kill sheep with, and demanded of him what he thought of it for *the purpose*; and when he, the witness, said "For what purpose?" she rapt him on the fingers with her fan, called him a dull fellow, and said it was designed to kill the King with.'

Here Sir Geoffrey Peveril could no longer refrain his indignation and surprise. 'Mercy of Heaven!' he said, 'did ever one hear of ladies of quality carrying butchering knives about them, and telling every scurvy companion she meant to kill the King with them? Gentlemen of the jury, do but think if this is reasonable — though, if the villain could prove by any honest evidence that my Lady of Derby ever let such a scum as himself come to speech of her, I would believe all he can say.'

'Sir Geoffrey,' said the judge, 'rest you quiet. You must not fly out: passion helps you not here; the doctor must be suffered to proceed.'

Doctor Oates went on to state how the lady complained of the wrongs the house of Derby had sustained from the King, and the oppression of her religion, and boasted of the schemes of the Jesuits and seminary priests; and how they would be furthered by her noble kinsmen of the house of Stanley. He finally averred that both the countess and the fathers of the seminary abroad founded much upon the talents and courage of Sir Geoffrey Peveril and his son, the latter of whom was a member of her family. Of Hudson he only recollected of having heard one of the fathers say, 'that though but a dwarf in stature, he would prove a giant in the cause of the church.'

When he had ended his evidence, there was a pause, until the judge, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, demanded of Dr. Oates, whether he had ever mentioned the name of the Countess of Derby in any of the previous informations which he had lodged before the privy council and elsewhere upon this affair.

Oates seemed rather surprised at the question, and coloured

with anger as he answered, in his peculiar mode of pronunciation, 'Whoy, no, maay laard.'

'And, pray, doctor,' said the judge, 'how came so great a revealer of mysteries as you have lately proved to have suffered so material a circumstance as the accession of this powerful family to the Plot to have remained undiscovered?'

'Maay laard,' said Oates, with much effrontery, 'aye do not come here to have my evidence questioned as touching the Plaat.'

'I do not question your evidence, doctor,' said Scroggs, for the time was not arrived that he dared treat him roughly; 'nor do I doubt the existence of the "Plaat," since it is your pleasure to swear to it. I would only have you, for your own sake, and the satisfaction of all good Protestants, to explain why you have kept back such a weighty point of information from the King and country.'

'Maay laard,' said Oates, 'I will tell you a pretty fable.'

'I hope,' answered the judge, 'it may be the first and last which you shall tell in this place.'

'Maay laard,' continued Oates, 'there was once a faux, who, having to caarry a goose aver a frazen river, and being afraid the aice would not bear him and his booty, did caarry aver a staane, maay laard, in the first instance, to prove the strength of the aice.'

'So your former evidence was but the stone, and now, for the first time, you have brought us the goose?' said Sir William Scroggs; 'to tell us this, doctor, is to make geese of the court and jury.'

'I desoire your laardship's honest construction,' said Oates, who saw the current changing against him, but was determined to pay the score with effrontery. 'All men knaw at what coast and praice I have given my evidence, which has been always, under Gaad, the means of awakening this poor naation to the dangerous state in which it staunds. Many here knaw that I have been obliged to faartify my lading at Whitehall against the bloody Papists. It was not to be thought that I should have brought all the story out at aance. I think your wisdom would have advised me otherwise.'¹

'Nay, doctor,' said the judge, 'it is not for me to direct you in this affair; and it is for the jury to believe you or not; and as for myself, I sit here to do justice to both. The jury have heard your answer to my question.'

¹ See Oates's Evidence. Note 40.

Doctor Oates retired from the witness-box reddening like a turkey-cock, as one totally unused to have such accounts questioned as he chose to lay before the courts of justice; and there was, perhaps for the first time, amongst the counsel and solicitors, as well as the Templars and students of law there present, a murmur, distinct and audible, unfavourable to the character of the great father of the Popish Plot.

Everett and Dangerfield, with whom the reader is already acquainted, were then called in succession to sustain the accusation. They were subordinate informers — a sort of under-spur-leathers, as the cant term went — who followed the path of Oates, with all deference to his superior genius and invention, and made their own fictions chime in and harmonise with his, as well as their talents could devise. But as their evidence had at no time received the full credence into which the impudence of Oates had cajoled the public, so they now began to fall into discredit rather more hastily than their prototype, as the superadded turrets of an ill-constructed building are naturally the first to give way.

It was in vain that Everett, with the precision of a hypocrite, and Dangerfield, with the audacity of a bully, narrated, with added circumstances of suspicion and criminality, their meeting with Julian Peveril in Liverpool, and again at Martindale Castle. It was in vain they described the arms and accoutrements which they pretended to have discovered in old Sir Geoffrey's possession, and that they gave a most dreadful account of the escape of the younger Peveril from Moultrassie Hall by means of an armed force.

The jury listened coldly, and it was visible that they were but little moved by the accusation, especially as the judge, always professing his belief in the Plot and his zeal for the Protestant religion, was ever and anon reminding them that presumptions were no proofs, that hearsay was no evidence, that those who made a trade of discovery were likely to aid their researches by invention, and that without doubting the guilt of the unfortunate persons at the bar, he would gladly hear some evidence brought against them of a different nature. 'Here we are told of a riot, and an escape achieved by the younger Peveril, at the house of a grave and worthy magistrate, known, I think, to most of us. Why, Master Attorney, bring ye not Master Bridgenorth himself to prove the fact, or all his household, if it be necessary? A rising in arms is an affair over public to be left on the hearsay tale of these two men,

though Heaven forbid that I should suppose they speak one word more than they believe. They are the witnesses for the King, and, what is equally dear to us, the Protestant religion, and witnesses against a most foul and heathenish plot. On the other hand, here is a worshipful old knight, for such I must suppose him to be, since he has bled often in battle for the King — such, I must say, I suppose him to be, until he is proved otherwise. And here is his son, a hopeful young gentleman — we must see that they have right, Master Attorney.'

'Unquestionably, my lord,' answered the attorney. 'God forbid else! But we will make out these matters against these unhappy gentlemen in a manner more close, if your lordship will permit us to bring in our evidence.'

'Go on, Master Attorney,' said the judge, throwing himself back in his seat. 'Heaven forbid I hinder proving the King's accusation! I only say, what you know as well as I, that *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*.'

'We shall then call Master Bridgenorth, as your lordship advises, who I think is in waiting.'

'No!' answered a voice from the crowd, apparently that of a female, 'he is too wise and too honest to be here.'

The voice was distinct as that of Lady Fairfax, when she expressed herself to a similar effect on the trial of Charles the First; but the researches which were made on the present occasion to discover the speaker were unsuccessful.

After the slight confusion occasioned by this circumstance was abated, the attorney, who had been talking aside with the conductors of the prosecution, said, 'Whoever favoured us with that information, my lord, had good reason for what they said. Master Bridgenorth has become, I am told, suddenly invisible since this morning.'

'Look you there now, Master Attorney,' said the judge; 'this comes of not keeping the crown witnesses together and in readiness. I am sure I cannot help the consequences.'

'Nor I either, my lord,' said the attorney, pettishly. 'I could have proved by this worshipful gentleman, Master Justice Bridgenorth, the ancient friendship betwixt this party, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, and the Countess of Derby, of whose doings and intentions Doctor Oates has given such a deliberate evidence. I could have proved his having sheltered her in his castle against a process of law, and rescued her, by force of arms, from this very Justice Bridgenorth, not without actual violence. Moreover, I could have proved against young Peveril

the whole affray charged upon him by the same worshipful evidence.'

Here the judge stuck his thumbs into his girdle, which was a favourite attitude of his on such occasions, and exclaimed, 'Pshaw — pshaw, Master Attorney! Tell me not that you *could* have proved this, and you *could* have proved that, or that, or this. Prove what you will, but let it be through the mouths of your evidence. Men are not to be licked out of their lives by the rough side of a lawyer's tongue.'

'Nor is a foul plot to be smothered,' said the attorney, 'for all the haste your lordship is in. I cannot call Master Chiffinch neither, as he is employed on the King's especial affairs, as I am this instant certiorated from the court at Whitehall.'

'Produce the papers, then, Master Attorney, of which this young man is said to be the bearer,' said the judge.

'They are before the privy council, my lord.'

'Then why do you found on them here?' said the judge. 'This is something like trifling with the court.'

'Since your lordship gives it that name,' said the attorney, sitting down in a huff, 'you may manage the cause as you will.'

'If you do not bring more evidence, I pray you to charge the jury,' said the judge.

'I shall not take the trouble to do so,' said the crown counsel. 'I see plainly how the matter is to go.'

'Nay, but be better advised,' said Scroggs. 'Consider, your case is but half proved respecting the two Peverils, and doth not pinch on the little man at all, saving that Doctor Oates said that he was in a certain case to prove a giant, which seems no very probable Popish miracle.'

This sally occasioned a laugh in the court, which the attorney-general seemed to take in great dudgeon.

'Master Attorney,' said Oates, who always interfered in the management of these lawsuits, 'this is a plain and absolute giving away of the cause — I must needs say it, a mere stoifling of the Plaat.'

'Then the devil who bred it may blow wind into it again, if he lists,' answered the attorney-general; and, flinging down his brief, he left the court, as in a huff with all who were concerned in the affair.

The judge having obtained silence, for a murmur arose in the court when the counsel for the prosecution threw up his brief, began to charge the jury, balancing, as he had done

throughout the whole day, the different opinions by which he seemed alternately swayed. He protested on his salvation that he had no more doubt of the existence of the horrid and damnable conspiracy called the Popish Plot than he had of the treachery of Judas Iscariot; and that he considered Oates as the instrument under Providence of preserving the nation from all the miseries of his Majesty's assassination, and of a second St. Bartholomew, acted in the streets of London. But then he stated it was the candid construction of the law of England, that the worse the crime, the more strong should be the evidence. Here was the case of accessaries tried, whilst their principal — for such he should call the Countess of Derby — was unconvicted and at large; and for Doctor Oates, he had but spoke of matters which personally applied to that noble lady, whose words, if she used such in passion, touching aid which she expected in some treasonable matters from these Peverils, and from her kinsmen, or her son's kinsmen, of the house of Stanley, may have been but a burst of female resentment — *dulcis Amaryllidis ira*, as the poet hath it. Who knoweth but Doctor Oates did mistake — he being a gentleman of a comely countenance and easy demeanour — this same rap with the fan as a chastisement for lack of courage in the Catholic cause, when, peradventure, it was otherwise meant, as Popish ladies will put, it is said, such neophytes and youthful candidates for orders to many severe trials. 'I speak these things jocularly,' said the judge, 'having no wish to stain the reputation either of the honourable countess or the reverend doctor; only I think the bearing between them may have related to something short of high treason. As for what the attorney-general hath set forth of rescues and force, and I wot not what, sure I am that, in a civil country, when such things happen, such things may be proved, and that you and I, gentlemen, are not to take them for granted gratuitously. Touching this other prisoner, this *Galfridus minimus*, he must needs say,' he continued, 'he could not discover even a shadow of suspicion against him. Was it to be thought so abortive a creature would thrust himself into depths of policy, far less into stratagems of war? They had but to look at him to conclude the contrary: the creature was, from his age, fitter for the grave than a conspiracy, and by his size and appearance, for the inside of a raree-show than the mysteries of a plot.'

The dwarf here broke in upon the judge by force of screaming, to assure him that he had been, simple as he sat there,

engaged in seven plots in Cromwell's time ; and, as he proudly added, with some of the tallest men of England. The matchless look and air with which Sir Geoffrey Hudson made this vaunt set all a-laughing, and increased the ridicule with which the whole trial began to be received ; so that it was amidst shaking sides and watery eyes that a general verdict of ' Not Guilty ' was pronounced, and the prisoners dismissed from the bar.

But a warmer sentiment awakened among those who saw the father and son throw themselves into each other's arms, and, after a hearty embrace, extend their hands to their poor little companion in peril, who, like a dog, when present at a similar scene, had at last succeeded, by stretching himself up to them and whimpering at the same time, to secure to himself a portion of their sympathy and gratulation.

Such was the singular termination of this trial. Charles himself was desirous to have taken considerable credit with the Duke of Ormond for the evasion of the law which had been thus effected by his private connivance ; and was both surprised and mortified at the coldness with which his Grace replied, that he was rejoiced at the poor gentlemen's safety, but would rather have had the King redeem them like a prince, by his royal prerogative of mercy, than that his judge should convey them out of the power of the law, like a juggler with his cups and balls.

CHAPTER XLII

On fair ground
I could beat forty of them !

Coriolanus.

IT doubtless occurred to many that were present at the trial we have described, that it was managed in a singular manner, and that the quarrel, which had the appearance of having taken place between the court and the crown counsel, might proceed from some private understanding betwixt them; the object of which was the miscarriage of the accusation. Yet though such underhand dealing was much suspected, the greater part of the audience, being well educated and intelligent, had already suspected the bubble of the Popish Plot, and were glad to see that accusations, founded on what had already cost so much blood, could be evaded in any way. But the crowd, who waited in the Court of Requests, and in the hall, and without doors, viewed in a very different light the combination, as they interpreted it, between the judge and the attorney-general for the escape of the prisoners.

Oates, whom less provocation than he had that day received often induced to behave like one frantic with passion, threw himself amongst the crowd, and repeated till he was hoarse, 'They are stoiffing the Plaat—theay are straangling the Plaat! My Laard Justice and Maaster Attarney are in league to secure the escape of the plaaters and Paapists!'

'It is the device of the Papist whore of Portsmouth,' said one.

'Of Old Rowley himself,' said another.

'If he could be murdered by himself, why, hang those that would hinder it!' exclaimed a third.

'He should be tried,' said a fourth, 'for conspiring his own death, and hanged *in terrorem*.'

In the meanwhile, Sir Geoffrey, his son, and their little

companion left the hall, intending to go to Lady Peveril's lodgings, which had been removed to Fleet Street. She had been relieved from considerable inconvenience, as Sir Geoffrey gave Julian hastily to understand, by an angel, in the shape of a young friend, and she now expected them doubtless with impatience. Humanity, and some indistinct idea of having unintentionally hurt the feelings of the poor dwarf, induced the honest Cavalier to ask this unprotected being to go with them. 'He knew Lady Peveril's lodgings were but small,' he said; 'but it would be strange if there was not some cupboard large enough to accommodate the little gentleman.'

The dwarf registered this well-meant remark in his mind, to be the subject of a proper explanation, along with the unhappy reminiscence of the trencher-hornpipe, whenever time should permit an argument of such nicety.

And thus they sallied from the hall, attracting general observation, both from the circumstances in which they had stood so lately and from their resemblance, as a wag of the Inner Temple expressed it, to the three degrees of comparison—large, lesser, least. But they had not passed far along the street, when Julian perceived that more malevolent passions than mere curiosity began to actuate the crowd, which followed, and, as it were, dogged, their motions.

'There go the Papist cut-throats, tantivy for Rome!' said one fellow.

'Tantivy to Whitehall, you mean!' said another.

'Ah! the bloodthirsty villains!' cried a woman. 'Shame, one of them should be suffered to live, after poor Sir Edmonds-bury's cruel murder!'

'Out upon the mealy-mouthed jury that turned out the bloodhounds on an innocent town!' cried a fourth.

In short, the tumult thickened, and the word began to pass among the more desperate, 'Lambe them, lads—Lambe them! a cant phrase of the time, derived from the fate of Dr. Lambe, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by the rabble in Charles the First's time.

Julian began to be much alarmed at these symptoms of violence, and regretted that they had not gone down to the city by water. It was now too late to think of that mode of retreating, and he therefore requested his father in a whisper to walk steadily forward towards Charing Cross, taking no notice of the insults which might be cast upon them, while the steadiness of their pace and appearance might prevent the

rabble from resorting to actual violence. The execution of this prudent resolution was prevented after they had passed the palace, by the hasty disposition of the elder Sir Geoffrey, and the no less choleric temper of *Galfridus minimus*, who had a soul which spurned all odds, as well of numbers as of size.

'Now a murrain take the knaves, with their hallooing and whooping,' said the larger knight; 'by this day, if I could but light on a weapon, I would cudgel reason and loyalty into some of their carcasses!'

'And I also,' said the dwarf, who was toiling to keep up with the longer strides of his companions, and therefore spoke in a very-phthisical tone — 'I also will cudgel the plebeian knaves beyond measure — he! — hem!'

Among the crowd who thronged around them, impeded, and did all but assault them, was a mischievous shoemaker's apprentice, who, hearing this unlucky vaunt of the valorous dwarf, repaid it by flapping him on the head with a boot which he was carrying home to the owner, so as to knock the little gentleman's hat over his eyes. The dwarf, thus rendered unable to discover the urchin that had given him the offence, flew with instinctive ambition against the biggest fellow in the crowd, who received the onset with a kick on the stomach, which made the poor little champion reel back to his companions. They were now assaulted on all sides; but fortune, complying with the wish of Sir Geoffrey the larger, ordained that the scuffle should happen near the booth of a cutler, from amongst whose wares, as they stood exposed to the public, Sir Geoffrey Peveril snatched a broadsword, which he brandished with the formidable address of one who had for many a day been in the familiar practice of using such a weapon. Julian, while at the same time he called loudly for a peace-officer, and reminded the assailants that they were attacking inoffensive passengers, saw nothing better for it than to imitate his father's example, and seized also one of the weapons thus opportunely offered.

When they displayed these demonstrations of defence, the rush which the rabble at first made towards them was so great as to throw down the unfortunate dwarf, who would have been trampled to death in the scuffle, had not his stout old namesake cleared the rascal crowd from about him with a few flourishes of his weapon, and, seizing on the fallen champion, put him out of danger (except from missiles) by suddenly placing him on the bulk-head, that is to say, the flat wooden roof, of the cutler's projecting booth. From the rusty ironware which

was displayed there, the dwarf instantly snatched an old rapier and target, and, covering himself with the one, stood making passes with the other at the faces and eyes of the people in the street, so much delighted with his post of vantage, that he called loudly to his friends, who were skirmishing with the rioters on more equal terms as to position, to lose no time in putting themselves under his protection. But, far from being in a situation to need his assistance, the father and son might easily have extricated themselves from the rabble by their own exertions, could they have thought of leaving the mannikin in the forlorn situation, in which, to every eye but his own, he stood like a diminutive puppet, tricked out with sword and target as a fencing-master's sign.

Stones and sticks began now to fly very thick, and the crowd, notwithstanding the exertions of the Peverils to disperse them with as little harm as possible, seemed determined on mischief, when some gentlemen who had been at the trial, understanding that the prisoners who had been just acquitted were in danger of being murdered by the populace, drew their swords and made forward to effect their rescue, which was completed by a small party of the King's Life Guards, who had been despatched from their ordinary post of alarm upon intelligence of what was passing. When this unexpected reinforcement arrived, the old jolly knight at once recognised, amidst the cries of those who then entered upon action, some of the sounds which had animated his more active years.

'Where be these cuckoldly Roundheads?' cried some. 'Down with the sneaking knaves!' cried others. 'The King and his friends, and the devil a one else!' exclaimed a third set, with more oaths and 'd—n me's' than, in the present more correct age, it is necessary to commit to paper.

The old soldier, pricking up his ears like an ancient hunter at the cry of the hounds, would gladly have scoured the Strand with the charitable purpose, now he saw himself so well supported, of knocking the London knaves who had insulted him into twiggen bottles; but he was withheld by the prudence of Julian, who, though himself extremely irritated by the unprovoked ill-usage which they had received, saw himself in a situation in which it was necessary to exercise more caution than vengeance. He prayed and pressed his father to seek some temporary place of retreat from the fury of the populace, while that prudent measure was yet in their power. The subaltern officer who commanded the party of the Life Guards exhorted the

old Cavalier eagerly to the same sage counsel, using, as a spice of compulsion, the name of the King, while Julian strongly urged that of his mother. The old knight looked at his blade, crimsoned with cross-cuts and slashes which he had given to the most forward of the assailants, with the eye of one not half sufficed.

‘I would I had pinked one of the knaves at least; but I know not how it was, when I looked on their broad, round English faces, I shunned to use my point, and only sliced the rogues a little.’

‘But the King’s pleasure,’ said the officer, ‘is, that no tumult be prosecuted.’

‘My mother,’ said Julian, ‘will die with fright if the rumour of this scuffle reaches her ere we see her.’

‘Ay — ay,’ said the knight, ‘the King’s Majesty, and my good dame — well, their pleasure be done, that’s all I can say. Kings and ladies must be obeyed. But which way to retreat, since retreat we needs must?’

Julian would have been at some loss to advise what course to take, for everybody in the vicinity had shut up their shops and chained their doors, upon observing the confusion become so formidable. The poor cutler, however, with whose goods they made so free, offered them an asylum on the part of his landlord, whose house served as a rest for his shop, and only intimated gently, he hoped the gentlemen would consider him for the use of his weapons.

Julian was hastily revolving whether they ought, in prudence, to accept this man’s invitation, aware, by experience, how many trepans, as they were then termed, were used betwixt two contending factions, each too inveterate to be very scrupulous of the character of fair play to an enemy, when the dwarf, exerting his cracked voice to the uttermost, and shrieking like an exhausted herald, from the exalted station which he still occupied on the bulk-head, exhorted them to accept the offer of the worthy man of the mansion. ‘He himself,’ he said, as he reposed himself after the glorious conquest in which he had some share, ‘had been favoured with a beatific vision, too splendid to be described to common and mere mortal ears, but which had commanded him, in a voice to which his heart had bounded as to a trumpet sound, to take refuge with the worthy person of the house, and cause his friends to do so.’

‘Vision!’ said the knight of the Peak — ‘sound of a trumpet! the little man is stark mad.’

But the cutler, in great haste, intimated to them that their little friend had received an intimation from a gentlewoman of his acquaintance, who spoke to him from the window, while he stood on the bulk-head, that they would find a safe retreat in his landlord's ; and, desiring them to attend to two or three deep though distant huzzas, made them aware that the rabble were up still, and would soon be upon them with renewed violence and increased numbers.

The father and son, therefore, hastily thanked the officer and his party, as well as the other gentlemen who had volunteered in their assistance, lifted little Sir Geoffrey Hudson from the conspicuous post which he had so creditably occupied during the skirmish, and followed the footsteps of the tenant of the booth, who conducted them down a blind alley, and through one or two courts, in case, as he said, any one might have watched where they burrowed, and so into a back door. This entrance admitted them to a staircase carefully hung with straw mats to exclude damp, from the upper step of which they entered upon a tolerably large withdrawing-room, hung with coarse green serge edged with gilded leather, which the poorer or more economical citizens at that time used instead of tapestry or wainscoting.

Here the poor cutler received from Julian such a gratuity for the loan of the swords that he generously abandoned the property to the gentlemen who had used them so well ; 'the rather,' he said, 'that he saw, by the way they handled their weapons, that they were men of mettle and tall fellows.'

Here the dwarf smiled on him courteously, and bowed, thrusting, at the same time, his hand into his pocket, which, however, he withdrew carelessly, probably because he found he had not the means of making the small donation which he had meditated.

The cutler proceeded to say, as he bowed and was about to withdraw, that he saw there would be merry days yet in Old England, and that Bilboa blades would fetch as good a price as ever. 'I remember,' he said, 'gentlemen, though I was then but a 'prentice, the demand for weapons in the years forty-one and forty-two : sword blades were more in request than tooth-picks, and Old Ironsides, my master, took more for rascally provant rapiers than I dare ask nowadays for a Toledo. But, to be sure, a man's life then rested on the blade he carried ; the Cavaliers, and Roundheads fought every day at the gates of Whitehall, as it is like, gentlemen, by your good example,

they may do again, when I shall be enabled to leave my pitiful booth and open a shop of better quality. I hope you will recommend me, gentlemen, to your friends. I am always provided with ware which a gentleman may risk his life on.'

'Thank you, good friend,' said Julian; 'I prithee begone. I trust we shall need thy ware no more for some time at least.'

The cutler retired, while the dwarf hallooed after him downstairs, that 'He would call on him soon, and equip himself with a longer blade, and one more proper for action; although,' he said, 'the little weapon he had did well enough for a walking-sword, or in a skirmish with such canaille as they had been engaged with.'

The cutler returned at this summons, and agreed to pleasure the little man with a weapon more suitable to his magnanimity; then, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, he said, 'But, gentlemen, it will be but wild work to walk with your naked swords through the Strand, and it can scarce fail to raise the rabble again. If you please, while you repose yourselves here, I can fit the blades with sheathes.'

The proposal seemed so reasonable that Julian and his father gave up their weapons to the friendly cutler, an example which the dwarf followed, after a moment's hesitation, not caring, as he magnificently expressed it, to part so soon with the trusty friend which fortune had but the moment before restored to his hand. The man retired with the weapons under his arm; and, in shutting the door behind him, they heard him turn the key.

'Did you hear that?' said Sir Geoffrey to his son, 'and we are disarmed!'

Julian, without reply, examined the door, which was fast secured; and then looked at the casements, which were at a story's height from the ground, and grated besides with iron. 'I cannot think,' he said, after a moment's pause, 'that the fellow means to trepan us; and, in any event, I trust we should have no difficulty in forcing the door, or otherwise making an escape. But, before resorting to such violent measures, I think it is better to give the rabble leisure to disperse, by waiting this man's return with our weapons within a reasonable time, when, if he does not appear, I trust we shall find little difficulty in extricating ourselves.' As he spoke thus, the hangings were pulled aside, and, from a small door which was concealed behind them, Major Bridgenorth entered the room.

CHAPTER XLIII

He came amongst them like a new-raised spirit,
To speak of dreadful judgments that impend,
And of the wrath to come.

The Reformer.

THE astonishment of Julian at the unexpected apparition of Bridgenorth was instantly succeeded by apprehension of his father's violence, which he had every reason to believe would break forth against one whom he himself could not but reverence on account of his own merits, as well as because he was the father of Alice. The appearance of Bridgenorth was not, however, such as to awaken resentment. His countenance was calm, his step slow and composed, his eye not without the indication of some deep-seated anxiety, but without any expression either of anger or of triumph. 'You are welcome,' he said, 'Sir Geoffrey Peveril, to the shelter and hospitality of this house—as welcome as you would have been in other days, when we called each other neighbours and friends.'

'Odzooks,' said the old Cavalier, 'and had I known it was thy house, man, I would sooner had my heart's blood run down the kennel than my foot should have crossed your threshold—in the way of seeking safety, that is.'

'I forgive your inveteracy,' said Major Bridgenorth, 'on account of your prejudices.'

'Keep your forgiveness,' answered the Cavalier, 'until you are pardoned yourself. By St. George, I have sworn, if ever I got my heels out of yon rascally prison, whither I was sent much through your means, Master Bridgenorth, that you should pay the reckoning for my bad lodging. I will strike no man in his own house; but if you will cause the fellow to bring back my weapon, and take a turn in that blind court there below along with me, you shall soon see what chance a traitor hath with a true man, and a kennel-blooded Puritan with Peveril of the Peak.'

Bridgenorth smiled with much composure. 'When I was younger and more warm-blooded,' he replied, 'I refused your challenge, Sir Geoffrey; it is not likely I should now accept it, when each is within a stride of the grave. I have not spared, and will not spare, my blood when my country wants it.'

'That is, when there is any chance of treason against the King,' said Sir Geoffrey.

'Nay, my father,' said Julian, 'let us hear Master Bridgenorth! We have been sheltered in his house; and although we now see him in London, we should remember that he did not appear against us this day, when perhaps his evidence might have given a fatal turn to our situation.'

'You are right, young man,' said Bridgenorth; 'and it should be some pledge of my sincere good-will that I was this day absent from Westminster, when a few words from my mouth had ended the long line of Peveril of the Peak. It needed but ten minutes to walk to Westminster Hall, to have ensured your condemnation. But could I have done this, knowing, as I now know, that to thee, Julian Peveril, I owe the extrication of my daughter — of my dearest Alice — the memory of her departed mother — from the snares which hell and profligacy had opened around her?'

'She is, I trust, safe,' said Peveril, eagerly, and almost forgetting his father's presence — 'she is, I trust, safe, and in your own wardship?'

'Not in mine,' said the dejected father; 'but in that of one in whose protection, next to that of Heaven, I can most fully confide.'

'Are you sure — are you very sure of that?' repeated Julian, eagerly. 'I found her under the charge of one to whom she had been trusted, and who yet —'

'And who yet was the basest of women,' answered Bridgenorth; 'but he who selected her for the charge was deceived in her character.'

'Say rather you were deceived in his; remember that when we parted at Moultrassie I warned you of that Ganlesse — that —'

'I know your meaning,' said Bridgenorth; 'nor did you err in describing him as a worldly-wise man. But he has atoned for his error by recovering Alice from the dangers into which she was plunged when separated from you; and besides, I have not thought meet again to entrust him with the charge that is dearest to me.'

'I thank God your eyes are thus far opened!' said Julian.
'This day will open them wide, or close them for ever,' answered Bridgenorth.

During this dialogue, which the speakers hurried through without attending to the others who were present, Sir Geoffrey listened with surprise and eagerness, endeavouring to catch something which should render their conversation intelligible; but as he totally failed in gaining any such key to their meaning, he broke in with—'Sblood and thunder, Julian, what unprofitable gossip is this? What hast thou to do with this fellow, more than to bastinado him, if you should think it worth while to beat so old a rogue?'

'My dearest father,' said Julian, 'you know not this gentleman; I am certain you do him injustice. My own obligations to him are many; and I am sure when you come to know them——'

'I hope I shall die ere that moment come,' said Sir Geoffrey; and continued with increasing violence—'I hope, in the mercy of Heaven, that I shall be in the grave of my ancestors, ere I learn that my son—my only son—the last hope of my ancient house—the last remnant of the name of Peveril—hath consented to receive obligations from the man on earth I am most bound to hate, were I not still more bound to condemn him! Degenerate dog-whelp!' he repeated with great vehemence, 'you colour, without replying! Speak, and disown such disgrace, or, by the God of my fathers——'

The dwarf suddenly stepped forward and called out, 'Forbear!' with a voice at once so discordant and commanding that it sounded supernatural. 'Man of sin and pride,' he said, 'forbear; and call not the name of a holy God to witness thine unhallowed resentments.'

The rebuke so boldly and decidedly given, and the moral enthusiasm with which he spoke, gave the despised dwarf an ascendancy for the moment over the fiery spirit of his gigantic namesake. Sir Geoffrey Peveril eyed him for an instant askance and shyly, as he might have done a supernatural apparition, and then muttered, 'What knowest thou of my cause of wrath?'

'Nothing,' said the dwarf—'nothing but this, that no cause can warrant the oath thou wert about to swear. Ungrateful man! thou wert to-day rescued from the devouring wrath of the wicked by a marvellous conjunction of circumstances. Is this a day, thinkest thou, on which to indulge thine own hasty resentments?'

'I stand rebuked,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'and by a singular monitor : the grasshopper, as the Prayer Book saith, hath become a burden to me. Julian, I will speak to thee of these matters hereafter. And for you, Master Bridgenorth, I desire to have no farther communication with you, either in peace or in anger. Our time passes fast, and I would fain return to my family. Cause our weapons to be restored ; unbar the doors, and let us part without farther altercation, which can but disturb and aggravate our spirits.'

'Sir Geoffrey Peveril,' said Bridgenorth, 'I have no desire to vex your spirit or my own ; but, for thus soon dismissing you, that may hardly be, it being a course inconsistent with the work which I have on hand.'

'How, sir ! Do you mean that we should abide here, whether with or against our inclinations ?' said the dwarf. 'Were it not that I am laid under charge to remain here by one who hath the best right to command this poor microcosm, I would show thee that bolts and bars are unavailing restraints on such as I am.'

'Truly,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'I think, upon an emergency, the little man might make his escape through the keyhole.'

Bridgenorth's face was moved into something like a smile at the swaggering speech of the pigmy hero and the contemptuous commentary of Sir Geoffrey Peveril ; but such an expression never dwelt on his features for two seconds together, and he replied in these words : 'Gentlemen, each and all of you must be fain to content yourselves. Believe me, no hurt is intended towards you ; on the contrary, your remaining here will be a means of securing your safety, which would be otherwise deeply endangered. It will be your own fault if a hair of your heads is hurt. But the stronger force is on my side ; and, whatever harm you may meet with, should you attempt to break forth by violence, the blame must rest with yourselves. If you will not believe me, I will permit Master Julian Peveril to accompany me where he shall see that I am provided fully with the means of repressing violence.'

'Treason ! — treason !' exclaimed the old knight — 'treason against God and King Charles ! O for one half hour of the broadsword which I parted with like an ass !'

'Hold, my father, I conjure you !' said Julian. 'I will go with Master Bridgenorth, since he requests it. I will satisfy myself whether there be danger, and of what nature. It is possible I may prevail on him to desist from some desperate measure, if

such be indeed in agitation. Should it be necessary, fear not that your son will behave as he ought to do.'

'Do your pleasure, Julian,' said his father; 'I will confide in thee. But if you betray my confidence, a father's curse shall cleave to you.'

Bridgenorth now motioned to Peveril to follow him, and they passed through the small door by which he had entered.

The passage led to a vestibule or ante-room, in which several other doors and passages seemed to centre. Through one of these Julian was conducted by Bridgenorth, walking with silence and precaution in obedience to a signal made by his guide to that effect. As they advanced, he heard sounds, like those of the human voice, engaged in urgent and emphatic declamation. With slow and light steps Bridgenorth conducted him through a door which terminated this passage; and as he entered a little gallery, having a curtain in front, the sound of a preacher's voice—for such it now seemed—became distinct and audible.

Julian now doubted not that he was in one of those conventicles which, though contrary to the existing laws, still continued to be regularly held in different parts of London and the suburbs. Many of these, as frequented by persons of moderate political principles, though dissenters from the church for conscience' sake, were connived at by the prudence or timidity of the government. But some of them, in which assembled the fiercer and more exalted sects of Independents, Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy men, and other sectaries, whose stern enthusiasm had contributed so greatly to effect the overthrow of the late King's throne, were sought after, suppressed, and dispersed whenever they could be discovered.

Julian was soon satisfied that the meeting into which he was thus secretly introduced was one of the latter class, and, to judge by the violence of the preacher, of the most desperate character. He was still more effectually convinced of this when, at a sign from Bridgenorth, he cautiously unclosed a part of the curtain which hung before the gallery; and thus, unseen himself, looked down on the audience and obtained a view of the preacher.

About two hundred persons were assembled beneath, in an area filled up with benches, as if for the exercise of worship; and they were all of the male sex, and well armed with pikes and muskets, as well as swords and pistols. Most of them had the appearance of veteran soldiers, now past the middle of life, yet retaining such an appearance of strength as might well supply

the loss of youthful agility. They stood or sat in various attitudes of stern attention; and, resting on their spears and muskets, kept their eyes firmly fixed on the preacher, who ended the violence of his declamation by displaying from the pulpit a banner, on which was represented a lion, with the motto, '*Vicit Leo ex tribu Judæ.*'

The torrent of mystical yet animating eloquence of the preacher — an old grey-haired man, whom zeal seemed to supply with the powers of voice and action of which years had deprived him — was suited to the taste of his audience, but could not be transferred to these pages without scandal and impropriety. He menaced the rulers of England with all the judgments denounced on those of Moab and Assyria; he called upon the saints to be strong, to be up and doing; and promised those miracles which, in the campaigns of Joshua and his successors the valiant Judges of Israel, supplied all odds against the Amorites, Midianites, and Philistines. He sounded trumpets, opened vials, broke seals, and denounced approaching judgments under all the mystical signs of the Apocalypse. The end of the world was announced, accompanied with all its preliminary terrors.

Julian, with deep anxiety, soon heard enough to make him aware that the meeting was likely to terminate in open insurrection; like that of the Fifth Monarchy men under Venner,¹ at an earlier period of Charles's reign; and he was not a little concerned at the probability of Bridgenorth's being implicated in so criminal and desperate an undertaking. If he had retained any doubts of the issue of the meeting, they must have been removed when the preacher called on his hearers to renounce all expectation which had hitherto been entertained of safety to the nation from the execution of the ordinary laws of the land. This, he said, was at best but a carnal seeking after earthly aid — a going down to Egypt for help, which the jealousy of their Divine Leader would resent as a fleeing to another rock and a different banner from that which was this day displayed over them. And here he solemnly swung the bannered lion over their heads, as the only sign under which they ought to seek for life and safety. He then proceeded to insist that recourse to ordinary justice was vain as well as sinful.

'The event of that day at Westminster,' he said, 'might teach them that the man at Whitehall was even as the man his father'; and he closed a long tirade against the vices of the

¹ See Venner's Insurrection. Note 41.

court with assurance 'that Tophet was ordained of old—for the king it was made hot.'

As the preacher entered on a description of the approaching theocracy, which he dared to prophesy, Bridgenorth, who appeared for a time to have forgotten the presence of Julian, whilst with stern and fixed attention he drank in the words of the preacher, seemed suddenly to collect himself, and, taking Julian by the hand, led him out of the gallery, of which he carefully closed the door, into an apartment at no great distance.

When they arrived there, he anticipated the expostulations of Julian by asking him, in a tone of severe triumph, whether these men he had seen were likely to do their work negligently, or whether it would not be perilous to attempt to force their way from a house when all the avenues were guarded by such as he had now seen—men of war from their childhood upwards.

'In the name of Heaven,' said Julian, without replying to Bridgenorth's question, 'for what desperate purpose have you assembled so many desperate men? I am well aware that your sentiments of religion are peculiar; but beware how you deceive yourself. No views of religion can sanction rebellion and murder; and such are the natural and necessary consequences of the doctrine we have just heard poured into the ears of fanatical and violent enthusiasts.'

'My son,' said Bridgenorth, calmly, 'in the days of my non-age I thought as you do. I deemed it sufficient to pay my tithes of cummin and anniseed—my poor petty moral observances of the old law; and I thought I was heaping up precious things, when they were in value no more than the husks of the swine-trough. Praised be Heaven, the scales are fallen from mine eyes, and after forty years' wandering in the desert of Sinai, I am at length arrived in the land of Promise. My corrupt human nature has left me: I have cast my slough, and can now with some conscience put my hand to the plough, certain that there is no weakness left in me, wherethrough I may look back. The furrows,' he added, bending his brows, while a gloomy fire filled his large eyes, 'must be drawn long and deep, and watered by the blood of the mighty.'

There was a change in Bridgenorth's tone and manner, when he used these singular expressions, which convinced Julian that his mind, which had wavered for so many years between his natural good sense and the insane enthusiasm of the time, had finally given way to the latter; and, sensible of the danger in which the unhappy man himself, the innocent and beautiful

Alice, and his own father, were likely to be placed, to say nothing of the general risk of the community by a sudden insurrection, he at the same time felt that there was no chance of reasoning effectually with one who would oppose spiritual conviction to all arguments which reason could urge against his wild schemes. To touch his feelings seemed a more probable resource; and Julian therefore conjured Bridgenorth to think how much his daughter's honour and safety were concerned in his abstaining from the dangerous course which he meditated. 'If you fall,' he said, 'must she not pass under the power and guardianship of her uncle, whom you allow to have shown himself capable of the grossest mistake in the choice of her female protectress; and whom I believe, upon good grounds, to have made that infamous choice with his eyes open?'

'Young man,' answered Bridgenorth, 'you make me feel like the poor bird around whose wing some wanton boy has fixed a line, to pull the struggling wretch to earth at his pleasure. Know, since thou wilt play this cruel part, and drag me down from higher contemplations, that she with whom Alice is placed, and who hath in future full power to guide her motions and decide her fate, despite of Christian and every one else, is ——— I will not tell thee who she is. Enough — no one, thou least of all, needs to fear for her safety.'

At this moment a side door opened, and Christian himself came into the apartment. He started and coloured when he saw Julian Peveril; then turning to Bridgenorth with an assumed air of indifference, asked, 'Is Saul among the prophets? Is a Peveril among the saints?'

'No, brother,' replied Bridgenorth, 'his time is not come, more than thine own: thou art too deep in the ambitious intrigues of manhood, and he in the giddy passions of youth, to hear the still calm voice. You will both hear it, as I trust and pray.'

'Master Ganlesse, or Christian, or by whatever name you are called,' said Julian, 'by whatever reasons you guide yourself in this most perilous matter, *you* at least are not influenced by any idea of an immediate Divine command for commencing hostilities against the state. Leaving, therefore, for the present whatever subjects of discussion may be between us, I implore you, as a man of shrewdness and sense, to join with me in dissuading Master Bridgenorth from the fatal enterprise which he now meditates.'

'Young gentleman,' said Christian, with great composure, 'when we met in the west, I was willing to have made a friend

of you, but you rejected the overture. You might, however, even then have seen enough of me to be assured that I am not likely to rush too rashly on any desperate undertaking. As to this which lies before us, my brother Bridgenorth brings to it the simplicity, though not the harmlessness, of the dove, and I the subtilty of the serpent. He hath the leading of saints who are moved by the Spirit; and I can add to their efforts a powerful body, who have for their instigators the world, the devil, and the flesh.'

'And can you,' said Julian, looking at Bridgenorth, 'accede to such an unworthy union?'

'I unite not with them,' said Bridgenorth; 'but I may not, without guilt, reject the aid which Providence sends to assist His servants. We are ourselves few, though determined. Those whose swords come to help the cutting down of the harvest must be welcome. When their work is wrought, they will be converted or scattered. Have you been at York Place, brother, with that unstable epicure? We must have his last resolution, and that within an hour.'

Christian looked at Julian, as if his presence prevented him from returning an answer; upon which Bridgenorth arose, and taking the young man by the arm, led him out of the apartment, into that in which they had left his father; assuring him by the way that determined and vigilant guards were placed in every different quarter by which escape could be effected, and that he would do well to persuade his father to remain a quiet prisoner for a few hours.

Julian returned him no answer, and Bridgenorth presently retired, leaving him alone with his father and Hudson. To their questions he could only briefly reply, that he feared they were trepanned, since they were in the house with at least two hundred fanatics, completely armed, and apparently prepared for some desperate enterprise. Their own want of arms precluded the possibility of open violence; and however unpleasant it might be to remain in such a condition, it seemed difficult, from the strength of the fastenings at doors and windows, to attempt any secret escape without instantaneous detection.

The valiant dwarf alone nursed hopes, with which he in vain endeavoured to inspire his companions in affliction. 'The fair one whose eyes,' he said, 'were like the twin stars of Leda'—for the little man was a great admirer of lofty language—'had not invited him, the most devoted, and, it might be, not the least favoured, of her servants, into this place as a harbour, in order

that he might therein suffer shipwreck'; and he generously assured his friends that in his safety they also should be safe.

Sir Geoffrey, little cheered by this intimation, expressed his despair at not being able to get the length of Whitehall, where he trusted to find as many jolly Cavaliers as would help him to stifle the whole nest of wasps in their hive; while Julian was of opinion that the best service he could now render Bridgenorth would be timeously to disclose his plot, and, if possible, to send him at the same time warning to save his person.

But we must leave them to meditate over their plans at leisure, no one of which, as they all depended on their previous escape from confinement, seemed in any great chance of being executed.

CHAPTER XLIV

And some for safety took the dreadful leap,
Some for the voice of Heaven seem'd calling on them,
Some for advancement, or for lucre's sake ;
I leap'd in frolic.

The Dream.

AFTER a private conversation with Bridgenorth, Christian hastened to the Duke of Buckingham's hotel, taking at the same time such a route as to avoid meeting with any acquaintance. He was ushered into the apartment of the duke, whom he found cracking and eating filberts, with a flask of excellent white wine at his elbow. 'Christian,' said his Grace, 'come help me to laugh : I have bit Sir Charles Sedley, flung him for a thousand, by the gods !'

'I am glad at your luck, my lord duke,' replied Christian ; 'but I am come here on serious business.'

'Serious ! why, I shall hardly be serious in my life again — ha, ha, ha ! and for luck, it was no such thing — sheer wit and excellent contrivance ; and but that I don't care to affront Fortune, like the old Greek general, I might tell her to her face — "In this thou hadst no share." You have heard, Ned Christian, that Mother Cresswell¹ is dead ?'

'Yes, I did hear that the devil hath got his due,' answered Christian.

'Well,' said the duke, 'you are ungrateful ; for I know you have been obliged to her, as well as others. Before George, a most benevolent and helpful old lady ; and that she might not sleep in an unblest grave, I betted — do you mark me ? — with Sedley that I would write her funeral sermon, that it should be every word in praise of her life and conversation, that it should be all true ; and yet that the diocesan should be unable to lay his thumb on Quodling, my little chaplain, who should preach it.'

¹ See Note 42.

'I perfectly see the difficulty, my lord,' said Christian, who well knew that, if he wished to secure attention from this volatile nobleman, he must first suffer, nay, encourage, him to exhaust the topic, whatever it might be, that had got temporary possession of his pineal gland.

'Why,' said the duke, 'I caused my little Quodding to go through his oration thus: "That whatever evil reports had passed current during the lifetime of the worthy matron whom they had restored to dust that day, malice itself could not deny that she was born well, married well, lived well, and died well; since she was born in Shadwell, married to Cresswell, lived in Camberwell, and died in Bridewell." Here ended the oration, and with it Sedley's ambitious hopes of overreaching Buckingham — ha, ha, ha! And now, Master Christian, what are your commands for me to-day?'

'First, to thank your Grace for being so attentive as to send so formidable a person as Colonel Blood to wait upon your poor friend and servant. Faith, he took such an interest in my leaving town that he wanted to compel me to do it at point of fox, so I was obliged to spill a little of his malapert blood. Your Grace's swordsmen have had ill luck of late; and it is hard, since you always choose the best hands, and such scrupulous knaves too.'

'Come now, Christian,' said the duke, 'do not thus exult over me; a great man, if I may so call myself, is never greater than amid miscarriage. I only played this little trick on you, Christian, to impress on you a wholesome idea of the interest I take in your motions. The scoundrel's having dared to draw upon you is a thing not to be forgiven. What! injure my old friend, Christian?'

'And why not,' said Christian, coolly, 'if your old friend was so stubborn as not to go out of town, like a good boy, when your Grace required him to do so, for the civil purpose of entertaining his niece in his absence?'

'How — what! — how do you mean by *my* entertaining your niece, Master Christian?' said the duke. 'She was a personage far beyond my poor attentions, being destined, if I recollect aright, to something like royal favour.'

'It was her fate, however, to be the guest of your Grace's convent for a brace of days or so. Marry, my lord, the father confessor was not at home, and — for convents have been scaled of late — returned not till the bird was flown.'

'Christian, thou art an old reynard — I see there is no

doubling with thee. It was thou, then, stole away my pretty prize, but left me something so much prettier in my mind that, had it not made itself wings to fly away with, I would have placed it in a cage of gold. Never be downcast, man; I forgive thee — I forgive thee.

'Your Grace is of a most merciful disposition, especially considering it is I who have had the wrong; and sages have said that he who doth the injury is less apt to forgive than he who only sustains it.'

'True — true, Christian,' said the duke, 'which, as you say, is something quite new, and places my clemency in a striking point of view. Well, then, thou forgiven man, when shall I see my Mauritanian princess again?'

'Whenever I am certain that a quibble, and a carwhichee, or a play or a sermon, will not banish her from your Grace's memory.'

'Not all the wit of South or of Etherege,' said Buckingham, hastily, 'to say nothing of my own, shall in future make me oblivious of what I owe the Morisco princess.'

'Yet, to leave the fair lady out of thought for a little while — a very little while,' said Christian, 'since I swear that in due time your Grace shall see her, and know in her the most extraordinary woman that the age has produced — to leave her, I say, out of sight for a little while, has your Grace had late notice of your duchess's health?'

'Health!' said the duke. 'Umph — no — nothing particular. She has been ill; but —'

'She is no longer so,' subjoined Christian; 'she died in Yorkshire forty-eight hours since.'

'Thou must deal with the devil!' said the duke.

'It would ill become one of my name to do so,' replied Christian. 'But, in the brief interval since your Grace hath known of an event which has not yet reached the public ear, you have, I believe, made proposals to the King for the hand of the Lady Anne, second daughter of the Duke of York, and your Grace's proposals have been rejected.'

'Fiends and firebrands, villain!' said the duke, starting up and seizing Christian by the collar; 'who hath told thee that?'

'Take your hand from my cloak, my lord duke, and I may answer you,' said Christian. 'I have a scurvy touch of old Puritanical humour about me: I abide not the imposition of hands. Take off your grasp from my cloak, or I will find means to make you unloose it.'

The duke, who had kept his right hand on his dagger-hilt while he held Christian's collar with his left, unloosed it as he spoke, but slowly, and as one who rather suspends than abandons the execution of some hasty impulse; while Christian, adjusting his cloak with perfect composure, said, 'Soh — my cloak being at liberty, we speak on equal terms. I come not to insult your Grace, but to offer you vengeance for the insult you have received.'

'Vengeance!' said the duke. 'It is the dearest proffer man can present to me in my present mood. I hunger for vengeance — thirst for vengeance — could die to ensure vengeance! 'Sdeath!' he continued, walking up and down the large apartment with the most unrestrained and violent agitation, 'I have chased this repulse out of my brain with ten thousand trifles, because I thought no one knew it. But it is known, and to thee, the very common sewer of court secrets; the honour of Villiers is in thy keeping, Ned Christian. Speak, thou man of wiles and of intrigue; on whom dost thou promise the vengeance? Speak! and if thy answers meet my desires, I will make a bargain with thee as willingly as with thy master, Satan himself.'

'I will not be,' said Christian, 'so unreasonable in my terms as stories tell of the old apostate: I will offer your Grace, as he might do, temporal prosperity and revenge, which is his frequent recruiting money; but I leave it to yourself to provide, as you may be pleased, for your future salvation.'

The duke, gazing upon him fixedly and sadly, replied, 'I would to God, Christian, that I could read what purpose of damnable villainy thou hast to propose to me in thy countenance, without the necessity of thy using words!'

'Your Grace can but try a guess,' said Christian, calmly smiling.

'No,' replied the duke, after gazing at him again for the space of a minute; 'thou art so deeply dyed an hypocrite, that thy mean features and clear grey eye are as likely to conceal treason as any petty scheme of theft or larceny more corresponding to your degree.'

'Treason, my lord!' echoed Christian; 'you may have guessed more nearly than you were aware of. I honour your Grace's penetration.'

'Treason!' echoed the duke. 'Who dare name such a crime to me?'

'If a name startles your Grace, you may call it vengeance —

vengeance on the cabal of counsellors, who have ever countermined you, in spite of your wit and your interest with the King. Vengeance on Arlington, Ormond — on Charles himself.'

'No, by Heaven,' said the duke, resuming his disordered walk through the apartment. 'Vengeance on these rats of the privy council, come at it as you will. But the King! never — never. I have provoked him a hundred times, where he has stirred me once. I have crossed his path in state intrigue, rivalled him in love, had the advantage in both, and, d—n it, he has forgiven me! If treason would put me in his throne, I have no apology for it: it were worse than bestial ingratitude.'

'Nobly spoken, my lord,' said Christian; 'and consistent alike with the obligations under which your Grace lies to Charles Stuart and the sense you have ever shown of them. But it signifies not. If your Grace patronise not our enterprise, there is Shaftesbury, there is Monmouth —'

'Scoundrel!' exclaimed the duke, even more vehemently agitated than before, 'think you that you shall carry on with others an enterprise which I have refused? No, by every heathen and every Christian god! Hark ye, Christian, I will arrest you on the spot — I will, by gods and devils, and carry you to unravel your plot at Whitehall.'

'Where the first words I speak,' answered the imperturbable Christian, 'will be to inform the privy council in what place they may find certain letters, wherewith your Grace has honoured your poor vassal, containing, as I think, particulars which his Majesty will read with more surprise than pleasure.'

'Sdeath, villain!' said the duke, once more laying his hand on his poniard-hilt, 'thou hast me again at advantage. I know not why I forbear to poniard you where you stand!'

'I might fall, my lord duke,' said Christian, slightly colouring, and putting his right hand into his bosom, 'though not, I think, unavenged, for I have not put my person into this peril altogether without means of defence. I might fall, but, alas! your Grace's correspondence is in hands which, by that very act, would be rendered sufficiently active in handing them to the King and the privy council. What say you to the Moorish princess, my lord duke? What if I have left her executrix of my will, with certain instructions how to proceed if I return not unharmed from York Place? O, my lord, though my head is in the wolf's mouth, I was not goose enough to place it there without settling how many carabines should be fired on the wolf, so soon as my dying cackle was heard. Pshaw,

my lord duke ! you deal with a man of sense and courage, yet you speak to him as a child and a coward.'

The duke threw himself into a chair, fixed his eyes on the ground, and spoke without raising them. 'I am about to call Jerningham,' he said ; 'but fear nothing—it is only for a draught of wine. That stuff on the table may be a vehicle for filberts and walnuts, but not for such communications as yours. Bring me champagne,' he said to the attendant who answered on his summons.

The domestic returned, and brought a flask of champagne, with two large silver cups. One of them he filled for Buckingham, who, contrary to the usual etiquette, was always served first at home, and then offered the other to Christian, who declined to receive it.

The duke drank off the large goblet which was presented to him, and for a moment covered his forehead with the palm of his hand ; then instantly withdrew it, and said, 'Christian, speak your errand plainly. We know each other. If my reputation be in some degree in your hands, you are well aware that your life is in mine. Sit down,' he said, taking a pistol from his bosom and laying it on the table—'sit down, and let me hear your proposal.'

'My lord,' said Christian, smiling, 'I shall produce no such ultimate argument on my part, though possibly, in time of need, I may not be found destitute of them. But my defence is in the situation of things, and in the composed view which, doubtless, your Majesty will take of them.'

'Majesty !' repeated the duke. 'My good friend Christian, you have kept company with the Puritans so long that you confuse the ordinary titles of the court.'

'I know not how to apologise,' said Christian, 'unless your Grace will suppose that I spoke by prophecy.'

'Such as the devil delivered to Macbeth,' said the duke, again paced the chamber, and again seated himself, and said, 'Be plain, Christian—speak out at once, and manfully, what is it you intend ?'

'I,' said Christian. 'What should I do ? I can do nothing in such a matter ; but I thought it right that your Grace should know that the godly of this city (he spoke the word with a kind of ironical grin) are impatient of inactivity, and must needs be up and doing. My brother Bridgenorth is at the head of all old Weiver's congregation ; for you must know that, after floundering from one faith to another, he hath now got

beyond ordinances, and is become a Fifth Monarchy man. He has nigh two hundred of Weiver's people fully equipped and ready to fall on ; and, with slight aid from your Grace's people, they must carry Whitehall and make prisoners of all within it.'

'Rascal !' said the duke, 'and is it to a peer of England you make this communication ?'

'Nay,' answered Christian, 'I admit it would be extreme folly in your Grace to appear until all is over. But let me give Blood and the others a hint on your part. There are the four Germans also — right Knipperdolings and Anabaptists — will be specially useful. You are wise, my lord, and know the value of a corps of domestic gladiators, as well as did Octavius, Lepidus, and Antony, when, by such family forces, they divided the world by indenture tripartite.'

'Stay — stay,' said the duke. 'Even if these bloodhounds were to join with you — not that I would permit it without the most positive assurances for the King's personal safety — but say the villains were to join, what hope have you of carrying the court ?'

'Bully Tom Armstrong,¹ my lord, hath promised his interest with the Life Guards. Then there are my Lord Shaftesbury's brisk boys in the city — thirty thousand on the holding up a finger.'

'Let him hold up both hands, and if he count a hundred for each finger,' said the duke, 'it will be more than I expect. You have not spoken to him ?'

'Surely not, till your Grace's pleasure was known. But, if he is not applied to, there is the Dutch train, Hans Snorehout's congregation, in the Strand ; there are the French Protestants in Piccadilly ; there are the family of Levi in Lewkenor's Lane, the Mugglestonians in Thames Street —'

'Ah, laugh ! Out upon them — out upon them ! How the knaves will stink of cheese and tobacco when they come upon action ! they will drown all the perfumes in Whitehall. Spare me the detail, and let me know, my dearest Ned, the sum total of thy most odoriferous forces.'

'Fifteen hundred men, well armed,' said Christian, 'besides the rabble that will rise to a certainty ; they have already nearly torn to pieces the prisoners who were this day acquitted on account of the Plot.'

'All, then, I understand. And now, hark ye, most Christian Christian,' said he, wheeling his chair full in front of that on

¹ See Note 43.

which his agent was seated, 'you have told me many things to-day — shall I be equally communicative? Shall I show you that my accuracy of information matches yours? Shall I tell you, in a word, why you have at once resolved to push every one, from the Puritan to the Free-thinker, upon a general attack of the palace at Whitehall, without allowing me, a peer of the realm, time either to pause upon or to prepare for a step so desperate? Shall I tell you why you would lead or drive, seduce or compel, me into countenancing your measures?'

'My lord, if you please to form a guess,' said Christian, 'I will answer with all sincerity if you have assigned the right cause.'

'The Countess of Derby is this day arrived, and attends the court this evening with hopes of the kindest reception. She may be surprised amid the *mêlée*? Ha! said I not right, Master Christian? You, who pretend to offer me revenge, know yourself its exquisite sweetness.'

'I would not presume,' said Christian, half smiling, 'to offer your Grace a dish without acting as your taster as well as purveyor.'

'That's honestly said,' said the duke. 'Away, then, my friend. Give Blood this ring; he knows it, and knows how to obey him who bears it. Let him assemble my gladiators, as thou dost most wittily term my *coupe-jarrets*. The old scheme of the German music may be resorted to, for I think thou hast the instruments ready. But take notice, I know nothing on't; and Rowley's person must be safe: I will hang and burn on all hands if a hair of his black periwig¹ be but singed. Then what is to follow — a Lord Protector of the realm; or stay — Cromwell has made the word somewhat slovenly and unpopular — a Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom? The patriots who take it on themselves to revenge the injustice done to the country, and to remove evil counsellors from before the King's throne, that it may be henceforward established in righteousness — so I think the rubric runs — cannot fail to make a fitting choice.'

'They cannot, my lord duke,' said Christian, 'since there is but one man in the three kingdoms on whom that choice can possibly fall.'

'I thank you, Christian,' said his Grace; 'and I trust you. Away, and make all ready. Be assured your services shall not be forgot. We will have you near to us.'

¹ See Charles's Black Periwig. Note 44.

'My lord duke,' said Christian, 'you bind me doubly to you. But remember, that as your Grace is spared any obnoxious proceedings which may befall in the way of military execution or otherwise, so it will be advisable that you hold yourself in preparation, upon a moment's notice, to put yourself at the head of a band of honourable friends and allies, and come presently to the palace, where you will be received by the victors as a commander and by the vanquished as a preserver.'

'I conceive you — I conceive you. I will be in prompt readiness,' said the duke.

'Ay, my lord,' continued Christian; 'and, for Heaven's sake, let none of those toys, which are the very Dalilahs of your imagination, come across your Grace this evening, and interfere with the execution of this sublime scheme.'

'Why, Christian, dost think me mad?' was his Grace's emphatic reply. 'It is you who linger, when all should be ordered for a deed so daring. Go then. But hark ye, Ned; ere you go, tell me when I shall again see yonder thing of fire and air — yon Eastern Peri, that glides into apartments by the key-hole, and leaves them through the casement — yon black-eyed houri of the Mahometan paradise — when, I say, shall I see her once more?'

'When your Grace has the truncheon of Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom,' said Christian, and left the apartment.

Buckingham stood fixed in contemplation for a moment after he was gone. 'Should I have done this?' he said, arguing the matter with himself; 'or had I the choice, rather, of doing aught else? Should I not hasten to the court and make Charles aware of the treason which besets him? I will, by Heaven! Here, Jerningham, my coach, with the despatch of light! I will throw myself at his feet, and tell him of all the follies which I have dreamed of with this Christian. And then he will laugh at me and spurn me! No, I have kneeled to him to-day already, and my repulse was nothing gentle. To be spurned once in the sun's daily round is enough for Buckingham.'

Having made this reflection, he seated himself, and began hastily to mark down the young nobles and gentlemen of quality, and others their very ignoble companions, who, he supposed, might be likely to assume him for their leader in any popular disturbance. He had nearly completed it, when Jerningham entered to say the coach would be ready in an instant, and to bring his master's sword, hat, and cloak.

'Let the coachman draw off,' said the duke, 'but be in readiness. And send to the gentlemen thou wilt find named in this list; say I am but ill at ease, and wish their company to a slight collation. Let instant expedition be made, and care not for expense; you will find most of them at the Club-House in Fuller's Rents.'¹

The preparations for festivity were speedily made, and the intended guests, most of them persons who were at leisure for any call that promised pleasure, though sometimes more deaf to those of duty, began speedily to assemble. There were many youths of the highest rank, and with them, as is usual in those circles, many of a different class, whom talents, or impudence, or wit, or a turn for gambling, had reared up into companions for the great and the gay. The Duke of Buckingham was a general patron of persons of this description; and a numerous attendance took place on the present occasion.

The festivity was pursued with the usual appliances of wine, music, and games of hazard, with which, however, there mingled in that period much more wit, and a good deal more gross profligacy of conversation, than the talents of the present generation can supply, or their taste would permit.

The duke himself proved the complete command which he possessed over his versatile character, by maintaining the frolic, the laugh, and the jest, while his ear caught up, and with eagerness, the most distant sounds, as intimating the commencement of Christian's revolutionary project. Such sounds were heard from time to time, and from time to time they died away, without any of those consequences which Buckingham expected.

At length, and when it was late in the evening, Jerningham announced Master Chiffinch from the court, and that worthy personage followed the annunciation.

'Strange things have happened, my lord duke,' he said; 'your presence at court is instantly required by his Majesty.'

'You alarm me,' said Buckingham, standing up. 'I hope nothing has happened — I hope there is nothing wrong — I hope his Majesty is well?'

'Perfectly well,' said Chiffinch; 'and desirous to see your Grace without a moment's delay.'

'This is sudden,' said the duke. 'You see I have had merry fellows about me, and am scarce in case to appear, Chiffinch.'

¹ See Note 45.

'Your Grace seems to be in very handsome plight,' said Chiffinch; 'and you know his Majesty is gracious enough to make allowances.'

'True,' said the duke, not a little anxious in his mind touching the cause of this unexpected summons—'true, his Majesty is most gracious. I will order my coach.'

'Mine is below,' replied the royal messenger; 'it will save time, if your Grace will condescend to use it.'

Forced from every evasion, Buckingham took a goblet from the table, and requested his friends to remain at his palace so long as they could find the means of amusement there. 'He expected,' he said, 'to return almost immediately; if not, he would take farewell of them with his usual toast, "May all of us that are not hanged in the interval meet together again here on the first Monday of next month."'

This standing toast of the duke bore reference to the character of several of his guests; but he did not drink it on the present occasion without some anticipation concerning his own fate, in case Christian had betrayed him. He hastily made some addition to his dress, and attended Chiffinch in the chariot to Whitehall.

CHAPTER XLV

High feasting was there there : the gilded roofs
Rung to the wassail-health ; the dancer's step
Sprung to the chord responsive ; the gay gamester
To fate's disposal flung his heap of gold,
And laugh'd alike when it increased or lessen'd :
Such virtue hath court-air to teach us patience,
Which schoolmen preach in vain.

Why come ye not to Court ?

UPON the afternoon of this eventful day, Charles held his court in the Queen's apartments, which were opened at a particular hour to invited guests of a certain lower degree, but accessible without restriction to the higher classes of nobility who had from birth, and to the courtiers who held by office, the privilege of the *entrée*.

It was one part of Charles's character, which unquestionably rendered him personally popular, and postponed to a subsequent reign the precipitation of his family from the throne, that he banished from his court many of the formal restrictions with which it was in other reigns surrounded. He was conscious of the good-natured grace of his manners, and trusted to it, often not in vain, to remove evil impressions arising from actions which he was sensible could not be justified on the grounds of liberal or national policy.

In the daytime the King was commonly seen in the public walks alone, or only attended by one or two persons ; and his answer to the remonstrance of his brother, on the risk of thus exposing his person, is well known. ' Believe me, James,' he said, ' no one will murder *me* to make *you* king.'

In the same manner, Charles's evenings, unless such as were destined to more secret pleasures, were frequently spent amongst all who had any pretence to approach a courtly circle, and thus it was upon the night which we are treating of. Queen Catherine, reconciled or humbled to her fate, had long

ceased to express any feelings of jealousy, nay, seemed so absolutely dead to such a passion, that she received at her drawing-room, without scruple, and even with encouragement, the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Cleveland, and others, who enjoyed, though in a less avowed character, the credit of having been royal favourites. Constraint of every kind was banished from a circle so composed, and which was frequented at the same time, if not by the wisest, at least by the wittiest, courtiers who ever assembled round a monarch, and who, as many of them had shared the wants, and shifts, and frolics of his exile, had thus acquired a sort of prescriptive license, which the good-natured prince, when he attained his period of prosperity; could hardly have restrained had it suited his temper to do so. This, however, was the least of Charles's thoughts. His manners were such as secured him from indelicate obtrusion; and he sought no other protection from over-familiarity than what these and his ready wit afforded him.

On the present occasion, he was peculiarly disposed to enjoy the scene of pleasure which had been prepared. The singular death of Major Coleby, which, taking place in his own presence, had proclaimed, with the voice of a passing bell, the ungrateful neglect of the prince for whom he had sacrificed everything, had given Charles much pain. But, in his own opinion at least, he had completely atoned for this negligence by the trouble which he had taken for Sir Geoffrey Peveril and his son, whose liberation he looked upon not only as an excellent good deed in itself, but, in spite of the grave rebuke of Ormond, as achieved in a very pardonable manner, considering the difficulties with which he was surrounded. He even felt a degree of satisfaction on receiving intelligence from the city that there had been disturbances in the streets, and that some of the more violent fanatics had betaken themselves to their meeting-houses, upon sudden summons, to inquire, as their preachers phrased it, into the causes of Heaven's wrath, and into the backsliding of the court, lawyers, and jury, by whom the false and bloody favourers of the Popish Plot were screened and cloaked from deserved punishment.

The King, we repeat, seemed to hear these accounts with pleasure, even when he was reminded of the dangerous and susceptible character of those with whom such suspicions originated. 'Will any one now assert,' he said, with self-complacence, 'that I am so utterly negligent of the interest of friends? You see the peril in which I place myself, and even

the risk to which I have exposed the public peace, to rescue a man whom I have scarce seen for twenty years, and then only in his buff-coat and bandeliers, with other train-band officers who kissed hands upon the Restoration. They say kings have long hands; I think they have as much occasion for long memories, since they are expected to watch over and reward every man in England who hath but shown his goodwill by crying, "God save the King!"'

'Nay, the rogues are even more unreasonable still,' said Sedley; 'for every knave of them thinks himself entitled to your Majesty's protection in a good cause, whether he has cried "God save the King" or no.'

The King smiled, and turned to another part of the stately hall, where everything was assembled which could, according to the taste of the age, make the time glide pleasantly away.

In one place, a group of the young nobility and of the ladies of the court listened to the reader's acquaintance Empson, who was accompanying, with his unrivalled breathings on the flute, a young siren, who, while her bosom palpitated with pride and with fear, warbled to the courtly and august presence the beautiful air, beginning,

'Young I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield,' etc.

She performed her task in a manner so corresponding with the strains of the amatory poet and the voluptuous air with which the words had been invested by the celebrated Purcel, that the men crowded around in ecstasies, while most of the ladies thought it proper either to look extremely indifferent to the words she sung or to withdraw from the circle as quietly as possible. To the song succeeded a concerto, performed by a select band of most admirable musicians, which the King, whose taste was indisputable, had himself selected.

At other tables in the apartment the elder courtiers worshipped fortune, at the various fashionable games of ombre, quadrille, hazard, and the like; while heaps of gold which lay before the players augmented or dwindled with every turn of a card or cast of a die. Many a year's rent of fair estates was ventured upon the main or the odds, which, spent in the old deserted manor-house, had repaired the ravages of Cromwell upon its walls, and replaced the sources of good housekeeping and hospitality, that, exhausted in the last age by fine and sequestration, were now in a fair way of being annihilated by

careless prodigality. Elsewhere, under cover of observing the gamester or listening to the music, the gallantries of that all-licensed age were practised among the gay and fair, closely watched the whilst by the ugly or the old, who promised themselves at least the pleasure of observing, and it may be that of proclaiming, intrigues in which they could not be sharers.

From one table to another glided the merry monarch, exchanging now a glance with a court beauty, now a jest with a court wit, now beating time to the music, and anon losing or winning a few pieces of gold on the chance of the game to which he stood nearest—the most amiable of voluptuaries, the gayest and best-natured of companions, the man that would, of all others, have best sustained his character, had life been a continued banquet, and its only end to enjoy the passing hour and send it away as pleasantly as might be.

But kings are least of all exempted from the ordinary lot of humanity; and Seged of Ethiopia is, amongst monarchs, no solitary example of the vanity of reckoning on a day or an hour of undisturbed serenity. An attendant on the court announced suddenly to their Majesties that a lady, who would only announce herself as a peeress of England, desired to be admitted into the presence.

The Queen said, hastily, 'It was *impossible*. No peeress, without announcing her title, was entitled to the privilege of her rank.'

'I could be sworn,' said a nobleman in attendance, 'that it is some whim of the Duchess of Newcastle.'

The attendant who brought the message said that 'He did indeed believe it to be the duchess, both from the singularity of the message and that the lady spoke with somewhat a foreign accent.'

'In the name of madness, then,' said the King, 'let us admit her. Her Grace is an entire raree-show in her own person—a universal masquerade—indeed, a sort of private Bedlam Hospital, her whole ideas being like so many patients crazed upon the subjects of love and literature, who act nothing in their vagaries save Minerva, Venus, and the nine Muses.'

'Your Majesty's pleasure must always supersede mine,' said the Queen. 'I only hope I shall not be expected to entertain so fantastic a personage. The last time she came to court, Isabella (she spoke to one of her Portuguese ladies of honour), you had not returned from our lovely Lisbon—her Grace had the assurance to assume a right to bring a train-bearer into my

apartment; and when this was not allowed, what then, think you, she did? Even caused her train to be made so long that three mortal yards of satin and silver remained in the ante-chamber, supported by four wenches, while the other end was attached to her Grace's person, as she paid her duty at the upper end of the presence-room. Full thirty yards of the most beautiful silk did her Grace's madness employ in this manner.'

'And most beautiful damsels they were who bore this portentous train,' said the King — 'a train never equalled save by that of the great comet in sixty-six. Sedley and Etherege told us wonders of them; for it is one advantage of this new fashion brought up by the duchess, that a matron may be totally unconscious of the coquetry of her train and its attendants.'

'Am I to understand, then, your Majesty's pleasure is that the lady is to be admitted?' said the usher.

'Certainly,' said the King; 'that is, if the incognita be really entitled to the honour. It may be as well to inquire her title; there are more madwomen abroad than the Duchess of Newcastle. I will walk into the ante-room myself and receive your answer.'

But, ere Charles had reached the lower end of the apartment in his progress to the ante-room, the usher surprised the assembly by announcing a name which had not for many a year been heard in these courtly halls — 'The Countess of Derby.'

Stately and tall, and still, at an advanced period of life, having a person unbroken by years, the noble lady advanced towards her sovereign with a step resembling that with which she might have met an equal. There was, indeed, nothing in her manner that indicated either haughtiness or assumption unbecoming that presence; but her consciousness of wrongs sustained from the administration of Charles, and of the superiority of the injured party over those from whom, or in whose name, the injury had been offered, gave her look dignity and her step firmness. She was dressed in widow's weeds, of the same fashion which were worn at the time her husband was brought to the scaffold, and which, in the thirty years subsequent to that event, she had never permitted her tirewoman to alter.

The surprise was no pleasing one to the King; and cursing in his heart the rashness which had allowed the lady entrance on the gay scene in which they were engaged, he saw at the same time the necessity of receiving her in a manner suitable

to his own character and her rank in the British court. He approached her with an air of welcome, into which he threw all his natural grace, while he began, '*Chère Comtesse de Derby, puissante Reine de Man, notre très auguste sœur*——'

'Speak English, sire, if I may presume to ask such a favour,' said the countess. 'I am a peeress of this nation, mother to one English earl, and widow, alas, to another! In England I have spent my brief days of happiness, my long years of widowhood and sorrow. France and its language are but to me the dreams of an uninteresting childhood. I know no tongue save that of my husband and my son. Permit me, as the widow and mother of Derby, thus to render my homage.'

She would have kneeled, but the King gracefully prevented her, and, saluting her cheek, according to the form, led her towards the Queen, and himself performed the ceremony of introduction. 'Your Majesty,' he said, 'must be informed that the countess has imposed a restriction on French, the language of gallantry and compliment. I trust your Majesty will, though a foreigner like herself, find enough of honest English to assure the Countess of Derby with what pleasure we see her at court after the absence of so many years.'

'I will endeavour to do so at least,' said the Queen, on whom the appearance of the Countess of Derby made a more favourable impression than that of many strangers whom, at the King's request, she was in the habit of receiving with courtesy.

Charles himself again spoke. 'To any other lady of the same rank I might put the question, why she was so long absent from the circle. I fear I can only ask the Countess of Derby what fortunate cause produces the pleasure of seeing her here?'

'No fortunate cause, my liege, though one most strong and urgent.'

The King augured nothing agreeable from this commencement; and in truth, from the countess's first entrance, he had anticipated some unpleasant explanation, which he therefore hastened to parry, having first composed his features into an expression of sympathy and interest.

'If,' said he, 'the cause is of a nature in which we can render assistance, we cannot expect your ladyship should enter upon it at the present time; but a memorial addressed to our secretary, or, if it is more satisfactory, to ourselves directly, will receive our immediate, and, I trust I need not add, our favourable, construction.'

The countess bowed with some state, and answered, 'My business, sire, is indeed important; but so brief, that it need not for more than a few minutes withdraw your ear from what is more pleasing; yet it is so urgent, that I am afraid to postpone it even for a moment.'

'This is unusual,' said Charles. 'But you, Countess of Derby, are an unwonted guest, and must command my time. Does the matter require my private ear?'

'For my part,' said the countess, 'the whole court might listen; but your Majesty may prefer hearing me in the presence of one or two of your counsellors.'

'Ormond,' said the King, looking around, 'attend us for an instant; and do you, Arlington, do the same.'

The King led the way into an adjoining cabinet, and, seating himself, requested the countess would also take a chair.

'It needs not, sire,' she replied; then pausing for a moment, as if to collect her spirits, she proceeded with firmness. 'Your Majesty well said that no light cause had drawn me from my lonely habitation. I came not hither when the property of my son — that property which descended to him from a father who died for your Majesty's rights — was conjured away from him under pretext of justice, that it might first feed the avarice of the rebel Fairfax and then supply the prodigality of his son-in-law, Buckingham.'

'These are over harsh terms, lady,' said the King. 'A legal penalty was, as we remember, incurred by an act of irregular violence; so our courts and our laws term it, though personally I have no objection to call it, with you, an honourable revenge. But admit it were such, in prosecution of the laws of honour, bitter legal consequences are often necessarily incurred.'

'I come not to argue for my son's wasted and forfeited inheritance, sire,' said the countess; 'I only take credit for my patience under that afflicting dispensation. I now come to redeem the honour of the house of Derby, more dear to me than all the treasures and lands which ever belonged to it.'

'And by whom is the honour of the house of Derby impeached?' said the King; 'for, on my word, you bring me the first news of it.'

'Has there one Narrative, as these wild fictions are termed, been printed with regard to the Popish Plot — this pretended plot, as I will call it — in which the honour of our house has not been touched and tainted? And are there not two noble gentlemen, father and son, allies of the house of Stanley, about

to be placed in jeopardy of their lives on account of matters in which we are the parties first impeached ?'

The King looked around and smiled to Arlington and Ormond. 'The countess's courage, methinks, shames ours. What lips dared have called the immaculate Plot *pretended*, or the Narrative of the witnesses, our preservers from Popish knives, a wild fiction ? But, madam,' he said, 'though I admire the generosity of your interference in behalf of the two Peverils, I must acquaint you that your interference is unnecessary : they are this morning acquitted.'

'Now may God be praised !' said the countess, folding her hands. 'I have scarce slept since I heard the news of their impeachment ; and have arrived here to surrender myself to your Majesty's justice, or to the prejudices of the nation, in hopes, by so doing, I might at least save the lives of my noble and generous friends, enveloped in suspicion only, or chiefly, by their connexion with us. Are they indeed acquitted ?'

'They are, by my honour,' said the King. 'I marvel you heard it not.'

'I arrived but last night, and remained in the strictest seclusion,' said the countess, 'afraid to make any inquiries that might occasion discovery ere I saw your Majesty.'

'And now that we *have* met,' said the King, taking her hand kindly — 'a meeting which gives me the greatest pleasure — may I recommend to you speedily to return to your royal island with as little *éclat* as you came hither ? The world, my dear countess, has changed since we were young. Men fought in the Civil War with good swords and muskets ; but now we fight with indictments and oaths, and such-like legal weapons. You are no adept in such warfare ; and though I am well aware you know how to hold out a castle, I doubt much if you have the art to parry off an impeachment. This Plot has come upon us like a land storm ; there is no steering the vessel in the teeth of the tempest, we must run for the nearest haven, and happy if we can reach one.'

'This is cowardice, my liege,' said the countess. 'Forgive the word ! it is but a woman who speaks it. Call your noble friends around you, and make a stand like your royal father. There is but one right and one wrong — one honourable and forward course ; and all others which deviate are oblique and unworthy.'

'Your language, my venerated friend,' said Ormond, who saw the necessity of interfering betwixt the dignity of the

actual sovereign and the freedom of the countess, who was generally accustomed to receive, not to pay, observance — 'your language is strong and decided, but it applies not to the times. It might occasion a renewal of the Civil War and of all its miseries, but could hardly be attended with the effects you sanguinely anticipate.'

'You are too rash, my lady countess,' said Arlington, 'not only to rush upon this danger yourself, but to desire to involve his Majesty. Let me say plainly that, in this jealous time, you have done but ill to exchange the security of Castle Rushin for the chance of a lodging in the Tower of London.'

'And were I to kiss the block there,' said the countess, 'as did my husband at Bolton-on-the-Moors, I would do so willingly, rather than forsake a friend! and one, too, whom, as in the case of the younger Peveril, I have thrust upon danger.'

'But have I not assured you that both of the Peverils, elder and younger, are freed from peril?' said the King; 'and, my dear countess, what can else tempt you to thrust *yourself* on danger, from which, doubtless, you expect to be relieved by my intervention? Methinks a lady of your judgment should not voluntarily throw herself into a river, merely that her friends might have the risk and merit of dragging her out.'

The countess reiterated her intention to claim a fair trial. The two counsellors again pressed their advice that she should withdraw, though under the charge of absconding from justice, and remain in her own feudal kingdom.

The King, seeing no termination to the debate, gently reminded the countess that her Majesty would be jealous if he detained her ladyship longer, and offered her his hand to conduct her back to the company. This she was under the necessity of accepting, and returned accordingly to the apartments of state, where an event occurred immediately afterwards which must be transferred to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI

Here stand I tight and trim,
Quick of eye, though little of limb ;
He who denieth the word I have spoken,
Betwixt him and me shall lances be broken.

Lay of the Little John de Saintre.

WHEN Charles had re-conducted the Countess of Derby into the presence-chamber, before he parted with her, he entreated her, in a whisper, to be governed by good counsel, and to regard her own safety ; and then turned easily from her, as if to distribute his attentions equally among the other guests.

These were a good deal circumscribed at the instant by the arrival of a party of five or six musicians, one of whom, a German, under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, was particularly renowned for his performance on the violoncello, but had been detained in inactivity in the ante-chamber by the non-arrival of his instrument, which had now at length made its appearance.

The domestic who placed it before the owner, shrouded as it was within its wooden case, seemed heartily glad to be rid of his load, and lingered for a moment, as if interested in discovering what sort of instrument was to be produced that could weigh so heavily. His curiosity was satisfied, and in a most extraordinary manner ; for, while the musician was fumbling with the key, the case being for his greater convenience placed upright against the wall, the case and instrument itself at once flew open, and out started the dwarf, Geoffr y Hudson, at sight of whose unearthly appearance, thus suddenly introduced, the ladies shrieked and ran backwards, the gentlemen started, and the poor German, on seeing the portentous delivery of his fiddle-case, tumbled on the floor in an agony, supposing, it might be, that his instrument was metamorphosed into the strange figure which supplied its place. So soon, however, as

he recovered, he glided out of the apartment, and was followed by most of his companions.

‘Hudson!’ said the King. ‘My little old friend, I am not sorry to see you; though Buckingham, who I suppose is the purveyor of this jest, hath served us up but a stale one.’

‘Will your Majesty honour me with one moment’s attention?’ said Hudson.

‘Assuredly, my good friend,’ said the King. ‘Old acquaintances are springing up in every quarter to-night; and our leisure can hardly be better employed than in listening to them. It was an idle trick of Buckingham,’ he added, in a whisper to Ormond, ‘to send the poor thing hither, especially as he was to-day tried for the affair of the Plot. At any rate, he comes not to ask protection from us, having had the rare fortune to come off plot-free. He is but fishing, I suppose, for some little present or pension.’

The little man, precise in court etiquette, yet impatient of the King’s delaying to attend to him, stood in the midst of the floor, most valorously pawing and prancing, like a Scots pony assuming the airs of a war-horse, waving meanwhile his little hat with the tarnished feather, and bowing from time to time, as if impatient to be heard.

‘Speak on, then, my friend,’ said Charles; ‘if thou hast some poetical address penned for thee, out with it, that thou mayst have time to repose these flourishing little limbs of thine.’

‘No poetical speech have I, most mighty sovereign,’ answered the dwarf; ‘but, in plain and most loyal prose, I do accuse, before this company, the once noble Duke of Buckingham of high treason!’

‘Well spoken, and manfully. Get on, man,’ said the King, who never doubted that this was the introduction to something burlesque or witty, not conceiving that the charge was made in solemn earnest.

A great laugh took place among such courtiers as heard, and among many who did not hear, what was uttered by the dwarf; the former entertained by the extravagant emphasis and gesticulation of the little champion, and the others laughing not the less loud that they laughed for example’s sake, and upon trust.

‘What matter is there for all this mirth?’ said he, very indignantly. ‘Is it fit subject for laughing, that I, Geoffrey Hudson, knight, do, before king and nobles, impeach George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, of high treason?’

‘No subject of mirth, certainly,’ said Charles, composing his features; ‘but great matter of wonder. Come, cease this mouthing, and prancing, and mummery. If there be a jest, come, out with it, man; and if not, even get thee to the beauffet, and drink a cup of wine to refresh thee after thy close lodging.’

‘I tell you, my liege,’ said Hudson, impatiently, yet in a whisper, intended only to be audible by the King, ‘that if you spend over much time in trifling, you will be convinced by dire experience of Buckingham’s treason. I tell you — I asseverate to your Majesty — two hundred armed fanatics will be here within the hour, to surprise the guards.’

‘Stand back, ladies,’ said the King, ‘or you may hear more than you will care to listen to. My Lord of Buckingham’s jests are not always, you know, quite fitted for female ears; besides, we want a few words in private with our little friend. You, my Lord of Ormond — you, Arlington (and he named one or two others), may remain with us.’

The gay crowd bore back, and dispersed through the apartment — the men to conjecture what the end of this mummery, as they supposed it, was likely to prove; and what jest, as Sedley said, the bass-fiddle had been brought to bed of, and the ladies to admire and criticise the antique dress and richly embroidered ruff and hood of the Countess of Derby, to whom the Queen was showing particular attention.

‘And now, in the name of Heaven, and amongst friends,’ said the King to the dwarf, ‘what means all this?’

‘Treason, my lord the King! — treason to his Majesty of England! When I was chambered in yonder instrument, my lord, the High-Dutch fellows who bore me carried me into a certain chapel, to see, as they said to each other, that all was ready. Sire, I went where bass-fiddle never went before, even into a conventicle of Fifth Monarchists; and when they brought me away, the preacher was concluding his sermon, and was within a “Now to apply” of setting off like the bell-wether at the head of his flock, to surprise your Majesty in your royal court. I heard him through the sound-holes of my instrument, when the fellow set me down for a moment to profit by this precious doctrine.’

‘It would be singular,’ said Lord Arlington, ‘were there some reality at the bottom of this buffoonery; for we know these wild men have been consulting together to-day, and five conventicles have held a solemn fast.’

‘Nay,’ said the King, ‘if that be the case, they are certainly determined on some villainy.’

‘Might I advise,’ said the Duke of Ormond, ‘I would summon the Duke of Buckingham to this presence. His connexions with the fanatics are well known, though he affects to conceal them.’

‘You would not, my lord, do his Grace the injustice to treat him as a criminal on such a charge as this?’ said the King. ‘However,’ he added, after a moment’s consideration, ‘Buckingham is accessible to every sort of temptation, from the flightiness of his genius. I should not be surprised if he nourished hopes of an aspiring kind. I think we had some proof of it but lately. Hark ye, Chiffinch; go to him instantly, and bring him here on any fair pretext thou canst devise. I would fain save him from what lawyers call an overt act. The court would be dull as a dead horse were Buckingham to miscarry.’

‘Will not your Majesty order the Horse Guards to turn out?’ said young Selby, who was present and an officer.

‘No, Selby,’ said the King, ‘I like not horse-play. But let them be prepared; and let the high bailiff collect his civil officers, and command the sheriffs¹ to summon their worshipful attendants, from javelin-men to hangmen, and have them in readiness, in case of any sudden tumult; double the sentinels on the doors of the palace, and see no strangers get in.’

‘Or out,’ said the Duke of Ormond. ‘Where are the foreign fellows who brought in the dwarf?’

They were sought for, but they were not to be found. They had retreated, leaving their instruments — a circumstance which seemed to bear hard on the Duke of Buckingham, their patron.

Hasty preparations were made to provide resistance to any effort of despair which the supposed conspirators might be driven to; and in the meanwhile, the King, withdrawing with Arlington, Ormond, and a few other counsellors, into the cabinet where the Countess of Derby had had her audience, resumed the examination of the little discoverer. His declaration, though singular, was quite coherent, the strain of romance intermingled with it being, in fact, a part of his character, which often gained him the fate of being laughed at, when he would otherwise have been pitied, or even esteemed.

He commenced with a flourish about his sufferings for the Plot, which the impatience of Ormond would have cut short, had not the King reminded his Grace that a top, when it is not

¹ See Note 46.

flogged, must needs go down of itself at the end of a definite time, while the application of the whip may keep it up for hours.

Geoffrey Hudson was, therefore, allowed to exhaust himself on the subject of his prison-house, which he informed the King was not without a beam of light—an emanation of loveliness—a mortal angel—quick of step and beautiful of eye, who had more than once visited his confinement with words of cheering and comfort.

‘By my faith,’ said the King, ‘they fare better in Newgate than I was aware of. Who would have thought of the little gentleman being solaced with female society in such a place?’

‘I pray your Majesty,’ said the dwarf, after the manner of a solemn protest, ‘to understand nothing amiss. My devotion to this fair creature is rather like what we poor Catholics pay to the blessed saints than mixed with any grosser quality. Indeed, she seems rather a sylphid of the Rosicrucian system than aught more carnal; being slighter, lighter, and less than the females of common life, who have something of that coarseness of make which is doubtless derived from the sinful and gigantic race of the antediluvians.’

‘Well, say on, man,’ quoth Charles. ‘Didst thou not discover this sylph to be a mere mortal wench after all?’

‘Who? I, my liege? O fie!’

‘Nay, little gentleman, do not be so particularly scandalised,’ said the King; ‘I promise you, I suspect you of no audacity of gallantry.’

‘Time wears fast,’ said the Duke of Ormond, impatiently, and looking at his watch. ‘Chiffinch hath been gone ten minutes, and ten minutes will bring him back.’

‘True,’ said Charles, gravely. ‘Come to the point, Hudson; and tell us what this female has to do with your coming hither in this extraordinary manner.’

‘Everything, my lord,’ said little Hudson. ‘I saw her twice during my confinement in Newgate, and, in my thought, she is the very angel who guards my life and welfare; for, after my acquittal, as I walked towards the city with two tall gentlemen, who had been in trouble along with me, and just while we stood to our defence against a rascally mob, and just as I had taken possession of an elevated situation to have some vantage against the great odds of numbers, I heard a Heavenly voice sound, as it were, from a window behind me, counselling me to take refuge in a certain house; to which measure I readily persuaded my

gallant friends the Peverils, who have always shown themselves willing to be counselled by me.'

'Showing therein their wisdom at once and modesty,' said the King. 'But what chanced next? Be brief — be like thyself, man.'

'För a time, sire,' said the dwarf, 'it seemed as if I were not the principal object of attention. First, the younger Peveril was withdrawn from us by a gentleman of venerable appearance, though somewhat smacking of a Puritan, having boots of neat's leather, and wearing his weapon without a sword-knot. When Master Julian returned, he informed us, for the first time, that we were in the power of a body of armed fanatics, who were, as the poet says, "prompt for direful act." And your Majesty will remark that both father and son were in some measure desperate, and disregarding from that moment of the assurances which I gave them, that the star which I was bound to worship would, in her own time, shine forth in signal of our safety. May it please your Majesty, in answer to my hilarious exhortations to confidence, the father did but say "tush" and the son "pshaw," which showed how men's prudence and manners are disturbed by affliction. Nevertheless, these two gentlemen, the Peverils, forming a strong opinion of the necessity there was to break forth, were it only to convey a knowledge of these dangerous passages to your Majesty, commenced an assault on the door of the apartment, I also assisting with the strength which Heaven hath given, and some threescore years have left, me. We could not, as it unhappily proved, manage our attempt so silently but that our guards overheard us, and, entering in numbers, separated us from each other, and compelled my companions, at point of pike and poniard, to go to some other and more distant apartment, thus separating our fair society. I was again inclosed in the now solitary chamber, and I will own that I felt a certain depression of soul. But "when bale is at highest," as the poet singeth, "boot is at nighest," for a door of hope was suddenly opened —'

'In the name of God, my liege,' said the Duke of Ormond, 'let this poor creature's story be translated into the language of common sense by some of the scribblers of romances about court, and we may be able to make meaning of it.'

Geoffrey Hudson looked with a frowning countenance of reproof upon the impatient old Irish nobleman, and said, with a very dignified air, 'That one duke upon a poor gentleman's hand was enough at a time, and that, but for his present

engagement and dependency with the Duke of Buckingham, he would have endured no such terms from the Duke of Ormond.'

'Abate your valour and diminish your choler, at our request, most puissant Sir Geoffrey Hudson,' said the King; 'and forgive the Duke of Ormond for my sake; but at all events go on with your story.'

Geoffrey Hudson laid his hand on his bosom and bowed in proud and dignified submission to his sovereign; then waved his forgiveness gracefully to Ormond, accompanied with a horrible grin, which he designed for a smile of gracious forgiveness and conciliation. 'Under the duke's favour, then,' he proceeded, 'when I said a door of hope was opened to me, I meant a door behind the tapestry, from whence issued that fair vision — yet not so fair as lustrously dark, like the beauty of a continental night, where the cloudless azure sky shrouds us in a veil more lovely than that of day! But I note your Majesty's impatience. Enough — I followed my beautiful guide into an apartment, where their lay, strangely intermingled, warlike arms and musical instruments. Amongst these I saw my own late place of temporary obscurity — a violoncello. To my astonishment, she turned around the instrument, and opening it behind by pressure of a spring, showed that it was filled with pistols, daggers, and ammunition made up in bandeliers. "These," she said, "are this night destined to surprise the court of the unwary Charles" — your Majesty must pardon my using her own words — "but if thou darest go in their stead, thou mayst be the saviour of king and kingdoms; if thou art afraid, keep secret, I will myself try the adventure." "Now, may Heaven forbid that Geoffrey Hudson were craven enough," said I, "to let thee run such a risk! You know not — you cannot know, what belongs to such ambuscades and concealments. I am accustomed to them: have lurked in the pocket of a giant, and have formed the contents of a pasty." "Get in, then," she said, "and lose no time." Nevertheless, while I prepared to obey, I will not deny that some cold apprehensions came over my hot valour, and I confessed to her, if it might so be, I would rather find my way to the palace on my own feet.¹ But she would not listen to me, saying hastily, "I would be intercepted, or refused admittance, and that I must embrace the means she offered me of introduction into the presence, and when there tell the King to be on his guard; little more is necessary for

¹ See Geoffrey Hudson in a Pie. Note 47.

once the scheme is known it becomes desperate." Rashly and boldly I bid adieu to the daylight, which was then fading away. She withdrew the contents of the instrument destined for my concealment, and having put them behind the chimney-board, introduced me in their room. As she clasped me in, I implored her to warn the men who were to be entrusted with me to take heed and keep the neck of the violoncello uppermost; but ere I had completed my request, I found I was left alone, and in darkness. Presently, two or three fellows entered, whom, by their language, which I in some sort understood, I perceived to be Germans, and under the influence of the Duke of Buckingham. I heard them receive from the leader a charge how they were to deport themselves when they should assume the concealed arms; and — for I will do the duke no wrong — I understood their orders were precise, not only to spare the person of the King, but also those of the courtiers, and to protect all who might be in the presence against an irruption of the fanatics. In other respects, they had charge to disarm the gentlemen-pensioners in the guard-room, and, in fine, to obtain the command of the court.'

The King looked disconcerted and thoughtful at this communication, and bade Lord Arlington see that Selby quietly made search into the contents of the other cases which had been brought as containing musical instruments. He then signed to the dwarf to proceed in his story, asking him again and again, and very solemnly, whether he was sure that he heard the duke's name mentioned, as commanding or approving this action.

The dwarf answered in the affirmative.

'This,' said the King, 'is carrying the frolic somewhat far.'

The dwarf proceeded to state, that 'He was carried after his metamorphosis into the chapel, where he heard the preacher seemingly about the close of his harangue,' the tenor of which he also mentioned. 'Words,' he said, 'could not express the agony which he felt when he found that his bearer, in placing the instrument in a corner, was about to invert its position, in which case,' he said, 'human frailty might have proved too great for love, for loyalty, for true obedience, nay, for the fear of death, which was like to ensue on discovery'; and he concluded, that 'he greatly doubted he could not have stood on his head for many minutes without screaming aloud.'

'I could not have blamed you,' said the King; 'placed in such a posture in the royal oak, I must needs have roared

myself. Is this all you have to tell us of this strange conspiracy?' Sir Geoffrey Hudson replied in the affirmative, and the King presently subjoined — 'Go, my little friend; your services shall not be forgotten. Since thou hast crept into the bowels of a fiddle for our service, we are bound, in duty and conscience, to find you a more roomy dwelling in future.'

'It was a violoncello, if your Majesty is pleased to remember,' said the little jealous man, 'not a common fiddle; though, for your Majesty's service, I would have crept even into a kit.'

'Whatever of that nature could have been performed by any subject of ours, thou wouldst have enacted in our behalf, of that we hold ourselves certain. Withdraw for a little; and hark ye, for the present, beware what you say about this matter. Let your appearance be considered — do you mark me — as a frolic of the Duke of Buckingham; and not a word of conspiracy.'

'Were it not better to put him under some restraint, sire?' said the Duke of Ormond, when Hudson had left the room.

'It is unnecessary,' said the King. 'I remember the little wretch of old. Fortune, to make him the model of absurdity, has closed a most lofty soul within that little miserable carcass. For wielding his sword and keeping his word, he is a perfect Don Quixote in decimo-octavo. He shall be taken care of. But, odds-fish, my lords, is not this freak of Buckingham too villainous and ungrateful?'

'He had not had the means of being so, had your Majesty,' said the Duke of Ormond, 'been less lenient on other occasions.'

'My lord — my lord,' said Charles, hastily, 'your lordship is Buckingham's known enemy; we will take other and more impartial counsel. Arlington, what think you of all this?'

'May it please your Majesty,' said Arlington, 'I think the thing is absolutely impossible, unless the duke has had some quarrel with your Majesty of which we know nothing. His Grace is very flighty, doubtless, but this seems actual insanity.'

'Why, faith,' said the King, 'some words passed betwixt us this morning; his duchess it seems is dead, and, to lose no time, his Grace had cast his eyes about for means of repairing the loss, and had the assurance to ask our consent to woo my niece, Lady Anne.'

'Which your Majesty of course rejected?' said the statesman.

'And not without rebuking his assurance,' added the King.

'In private, sir, or before any witnesses?' said the Duke of Ormond.

'Before no one,' said the King — 'excepting, indeed, little Chiffinch; and he, you know, is no one.'

'*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*,' said Ormond. 'I know his Grace well. While the rebuke of his aspiring petulance was a matter betwixt your Majesty and him, he might have let it pass by; but a check before a fellow from whom it was likely enough to travel through the court was a matter to be revenged.'

Here Selby came hastily from the other room, to say that his Grace of Buckingham had just entered the presence-chamber.

The King rose. 'Let a boat be in readiness, with a party of the yeomen,' said he. 'It may be necessary to attach him of treason and send him to the Tower.'

'Should not a Secretary of State's warrant be prepared?' said Ormond.

'No, my lord duke,' said the King, sharply. 'I still hope that the necessity may be avoided.'

CHAPTER XLVII

High reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Richard III.

BEFORE giving the reader an account of the meeting betwixt Buckingham and his injured sovereign, we may mention a trifling circumstance or two which took place betwixt his Grace and Chiffinch, in the short drive betwixt York Place and Whitehall.

In the outset, the duke endeavoured to learn from the courtier the special cause of his being summoned so hastily to the court. Chiffinch answered, cautiously, that 'He believed there were some gambols going forward, at which the King desired the duke's presence.'

This did not quite satisfy Buckingham, for, conscious of his own rash purpose, he could not but apprehend discovery. After a moment's silence, 'Chiffinch,' he said, abruptly, 'did you mention to any one what the King said to me this morning touching the Lady Anne?'

'My lord duke,' said Chiffinch, hesitating, 'surely my duty to the King, my respect to your Grace ——'

'You mentioned it to no one, then?' said the duke, sternly.

'To no one,' replied Chiffinch, faintly, for he was intimidated by the duke's increasing severity of manner.

'You lie, like a scoundrel!' said the duke. 'You told Christian.'

'Your Grace,' said Chiffinch — 'your Grace — your Grace ought to remember that I told you Christian's secret, that the Countess of Derby was come up.'

'And you think the one point of treachery may balance for the other? But no. I must have a better atonement. Be assured I will blow your brains out, ere you leave this carriage, unless you tell me the truth of this message from court.'

As Chiffinch hesitated what reply to make, a man, who by

the blaze of the torches, then always borne as well by the lackeys who hung behind the carriage as by the footmen who ran by the side, might easily see who sat in the coach, approached, and sung in a deep manly voice the burden of an old French song¹ on the battle of Marignan, in which is imitated the German French of the defeated Swiss—

‘Tout est verlore,
La tintelore,
Tout est verlore
Bei Got.’

‘I am betrayed,’ said the duke, who instantly conceived that this chorus, expressing ‘all is lost,’ was sung by one of his faithful agents, as a hint to him that their machinations were discovered.

He attempted to throw himself from the carriage, but Chiffinch held him with a firm, though respectful, grasp. ‘Do not destroy yourself, my lord,’ he said, in a tone of deep humility; ‘there are soldiers and officers of the peace around the carriage, to enforce your Grace’s coming to Whitehall, and to prevent your escape. To attempt it would be to confess guilt, and I advise you strongly against that; the King is your friend—be your own.’

The duke, after a moment’s consideration, said sullenly, ‘I believe you are right. Why should I fly, when I am guilty of nothing but sending some fireworks to entertain the court, instead of a concert of music?’

‘And the dwarf, who came so unexpectedly out of the bass-viol——’

‘Was a masking device of my own, Chiffinch,’ said the duke, though the circumstance was then first known to him. ‘Chiffinch, you will bind me for ever if you will permit me to have a minute’s conversation with Christian.’

‘With Christian, my lord? Where could you find him? You are aware we must go straight on to the court.’

‘True,’ said the duke, ‘but I think I cannot miss finding him; and you, Master Chiffinch, are no officer, and have no warrant either to detain me prisoner or prevent my speaking to whom I please.’

Chiffinch replied, ‘My lord duke, your genius is so great, and your escapes so numerous, that it will be from no wish of my own if I am forced to hurt a man so skilful and so popular.’

¹ See Note 48.

'Nay, then, there is life in it yet,' said the duke, and whistled; when, from beside the little cutler's booth, with which the reader is acquainted, appeared, suddenly, Master Christian, and was in a moment at the side of the coach. '*Ganz ist verloren*,' said the duke.

'I know it,' said Christian; 'and all our godly friends are dispersed upon the news. Lucky the colonel and these German rascals gave a hint. All is safe. You go to court. Hark ye, I will follow.'

'You, Christian? that would be more friendly than wise.'

'Why, what is there against me?' said Christian. 'I am innocent as the child unborn, so is your Grace. There is but one creature who can bear witness to our guilt; but I trust to bring her on the stage in our favour; besides, if I went not, I should presently be sent for.'

'The familiar of whom I have heard you speak, I warrant?'

'Hark in your ear again.'

'I understand,' said the duke, 'and will delay Master Chiffinch—for he, you must know, is my conductor—no longer. Well, Chiffinch, let them drive on. *Vogue la galère!*' he exclaimed, as the carriage went onward; 'I have sailed through worse perils than this yet.'

'It is not for me to judge,' said Chiffinch; 'your Grace is a bold commander, and Christian hath the cunning of the devil for a pilot; but—— However, I remain your Grace's poor friend, and will heartily rejoice in your extrication.'

'Give me a proof of your friendship,' said the duke. 'Tell me what you know of Christian's familiar, as he calls her.'

'I believe it to be the same dancing wench who came with Empson to my house on the morning that Mistress Alice made her escape from us. But you have seen her, my lord.'

'I!' said the duke. 'When did I see her?'

'She was employed by Christian, I believe, to set his niece at liberty, when he found himself obliged to gratify his fanatical brother-in-law, by restoring his child; besides being prompted by a private desire, as I think, of bantering your Grace.'

'Umph! I suspected so much. I will repay it,' said the duke. 'But first to get out of this dilemma. That little Numidian witch, then, was his familiar; and she joined in the plot to tantalise me? But here we reach Whitehall. Now, Chiffinch, be no worse than thy word, and—now, Buckingham, be thyself!'

But ere we follow Buckingham into the presence, where he

had so difficult a part to sustain, it may not be amiss to follow Christian after his brief conversation with him. On re-entering the house, which he did by a circuitous passage, leading from a distant alley, and through several courts, Christian hastened to a low matted apartment, in which Bridgenorth sat alone, reading the Bible by the light of a small brazen lamp, with the utmost serenity of countenance.

'Have you dismissed the Peverils?' said Christian, hastily.

'I have,' said the major.

'And upon what pledge that they will not carry information against you to Whitehall?'

'They gave me their promise voluntarily, when I showed them our armed friends were dismissed. 'To-morrow, I believe, it is their purpose to lodge informations.'

'And why not to-night, I pray you?' said Christian.

'Because they allow us that time for escape.'

'Why, then, do you not avail yourself of it? Wherefore are you here?' said Christian.

'Nay, rather, why do *you* not fly?' said Bridgenorth. 'Of a surety, you are as deeply engaged as I.'

'Brother Bridgenorth, I am the fox, who knows a hundred modes of deceiving the hounds; you are the deer, whose sole resource is in hasty flight. Therefore lose no time—begone to the country; or rather, Zedekiah Fish's vessel, the "Good Hope," lies in the river, bound for Massachusetts—take the wings of the morning, and begone to America; she can fall down to Gravesend with the tide.'

'And leave to thee, brother Christian,' said Bridgenorth, 'the charge of my fortune and my daughter? No, brother; my opinion of your good faith must be re-established ere I again trust thee.'

'Go thy ways, then, for a suspicious fool,' said Christian, suppressing his strong desire to use language more offensive; 'or rather stay where thou art, and take thy chance of the gallows!'

'It is appointed to all men to die once,' said Bridgenorth; 'my life hath been a living death. My fairest boughs have been stripped by the axe of the forester; that which survives must, if it shall blossom, be grafted elsewhere, and at a distance from my aged trunk. The sooner, then, the root feels the axe, the stroke is more welcome. I had been pleased, indeed, had I been called to bringing yonder licentious court to a purer character, and relieving the yoke of the suffering people of

God. That youth too — son to that precious woman to whom I owe the last tie that feebly links my wearied spirit to humanity — could I have travailed with *him* in the good cause ! But that, with all my other hopes, is broken for ever ; and since I am not worthy to be an instrument in so great a work, I have little desire to abide longer in this vale of sorrow.'

'Farewell, then, desponding fool !' said Christian, unable, with all his calmness, any longer to suppress his contempt for the resigned and hopeless predestinarian. 'That fate should have clogged me with such confederates !' he muttered, as he left the apartment. 'This bigoted fool is now nearly irreclaimable. I must to Zarah ; for she, or no one, must carry us through these straits. If I can but soothe her sullen temper, and excite her vanity to action, betwixt her address, the King's partiality for the duke, Buckingham's matchless effrontery, and my own hand upon the helm, we may yet weather the tempest that darkens around us. But what we do must be hastily done.'

In another apartment he found the person he sought — the same who visited the Duke of Buckingham's harem, and, having relieved Alice Bridgenorth from her confinement there, had occupied her place, as has been already narrated, or rather intimated. She was now much more plainly attired than when she had tantalised the duke with her presence ; but her dress had still something of the Oriental character, which corresponded with the dark complexion and quick eye of the wearer. She had the kerchief at her eyes as Christian entered the apartment, but suddenly withdrew it, and, flashing on him a glance of scorn and indignation, asked him what he meant by intruding where his company was alike unsought for and undesired.

'A proper question,' said Christian, 'from a slave to her master !'

'Rather say, a proper question, and of all questions the most proper, from a mistress to her slave ! Know you not, that from the hour in which you discovered your ineffable baseness, you have made me mistress of your lot ? While you seemed but a demon of vengeance, you commanded terror, and to good purpose ; but such a foul fiend as thou hast of late shown thyself — such a very worthless, base trickster of the devil — such a sordid, grovelling imp of perdition, can gain nothing but scorn from a soul like mine.'

'Gallantly mouthed,' said Christian, 'and with good emphasis.'

'Yes,' answered Zarah, 'I can speak; sometimes I can also be mute, and that no one knows better than thou.'

'Thou art a spoiled child, Zarah, and dost but abuse the indulgence I entertain for your freakish humour,' replied Christian; 'thy wits have been disturbed since ever you landed in England, and all for the sake of one who cares for thee no more than for the most worthless object who walks the streets, amongst whom he left you to engage in a brawl for one he loved better.'

'It is no matter,' said Zarah, obviously repressing very bitter emotion — 'it signifies not that he loves another better; there is none — no, none — that ever did or can love him so well.'

'I pity you, Zarah!' said Christian, with some scorn.

'I deserve your pity,' she replied, 'were your pity worth my accepting. Whom have I to thank for my wretchedness but you? You bred me up in thirst of vengeance, ere I knew that good and evil were anything better than names; to gain your applause and to gratify the vanity you had excited, I have for years undergone a penance from which a thousand would have shrunk.'

'A thousand, Zarah!' answered Christian; 'ay, a hundred thousand, and a million to boot: the creature is not on earth, being mere mortal woman, that would have undergone the thirtieth part of thy self-denial.'

'I believe it,' said Zarah, drawing up her slight but elegant figure — 'I believe it; I have gone through a trial that few indeed could have sustained. I have renounced the dear intercourse of my kind; compelled my tongue only to utter, like that of a spy, the knowledge which my ear had only collected as a base eavesdropper. This I have done for years — for years; and all for the sake of your private applause, and the hope of vengeance on a woman who, if she did ill in murdering my father, has been bitterly repaid by nourishing a serpent in her bosom, that had the tooth, but not the deafened ear, of the adder.'

'Well — well — well,' reiterated Christian; 'and had you not your reward in my approbation — in the consciousness of your own unequalled dexterity, by which, superior to anything of thy sex that history has ever known, you endured what woman never before endured — insolence without notice, admiration without answer, and sarcasm without reply?'

'Not without reply!' said Zarah, fiercely. 'Gave not nature to my feelings a course of expression more impressive than words? and did not those tremble at my shrieks who would have little minded my entreaties or my complaints? And my proud lady, who sauced her charities with the taunts she thought I heard not—she was justly paid by the passing of her dearest and most secret concerns into the hands of her mortal enemy; and the vain earl—yet he was a thing as insignificant as the plume that nodded in his cap; and the maidens and ladies who taunted me—I had, or can easily have, my revenge upon them. But there is *one*,' she added, looking upward, 'who never taunted me—one whose generous feelings could treat the poor dumb girl even as his sister—who never spoke word of her but it was to excuse or defend; and you tell me I must not love him, and that it is madness to love him! I *will* be mad then, for I will love him till the latest breath of my life!'

'Think but an instant, silly girl—silly but in one respect, since in all others thou mayst brave the world of women. Think that I have proposed to thee, for the loss of this hopeless affection, a career so brilliant! Think only that it rests with thyself to be the wife—the wedded wife—of the princely Buckingham! With my talents, with thy wit and beauty, with his passionate love of these attributes, a short space might rank you among England's princesses. Be but guided by me; he is now at a deadly pass, needs every assistance to retrieve his fortunes—above all, that which we alone can render him. Put yourself under my conduct, and not fate itself shall prevent your wearing a duchess's coronet.'

'A coronet of thistle-down, entwined with thorns,' said Zarah. 'I know not a slighter thing than your Buckingham! I saw him at your request—saw him when, as a man, he should have shown himself generous and noble. I stood the proof at your desire, for I laugh at those dangers from which the poor blushing wailers of my sex shrink and withdraw themselves. What did I find him? a poor wavering voluptuary—his nearest attempt to passion like the fire on a wretched stubble-field, that may singe, indeed, or smoke, but can neither warm nor devour. Christian! were his coronet at my feet this moment, I would sooner take up a crown of gilded gingerbread than extend my hand to raise it.'

'You are mad, Zarah—with all your taste and talent, you are utterly mad! But let Buckingham pass. Do you owe *me*

nothing on this emergency — nothing to one who rescued you from the cruelty of your owner, the posture-master, to place you in ease and affluence ?’

‘Christian,’ she replied, ‘I owe you much. Had I not felt I did so, I would, as I have been often tempted to do, have denounced thee to the fierce countess, who would have gibbeted you on her feudal walls of Castle Rushin, and bid your family seek redress from the eagles, that would long since have thatched their nest with your hair, and fed their young ospreys with your flesh.’

‘I am truly glad you have had so much forbearance for me,’ answered Christian.

‘I have it in truth and in sincerity,’ replied Zarah, ‘not for your benefits to me ; such as they were, they were every one interested, and conferred from the most selfish considerations. I have overpaid them a thousand times by the devotion to your will which I have displayed at the greatest personal risk. But till of late I respected your powers of mind — your inimitable command of passion — the force of intellect which I have ever seen you exercise over all others, from the bigot Bridgenorth to the debauched Buckingham — in that, indeed, I have recognised my master.’

‘And those powers,’ said Christian, ‘are unlimited as ever ; and with thy assistance, thou shalt see the strongest meshes that the laws of civil society ever wove to limit the natural dignity of man broke asunder like a spider’s web.’

She paused and answered, ‘While a noble motive fired thee — ay, a noble motive, though irregular — for I was born to gaze on the sun which the pale daughters of Europe shrink from — I could serve thee : I could have followed, while revenge or ambition had guided thee — but love of *wealth*, and by what means acquired ! What sympathy can I hold with that ? Wouldst thou not have pandered to the lust of the King, though the object was thine own orphan niece ? You smile. Smile again when I ask you whether you meant not my own prostitution when you charged me to remain in the house of that wretched Buckingham. Smile at that question, and by Heaven I stab you to the heart !’ And she thrust her hand into her bosom, and partly showed the hilt of a small poniard.

‘And if I smile,’ said Christian, ‘it is but in scorn of so odious an accusation. Girl, I will not tell thee the reason, but there exists not on earth the living thing over whose safety and honour I would keep watch as over thine. Buckingham’s wife,

indeed, I wished thee ; and through thy own beauty and thy wit, I doubted not to bring the match to pass.'

'Vain flatterer,' said Zarah, yet seeming soothed even by the flattery which she scoffed at, 'you would persuade me that it was honourable love which you expected the duke was to have offered me. How durst you urge so gross a deception, to which time, place, and circumstance gave the lie ? How dare you now again mention it when you well know that at the time you mention the duchess was still in life ?'

'In life, but on her death-bed,' said Christian ; 'and for time, place, and circumstance, had your virtue, my Zarah, depended on these, how couldst thou have been the creature thou art ? I knew thee all-sufficient to bid him defiance, else — for thou art dearer to me than thou thinkest — I had not risked thee to win the Duke of Buckingham — ay, and the kingdom of England to boot. So now, wilt thou be ruled and go on with me ?'

Zarah, or Fenella, for our readers must have been long aware of the identity of these two personages, cast down her eyes, and was silent for a long time. 'Christian,' she said at last, in a solemn voice, 'if my ideas of right and of wrong be wild and incoherent, I owe it, first, to the wild fever which my native sun communicated to my veins ; next, to my childhood, trained amidst the shifts, tricks, and feats of jugglers and mountebanks ; and then, to a youth of fraud and deception, through the course thou didst prescribe me, in which I might, indeed, hear everything, but communicate with no one. The last cause of my wild errors, if such they are, originates, O Christian, with you alone, by whose intrigues I was placed with yonder lady, and who taught me that to revenge my father's death was my first great duty on earth, and that I was bound by nature to hate and injure her by whom I was fed and fostered, though as she would have fed and caressed a dog or any other mute animal. I also think — for I will deal fairly with you — that you had not so easily detected your niece in the child whose surprising agility was making yonder brutal mountebank's fortune, nor so readily induced him to part with his bond-slave, had you not, for your own purposes, placed me under his charge, and reserved the privilege of claiming me when you pleased. I could not, under any other tuition, have identified myself with the personage of a mute, which it has been your desire that I should perform through life.'

'You do me injustice, Zarah,' said Christian. 'I found you

capable of discharging, to an uncommon degree, a task necessary to the avenging of your father's death; I consecrated you to it, as I consecrated my own life and hopes; and you held the duty sacred till these mad feelings towards a youth who loves your cousin ——

'Who — loves — my — cousin!' repeated Zarah (for we will continue to call her by her real name), slowly, and as if the words dropped unconsciously from her lips. 'Well — be it so! Man of many wiles, I will follow thy course for a little, a very little, farther; but take heed, tease me not with remonstrances against the treasure of my secret thoughts — I mean my most hopeless affection to Julian Peveril — and bring me not as an assistant to any snare which you may design to cast around him. You and your duke shall rue the hour most bitterly in which you provoke me. You may suppose you have me in your power; but remember, the snakes of my burning-climate are never so fatal as when you grasp them.'

'I care not for these Peverils,' said Christian — 'I care not for their fate a poor straw, unless where it bears on that of the destined woman, whose hands are red in your father's blood. Believe me, I can divide her fate and theirs. I will explain to you how. And for the duke, he may pass among men of the town for wit, and among soldiers for valour, among courtiers for manners and for form; and why, with his high rank and immense fortune, you should throw away an opportunity which, as I could now improve it ——'

'Speak not of it,' said Zarah, 'if thou wouldst have our truce — remember it is no peace — if, I say, thou wouldst have our truce grow to be an hour old.'

'This, then,' said Christian, with a last effort to work upon the vanity of this singular being, 'is she who pretended such superiority to human passion, that she could walk indifferently and unmoved through the halls of the prosperous and the prison-cells of the captive, unknowing and unknown — sympathising neither with the pleasures of the one nor the woes of the other, but advancing with sure, though silent, steps her own plans, in despite and regardless of either ——!'

'My own plans!' said Zarah. '*Thy* plans, Christian — thy plans of extorting from the surprised prisoners means whereby to convict them — thine own plans, formed with those more powerful than thyself, to sound men's secrets, and by using them as matter of accusation, to keep up the great delusion of the nation.'

'Such access was indeed given you as my agent,' said Christian, 'and for advancing a great national change. But how did you use it? — to advance your own insane passion.'

'Insane!' said Zarah. 'Had he been less than insane whom I addressed, he and I had ere now been far from the toils which you have pitched for us both. I had means prepared for everything; and ere this the shores of Britain had been lost to our sight for ever.'

'The miserable dwarf, too,' said Christian. 'Was it worthy of you to delude that poor creature with flattering visions — lull him asleep with drugs? Was *that* my doing?'

'He was my destined tool,' said Zarah, haughtily. 'I remembered your lessons too well not to use him as such. Yet scorn him not too much. I tell you, that yon very miserable dwarf, whom I made my sport in the prison — yon wretched abortion of nature I would select for a husband ere I would marry your Buckingham; the vain and imbecile pigmy has yet the warm heart and noble feelings that a man should hold his highest honour.'

'In God's name, then, take your own way,' said Christian; 'and, for my sake, let never man hereafter limit a woman in the use of her tongue, since he must make it amply up to her in allowing her the privilege of her own will. Who would have thought it? But the colt has slipped the bridle, and I must needs follow, since I cannot guide her.'

Our narrative returns to the court of King Charles at Whitehall.

CHAPTER XLVIII

But O !

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature ?
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use !

Henry V.

A T no period of his life, not even when that life was in imminent danger, did the constitutional gaiety of Charles seem more overclouded than when waiting for the return of Chiffinch with the Duke of Buckingham. His mind revolted at the idea that the person to whom he had been so particularly indulgent, and whom he had selected as the friend of his lighter hours and amusements, should prove capable of having tampered with a plot apparently directed against his liberty and life. He more than once examined the dwarf anew, but could extract nothing more than his first narrative contained. The apparition of the female to him in the cell of Newgate, he described in such fanciful and romantic colours, that the King could not help thinking the poor man's head a little turned ; and, as nothing was found in the kettledrum and other musical instruments brought for the use of the duke's band of foreigners, he nourished some slight hope that the whole plan might be either a mere jest or that the idea of an actual conspiracy was founded in mistake.

The persons who had been despatched to watch the motions of Mr. Weiver's congregation brought back word that they had quietly dispersed. It was known, at the same time, that they had met in arms, but this augured no particular design of aggression at a time when all true Protestants conceived themselves in danger of immediate massacre ; when the fathers of the city had repeatedly called out the train-bands, and alarmed

the citizens of London, under the idea of an instant insurrection of the Catholics; and when, to sum the whole up in the emphatic words of an alderman of the day, there was a general belief that they would all waken some unhappy morning with their throats cut. Who was to do these dire deeds it was more difficult to suppose; but all admitted the possibility that they might be achieved, since one justice of the peace was already murdered. There was, therefore, no inference of hostile intentions against the state to be decidedly derived from a congregation of Protestants *par excellence*, military from old associations bringing their arms with them to a place of worship, in the midst of a panic so universal.

Neither did the violent language of the minister, supposing that to be proved, absolutely infer meditated violence. The favourite parables of the preachers, and the metaphors and ornaments which they selected, were at all times of a military cast; and the taking the kingdom of Heaven by storm, a strong and beautiful metaphor when used generally, as in Scripture, was detailed in their sermons in all the technical language of the attack and defence of a fortified place. The danger, in short, whatever might have been its actual degree, had disappeared as suddenly as a bubble upon the water, when broken by a casual touch, and had left as little trace behind it. It became, therefore, matter of much doubt whether it had ever actually existed.

While various reports were making from without, and while their tenor was discussed by the King, and such nobles and statesmen as he thought proper to consult on the occasion, a gradual sadness and anxiety mingled with, and finally silenced, the mirth of the evening. All became sensible that something unusual was going forward; and the unwonted distance which Charles maintained from his guests, while it added greatly to the dulness that began to predominate in the presence-chamber, gave intimation that something unusual was labouring in the King's mind.

Thus gaming was neglected; the music was silent, or played without being heard; gallants ceased to make compliments, and ladies to expect them; and a sort of apprehensive curiosity pervaded the circle. Each asked the others why they were grave; and no answer was returned any more than could have been rendered by a herd of cattle instinctively disturbed by the approach of a thunderstorm.

To add to the general apprehension, it began to be whispered

that one or two of the guests, who were desirous of leaving the palace, had been informed no one could be permitted to retire until the general hour of dismissal. And these, gliding back into the hall, communicated in whispers that the sentinels at the gates were doubled, and that there was a troop of the Horse Guards drawn up in the court—circumstances so unusual as to excite the most anxious curiosity.

Such was the state of the court when wheels were heard without, and the bustle which took place denoted the arrival of some person of consequence.

‘Here comes Chiffinch,’ said the King, ‘with his prey in his clutch.’

It was indeed the Duke of Buckingham; nor did he approach the royal presence without emotion. On entering the court, the flambeaux which were borne around the carriage gleamed on the scarlet coats, laced hats, and drawn broadswords of the Horse Guards—a sight unusual, and calculated to strike terror into a conscience which was none of the clearest.

The duke alighted from the carriage, and only said to the officer whom he saw upon duty, ‘You are late under arms to-night, Captain Carleton.’

‘Such are our orders, sir,’ answered Carleton, with military brevity; and then commanded the four dismounted sentinels at the under gate to make way for the Duke of Buckingham. His Grace had no sooner entered than he heard behind him the command, ‘Move close up, sentinels—closer yet to the gate.’ And he felt as if all chance of rescue were excluded by the sound.

As he advanced up the grand staircase, there were other symptoms of alarm and precaution. The Yeomen of the Guard were mustered in unusual numbers, and carried carabines instead of their halberds; and the gentlemen pensioners, with their partizans, appeared also in proportional force. In short, all that sort of defence which the royal household possesses within itself seemed, for some hasty and urgent reason, to have been placed under arms and upon duty.

Buckingham ascended the royal staircase with an eye attentive to these preparations, and a step steady and slow, as if he counted each step on which he trode. ‘Who,’ he asked himself, ‘shall ensure Christian’s fidelity? Let him but stand fast and we are secure; otherwise——’

As he shaped the alternative, he entered the presence-chamber.

The King stood in the midst of the apartment, surrounded by the personages with whom he had been consulting. The rest of the brilliant assembly, scattered into groups, looked on at some distance. All were silent when Buckingham entered, in hopes of receiving some explanation of the mysteries of the evening. All bent forward, though etiquette forbade them to advance, to catch, if possible, something of what was about to pass betwixt the King and his intriguing statesman. At the same time, those counsellors who stood around Charles drew back on either side, so as to permit the duke to pay his respects to his Majesty in the usual form. He went through the ceremonial with his accustomed grace, but was received by Charles with much unwonted gravity.

'We have waited for you for some time, my lord duke. It is long since Chiffinch left us, to request your attendance here. I see you are elaborately dressed. Your toilette was needless on the present occasion.'

'Needless to the splendour of your Majesty's court,' said the duke, 'but not needless on my part. This chanced to be Black Monday at York Place, and my club of *Pendables* were in full glee when your Majesty's summons arrived. I could not be in the company of Ogle, Maniduc, Dawson, and so forth, but what I must needs make some preparation, and some ablution, ere entering the circle here.'

'I trust the purification will be complete,' said the King, without any tendency to the smile which always softened features that, ungilded by its influence, were dark, harsh, and even severe. 'We wished to ask your Grace concerning the import of a sort of musical mask which you designed us here, but which miscarried, as we are given to understand.'

'It must have been a great miscarriage indeed,' said the duke, 'since your Majesty looks so serious on it. I thought to have done your Majesty a pleasure, as I have seen you condescend to be pleased with such passages, by sending the contents of that bass-viol; but I fear the jest has been unacceptable—I fear the fireworks may have done mischief.'

'Not the mischief they were designed for, perhaps,' said the King, gravely; 'you see, my lord, we are all alive and unsinged.'

'Long may your Majesty remain so,' said the duke; 'yet I see that there is something misconstrued on my part; it must be a matter unpardonable, however little intended, since it hath displeased so indulgent a master.'

'Too indulgent a master, indeed, Buckingham,' replied the King; 'and the fruit of my indulgence has been to change loyal men into traitors.'

'May it please your Majesty, I cannot understand this,' said the duke.

'Follow us, my lord,' answered Charles, 'and we will endeavour to explain our meaning.'

Attended by the same lords who stood around him, and followed by the Duke of Buckingham, on whom all eyes were fixed, Charles retired into the same cabinet which had been the scene of repeated consultations in the course of the evening. There, leaning with his arms crossed on the back of an easy-chair, Charles proceeded to interrogate the suspected nobleman.

'Let us be plain with each other. Speak out, Buckingham. What, in one word, was to have been the regale intended for us this evening?'

'A petty mask, my liege. I had destined a little dancing-girl to come out of that instrument, who, I thought, would have performed to your Majesty's liking; a few Chinese fireworks there were, which, thinking the entertainment was to have taken place in the marble hall, might, I hoped, have been discharged with good effect, and without the slightest alarm, at the first appearance of my little sorceress, and were designed to have masked, as it were, her entrance upon the stage. I hope there have been no perukes singed, no ladies frightened, no hopes of noble descent interrupted by my ill-fancied jest?'

'We have seen no such fireworks, my lord; and your female dancer, of whom we now hear for the first time, came forth in the form of our old acquaintance Geoffrey Hudson, whose dancing days are surely ended.'

'Your Majesty surprises me! I beseech you, let Christian be sent for — Edward Christian; he will be found lodging in a large old house near Sharper the cutler's, in the Strand. As I live by bread, sire, I trusted him with the arrangement of this matter, as indeed the dancing-girl was his property. If he has done aught to dishonour my concert or disparage my character, he shall die under the baton.'

'It is singular,' said the King, 'and I have often observed it, that this fellow Christian bears the blame of all men's enormities: he performs the part which in a great family is usually assigned to that mischief-doing personage, Nobody. When Chiffinch blunders, he always quotes Christian. When Sheffield writes a lampoon, I am sure to hear of Christian having cor-

rected, or copied, or dispersed it : he is the *âme damnée* of every one about my court — the scapegoat, who is to carry away all their iniquities ; and he will have a cruel load to bear into the wilderness. But for Buckingham's sins, in particular, he is the regular and uniform sponsor ; and I am convinced his Grace expects Christian should suffer every penalty which he has incurred in this world or the next.'

'Not so,' with the deepest reverence replied the duke. 'I have no hope of being either hanged or damned by proxy ; but it is clear some one hath tampered with and altered my device. If I am accused of aught, let me at least hear the charge and see my accuser.'

'That is but fair,' said the King. 'Bring our little friend from behind the chimney-board.' Hudson being accordingly produced, he continued, 'There stands the Duke of Buckingham. Repeat before him the tale you told us. Let him hear what were those contents of the bass-viol which were removed that you might enter it. Be not afraid of any one, but speak the truth boldly.'

'May it please your Majesty,' said Hudson, 'fear is a thing unknown to me.'

'His body has no room to hold such a passion ; or there is too little of it to be worth fearing for,' said Buckingham. 'But let him speak.'

Ere Hudson had completed his tale, Buckingham interrupted him by exclaiming, 'Is it possible that I can be suspected by your Majesty on the word of this pitiful variety of the baboon tribe ?'

'Villain lord, I appeal thee to the combat !' said the little man, highly offended at the appellation thus bestowed on him.

'La you there now !' said the duke. 'The little animal is quite crazed, and defies a man who need ask no other weapon than a corking-pin to run him through the lungs, and whose single kick could hoist him from Dover to Calais without yacht or wherry. And what can you expect from an idiot, who is *engoué* of a common rope-dancing girl, that capered on a pack-thread at Ghent in Flanders, unless they were to club their talents to set up a booth at Bartholomew Fair ? Is it not plain that, supposing the little animal is not malicious, as indeed his whole kind bear a general and most cankered malice against those who have the ordinary proportions of humanity — grant, I say, that this were not a malicious falsehood of his, why, what does it amount to ? That he has mistaken squibs and Chinese crackers for arms. He says not he himself touched

or handled them ; and judging by the sight alone, I question if the infirm old creature, when any whim or preconception hath possession of his noddle, can distinguish betwixt a blunderbuss and a black-pudding.'

The horrible clamour which the dwarf made so soon as he heard this disparagement of his military skill, the haste with which he blundered out a detail of his warlike experiences, and the absurd grimaces which he made in order to enforce his story, provoked not only the risibility of Charles, but even of the statesmen around him, and added absurdity to the motley complexion of the scene.

The King terminated this dispute by commanding the dwarf to withdraw.

A more regular discussion of his evidence was then resumed, and Ormond was the first who pointed out that it went farther than had been noticed, since the little man had mentioned a certain extraordinary and treasonable conversation held by the duke's dependants, by whom he had been conveyed to the palace.

'I am sure not to lack my Lord of Ormond's good word,' said the duke, scornfully ; 'but I defy him alike and all my other enemies, and shall find it easy to show that this alleged conspiracy, if any grounds for it at all exist, is a mere sham plot, got up to turn the odium justly attached to the Papists upon the Protestants. Here is a half-hanged creature, who, on the very day he escapes from the gallows, which many believe was his most deserved destiny, comes to take away the reputation of a Protestant peer. And on what ? On the treasonable conversation of three or four German fiddlers, heard through the sound-holes of a violoncello, and that, too, when the creature was incased in it, and mounted on a man's shoulders ! The urchin, too, in repeating their language, shows he understands German as little as my horse does ; and if he did rightly hear, truly comprehend, and accurately report what they said, still, is my honour to be touched by the language held by such persons as these are, with whom I have never communicated, otherwise than men of my rank do with those of their calling and capacity ? Pardon me, sire, if I presume to say that the profound statesmen who endeavoured to stifle the Popish conspiracy by the pretended Meal-tub Plot will take little more credit by their figments about fiddles and concertos.'

The assistant counsellors looked at each other ; and Charles turned on his heel and walked through the room with long steps.

At this period the Peverils, father and son, were announced to have reached the palace, and were ordered into the royal presence.

These gentlemen had received the royal mandate at a moment of great interest. After being dismissed from their confinement by the elder Bridgenorth, in the manner and upon the terms which the reader must have gathered from the conversation of the latter with Christian, they reached the lodgings of Lady Peveril, who awaited them with joy, mingled with terror and uncertainty. The news of the acquittal had reached her by the exertions of the faithful Lance Outram, but her mind had been since harassed by the long delay of their appearance, and rumours of disturbances which had taken place in Fleet Street and in the Strand.

When the first rapturous meeting was over, Lady Peveril, with an anxious look towards her son, as if recommending caution, said she was now about to present to him the daughter of an old friend, whom he had *never* (there was an emphasis on the word) seen before. 'This young lady,' she continued, 'was the only child of Colonel Mitford, in North Wales, who had sent her to remain under her guardianship for an interval, finding himself unequal to attempt the task of her education.'

'Ay — ay,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'Dick Mitford must be old now — beyond the threescore and ten, I think. He was no chicken, though a cock of the game, when he joined the Marquis of Hertford at Namptwich with two hundred wild Welshmen. Before George, Julian, I love that girl as if she were my own flesh and blood! Lady Peveril would never have got through this work without her. And Dick Mitford sent me a thousand pieces, too, in excellent time, when there was scarce a cross to keep the devil from dancing in our pockets, much more for these law-doings. I used it without scruple, for there is wood ready to be cut at Martindale when we get down there, and Dick Mitford knows I would have done the like for him. Strange that he should have been the only one of my friends to reflect I might want a few pieces.'

Whilst Sir Geoffrey thus run on, the meeting betwixt Alice and Julian Peveril was accomplished, without any particular notice on his side, except to say, 'Kiss her, Julian — kiss her. What the devil! is that the way you learned to accost a lady at the Isle of Man, as if her lips were a red-hot horseshoe? And do not you be offended, my pretty one; Julian is naturally bashful, and has been bred by an old lady, but you will

find him, by and by, as gallant as thou hast found me, my princess. And now, Dame Peveril, to dinner — to dinner! The old fox must have his belly timber, though the hounds have been after him the whole day.'

Lance, whose joyous congratulations were next to be undergone, had the consideration to cut them short, in order to provide a plain but hearty meal from the next cook's shop, at which Julian sat like one enchanted betwixt his mistress and his mother. He easily conceived that the last was the confidential friend to whom Bridgenorth had finally committed the charge of his daughter, and his only anxiety now was to anticipate the confusion that was likely to arise when her real parentage was made known to his father. Wisely, however, he suffered not these anticipations to interfere with the delight of his present situation, in the course of which many slight but delightful tokens of recognition were exchanged, without censure, under the eye of Lady Peveril, under cover of the boisterous mirth of the old baronet, who spoke for two, ate for four, and drank wine for half a dozen. His progress in the latter exercise might have proceeded rather too far, had he not been interrupted by a gentleman bearing the King's orders that he should instantly attend upon the presence at Whitehall, and bring his son along with him.

Lady Peveril was alarmed, and Alice grew pale with sympathetic anxiety; but the old knight, who never saw more than what lay straight before him, set it down to the King's hasty anxiety to congratulate him on his escape — an interest on his Majesty's part which he considered by no means extravagant, conscious that it was reciprocal on his own side. It came upon him, indeed, with the more joyful surprise, that he had received a previous hint, ere he left the court of justice, that it would be prudent in him to go down to Martindale before presenting himself at court — a restriction which he supposed as repugnant to his Majesty's feelings as it was to his own.

While he consulted with Lance Outram about cleaning his buff-belt and sword-hilt, as well as time admitted, Lady Peveril had the means to give Julian more distinct information, that Alice was under her protection by her father's authority, and with his consent to their union, if it could be accomplished. She added, that it was her determination to employ the mediation of the Countess of Derby to overcome the obstacles which might be foreseen on the part of Sir Geoffrey.

CHAPTER XLIX

In the King's name,
Let fall your swords and daggers !

Critic.

WHEN the father and son entered the cabinet of audience, it was easily visible that Sir Geoffrey had obeyed the summons as he would have done the trumpet's call to horse ; and his dishevelled grey locks and half-arranged dress, though they showed zeal and haste, such as he would have used when Charles I. called him to attend a council of war, seemed rather indecorous in a pacific drawing-room. He paused at the door of the cabinet, but when the King called on him to advance, came hastily forward, with every feeling of his earlier and later life afloat and contending in his memory, threw himself on his knees before the King, seized his hand, and, without even an effort to speak, wept aloud. Charles, who generally felt deeply so long as an impressive object was before his eyes, indulged for a moment the old man's rapture. 'My good Sir Geoffrey,' he said, 'you have had some hard measure ; we owe you amends, and will find time to pay our debt.'

'No suffering — no debt,' said the old man. 'I cared not what the rogues said of me ; I knew they could never get twelve honest fellows to believe a word of their most damnable lies. I did long to beat them when they called me traitor to your Majesty, that I confess. But to have such an early opportunity of paying my duty to your Majesty overpays it all. The villains would have persuaded me I ought not to come to court — aha !'

The Duke of Ormond perceived that the King coloured much ; for in truth it was from the court that the private intimation had been given to Sir Geoffrey to go down to the country without appearing at Whitehall ; and he, moreover, suspected that the jolly old knight had not risen from his dinner altogether

dry-lipped, after the fatigues of a day so agitating. 'My old friend,' he whispered, 'you forget that your son is to be presented; permit me to have that honour.'

'I crave your Grace's pardon humbly,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'but it is an honour I design for myself, as I apprehend no one can so utterly surrender and deliver him up to his Majesty's service as the father that begot him is entitled to do. Julian, come forward and kneel. Here he is, please your Majesty — Julian Peveril — a chip of the old block — as stout, though scarce so tall, a tree as the old trunk when at the freshest. Take him to you, sir, for a faithful servant, *à vendre et à pendre*, as the French say; if he fears fire or steel, axe or gallows, in your Majesty's service, I renounce him — he is no son of mine — I disown him, and he may go to the Isle of Man, the Isle of Dogs, or the Isle of Devils, for what I care.'

Charles winked to Ormond, and having, with his wonted courtesy, expressed his thorough conviction that Julian would imitate the loyalty of his ancestors, and especially of his father, added, that he believed his Grace of Ormond had something to communicate which was of consequence to his service. Sir Geoffrey made his military reverence at this hint, and marched off in the rear of the duke, who proceeded to inquire of him concerning the events of the day. Charles, in the meanwhile, having, in the first place, ascertained that the son was not in the same genial condition with the father, demanded and received from him a precise account of all the proceedings subsequent to the trial.

Julian, with the plainness and precision which such a subject demanded, when treated in such a presence, narrated all that had happened, down to the entrance of Bridgenorth; and his Majesty was so much pleased with his manner, that he congratulated Arlington on their having gained the evidence of at least one man of sense to these dark and mysterious events. But when Bridgenorth was brought upon the scene, Julian hesitated to bestow a name upon him; and although he mentioned the chapel which he had seen filled with men in arms, and the violent language of the preacher, he added, with earnestness, that notwithstanding all this, the men departed without coming to any extremity, and had all left the place before his father and he were set at liberty.

'And you retired quietly to your dinner in Fleet Street, young man,' said the King, severely, 'without giving a magistrate notice of the dangerous meeting which was held in the vicinity

of our palace, and who did not conceal their intention of proceeding to extremities ?'

Peveril blushed, and was silent. The King frowned, and stepped aside to communicate with Ormond, who reported that the father seemed to have known nothing of the matter.

'And the son, I am sorry to say,' said the King, 'seems more unwilling to speak the truth than I should have expected. We have all variety of evidence in this singular investigation — a mad witness like the dwarf, a drunken witness like the father, and now a dumb witness. Young man,' he continued, addressing Julian, 'your behaviour is less frank than I expected from your father's son. I must know who this person is with whom you held such familiar intercourse ; you know him, I presume ?'

Julian acknowledged that he did, but, kneeling on one knee, entreated his Majesty's forgiveness for concealing his name. 'He had been freed,' he said, 'from his confinement on promising to that effect.'

'That was a promise made, by your own account, under compulsion,' answered the King, 'and I cannot authorise your keeping it ; it is your duty to speak the truth. If you are afraid of Buckingham, the duke shall withdraw.'

'I have no reason to fear the Duke of Buckingham,' said Peveril ; 'that I had an affair with one of his household was the man's own fault, and not mine.'

'Odds-fish !' said the King, 'the light begins to break in on me ; I thought I remembered thy physiognomy. Wert thou not the very fellow whom I met at Chiffinch's yonder morning ? The matter escaped me since ; but now I recollect thou saidst then that thou wert the son of that jolly old three-bottle baronet yonder.'

'It is true,' said Julian, 'that I met your Majesty at Master Chiffinch's, and I am afraid had the misfortune to displease you ; but —'

'No more of that, young man — no more of that. But I recollect you had with you that beautiful dancing siren. Buckingham, I will hold you gold to silver that she was the intended tenant of that bass-fiddle ?'

'Your Majesty has rightly guessed it,' said the duke ; 'and I suspect she has put a trick upon me by substituting the dwarf in her place ; for Christian thinks —'

'Damn Christian !' said the King, hastily. 'I wish they would bring him hither, that universal referee.' And as the

wish was uttered, Christian's arrival was announced. 'Let him attend,' said the King. 'But hark — a thought strikes me. Here, Master Peveril — yonder dancing maiden, that introduced you to us by the singular agility of her performance, is she not, by your account, a dependant on the Countess of Derby?'

'I have known her such for years,' answered Julian.

'Then will we call the countess hither,' said the King. 'It is fit we should learn who this little fairy really is; and if she be now so absolutely at the beck of Buckingham and this Master Christian of his — why, I think it would be but charity to let her ladyship know so much, since I question if she will wish, in that case, to retain her in her service. Besides,' he continued, speaking apart, 'this Julian, to whom suspicion attaches in these matters from his obstinate silence, is also of the countess's household. We will sift this matter to the bottom, and do justice to all.'

The Countess of Derby, hastily summoned, entered the royal closet at one door, just as Christian and Zarah, or Fenella, were ushered in by the other. The old knight of Martindale, who had ere this returned to the presence, was scarce controlled, even by the signs which she made, so much was he desirous of greeting his old friend; but as Ormond laid a kind restraining hand upon his arm, he was prevailed on to sit still.

The countess, after a deep reverence to the King, acknowledged the rest of the nobility present by a slighter reverence, smiled to Julian Peveril, and looked with surprise at the unexpected apparition of Fenella. Buckingham bit his lip, for he saw the introduction of Lady Derby was likely to confuse and embroil every preparation which he had arranged for his defence; and he stole a glance at Christian, whose eye, when fixed on the countess, assumed the deadly sharpness which sparkles in the adder's, while his cheek grew almost black under the influence of strong emotion.

'Is there any one in this presence whom your ladyship recognises,' said the King graciously, 'besides your old friends of Ormond and Arlington?'

'I see, my liege, two worthy friends of my husband's house,' replied the countess — 'Sir Geoffrey Peveril and his son, the latter a distinguished member of my son's household.'

'Any one else?' continued the King.

'An unfortunate female of my family, who disappeared from the Island of Man at the same time when Julian Peveril left

it upon business of importance. She was thought to have fallen from the cliff into the sea.

‘Had your ladyship any reason to suspect — pardon me,’ said the King, ‘for putting such a question — any improper intimacy between Master Peveril and this same female attendant?’

‘My liege,’ said the countess, colouring indignantly, ‘my household is of reputation.’

‘Nay, my lady, be not angry,’ said the King; ‘I did but ask; such things will befall in the best regulated families.’

‘Not in mine, sire,’ said the countess. ‘Besides that, in common pride and in common honesty, Julian Peveril is incapable of intriguing with an unhappy creature, removed by her misfortune almost beyond the limits of humanity.’

Zarah looked at her, and compressed her lips, as if to keep in the words that would fain break from them.

‘I know not how it is,’ said the King. ‘What your ladyship says may be true in the main, yet men’s tastes have strange vagaries. This girl is lost in Man so soon as the youth leaves it, and is found in St. James’s Park, bouncing and dancing like a fairy, so soon as he appears in London.’

‘Impossible!’ said the countess; ‘she cannot dance.’

‘I believe,’ said the King, ‘she can do more feats than your ladyship either suspects or would approve of.’

The countess drew up and was indignantly silent.

The King proceeded — ‘No sooner is Peveril in Newgate than, by the account of the venerable little gentleman, this merry maiden is even there also for company. Now, without inquiring how she got in, I think charitably that she had better taste than to come there on the dwarf’s account. Ah ha! I think Master Julian is touched in conscience!’

Julian did indeed start as the King spoke, for it reminded him of the midnight visit in his cell.

The King looked fixedly at him, and then proceeded — ‘Well, gentlemen, Peveril is carried to his trial, and is no sooner at liberty than we find him in the house where the Duke of Buckingham was arranging what he calls a musical mask. Egad, I hold it next to certain that this wench put the change on his Grace, and popt the poor dwarf into the bass-viol, reserving her own more precious hours to be spent with Master Julian Peveril. Think you not so, Sir Christian — you, the universal referee? Is there any truth in this conjecture?’

Christian stole a glance on Zarah, and read that in her eye which embarrassed him. ‘He did not know,’ he said. ‘He had

indeed engaged this unrivalled performer to take the proposed part in the mask ; and she was to have come forth in the midst of a shower of lambent fire, very artificially prepared with perfumes, to overcome the smell of the powder ; but he knew not why — excepting that she was wilful and capricious, like all great geniuses — she had certainly spoiled the concert by cramming in that more bulky dwarf.’

‘I should like,’ said the King, ‘to see this little maiden stand forth and bear witness, in such manner as she can express herself, on this mysterious matter. Can any one here understand her mode of communication ?’

Christian said he knew something of it since he had become acquainted with her in London. The countess spoke not till the King asked her, and then owned drily, that ‘She had necessarily some habitual means of intercourse with one who had been immediately about her person for so many years.’

‘I should think,’ said Charles, ‘that this same Master Julian Peveril has the more direct key to her language, after all we have heard.’

The King looked first at Peveril, who blushed like a maiden at the inference which the King’s remark implied, and then suddenly turned his eyes on the supposed mute, on whose cheek a faint colour was dying away. A moment afterwards, at a signal from the countess, Fenella, or Zarah, stepped forward, and having kneeled down and kissed her lady’s hand, stood with her arms folded on her breast, with an humble air, as different from that which she wore in the harem of the Duke of Buckingham as that of a Magdalen from a Judith. Yet this was the least show of her talent of versatility, for so well did she play the part of the dumb girl, that Buckingham, sharp as his discernment was, remained undecided whether the creature which stood before him could possibly be the same with her who had, in a different dress, made such an impression on his imagination, or indeed was the imperfect creature she now represented. She had at once all that could mark the imperfection of hearing, and all that could show the wonderful address by which nature so often makes up for the deficiency. There was the lip that trembled not at any sound ; the seeming insensibility to the conversation which passed around ; while, on the other hand, was the quick and vivid glance, that seemed anxious to devour the meaning of those sounds which she could gather no otherwise than by the motion of the lips.

Examined after her own fashion, Zarah confirmed the tale of

Christian in all its points, and admitted that she had deranged the project laid for a mask, by placing the dwarf in her own stead ; the cause of her doing so she declined to assign, and the countess pressed her no farther.

‘Everything tells to exculpate my Lord of Buckingham,’ said Charles, ‘from so absurd an accusation : the dwarf’s testimony is too fantastic ; that of the two Peverils does not in the least affect the duke ; that of the dumb damsel completely contradicts the possibility of his guilt. Methinks, my lords, we should acquaint him that he stands acquitted of a complaint too ridiculous to have ever been subjected to a more serious scrutiny than we have hastily made upon this occasion.’

Arlington bowed in acquiescence ; but Ormond spoke plainly. ‘I should suffer, sire, in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham, brilliant as his talents are known to be, should I say that I am satisfied in my own mind on this occasion. But I subscribe to the spirit of the times ; and I agree it would be highly dangerous, on such accusations as we have been able to collect, to impeach the character of a zealous Protestant like his Grace. Had he been a Catholic, under such circumstances of suspicion, the Tower had been too good a prison for him.’

Buckingham bowed to the Duke of Ormond, with a meaning which even his triumph could not disguise. ‘*Tu me la pagherai !*’ he muttered, in a tone of deep and abiding resentment ; but the stout old Irishman, who had long since braved his utmost wrath, cared little for this expression of his displeasure.

The King then, signing to the other nobles to pass into the public apartments, stopped Buckingham as he was about to follow them ; and, when they were alone, asked, with a significant tone, which brought all the blood in the duke’s veins into his countenance, ‘When was it, George, that your useful friend Colonel Blood became a musician ? You are silent,’ he said ; ‘do not deny the charge, for yonder villain, once seen, is remembered for ever. Down — down on your knees, George, and acknowledge that you have abused my easy temper. Seek for no apology — none will serve your turn. I saw the man myself among your Germans, as you call them ; and you know what I must needs believe from such a circumstance.’

‘Believe that I have been guilty — most guilty, my liege and King,’ said the duke, conscience-struck, and kneeling down — ‘believe that I was misguided — that I was mad. Believe anything but that I was capable of harming, or being accessory to harm, your person.’

'I do not believe it,' said the King; 'I think of you, Villiers, as the companion of my dangers and my exile, and am so far from supposing you mean worse than you say, that I am convinced you acknowledge more than you ever meant to attempt.'

'By all that is sacred,' said the duke, still kneeling, 'had I not been involved to the extent of life and fortune with the villain Christian——'

'Nay, if you bring Christian on the stage again,' said the King, smiling, 'it is time for me to withdraw. Come, Villiers, rise; I forgive thee, and only recommend one act of penance, the curse you yourself bestowed on the dog who bit you — marriage, and retirement to your country-seat.'

The duke rose abashed, and followed the King into the circle, which Charles entered, leaning on the shoulder of his repentant peer; to whom he showed so much countenance as led the most acute observers present to doubt the possibility of there existing any real cause for the surmises to the duke's prejudice.

The Countess of Derby had in the meanwhile consulted with the Duke of Ormond, with the Peverils, and with her other friends; and, by their unanimous advice, though with considerable difficulty, became satisfied that to have thus shown herself at court was sufficient to vindicate the honour of her house; and that it was her wisest course, after having done so, to retire to her insular dominions, without farther provoking the resentment of a powerful faction. She took farewell of the King in form, and demanded his permission to carry back with her the helpless creature who had so strangely escaped from her protection, into a world where her condition rendered her so subject to every species of misfortune.

'Will your ladyship forgive me?' said Charles. 'I have studied your sex long — I am mistaken if your little maiden is not as capable of caring for herself as any of us.'

'Impossible!' said the countess.

'Possible, and most true,' whispered the King. 'I will instantly convince you of the fact, though the experiment is too delicate to be made by any but your ladyship. Yonder she stands, looking as if she heard no more than the marble pillar against which she leans. Now, if Lady Derby will contrive either to place her hand near the region of the damsel's heart, or at least on her arm, so that she can feel the sensation of the blood when the pulse increases, then do you, my Lord of

Ormond, beckon Julian Peveril out of sight. I will show you in a moment that it can stir at sounds spoken.'

The countess, much surprised, afraid of some embarrassing pleasantry on the part of Charles, yet unable to repress her curiosity, placed herself near Fenella, as she called her little mute; and, while making signs to her, contrived to place her hand on her wrist.

At this moment the King, passing near them, said, 'This is a horrid deed: the villain Christian has stabbed young Peveril!'

The mute evidence of the pulse, which bounded as if a cannon had been discharged close by the poor girl's ear, was accompanied by such a loud scream of agony as distressed, while it startled, the good-natured monarch himself. 'I did but jest,' he said; 'Julian is well, my pretty maiden. I only used the wand of a certain blind deity, called Cupid, to bring a deaf and dumb vassal of his to the exercise of her faculties.'

'I am betrayed!' she said, with her eyes fixed on the ground — 'I am betrayed! and it is fit that she, whose life has been spent in practising treason on others, should be caught in her own snare. But where is my tutor in iniquity? Where is Christian, who taught me to play the part of spy on this unsuspecting lady, until I had wellnigh delivered her into his bloody hands?'

'This,' said the King, 'craves more secret examination. Let all leave the apartment who are not immediately connected with these proceedings, and let this Christian be again brought before us. Wretched man,' he continued, addressing Christian, 'what wiles are these you have practised, and by what extraordinary means?'

'She has betrayed me, then!' said Christian — 'betrayed me to bonds and death, merely for an idle passion, which can never be successful! But know, Zarah,' he added, addressing her sternly, 'when my life is forfeited through thy evidence, the daughter has murdered the father!'

The unfortunate girl stared on him in astonishment. 'You said,' at length she stammered forth, 'that I was the daughter of your slaughtered brother?'

'That was partly to reconcile thee to the part thou wert to play in my destined drama of vengeance, partly to hide what men call the infamy of thy birth. But *my* daughter thou art! and from the Eastern clime, in which thy mother was born, you

* See Acute Senses of the Blind. Note 49.

derive that fierce torrent of passion which I laboured to train to my purposes, but which, turned into another channel, has become the cause of your father's destruction. My destiny is the Tower, I suppose ?'

He spoke these words with great composure, and scarce seemed to regard the agonies of his daughter, who, throwing herself at his feet, sobbed and wept most bitterly.

'This must not be,' said the King, moved with compassion at this scene of misery. 'If you consent, Christian, to leave this country, there is a vessel in the river bound for New England. Go, carry your dark intrigues to other lands.'

'I might dispute the sentence,' said Christian, boldly; 'and if I submit to it, it is a matter of my own choice. One half hour had made me even with that proud woman, but fortune hath cast the balance against me. Rise, Zarah, Fenella no more! Tell the Lady of Derby that, if the daughter of Edward Christian, the niece of her murdered victim, served her as a menial, it was but for the purpose of vengeance — miserably, miserably frustrated! Thou seest thy folly now: thou wouldst follow yonder ungrateful stripling, thou wouldst forsake all other thoughts to gain his slightest notice; and now thou art a forlorn outcast, ridiculed and insulted by those on whose necks you might have trod had you governed yourself with more wisdom. But come, thou art still my daughter; there are other skies than that which canopies Britain.'

'Stop him,' said the King; 'we must know by what means this maiden found access to those confined in our prisons.'

'I refer your Majesty to your most Protestant jailor, and to the most Protestant peers, who, in order to obtain perfect knowledge of the depth of the Popish Plot, have contrived these ingenious apertures for visiting them in their cells by night or day. His Grace of Buckingham can assist your Majesty if you are inclined to make the inquiry.'¹

'Christian,' said the duke, 'thou art the most barefaced villain who ever breathed!'

'Of a commoner, I may,' answered Christian, and led his daughter out of the presence.

'See after him, Selby,' said the King — 'lose not sight of him till the ship sail; if he dare return to Britain, it shall be at his peril. Would to God we had as good riddance of others

¹ It was said that very unfair means were used to compel the prisoners committed on account of the Popish Plot to make disclosures, and that several of them were privately put to the torture.

as dangerous ! And I would also,' he added, after a moment's pause, 'that all our political intrigues and feverish alarms could terminate as harmlessly as now. Here is a plot without a drop of blood ; and all the elements of a romance without its conclusion. Here we have a wandering island princess — I pray my Lady of Derby's pardon — a dwarf, a Moorish sorceress, an impenitent rogue, and a repentant man of rank, and yet all ends without either hanging or marriage.'

'Not altogether without the latter,' said the countess, who had an opportunity, during the evening, of much private conversation with Julian Peveril. 'There is a certain Major Bridgenorth, who, since your Majesty relinquishes farther inquiry into these proceedings, which he had otherwise intended to abide, designs, as we are informed, to leave England for ever. Now this Bridgenorth, by dint of the law, hath acquired strong possession over the domains of Peveril, which he is desirous to restore to the ancient owners, with much fair land besides, conditionally, that our young Julian will receive them as the dowery of his only child and heir.'

'By my faith,' said the King, 'she must be a foul-favoured wench indeed if Julian requires to be pressed to accept her on such fair conditions.'

'They love each other like lovers of the last age,' said the countess ; 'but the stout old knight likes not the Roundheaded alliance.'

'Our royal recommendation shall put that to rights,' said the King ; 'Sir Geoffrey Peveril has not suffered hardship so often at our command, that he will refuse our recommendation when it comes to make him amends for all his losses.'

It may be supposed the King did not speak without being fully aware of the unlimited ascendancy which he possessed over the spirit of the old Tory ; for, within four weeks afterwards, the bells of Martindale-Moultrassie were ringing for the union of the families from whose estates it takes its compound name, and the beacon-light of the castle blazed high over hill and dale, and summoned all to rejoice who were within twenty miles of its gleam.¹

¹ See History of Colonel Thomas Blood. Note 50.



APPENDICES TO INTRODUCTION

No. I

THE following Notices were recommended to my attention in the politest manner possible by John Christian, Esq., of Milntown, in the Isle of Man, and Unrigg [or Ewanrigg], in Cumberland, Dempster at present of the Isle of Man. This gentleman is naturally interested in the facts which are stated, as representative of the respectable family of Christian, and lineally descended from William Dhône, put to death by the Countess of Derby. I can be no way interested in refusing Mr. Christian this justice, and willingly lend my aid to extend the exculpation of the family.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF EDWARD AND WILLIAM CHRISTIAN, TWO CHARACTERS IN *PEVERIL OF THE PEAK*

THE venerable Dr. Dryasdust, in a preparatory dialogue, apprises the eidolon, or apparition, of the Author, that he stood 'much accused for adulterating the pure sources of historical knowledge'; and is answered by that emanation of genius, 'that he has done some service to the public if he can present to them a lively fictitious picture, for which the original anecdote or circumstance which he made free to press into his service only furnished a slight sketch; that by introducing to the busy and the youthful

Truths severe in fairy fiction dress'd,

and by creating an interest in fictitious adventures ascribed to a historical period and characters, the reader begins next to be anxious to learn what the facts really were, and how far the novelist has justly represented them.'

The adventures ascribed to 'historical characters' would, however, fail in their moral aim if fiction were placed at variance with truth; if Hampden or Sydney, for example, were painted as swindlers, or Lady Jane Grey or Rachel Russel as abandoned women.

'Odzoos! must one swear to the truth of a song?' although an excellent joke, were a bad palliation in such a case. Fancy may be fairly indulged in the illustration, but not in the perversion, of fact; and if the fictitious picture should have no general resemblance to the original, the flourish of

Truths severe in fairy fiction dress'd,

were but an aggravation of the wrong.

The family of Christian is indebted to this splendid luminary of the North for abundant notoriety.

The William Christian represented on one part as an ungrateful traitor, on the other as the victim of a judicial murder; and his brother (or rela-

tive) Edward, one of the suite of a Duke¹ of Buckingham, were so far real historical persons. Whether the talents and skill of Edward in imposing on Fenella a feigned silence of several years be among the legitimate or supernatural wonders of this fertile genius, his fair readers do not seem to be agreed. Whether the residue of the canvass, filled up with a masterly picture of the most consummate hypocrite and satanic villain ever presented to the imagination, be consistent with the historical character of this individual, is among the subjects of research to which the novelist has given a direct invitation in his prefatory chapter.

English history furnishes few materials to aid the investigation of transactions chiefly confined to the Isle of Man. Circumstances led me, many years ago, to visit this ancient Lilliput; whether as one of those 'smart fellows worth talking to,' 'in consequence of a tumble from my barouche,' 'as a ruined miner,' or 'as a disappointed speculator,' is of no material import. It may be that temporary embarrassment drove me into seclusion, without any of the irresistible inducements alluded to; and want of employment, added to the acquaintance and aid of a zealous local antiquary, gradually led to an examination of all accessible authorities on this very subject among others. So it happened that I had not landed many hours before I found the mournful ditty of *William Dhône* ('Brown' or 'Fair-Haired William,' this very identical William Christian) twanged through the deminatal, demi-guttural trumpet of the carman, and warbled by the landlady's pretty daughter; in short, making as great a figure in its little sphere as did once the more important ballad of *Cherry Chace* in its wider range; the burden of the song purporting that William Dhône was the mirror of virtue and patriotism, and that envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, operate the destruction of the wisest and the best.

Themes of popular feeling naturally attract the earliest notice of a stranger; and I found the story of this individual, though abundantly garbled and discoloured on the insular records, full of circumstances to excite the deepest interest, but which, to be rendered intelligible, must be approached by a circuitous route, in which neither elfin page nor maiden fair can be the companion of our walk.

The loyal and celebrated James seventh Earl of Derby was induced, by the circumstances of the times, to fix his chief residence in the Isle of Man from 1643 to 1651.² During this period he composed, in the form of a letter³ to his son Charles (Lord Strange), an historical account of that island, with a statement of his own proceedings there, interspersed with much political advice for the guidance of his successor, full of acute observation, and evincing an intimate acquaintance with the works of Machiavelli, which it appears, by a quotation,⁴ that he had studied in a Latin edition. The work, although formally divided into chapters and numbered paragraphs, is professedly desultory,⁵ and furnishes few means of deter-

¹ Not the duke described in *Pereril*, but the companion of Charles I. in his Spanish romance.

² His countess resided at Latham House (her heroic defence of which is well known) until 1644 or 1645, when she also retired to the Isle of Man. A contemporary publication, the *Mercurius Aulicus*, by John Birkenhead, says, 'The countesse, it seems, stole the earl's breeches, when he fled long since into the Isle of Man, and hath in his absence played the man at Latham.' This insinuation is certainly unjust; but the earl seems to consider some explanation necessary, 'why he left the land, when every gallant spirit had engaged himself for king and country.' Danger of revolt and invasion of the island constitute the substance of this explanation. There is reason, however, to conjecture that he had been disappointed of the command he had a right to expect, when he brought a considerable levy to join the King at York. Any explanation, in short, might be listened to, except a doubt of his loyalty and ardent military spirit, which were above all impeachment.

³ Published in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, in 1779.

⁴ Peck, p. 446—fortiter calumniare, aliquid adharebit.

⁵ Peck, p. 446. 'Loth to dwell too long on one subject,' 'skip over to some other matter.'

mining the relative dates of his facts, which must accordingly be supplied by internal evidence, and in some cases by conjecture.

He appears to have been drawn thither, in 1643, by letters¹ intimating the danger of a revolt: the 'people had begun the fashion of England in murmuring'; 'assembled in a tumultuous manner, desiring new laws . . . they would have no bishops, pay no tithes to the clergie . . . despised authority, rescued people committed by the governor,' etc. etc.

The earl's first care was to apply himself to the consideration of these insurrectionary movements: and as he found some interruption to his proceedings in the conduct of Edward Christian,² an attempt shall be made, so far as our limits will admit, to extract the earl's own account of this person.

I was newly³ got acquainted with Captain Christian, whom I perceived to have abilities enough to do me service. . . . I was told he had made a good fortune in the Indies, that he was a Mankesman born. . . . He is excellent good companie, as rude as a sea captain should be, but refined as one that had civilised himself half a year at court, where he served the Duke of Buckingham. . . . While he governed here some few years he pleased me very well, etc. etc. But such is the condition of man, that most will have some fault or other to blurr all their best vertues; and his was of that condition which is reckoned with drunkenness, viz. covetousness, both marked with age to increase and grow in men. . . . When a prince has given all, and the favourite can desire no more, they both grow weary of one another.⁴

An account of the earl's successive public meetings, short, from the limits of our sketch, is extracted in a note⁵ from the headings of the chapters (apparently composed by Peck). In the last of these meetings it appears that Edward Christian attempted at its close to recapitulate the business of the day. 'Asked if we did not agree thus and thus, mentioning some things

¹ Peck, p. 434.

² For a history of this family, established in the Isle of Man so early as 1422, see Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, vol. ii. p. 146. They had previously been established in Wigtonshire.

³ This is an example of the difficulty of arranging the relative dates; the word 'newly,' thus employed at the earliest in 1643, refers to 1628, the date of the appointment of E. Christian to be governor of the Isle of Man, which office he had till 1635 (Sacheverell's *Account of the Isle of Man*, published in 1702, p. 100), the earl being then Lord Strange, but apparently taking the lead in public business during his father's lifetime.

⁴ Peck, pp. 443, 444. There is apparently some error in Hutchinson's genealogy of the family in his *History of Cumberland*: 1st brother, John, born 1602; 2d, died young; 3d, William, born 1608; 4th, Edward, Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man, 1629 (according to Sacheverell, p. 100, 1628). This Edward's birth cannot be placed earlier than 1609, and he could not well have made a fortune in the Indies, have frequented the court of Charles I., and be selected as a fit person to be a governor, at the age of nineteen or twenty. The person mentioned in the text was obviously of mature age; and Edward the governor appears to have been the younger brother of William Christian, a branch of the same family, possessing the estate of Knockrushen, near Castle Rushen, who, as well as Edward, was imprisoned in Peel Castle in 1643.

⁵ Peck, p. 338, *et seq.* Chap. viii. The earl appoints a meeting of the natives, every man to give in his grievances; upon which some think to outwit him, which he winks at, being not ready for them, therefore cajoles and divides them; on the appointed day he appears with a good guard; the people give in their complaints quietly and retire. Chap. ix. Another meeting appointed, where he also appears with a good guard. Many busy men speak only Mankes, which a more designing person (probably Captain Christian, a late governor) would hinder, but the earl forbids it; advice about appearing in public; the Mankesmen great talkers and wranglers; the earl's spies get in with them and wheedle them. Chap. x. The night before the meeting the earl consults with his officers what to answer; but tells them nothing of his spies; compares both reports, and keeps back his own opinion; sends some of the officers, who he knew would be troublesome, out of the way, about other matters; the (present) governor afresh commended; what counsellors the properest. Chap. xi. The earl's carriage to the people at his first going over; his carriage at the meeting to modest petitioners, to impudent, to the most confident, and to the most dangerous, viz. them who stood behind and prompted others. All things being agreed, Captain Christian cunningly begins a disturbance; the earl's reply to him and speech to the people; Christian is stroke blank; several [people] committed to prison and fined, which quiets them.

(says the earl) he had instructed the people to aske; which, happily, they had forgot.' The earl accordingly rose in wrath, and, after a short speech, 'bade the court to rise, and no man to speak more.' 'Some,' he adds, 'were committed to prison, and there abided, until, upon submission and assurance of being very good and quiet, they were released, and others . . . were put in their rooms. . . . I thought fit to make them be deeply fined. . . . Since this they have all come in most submisse and loving manner.' Pretty efficient means of producing quiet, if the despot be strong enough, and with it such love as suits a despot's fancy! Among the prisoners were Edward Christian and his brother William of Knockrushen; the latter was released in 1644, on giving bond, among other conditions, not to depart the island without license.

Of Edward, the earl says, 'I will return unto Captain Christian, whose business must be heard the next week (either in 1644 or early in 1645). He is still in prison, and I believe many wonder thereat, as savouring of injustice, and that his trial should be so long deferred. . . . Also his business is of that condition that it concerns not himself alone. . . . If a jurie of the people do passe upon him, being he hath so enjoined to believe he suffers for their sakes, it is likely they would quit him, and then might he laugh at us, whom I had rather he had betrayed. . . . I remember one said it was safer much to take men's lives than their estates: for their children will sooner much forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimonie.'² Edward died in custody in Peel Castle in 1650,³ after an imprisonment of between seven and eight years; and so far, at least, no ground can be discovered for that gratitude which is afterwards said to have been violated by this family, unless indeed we transplant ourselves to those countries where it is the fashion to flog a public officer one day and replace him in authority the next.

The insular records detail with minuteness the complaints of the people relative to the exactions of the church, and their adjustment by a sort of public arbitration in October 1643. But it is singular, that neither in these records nor in the earl's very studied narrative of the modes of discussion, the offences, and the punishments, is one word to be found regarding the more important points actually at issue between himself and the people. The fact, however, is fully developed, as if by accident, in one of the chapters (xvi.) of this very desultory but sagacious performance. 'There comes this very instant an occasion to me to acquaint you with a special matter, which, if by reason of these troublesome and dangerous times, I cannot bring to passe my intents therein, you may in your better leisure consider thereof, and make some use hereafter of my present labors, in the matter of a certain holding in this country, called the tenure of the straw;⁴ whereby men thinke their dwellings are their own auntient inheritances, and that they may passe the same to any, and dispose thereof without license from the lord, but paying him a bare small rent like unto a fee-farme in England; wherein they are much deceived.'

William the Conqueror, among his plans for the benefit of his English subjects, adopted that of inducing or compelling them to surrender their

¹ Peck, p. 442.

² Peck, pp. 448, 449.

³ Feltham's *Tour*, p. 161, places this event (while a prisoner in Peel Castle), on the authority of a tombstone, in 1660, 'John Greenhalgh being governor.' Now John Greenhalgh ceased to be governor in 1651; the date is probably an error in the press for 1650.

⁴ In the transfer of real estates both parties came into the common law court, and the grantor, in the face of the court, transferred his title to the purchaser by the delivery of a straw; which, being recorded, was his title. The same practice prevailed in the transfer of personal property. Sir Edward Coke, iv. 69, when speaking of the Isle of Man, says, 'Upon the sale of a horse, or any contract for any other thing, they make the stipulation perfect per *traditionem stipula*' (by the delivery of a straw). Perhaps a more feasible etymology of 'stipulation' than the usual derivation from *stipes* (a stake or land-mark), or *stips* (a piece of money or wages).

allodial lands, and receive them back to hold by feudal tenure. The Earl of Derby projected the surrender of a similar right, in order to create tenures more profitable to himself—a simple lease for three lives, or twenty-one years. The measure was entirely novel, although the attempt to prevent¹ alienation without license from the lord, for purposes of a less profitable exaction, may be traced, together with the scenes of violence it produced, through many passages in the ancient records, which would be inexplicable without this clue.

The earl proceeded, certainly with sufficient energy and considerable skill, to the accomplishment of his object. In the very year of his arrival, Dec. 1643, he appointed commissioners to compound for leases, consisting of some of his principal officers (members of council),² who had themselves been prevailed on by adequate considerations to surrender their estates, and are by general tradition accused of having conspired to delude their simple countrymen into the persuasion that, having no title-deeds, their estates were insecure, that leases were title-deeds, and although nominally for limited terms, declared the lands to be descendible to their eldest sons. It is remarkable that the names of Ewan and William Christian, two of the council, are alone excluded from this commission.

We have already seen two of the name committed to prison. The following notices, which abundantly unfold the ground of the earl's hostility to the name of Christian, relate to Ewan Christian, the father of William Dhône, and one of the deemsters³ excluded from the commission.

One presented me a petition against Deemster Christian, on the behalf of an infant who is conceived to have a right unto his farme, late Rainsway (Ronaldsway), one of the principal holdings of this country, who, by reason of his eminencie here, and that he holdeth much of the same tenure of the straw in other places, he is soe observed, that certainly as I temper the matter with him in this, soe shall I prevail with others.⁴ . . . By policie⁵ they (the Christians) are crept into the principal places of power, and they be seated round about the country, and in the heart of it; they are matched with the best families, etc.

The prayer in the petition,⁶ formerly mentioned, was to this effect, that there might be a fair tryal, and, when the right was recovered, that I would graunt them a lease thereof, this being in the tenure of the straw. . . . Upon some conference with the petitioner, I find a motion heretofore was made by my commissioners, that the Deemster should give this fellow a summe of money. But he would part with none, nevertheless now it may be he will, and I hope be so wise as to assure unto himself his holding, by compounding with me for the lease of the same, to the which, if they two agree, I shall grant it him on easy terms. For if he break the ice, I may haply catch some fish.⁷

The issue of this piscatory project was but too successful. Ewan bent to the reign of terror, and gave up Ronaldsway to his son William, who

¹ Among those instances in which 'the commands of the lord proprietor have (in the emphatic words of the commissioners of 1791, p. 67) been obtruded on the people as laws,' we find, in 1583, the prohibition to dispose of lands without license of the lord is prefaced by the broad admission, that, 'contrary to good and laudable order, and divers and sundry general restraints made, the inhabitants have, and daily do, notwithstanding the said restraints, buy, sell, give, grant, chop and exchange their farms, lands, tenements, etc., at their liberties and pleasures.' Alienation fines were first exacted in 1643. *Report of Commissioners of 1791. App. A., No. 71, Rep. of Law Officers.*

² The governor, comptroller, receiver, and John Cannell, deemster.

³ Deemster, evidently Anglicised, the person who deems the law—a designation anciently unknown among the natives, who continue to call this officer *brehon*, identical with the name of those judges and laws so often mentioned in the histories of Ireland.

⁴ Peck, p. 447.

⁵ *Ib.* p. 448.

⁶ I have ascertained the date of this petition to be 1643.

⁷ Covetousness is not attributed to the head of this family; but the earl makes himself merry with his gallantry: natural children, it seems, took the name of their father, and not of their mother, as elsewhere, and 'the deemster did not get soe many for lust's sake as to make the name of Christian flourish.' Of him, or a successor of the same name, it is related, that he 'won £500 at play from the Bishop of Sodor and Man, with which he purchased the manor of Ewanrigg in Cumberland, still possessed by that family.'

accepted the lease, and named his own descendants for the lives. Still the objects attained were unsubstantial, as being contrary to all law, written or oral; and the system was incomplete, until sanctioned by the semblance of legislative confirmation.

We have seen that the earl had in the island a considerable military force, and we know from other sources¹ that they lived in a great measure at free quarters. We have his own testimony for stating that he achieved his objects by imprisoning, until his prisoners 'promised to be good,' and successively filling their places with others, until they also conformed to his theory of public virtue. And the reader will be prepared to hear, without surprise, that the same means enabled him, in 1645, to arrange a legislature² capable of yielding a forced assent to this notable system of submission and loving-kindness.

This is perhaps the most convenient place for stating that, in the subsequent surrender of the island to the troops of the Parliament, the only stipulation made by the islanders was, 'that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as they formerly had.' In what manner this stipulation was performed, my notes do not enable me to state. The restoration of Charles II., propitious in other respects, inflicted on the Isle of Man the revival of its feudal government; and the affair of the tenures continued to be a theme of perpetual contest and unavailing complaint, until finally adjusted in 1703, through the mediation of the excellent Bishop Wilson in a legislative compromise, known by the name of the Act of Settlement, whereby the people obtained a full recognition of their ancient rights, on condition of doubling the actual quit-rents, and consenting to alienation fines, first exacted by the Earl James in 1643.³

In 1648, William Dhône was appointed receiver-general; and in the same year we find his elder brother, John (assistant-deemster to his father Ewan), committed to Peel Castle on one of these occasions, which strongly marks the character of the person and the times, and affords also a glimpse at the feeling of the people, and at the condition of the devoted family of Christian. The inquisitive will find it in a note;⁴ other readers will pass on.

The circumstances are familiarly known, to the reader of English history, of the march of the Earl of Derby, in 1651, with a corps from the Isle of Man for the service of the King, his joining the Royal army on the eve of the battle of Worcester, his flight and imprisonment at Chester, after that signal defeat, and his trial and execution at Bolton in Lancashire, by the officers of the Parliament, on the 15th October of that year.

Immediately afterwards, Colonel Duckenfield, who commanded at Chester on behalf of the Parliament, proceeded with an armament of ten ships and a considerable military force, for the reduction of the Isle of Man.

William Christian was condemned and executed in 1662-63, for acts connected with its surrender, twelve years before, which are still involved in

¹ Evidence on the mock trial of William Dhône.

² We shall see, by and by, a very simple method of packing a judicial and legislative body, by removing and replacing seven individuals by one and the same mandate.

³ *Report of 1791. App. A., No. 71.*

⁴ A person named Charles Vaughan is brought to lodge an information, that, being in England, he fell into company with a young man named Christian, who said he had lately left the Isle of Man, and was in search of a brother, who was clerk to a Parliament officer; that, in answer to some questions, he said, 'The earl did use the inhabitants of that isle very hardly, had estreated great fines from the inhabitants, had changed the ancient tenures, and forced them to take leases; that he had taken away one hundred pounds a-year from his father, and had kept his uncle in prison four or five years. But if ever the earl came to England, he had used the inhabitants so hardly, that he was sure they would never suffer him to land in that island again.' An order is given to imprison John Christian (probably the reputed head of the family, his father being advanced in years) in Peel Castle, until he entered into bonds to be of good behaviour, and not to depart the isle without license. (*Insular Records.*) The young man in question is said to have been the son of William Christian of Knockrushen.

obscurity; and it will be most acceptable to the general reader that we should pass over the intermediate period,¹ and leave the facts regarding this individual, all of them extraordinary and some of peculiar interest, to be developed by the record of the trial and documents derived from other sources.

A mandate by Charles, eighth Earl of Derby, dated at Latham in September 1662, after descanting on the heinous sin of rebellion, aggravated by its being instrumental² in the death of the lord, and stating that he is himself concerned to revenge a father's blood, orders William Christian to be proceeded against forthwith, for all his illegal actions at, before, or after the year 1651 (a pretty sweeping range). The indictment charges him with 'being the head of an insurrection against the Countess of Derby in 1651, assuming the power unto himself, and depriving her ladyship, his lordship, and heirs thereof.'

A series of depositions appear on record from the 3d to the 13th October [29th November], and a reference by the precious depositaries of justice of that day to the twenty-four keys,³ 'Whether, upon the examination taken and read before, you find Mr. W. Christian of Ronaldsway within compass of the statute of the year 1422 — that is, to receive a sentence without quest, or to be tried in the ordinary course of law.' This body, designated on the record 'so many of the keys as were then present,' were in number seventeen; but not being yet sufficiently select to approve of sentence without trial, made their return, 'To be tried by course of law.'

On the 26th November, it is recorded that the governor and attorney-general having proceeded to the jail 'with a guard of soldiers, to require him (Christian) to the bar to receive his trial, he refused, and denied to come and abide the same' (admirable courtesy to invite, instead of bringing him to the bar!); whereupon the governor demanded the law of Deemster Norris, who then sat in judication. Deemster John Christian having not appeared, and Mr. Edward Christian,⁴ his son and assistant, having also forborne to sit in this court, he the said Deemster Norris craved the advice and assistance of the twenty-four keys; and the said deemster and keys deemed the law therein, to wit, that he is at the mercy of the lord for life and goods.

It will be observed that seven of the keys were formerly absent, on what account we shall presently see. All this was very cleverly arranged by the

¹ Some readers may desire an outline of this period. The lordship of the island was given to Lord Fairfax, who deputed commissioners to regulate its affairs; one of them (Chaloner) published an account of the island in 1656. He puts down William Christian as receiver-general in 1653. We find his name as governor from 1656 to 1658 (Sacheverell, p. 101), in which year he was succeeded by Chaloner himself. Among the anomalies of those times, it would seem that he had retained the office of receiver while officiating as governor; and Episcopacy having been abolished, and the receipts of the see added to those of the exchequer, he had large accounts to settle, for which Chaloner sequestered his estates in his absence, and imprisoned and held to bail his brother John, for aiding what he calls his escape; his son George returned from England, by permission of Lord Fairfax, to settle his father's accounts. Chaloner informs us that the revenues of the suppressed see were not appropriated to the private use of Lord Fairfax, who, 'for the better encouragement and support of the ministers of the Gospel, and for the promoting of learning, hath conferred all this revenue upon the ministers, as also for the maintaining of free schools, *i.e.* at Castletown, Peel, Douglass, and Ramsay.' Chaloner pays a liberal tribute to the talents of the clergy and the learning and piety of the late bishops.

² See the remark in Christian's dying speech, that the late earl had been executed eight days before the insurrection.

³ The court for criminal trials was composed of the governor and council (including the deemsters) and the keys, who also, with the lord, composed the three branches of the legislative body; and it was the practice in cases of doubt to refer points of customary law to the deemsters and keys.

⁴ The grandson of Evan. It appears by the proceedings of the King in council, 1663, that 'he did, when the court refused to admit of the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and came to England to solicit his Majesty, and implore his justice.'

following recorded order, 29th December.—‘These of the twenty-four keys are removed of that company, in reference to my honourable lord’s order in that behalf’; enumerating seven names, not of the seventeen before mentioned, and naming seven others who ‘are sworn’ in their places.’ The judicature is farther improved by transferring an eighth individual of the first seventeen to the council, and filling his place with another proper person. These facts have been related with some minuteness of detail for two reasons: 1st, Although nearly equalled by some of the subsequent proceedings, they would not be credited on common authority; and 2d, They render all comment unnecessary, and prepare the reader for any judgment, however extraordinary, to be expected from such a tribunal.

Then come the proceedings of the 29th December—the proposals, as they are named, to the deemsters² and twenty-four keys now assembled ‘to be answered in point of law.’ 1st, Any malefactor, etc., being indicted, etc., and denying to abide the law of his country in that course (notwithstanding any argument or plea he may offer for himself), and thereupon deemed to forfeit body and goods, etc., whether he may afterwards obtain the same benefit, etc. etc.; to which, on the same day, they answered in the negative. It was found practicable, on the 31st, to bring the prisoner to the bar, to hear his sentence of being ‘shot to death, that thereupon his life may depart from his body’; which sentence was executed on the 2d of January 1663.

That he made ‘an excellent speech’ at the place of execution is recorded, where we should little expect to find it, in the parochial register; the accuracy of that which has been preserved as such in the family of a clergyman (and appears to have been printed on or before 1776³) rests chiefly on internal evidence, and on its accordance, in some material points, with facts suppressed or distorted in the records, but established in the proceedings of the privy council. It is therefore given without abbreviation, and the material points of evidence in the voluminous depositions on both trials⁴ are extracted for reference in a note.⁵

¹ The Commissioners of 1791 are in doubt regarding the time when, and the manner in which, the keys were first elected; this notable precedent had perhaps not fallen under their observation.

² Hugh Cannell was now added as a second deemster.

³ One of the copies in my possession is stated to be transcribed in that year from the printed speech, the other as stated in the text.

⁴ Both trials; the first is for the same purposes as the English grand jury, with this most especial difference, that evidence is admitted for the prisoner, and it thus becomes what it is frequently called, the first trial; the second, if the indictment be found, is in all respects like that by petty jury in England.

⁵ This testimony will of course be received with due suspicion, and confronted with the only defence known, that of his dying speech. It goes to establish that Christian had placed himself at the head of an association, bound by a secret oath to ‘withstand the Lady of Derby in her designs until she had yielded or condescended to their aggressions’; among which aggressions, during the earl’s residence, we find incidentally noticed, ‘the troop that was in the isle and their free quarterage’; that he had represented her ladyship to have deceived him, by entering into negotiations with the Parliament, contrary to her promise to communicate with him in such a case; that Christian and his associates declared that she was about to sell them for twopence or threepence a-piece; that he told his associates that he had entered into correspondence with Major Fox and the Parliament, and received their authority to raise the country; that in consequence of this insurrection her ladyship appointed commissioners to treat with others ‘on the part of the country,’ and articles of agreement were concluded (see the speech) which nowhere now appear; that on the appearance of Duckenfield’s ships, standing for Ramsay Bay, one of the insurgents boarded them off Douglas, ‘to give intelligence of the condition of the country’; the disposable troops marched under the governor, Sir Philip Musgrave, for Ramsay; that when the shipping had anchored, a deputation of three persons, viz. John Christian, Ewan Curphey, and William Standish, proceeded on board to negotiate for the surrender of the island (where William was does not appear). The destruction of the articles of agreement, and the silence of the records regarding the relative strength of the forces, leave us without the means of determining the degree of merit or demerit to be ascribed

The last speech of William Christian, Esq., who was executed 2d January 1662-63:—

Gentlemen, and the rest of you who have accompanied me this day to the gate of death, I know you expect I should say something at my departure; and indeed I am in some measure willing to satisfy you, having not had the least liberty, since my imprisonment, to acquaint any with the rudeness of my sufferings, which flesh and blood could not have endured without the power and assistance of my most gracious and good God, into whose hands I do now commit my poor soul, not doubting but that I shall very quickly be in the arms of His mercy.

I am, as you now see, hurried hither by the power of a pretended court of justice, the members whereof, or at least the greatest part of them, are by no means qualified, but very ill befitting their new place. The reasons you may give yourselves.

The cause for which I am brought hither, as the prompted and threatened jury has delivered, is high treason against the Countess Dowager of Derby; for that I did, as they say, in the year fifty-one, raise a force against her for the suppressing and rooting out that family. How unjust the accusation is, very few of you that hear me this day but can witness; and that the then rising of the people, in which afterwards I came to be engaged, did not at all, or in the least degree, intend the prejudice or ruin of that family; the chief whereof being, as you well remember, dead eight days, or thereabout, before that action happened. But the true cause of that rising, as the jury did twice bring in, was to prevent grievances to our honourable lady; which was done by me, and afterwards approved by her ladyship, under the hand of her then secretary, M. Trevach, who is yet living, which agreement hath since, to my own ruin and my poor family's endless sorrow, been forced from me. The Lord God forgive them the injustice of their dealings with me, and I wish from my heart it may not be laid to their charge another day!

You now see me here a sacrifice ready to be offered up for that which was the preservation of your lives and fortunes, which were then in hazard, but that I stood between you and your (then in all appearance) utter ruin. I wish you still may, as hitherto, enjoy the sweet benefit and blessing of peace, though from that minute until now I have still been persecuted and persecuted, nor have I ever since found a place to rest myself in. But my God be for ever blessed and praised, who hath given me so large a measure of patience!

What services I have done for that noble family, by whose power I am now to take my latest breath, I dare appeal to themselves, whether I have not deserved better things from some of them than the sentence of my deadly destruction, and seizure of the poor estate my son ought to enjoy, being purchased and left him by his grandfather. It might have been much better had I not spent it in the service of my honourable Lord of Derby and his family; these things I need not mention to you, for that most of you are witnesses to it. I shall now beg your patience while I tell you here, in the presence of God, that I never in all my life acted anything with intention to prejudice my sovereign lord

to these negotiators, or the precise authority under which they acted; but the grievances to be redressed are cleared from every obscurity by the all-sufficient testimony of the terms demanded from the victors, 'that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as formerly they had; and that it was demanded whether they asked any more, but nothing else was demanded that this examinant heard of. The taking of Loyal Fort near Ramsey (commanded by a Major Duckenfield, who was made prisoner), and of Peel Castle, appear on record; but nothing could be found regarding the surrender of Castle Rushen, or of the Countess of Derby's subsequent imprisonment. Had the often-repeated tale of William Christian having 'treacherously seized upon the lady and her children, with the governors of both castles, in the middle of the night' (Rolt's *History of the Isle of Man*, published in 1773, p. 89), rested on the slightest semblance of truth, we should inevitably have found an attempt to prove it in the proceedings of this mock trial. In the absence of authentic details, the tradition may be adverted to, that her ladyship, on learning the proceedings at Ramsey, hastened to embark in a vessel she had prepared, but was intercepted before she could reach it. The same uncertainty exists with regard to any negotiations on her part with the officers of the Parliament, as affirmed by the insurgents; the earl's first letter, after his capture and before his trial, says—'Truly, as matters go, it will be best for you to make conditions for yourself, children, and friends in the manner as we have proposed, or as you can farther agree with Col. Duckenfield, who, being so much a gentleman born, will doubtless, for his own honour, deal fairly with you.' He seems also to have hoped at that time that it might influence his own fate; and the eloquent and affecting letter written immediately before his execution repeats the same admonitions to treat.—Rolt, pp. 74 and 84.

¹ This fact, as might be expected, is not to be traced on the record of the trial.

the King, nor the late Earl of Derby, nor the now earl; yet notwithstanding, being in England at the time of his sacred Majesty's happy restoration, I went to London, with many others, to have a sight of my gracious King, whom God preserve, and whom, until then, I never had seen. But I was not long there when I was arrested upon an action of twenty thousand pounds, and clapped up in the Fleet; unto which action I, being a stranger, could give no bail, but was there kept nearly a whole year. How I suffered, God He knows; but at last, having gained my liberty, I thought good to advise with several gentlemen concerning his Majesty's gracious Act of Indemnity that was then set forth, in which I thought myself concerned; unto which they told me there was no doubt to be made but that all actions committed in the Isle of Man, relating in any kind to the war, were pardoned by the Act of Indemnity, and all other places within his Majesty's dominions and countries. Whereupon, and having been forced to absent myself from my poor wife and children near three years, being all that time under persecution, I did with great content and satisfaction return into this island, hoping then to receive the comfort and sweet enjoyment of my friends and poor family. But, alas! I have fallen into the snare of the fowler; but my God shall ever be praised: though He kill me, yet will I trust in Him.

I may justly say no man in this island knows better than myself the power the Lord Derby hath in this island, subordinate to his sacred Majesty, of which I have given a full account in my declaration presented to my judges, which I much fear will never see light,¹ which is no small trouble to me.

It was his Majesty's most gracious Act of Indemnity gave me the confidence and assurance of my safety; on which, and an appeal I made to his sacred Majesty and privy council, from the unjustness of the proceedings had against me, I did much rely, being his Majesty's subject here, and a denizen of England both by birth and fortune. And in regard I have disobeyed the power of my Lord of Derby's Act of Indemnity, which you now look upon, and his Majesty's Act cast out as being of no force, I have with greater violence been persecuted; yet, nevertheless, I do declare, that no subject whatever can or ought to take upon them acts of indemnity but his sacred Majesty only, with the confirmation of Parliament.

It is very fit I should say something as to my education and religion. I think I need not inform you, for you all know, I was brought up a son of the Church of England, which was at that time in her splendour and glory; and to my endless comfort I have ever since continued a faithful member, witness several of my actions in the late times of liberty. And as for government, I never was against monarchy, which now, to my soul's great satisfaction, I have lived to see is settled and established. I am well assured that men of upright life and conversation may have the favourable countenance of our gracious King, under whose happy government God of His infinite mercy long continue these his kingdoms and dominions. And now I do most heartily thank my good God that I have had so much liberty and time to disburden myself of several things that have laid heavy upon me all the time of my imprisonment, in which I have not had time or liberty to speak or write any of my thoughts; and from my soul I wish all animosity may after my death be quite laid aside, and my death by none be called in question, for I do freely forgive all that have had any hand in my persecution; and may our good God preserve you all in peace and quiet the remainder of your days!

Be ye all of you his Majesty's liege people, loyal and faithful to his sacred Majesty; and, according to your oath of faith and fealty to my honourable Lord of Derby, do you likewise, in all just and lawful ways, observe his commands; and know that you must one day give an account of all your deeds. And now the blessing of Almighty God be with you all, and preserve you from violent death, and keep you in peace of conscience all your days!

I will now hasten, for my flesh is willing to be dissolved, and my spirit to be with God, who hath given me full assurance of His mercy and pardon for all my sins, of which His unspeakable goodness and loving-kindness my poor soul is exceedingly satisfied.

*Note.*²—Here he fell upon his knees, and passed some time in prayer; then rising exceedingly cheerful, he addressed the soldiers appointed for his execution, saying—'Now for you, who are appointed by lot my executioners, I do freely forgive you.' He requested them and all present to pray for him, adding, 'There is but a thin veil betwixt me and death; once more I request your prayers, for now I take my last farewell.'

The soldiers wished to bind him to the spot on which he stood. He said, 'Trouble not yourselves or me; for I, that dare face death in whatever form he comes, will not start

¹ The apprehension was but too correct.

² This note is annexed to all the copies of the speech.

at your fire and bullets; nor can the power you have deprive me of my courage.' At his desire a piece of white paper was given him, which with the utmost composure he pinned to his breast, to direct them where to aim; and after a short prayer addressed the soldiers thus — 'Hit this, and you do your own and my work.' And presently after, stretching forth his arms, which was the signal he gave them, he was shot through the heart and fell.

Edward Christian, the nephew, and George, the son, of the deceased, lost no time in appealing to his Majesty in council against this judicial murder; and George was furnished with an order 'to pass and repass,' etc., 'and bring with him such records and persons as he should desire, to make out the truth of his complaint.' Edward returned with him to the Island for that purpose; for we find him, in April 1663, compelled, in the true spirit of the day, to give bond 'that he would at all times appear and answer to such charges as might be preferred against him, and not depart the Isle without license.' George was prevented, by various contrivances, from serving the King's order; but on presenting a second petition, the governor, deemster, and members of council were brought up to London by a sergeant-at-arms; and these six persons, together with the Earl of Derby, being compelled to appear, a full hearing took place before the King in person, the Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chief Baron, and other members of council; judgment was extended on the 5th August, and that judgment was on the 14th of the same month ordered 'to be printed in folio, in such manner as Acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Majesty's arms prefixed.'

This authentic document designates the persons brought up as 'members of the pretended court of justice'; declares 'that the Act of General Pardon and Indemnity did extend to the Isle of Man, and ought to have been taken notice of by the judges in that Island, although it had not been pleaded; that the court refused to admit the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity,' etc. 'Full restitution is ordered to be made to his heirs of all his estates, real and personal.' Three other persons 'who were by the same court of justice imprisoned, and their estates seized and confiscated without any legal trial,' are ordered, together with the Christians, 'to be restored to all their estates, real and personal, and to be fully repaired in all the charges and expences which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business, or in their journey hither, or in any other way thereunto relating.' The mode of raising funds for the purposes of this restitution is equally peculiar and instructive; these 'sums of money are ordered to be furnished by the deemsters, members, and assistants of the said Court of Justice,' who are directed 'to raise and make due payment thereof to the parties.'

'And to the end that the blood that has been unjustly spilt may in some sort be expiated,' etc., the deemsters are ordered to 'be committed to the King's Bench, to be proceeded against, etc. etc., and receive condign punishment.' (It is believed that this part of the order was afterwards relaxed or rendered nugatory.) The three members of council were released on giving security to appear, if required, and to make the restitution ordered. 'And in regard that Edward Christian, being one of the deemsters or judges in the Isle of Man, did, when the court refused to admit of the deceased W. Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come to England to solicit his Majesty and implore his justice, it is ordered that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission, etc., restore and appoint him as deemster, so to remain and continue,' etc.—which order was disobeyed. And lastly; that 'Henry Nowell, deputy-governor, whose fault hath been the not complying

¹ Ewan Curghey [Curghey], Samuel Ratcliffe, and John Caesar, men of considerable landed property.

with, and yielding due obedience to, the orders¹ of his Majesty and this board sent into the island (O most lame and impotent conclusion!), be permitted to return' to the isle, and enforce the present order of the King in council.

Of the Earl of Derby no farther mention occurs in this document. The sacrifices made by this noble family in support of the Royal cause drew a large share of indulgence over the exceptionable parts of their conduct; but the mortification necessarily consequent on this appeal, the incessant complaints of the people, and the difficulty subsequently experienced by them in obtaining access to a superior tribunal, receive a curious illustration in an order of the King in council, dated 20th August 1670, on a petition of the Earl of Derby, 'that the clerk of the council in waiting receive no petition, appeal, or complaint against the lord or government of the Isle of Man without having first good security from the complainant to answer costs, damages, and charges.'

The historical notices of this kingdom² of Lilliput are curious and instructive with reference to other times and different circumstances, and they have seemed to require little comment or antiquarian remark; but to condense what may be collected with regard to Edward Christian, the accomplished villain of *Peperil*, the insinuations of his accuser³ constitute in themselves an abundant defence. When so little can be imputed by such an adversary, the character must indeed be invulnerable. Tradition ascribes to him nothing but what is amiable, patriotic, honourable, and good, in all the relations of public and private life. He died, after an imprisonment of seven or eight years, the victim of incorrigible obstinacy, according to one, of ruthless tyranny, according to another, vocabulary; but resembling the character of the novel in nothing but unconquerable courage.

Treachery and ingratitude have been heaped on the memory of William Christian with sufficient profusion. Regarding the first of these crimes—if all that has been affirmed or insinuated in the mock trial rested on a less questionable basis, posterity would scarcely pronounce an unanimous verdict of moral and political guilt against an association to subvert such a government as is described by its own author. The peculiar favours for which he or his family were ungrateful are not to be discovered in these proceedings; except, indeed, in the form of 'chastisements of the Almighty—blessings in disguise.' But if credit be given to the dying words of William Christian, his efforts were strictly limited to a redress of grievances—a purpose always criminal in the eye of the oppressor. If he had lived and died on a larger scene, his memory would probably have survived among the patriots and the heroes. In some of the manuscript narratives he is designated as a martyr for the rights and liberties of his countrymen; who add, in their homely manner, that he was condemned without trial and murdered without remorse.

We have purposely abstained from all attempt to enlist the passions in favour of the sufferings of a people, or in detestation of oppressions, which ought, perhaps, to be ascribed as much to the character of the times as to that of individuals. The naked facts of the case, unaided by the wild and plaintive notes in which the maidens of the isle were wont to bewail 'the heart-rending death of fair-haired William,' are sufficient of themselves to awaken the sympathy of every generous mind; and it were a more worthy exercise of that despotic power over the imagination, so eminently possessed by the Great Unknown, to embalm the remembrance of two such

¹ Tradition, in accordance with the dirge of William Döhne, says that the order to stop proceedings and suspend the sentence arrived on the day preceding that of his execution.

² Earl James, although studious of kingcraft, assigns good reasons for having never pretended to assume that title, and among others, 'Nor doth it please a king that any of his subjects should too much love that name, were it but to act it in a play.'—Peck, p. 436.

³ Peck, *passim*.

⁴ The literal translation given to me by a young lady.

men in his immortal pages. than to load their memories with crimes such as no human being ever committed.

I am enabled to add the translation of the lament over the fair-haired William Christian. It is originally composed in the Manx language, and consists of a series of imprecations of evil upon the enemies of Christian, and prophecies to the same purpose:—

ON THE DEATH AND MURDER OF RECEIVER-GENERAL WILLIAM CHRISTIAN OF
RONALDSWAY, WHO WAS SHOT NEAR HANGO HILL, JANUARY 2, 1662

In so shifting a scene, who would confidence place
In family, youth, power, or personal grace?
No character's proof against enmity foul;
And thy fate, Iliam Dhône, sickens my soul.

You are Derby's receiver of patriot zeal,
Replete with good sense, and reputed genteel,
Your justice applauded by the young and the old;
And thy fate, etc.

A kind, able patron both to church and to state—
What roused their resentment but talents so great?
No character's proof against enmity foul;
And thy fate, etc.

Thy pardon, 't is rumour'd, came over the main,
Nor late, but conceal'd by a villain¹ in grain;
'T was fear forced the jury to a sentence so foul;
And thy fate, etc.

Triumphant stood Calcott, he wish'd for no more,
When the pride of the Christians lay welt'ring in gore,
To malice a victim, though steady and bold;
And thy fate, etc.

With adultery stain'd, and polluted with gore,
He Ronaldsway eyed, as Lough Molly before,
'T was land sought the culprit, like Ahab of old;
And thy fate, etc.

Proceed to the once famed abode of the nuns,²
Call the Calcotts aloud, till you torture your lungs,
Their short triumph's ended, extinct are the whole;
And thy fate, etc.

For years cruel Robert lay crippled in bed,
Nor knew the world peace while he held up his head,
The neighbourhood's scourge in iniquity old;
And thy fate, etc.

Not one's heard to grieve, seek the country all through,
Nor lament for the name that Bemaccan³ once knew;
The poor rather load it with curses untold;
And thy fate, etc.

Ballalough and the Creggans mark strongly their sin,
Not a soul of the name's there to welcome you in;
In the power of the strangers is entered the whole;
And thy fate, etc.

¹ A person named in the next stanza is said to have intercepted a pardon sent from England for William Christian, found, it is said, in the foot of an old woman's stocking. The tradition is highly improbable. If Christian had been executed against the tenor of a pardon actually granted, it would not have failed to be charged as a high aggravation in the subsequent proceedings of the privy council.

² [The Calcott family owned the Nunnery house or estate.]

³ [That is, Tyldesley of the Friary.]

The opulent Scarlet,¹ on which the sea flows,
Is piecemeal disposed of to whom the Lord knows,
Its heirs without bread or defence from the cold;
And thy fate, etc.

They assert then in vain, that the law sought thy blood,
For all aiding the massacre never did good;
Like the rooted-up golding deprived of its mould,
They languish'd, were blasted, grew rotten and cold.

When the shoots of a tree so corrupted remain,
Like the brier or thistle, they goad us with pain;
Deep, dark, undermining, they mimic the mole;
And thy fate, etc.

Round the infamous wretches who spilt Cæsar's [Christian's] blood,
Dead spectres and conscience in sad array stood,
Not a man of the gang [whole] reach'd life's utmost goal;
And thy fate, etc.

Perdition, too, seized them who caused *thee* to bleed:
To decay fell their houses; their lands and their seed
Disappear'd like the vapour when morn's flushed with gold;
And thy fate, etc.

From grief all corroding to hope I'll repair,
That a branch of the Christians will soon grace the chair,
With royal instructions his foes to control;
And thy fate, etc.

With a rock for my pillow, I dreamt as I lay,
That a branch of the Christians would hold Ronaldsway;
His conquest his topic with friends o'er a bowl;
And thy fate, etc.

And now for a wish at concluding my song, —
May th' Almighty withhold us from doing what's wrong;
Protect every mortal from enmity foul,
For thy fate, Illiam Dhône, sickens my soul!²

No. II

AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL,
the 5th August 1663.

GEORGE CHRISTIAN, son and heir of William Christian, deceased, having exhibited his complaint to his Majesty in council, that his father, being at a house of his in his Majesty's Isle of Man, was imprisoned by certain persons of that island, pretending themselves to [be] a court of justice; that he was by them accused of high treason, pretended to be committed against the Countess Dowager of Derby in the year 1651; and that they thereupon proceeded to judgment, and caused him to be put to death, notwithstanding the Act of General Pardon and Indemnity, whereof he claimed the benefit; and his appeal to his Majesty, and humbly imploring his Majesty's princely compassion towards the distressed widow and seven fatherless children of the deceased: His Majesty was graciously pleased, with the advice of his council, to order that Thomas Norris and Hugh Cannell, the two judges (by them in that island called deemsters), and Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcott, and

¹ [Norris of Scarlet.]

² It may be recollected that these verses are given through the medium of a meagre translation, and are deprived of the aid of the music, otherwise we should certainly think the memory of William Dhône little honoured by his native bard.

Richard Tildesley, three of the members of the pretended court of justice, and Henry Nowell, deputy-governour of the said island, should be forthwith sent for and brought up by a sergeant-at-arms here, before his Majesty in council, to appear and answer to such accusations as should be exhibited against them; which said six persons being accordingly brought hither, I the fifteenth day of July last appointed for a full hearing of the whole business, the Earl of Derby then also summoned to appear, and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Exchequer, with the King's council, learned in the laws, required to be present, and all the parties called in with their counsel and witnesses, after full hearing of the whole matter on both sides, and the parties withdrawn, the said judges being desired to deliver their opinion, did, in presence of the King's council, learned in the laws, declare that the Act of General Pardon and Indempnity did, and ought to be understood to, extend to the Isle of Man, as well as into any other of his Majesty's dominions and plantations beyond the seas; and that, being a publique General Act of Parliament, it ought to have been taken notice of by the judges in the Isle of Man, although it had not been pleaded, and although there were no proclamation made thereof. His Majesty, being therefore deeply sensible of this violation of his Act of General Pardon, whereof his Majesty hath always been very tender, and doth expect and require that all his subjects in all his dominions and plantations shall enjoy the full benefit and advantage of the same, and having this day taken this business into further consideration, and all parties called in and heard, did, by and with the advice of the council, order, and it is hereby ordered, that all persons any way concerned in the seizure of the estate of the said William Christian, deceased, or instrumental in the ejection of the widow and children out of their houses and fortune, do take care that intire restitution be made of all the said estate, as well real as personal, as also all damages sustained, with full satisfaction for all profits by them received since the said estate hath been in their hands; and that, whereas the said William Christian, deceased, was one of the two lives remaining in an estate in Lancashire, that the detriment accreuing by the untimely death of the said William Christian therein, or in like cases, shall be estimated, and in like manner fully repaired. That in regard of the great trouble and charges the complainants have been at in pursuit of this business, ordered that they do exhibit to this board a true accompt, upon oath, of all expences and damages by them sustained in the journies of themselves and witnesses, and of all other their charges in the following of this business.

And whereas Ewan Curghey, Samuel Radcliffe, and John Cesar were by the same court of justice imprisoned, and had their estates seised and confiscated without any legal trial, it is ordered that the said Ewan Curghey, Samuel Radcliffe, and John Cesar be likewise restored to all their estates, real and personall, and fully repaired in all the charges and expences which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business, or in their journey thither, or in any other way whatsoever thereunto relating; the which satisfaction, expences, and all other sums of money to be raised by virtue of this order, are to be furnished by the deemsters, members, and assistants of the said court of justice, who are hereby ordered to raise all such the said sums, and thereof to make due payment, and give full satisfaction unto the parties hereby appointed to receive it.

And to the end the guilt of blood which hath been unjustly spilt may in some sort be expiated, and his Majesty receive some kind of satisfaction for the untimely loss of a subject, it is ordered that the said Thomas Norris and Hugh Cannell, who decreed this violent death, be committed and remain prisoners in the King's Bench, to be proceeded against in the ordinary course of justice, so to receive condign punishment according to the merit of so heinous a fact.

That Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcott, and Richard Tildesley be discharged from farther restraint, giving good security to appear at this board

whenever summoned, and not depart this city until full satisfaction shall be given, and all orders of this board whatsoever relating to this business fully executed in the island. And in regard that, upon the examination of this business, it doth appear that Edward Christian, being one of the deacons or judges in the Isle of Mann, did, when the court refused to admit of the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come into England to sollicite his Majesty, and implore his justice, It is ordered that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission, in due and accustomed manner, restore, constitute, and appoint the said Edward Christian one of the deacons or judges of the said island, so to remain and continue in the due execution of the said place.

And lastly, It is ordered that the said Henry Nowell, deputy-governour, whose fault hath been the not complying with, and yielding due obedience to, the orders of His Majesty and this board, sent into the island, giving good security to appear at this board whenever summoned, be forthwith discharged from all further restraint, and permitted to return into the island; and he is hereby strictly commanded to employ the power and authority which by virtue of his commission he hath in that island, in performance of, and obedience to, all commands and orders of his Majesty and this board in this whole business, or any way relating thereunto.

(Signed by)

LORD CHANCELLOR.
LORD TREASURER.
LORD PRIVY SEAL.
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
EARL OF BERKSHIRE.
EARL OF ST. ALBAN.
EARL OF ANGLESEY.
EARL OF SANDWICH.
EARL OF BATH.
EARL OF MIDDLETON.

EARL OF CARBERY.
LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
LORD WENTWORTH.
LORD BERKELEY.
LORD ASHLEY.
SIR WILLIAM COMPTON.
MR. TREASURER.
MR. VICE-CHAMBERLAIN.
MR. SECRETARY MORICE.
MR. SECRETARY BENNETT.

RICHARD BROWNE,
Clerk of the Council.

No. III

AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL,
August 14th, 1663.

Present.

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

LORD CHANCELLOR.
LORD TREASURER.
LORD PRIVY SEAL.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
EARL OF BERKSHIRE.
EARL OF ST. ALBAN.
EARL OF SANDWICH.
EARL OF ANGLESEY.
EARL OF BATH.

EARL OF MIDDLETON.
EARL OF CARBERY.
LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
LORD WENTWORTH.
LORD BERKELEY.
LORD ASHLEY.
SIR WILLIAM COMPTON.
MR. TREASURER.
MR. VICE-CHAMBERLAIN.
MR. SECRETARY MORICE.
MR. SECRETARY BENNETT.

To the end the world may the better take notice of his Majesty's royal intention to observe the Act of Indemnity and General Pardon inviolably for the publique good and satisfaction of all his subjects, it was this day ordered that a copy of the order of this board of the 5th inst., touching the illegal proceedings in the Isle of Man against William Christian, and putting him to death contrary to the said Act of General Pardon, be sent unto his Majesty's printer, who is commanded forthwith to print the same in the English letter, in folio, in such manner as Acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Majesty's arms prefixed.

RICHARD BROWNE.

NOTES TO PEVERIL OF THE PEAK

NOTE 1. — OLD CENTURY WHITE, p. 28

This was a name given to John White, a Nonconformist lawyer, the author of a work which Anthony Wood calls 'an infamous libel,' entitled *The First Century of Scandalous Malignant Priests, made and admitted into Benefices by the Prelates*, etc. (Lond. 1643, 4to). It is said his own brethren did persuade him 'from putting out a Second Century, for fear it should prove scandalous,' etc. He died in 1644-45, and was buried in the Temple Church, and on a marble stone were these two verses —

Here lyeth a *John*, a burning shining light;
His name, life, actions, were all *White*.

(*Laing*.)

NOTE 2. — CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS, p. 40

The attempt to contrast the manners of the jovial Cavaliers and enthusiastic, yet firm and courageous, Puritans was partly taken from a hint of Shadwell, who sketched several scenes of humour with great force, although they hung heavy on his pencil when he attempted to finish them for the stage.

In a dull play named *The Volunteers*, or *The Stock-Jobbers*, the *dramatis personæ* present 'Major-General Blunt, an old Cavalier officer, somewhat rough in speech, but very brave and honest, and of good understanding, and a good patriot.' A contrast to the general is 'Colonel Hackwell, senior, an old Anabaptist colonel of Cromwell's, very stout and godly, but somewhat immoral.'

These worthies, so characterised, hold a dialogue together, which will form a good example of Shadwell's power of dramatising. The stage is filled by Major-General Blunt and some of his old acquaintance Cavaliers, and Hackwell, the ancient Parliamentarian.

Major-General Blunt. Fear not, my old Cavaliers. According to your laudable customs, you shall be drunk, swagger, and fight over all your battles, from Edgehill to Brentford. You have not forgotten how this gentleman (*points to Colonel Hackwell*) and his demure psalm-singing fellows used to drub us?

1st Cavalier. No, 'gad! I felt 'em once to purpose.

M.-G. Blunt. Ah! a-dod, in high-crowned hats, collared bands, great loose coats, long tucks under 'em, and calves-leather boots; they used to sing a psalm, fall on, and beat us to the devil!

Hackwell, senior. In that day we stood up to the cause; and the cause, the spiritual cause, did not suffer under our carnal weapons, but the enemy was discomfited, and lo! they used to flee before us.

1st Cavalier. Who would think such a snivelling, psalm-singing puppy would fight? But these godly fellows would lay about 'em as if the devil were in 'em.

Sir Nicholas. What a filthy, slovenly army was this! I warrant you not a well-dressed man among the Roundheads.

M.-G. Blunt. But these plain fellows would so thrash your swearing, drinking, fine fellows in laced coats—just such as you of the drawing-room and Lockett's fellows are now—and so strip them, by the Lord Harry, that after a battle those saints looked like the Israelites laden with the Egyptian baggage.

Hackwell. Verily, we did take the spoil and it served us to turn the penny, and advanced the cause thereby; we fought upon a principle that carried us through.

M.-G. Blunt. Prithee, colonel, we know thy principle—'t was not right: thou foughtest against children's baptism, and not for liberty, but who should be your tyrant; none so zealous for Cromwell as thou wert then, nor such a furious agitator and test-man as thou hast been lately.

Hackwell, senior. Look you, colonel, we but proceeded in the way of liberty of worship.

M.-G. Blunt. A-dod, there is something more in it. This was thy principle, colonel—Dominion is founded in grace, and the righteous shall inherit the earth. And, by the Lord Harry, thou didst so; thou gottest three thousand pound a-year by fighting against the court, and I lost a thousand by fighting for it.—See Shadwell's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 437.

In a former scene. Hackwell, the old fanatic officer, conceiving himself offended by one of the *dramatis personæ*, says, with great naïveté—'I prithee, friend, put me not to use the carnal weapon in my own defence.' Such are the traits of phraseology with which Shadwell painted the old Puritan officers; many of whom he—no mean observer of human nature—must have known familiarly.

NOTE 3.—CONCEALMENT OF THE COUNTESS OF DERBY, p. 43

The concealment and discovery of the Countess of Derby is taken from a picturesque account of a similar event, described to me by the person by whom it was witnessed in childhood. This lady, by name Mrs. Margaret Swinton, and a daughter of that ancient house, was a sister of my maternal grandmother, and of course my grand-aunt. She was, as often happens on such occasions, our constant resource in sickness, or when we tired of noisy play, and closed around her to listen to her tales. As she might be supposed to look back to the beginning of the last [18th] century, the fund which supplied us with amusement often related to events of that period. I may here notice that she told me the unhappy story of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, being nearly related to the Lord President, whose daughter was the heroine of that melancholy tragedy.

The present tale, though of a different character, was also sufficiently striking, when told by an eyewitness. Aunt Margaret was, I suppose, seven or eight years old when residing in the old mansion-house of Swinton, and already displayed the firmness and sagacity which distinguished her through life. Being one of a large family, she was, owing to slight indisposition, left at home one day when the rest of the family went to church with Sir John and Lady Swinton, their parents. Before leaving the little invalid, she was strictly enjoined not to go into the parlour where the elder party had breakfasted. But when she found herself alone in the upper part of the house, the spirit of her great ancestress Eve took possession of my aunt Margaret, and forth she went to examine the parlour in question. She was struck with admiration and fear at what she saw there. A lady, 'beautiful exceedingly,' was seated by the breakfast-table, and employed in washing the dishes which had been used. Little Margaret would have had no doubt in accounting this singular vision an emanation from the angelical world, but for her employment, which she could not so easily reconcile to her ideas of angels.

The lady, with great presence of mind, called the astonished child to her, fondled her with much tenderness, and judiciously avoiding to render the necessity of secrecy too severe, she told the girl she must not let any one except her mother know that she had seen her. Having allowed this escape-valve for the benefit of her curiosity, the mysterious stranger desired the

little girl to look from the window of the parlour to see if her mother was returning from church. When she turned her head again, the fair vision had vanished, but by what means Miss Margaret was unable to form a conjecture.

Long watched, and eagerly wished for, the Lady Swinton at last returned from church, and her daughter lost no time in telling her extraordinary tale. 'You are a very sensible girl, Peggy,' answered her mother, 'for if you had spoken of that poor lady to any one but me, it might have cost her her life. But now I will not be afraid of trusting you with any secret, and I will show you where the poor lady lives.' In fact she introduced her to a concealed apartment opening by a sliding panel from the parlour, and showed her the lady in the hiding-place which she inhabited. It may be said, in passing, that there were few Scottish houses belonging to families of rank which had not such contrivances, the political incidents of the times often calling them into occupation.

The history of the lady of the closet was both melancholy and bloody, and though I have seen various accounts of the story, I do not pretend to distinguish the right edition. She was a young woman of extreme beauty, who had been married to an old man, a writer, named MacFarlane. Her situation, and perhaps her manners, gave courage to some who desired to be accounted her suitors. Among them was a young Englishman, named Cayley, who was a commissioner of Government upon the estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1715. In 1716, Mr. Cayley visited this lady in her lodgings, when they quarrelled, either on account of his having offered her some violence, or, as another account said, because she reproached him with having boasted of former favours. It ended in her seizing upon a pair of pistols, which lay loaded in a closet, her husband intending to take them with him on a journey. The gallant commissioner approached with an air of drollery, saying, 'What, madam, do you intend to perform a comedy?' 'You shall find it a tragedy,' answered the lady; and fired both pistols, by which Commissioner Cayley fell dead.

She fled, and remained concealed for a certain time. Her claim of refuge in Swinton House, I do not know; it arose probably from some of the indescribable genealogical filaments which connect Scottish families. A very small cause would even at any time have been a reason for interfering between an individual and the law.

Whatever were the circumstances of Mrs. MacFarlane's case, it is certain that she returned, and lived and died in Edinburgh, without being brought to trial. Indeed, considering the times, there was no great wonder; for, to one strong party, the death of an English commissioner was not a circumstance to require much apology. The Swintons, however, could not be of that opinion, the family being of Presbyterian and Whig principles. —

John Cayley was not, as above mentioned, a commissioner on the forfeited estates, but one of the Commissioners of Customs. Various papers and verses relating to his murder by Mrs. Mackfarlain, 28th September 1716, are collected in the Appendix to a curious volume of *Scottish Elegiac Verses*, 1629-1729, edited by James Maidment, Edinburgh, 1842. These, however, leave the whole matter in a very uncertain state as to the immediate cause which led to this tragedy (*Laing*).

NOTE 4. — TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHRISTIAN, p. 53

The reader will find, in an Appendix to the Introduction, an account of this tragedy, as related by one who may be said to favour the sufferer. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that Captain Christian's trial and execution were conducted according to the laws of the island. He was tried in all due form by the Dempster, or chief judge, then named Norris, the keys of the island, and other constituted authorities, making what is called

a Tinwald court. This word, yet retained in many parts of Scotland, signifies *vallis negotii*, and is applied to those artificial mounds which were in ancient times assigned to the meeting of the inhabitants for holding their *comitia*. It was pleaded that the articles of accusation against Christian were found fully relevant, and as he refused to plead at the bar, that he was, according to the laws of Man, most justly sentenced to death. It was also stated that full time was left for appeal to England, as he was apprehended about the end of September, and not executed until the 2d January 1662. These defences were made for the various officers of the Isle of Man called before the privy council on account of Christian's death, and supported with many quotations from the laws of the island, and appear to have been received as a sufficient defence for their share in those proceedings.

I am obliged to the present reverend vicar of Malew for a certified extract to the following effect:—'Malew Burials, A. D. 1662. Mr. William Christian of Ronaldsway, late receiver, was shot to death at Hango Hall, the 2d January. He died most penitently and courageously, made a good end, prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and the next day was buried in the chancell of Kirk Malew.'

It is certain that the death of William Christian made a very deep impression upon the minds of the islanders, and a Mr. Calcott or Colquitt was much blamed on the occasion. Two lesser incidents are worth preservation as occurring at his execution. The place on which he stood was covered with white blankets, that his blood might not fall on the ground; and, secondly, the precaution proved unnecessary, for, the musket wounds bleeding internally, there was no outward effusion of blood.

Many on the island deny Christian's guilt altogether, like his respectable descendant, the present dempster; but there are others, and those men of judgment and respectability, who are so far of a different opinion, that they only allow the execution to have been wrong in so far as the culprit died by a military rather than a civil death. I willingly drop the veil over a transaction which took place *flagrantibus odiis* at the conclusion of a civil war, when revenge at least was awake if justice slept.

NOTE 5.—ARRANGEMENT OF APARTMENTS, p. 59

This peculiar collocation of apartments may be seen at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, once a seat of the Vernons, where, in the lady's pew in the chapel, there is a sort of scuttle, which opens into the kitchen, so that the good lady could ever and anon, without much interruption of her religious duties, give an eye that the roast-meat was not permitted to burn, and that the turn-broche did his duty.—This old baronial residence, now the property of the Rutland family, is pleasantly situated on the river Wye. It is the delight of artists (*Laing*).

NOTE 6.—PAGES, p. 62

Even down to a later period than that in which the tale is laid, the ladies of distinction had for their pages young gentlemen of distinguished rank, whose education proceeded within the family of their patroness. Anne Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who in several respects laid claim to the honours due to royal blood, was, I believe, the last person of rank who kept up this old custom. A general officer distinguished in the American war was bred up as a page in her family. At present the youths whom we sometimes see in the capacity of pages of great ladies are, I believe, mere lacques.

NOTE 7. — EJECTION OF PRESBYTERIAN CLERGY, p. 87

The ejection of the Presbyterian clergy took place on St. Bartholomew's day, thence called Black Bartholomew. Two thousand Presbyterian pastors were on that day displaced and silenced throughout England. The preachers indeed had only the alternative to renounce their principles or subscribe certain articles of uniformity. And to their great honour, Calamy, Baxter, and Reynolds refused bishoprics, and many other Presbyterian ministers declined deaneries and other preferments, and submitted to deprivation in preference.

NOTE 8. — PERSECUTION OF THE PURITANS, p. 113

It is naturally to be supposed that the twenty years' triumph of the Puritans, and the violence towards the Malignants, as they were wont to call the Cavaliers, had generated many grudges and feuds in almost every neighbourhood, which the victorious Royalists failed not to act upon, so soon as the Restoration gave them a superiority. Captain Hodgson, a Parliamentary officer who wrote his own *Memoirs*, gives us many instances of this. I shall somewhat compress his long-winded account of his sufferings.

'It was after the King's return to London, one night a parcel of armed men besets my house at Coalley Hall, near Halifax, and in an unseasonable hour in the night demands entrance, and my servants within having some discourse with them on the outside, they gave threatening language, put their pistols in at the windows; and my wife being with child . . . I ordered the doors to be opened, and they came in . . . after they had presented a pistol to my breast . . . they showed me their authority to apprehend me,' under the hands and seals of two knights and deputy-lieutenants, 'for speaking treasonable words against the King.' The *ci-devant* captain was conveyed to prison at Bradford, and bail refused. His prosecutor proved to be one Daniel Lyster, brother to the peace-officer who headed the troop for his apprehension. It seems that the prisoner Hodgson had once in former days bound over to his good behaviour this Daniel Lyster, then accused of adultery and other debauched habits. 'After the King was come in,' says Hodgson, 'this man meets me, and demands the names of those that informed against him, and a copy of their information. I told him that the business was over, and that it was not seasonable to rip up old troubles, on which he threatened me, and said he would have them. "The sun," he said, "now shines on our side of the hedge."' Such being his accuser, Hodgson was tried for having said, 'There is a crown provided, but the King will never wear it'; to which was added, that he alleged he had 'never been a turncoat—never took the oath of allegiance, and never would do.' Little or no part of the charge was proved, while on the contrary it was shown that the prosecutor had been heard to say, that if times ever changed, he would sit on Hodgson's skirts. In fine, Hodgson escaped for five months' imprisonment, about thirty pounds expenses, and the necessity of swallowing the oath of allegiance, which seems to have been a bitter pill.

About the middle of June 1662, Captain Hodgson was again arrested in a summary manner by one Peebles, an attorney, quartermaster to Sir John Armitage's troop of horse-militia, with about twelve other Cavaliers, who used him rudely, called him rebel and traitor, and seemed to wish to pick a quarrel with him, upon which he demanded to see their authority. Peebles laid his hand on his sword, and told him it was better authority than any ever granted by Cromwell. They suffered him, however, to depart, which he partly owed to the valour of his landlady, who sate down at the table-end betwixt him and danger, and kept his antagonists at some distance.

He was afterwards accused of having assembled some troopers, from his having been accidentally seen riding with a soldier, from which accusation

he also escaped. Finally, he fell under suspicion of being concerned in a plot, of which the scene is called Sowerby. On this charge he is not explicit, but the grand jury found the bill *ignoramus*.

After this the poor Roundhead was again repeatedly accused and arrested; and the last occasion we shall notice occurred on 11th September 1662, when he was disarmed by his old friend Mr. Peebles, at the head of a party. He demanded to see the warrant; on which he was answered as formerly, by the quartermaster laying his hand on his sword-hilt, saying it was a better order than Oliver used to give. At length a warrant was produced, and Hodgson submitting to the search, they took from his dwelling-house better than £20 value in fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such-like. A quarrel ensued about his buff coat, which Hodgson refused to deliver, alleging they had no authority to take his wearing-apparel. To this he remained constant, even upon the personal threats of Sir John Armitage, who called him rebel and traitor, and said, 'If I did not send the buff coat with all speed, he would commit me to jail.' 'I told him,' says Hodgson, 'I was no rebel, and he did not well to call me so before these soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at.' The buff coat was then peremptorily demanded, and at length seized by open force. One of Sir John Armitage's brethren wore it for many years, after making good Prince Henry's observation, that a buff jerkin is a most sweet robe of durance. An agent of Sir John's came to compound for this garment of proof. Hodgson says he would not have taken ten pounds for it. Sir John would have given about four, but insisting on the owner's receipt for the money, which its former possessor was unwilling to grant, the Tory magistrate kept both sides, and Hodgson never received satisfaction.

We will not prosecute Mr. Hodgson's tale of petty grievances any farther. Enough has been said to display the melancholy picture of the country after the Civil War, and to show the state of irritability and oppression which must have extended itself over the face of England, since there was scarcely a county in which battles had not been fought, and deep injuries sustained, during the ascendancy of the Roundheads, which were not afterwards retaliated by the vengeance of the Cavaliers.

NOTE 9. — POPULAR PASTIMES IN THE ISLE OF MAN, p. 116

Waldron mentions the two popular festivities in the Isle of Man which are alluded to in the text, and vestiges of them are, I believe, still to be traced in this singular island. The Contest of Winter and Summer seems directly derived from the Scandinavians, long the masters in Man, as Olaus Magnus mentions a similar festival among the Northern nations. On the first of May, he says, the country is divided into two bands, the captain of one of which hath the name and appearance of Winter, is clothed in skins of beasts, and he and his band armed with fire forks. They fling about ashes [snowballs and icicles], by way of prolonging the reign of Winter; while another band, whose captain is called Florio, represent Spring, with green boughs, such as the season offers. These parties skirmish in sport, and the mimic contest concludes with a general feast. — *History of the Northern Nations*, by Olaus, Book XV. chap. ii.

Waldron gives an account of a festival in Wales [Man] exactly similar:

In almost all the great parishes, they choose from among the daughters of the most wealthy farmers a young maid for the Queen of May. She is drest in the gayest and best manner they can, and is attended by about twenty others, who are called maids of honour. She has also a young man, who is her captain, and has under his command a good number of inferior officers. In opposition to her is the Queen of Winter, who is a man drest in woman's clothes, with woollen hoods, fur tippets, and loaded with the warmest and heaviest habits, one upon another; in the same manner are those who represent her attendants drest; nor is she without a captain and troop for her defence. Both being

equipt as proper emblems of the beauty of the spring and the deformity of the winter, they set forth from their respective quarters, the one preceded by violins and flutes, the other with the rough music of the tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains engage in a mock battle. If the Queen of Winter's forces get the better, so far as to take the Queen of May prisoner, she is ransomed for as much as pays the expenses of the day. After this ceremony, Winter and her company retire, and divert themselves in a barn, and the others remain on the green, where, having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast; the queen at one table with her maids, the captain with his troop at another. There are seldom less than fifty or sixty persons at each board, but . . . not more than three or four knives . . . Christmas is ushered in with a form much less meaning, and infinitely more fatiguing. On the 24th of December, towards evening, all the servants in general have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock; prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren, and after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier with the utmost solemnity, bringing her to the parish church and burying her with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing dirges over her in the Manks language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins. There is not a barn unoccupied the whole twelve days, every parish hiring fiddlers at the public charge; and all the youth, nay, sometimes people well advanced in years, making no scruple to be among these nocturnal dancers. — *Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731.

With regard to horse-racing in the Isle of Man, I am furnished with a certified copy of the rules on which that sport was conducted, under the permission of the Earl of Derby, in which the curious may see that a descendant of the unfortunate Christian entered a horse for the prize. I am indebted for this curiosity to my kind friend, the learned Dr. Dibdin.

INSULA } *Articles for the plate which is to be run for in the said island, being of the*
MONÆ. } *value of five pounds sterling (the fashion included), given by the Right*
 } *Honourable William Earl of Derby, Lord of the said Isle, etc.*

- 1st. The said plate is to be run for upon the 28th day of July, in every year, whiles his honour is pleased to allow the same (being the day of the nativity of the Honourable James Lord Strange), except it happen upon a Sunday, and if soe, the said plate is to be run for upon the day following.
- 2d. That noe horse, gelding, or mair shall be admitted to run for the said plate, but such as was foaled within the said island, or in the Calfe of Mann.
- 3d. That every horse, gelding, or mair that is designed to run shall be entred at or before the viiith day of July, with his master's name and his owne, if he be generally knowne by any, or els his collour, and whether horse, mair, or gelding, and that to be done at the x comprs. office, by the cleark of the rolls for the time being.
- 4th. That every person that puts in either horse, mair, or gelding, shall, at the time of their entring, depositt the sume of five shill. apiece into the hands of the said clerk of the rolls, which is to goe towards the augmenting of the plate for the year following, besides one shill. apiece to be given by them to the said clerk of the rolls, for entering their names and engrossing these articles.
- 5th. That every horse, mair, or gelding shall carry horseman's weight, that is to say, ten stone weight, at fourteen pounds to each stone, besides saddle and bridle.
- 6th. That every horse, mair, or gelding shall have a person for its tryer, to be named by the owner of the said horse, mair, or gelding, which tryers are to have the command of the scales and weights, and to see that every rider doe carry full weight, according as is mentioned in the foregoing article, and especially that the winning rider be soe with the usual allowance of one pound for.
- 7th. That a person be assigned by the tryers to start the runinge horses, who are to run for the said plate, betwixt the howers of one and three of the clock in the afternoon.
- 8th. That every rider shall leave the two first powles which are sett upp in Macybraes close, in this manner following, that is to say, the first of the said two powles upon his right hand, and the other upon his left hand; and the two powles by the rockes are to be left upon the left hand likewise; and the fifth powle, which is sett up at the lower end of the Conney-warren, to be left alsoe upon the left hand, and soe the turning powle next to Wm. Looreyes house to be left in like maner upon the left hand, and the other two powles, leading to the ending powle, to be left upon the right hand; all which powles are to be left by the riders as aforesaid, excepting only the distance-powle, which may be rid on either hand, at the discretion of the rider, etc. etc. etc.

July 14th, 1687.

The names of the persons who have entered their horses to run for the within plate for this present year, 1687.

Ro. Heywood, Esq., Governor of this Isle, hath entered ane bay gelding called by the name of Loggerhead, and hath deposited towards the augmenting of the plate for the next year	£00 05 00
Captain Tho. Huddlston hath entered one white gelding, called Snowball, and hath deposited	00 05 00
Mr. William Faigler hath entred his gray gelding, called the Gray Carraine, and deposited	00 05 00
Mr. Nicho. Williams hath entred one gray stone-horse, called the Yorkshire Gray, and deposited	00 05 00
Mr. Demster Christian hath entred one gelding, called the Dapple Gray, and hath deposited	00 05 00

28th July 1687.

MEMORANDUM,

That this day the above plate was run for by the forementioned horse, and the same was fairly won by the right worshipful governor's horse at the two first heates.

17th August 1688.

Received this day the above
augment y^e plate by me,

, which I am to pay to my master to
JOHN WOOD.

It is my good-will and pleasure y^t y^e 2 prizes formerly granted (by me) for hors running and shouting shall continue as they did; to be run, or shot for, and see to continue dureing my good-will and pleasure. Given under my hand at Lathom, y^e 12th of
JULY 1669. DERBY.

To my governor's deputy-governor and y^e rest of
my officers in my Isle of Man.

NOTE 10. — PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM CHRISTIAN, p. 120

I am told that a portrait of the unfortunate William Christian is still preserved in the family of Watterson of Ballnahow of Kirk Church, Rushin. William Dhône is dressed in a green coat without collar or cape, after the fashion of those Puritanic times, with the head in a close-cropt wig, resembling the bishop's peruke of the present day. The countenance is youthful and well looking, very unlike the expression of foreboding melancholy. I have so far taken advantage of this criticism as to bring my ideal portrait nearer to the complexion at least of the fair-haired William Dhône.

NOTE 11. — WHALLEY THE REGICIDE, p. 158

There is a common tradition in America, that this person, who was never heard of after the Restoration, fled to Massachusetts, and, living for some years concealed in that province, finally closed his days there. The remarkable and beautiful story of his having suddenly emerged from his place of concealment, and, placing himself at the head of a party of settlers, shown them the mode of acquiring a victory, which they were on the point of yielding to the Indians, is also told, and in all probability truly. I have seen the whole tradition commented upon at large in a late North American publication, which goes so far as to ascertain the obscure grave to which the remains of Whalley were secretly committed. This singular story has lately afforded the justly celebrated American novelist, Mr. Cooper, the materials from which he has compiled one of those impressive narratives of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Transatlantic woods and the hardy Europeans by whom they were invaded and dispossessed.

NOTE 12. — SODOR, OR HOLM-PEEL, IN THE ISLE OF MAN, p. 162

The Author has never seen this ancient fortress, which has in its circuit so much that is fascinating to the antiquary. Waldron has given the following description, which is perhaps somewhat exaggerated:—

Peel, or Pile-Town, is so called from its garrison and castle; though in effect the castle cannot properly be said to be in the town, an arm of the sea running between them, which in high tides would be deep enough to bear a ship of forty or fifty ton, though sometimes quite drained of salt water; but then it is supplied with fresh by a river which runs from Kirk Jarmyn Mountains, and empties itself into the sea. This castle, for its situation, antiquity, strength, and beauty, might justly come in for one of the wonders of the world. Art and nature seem to have vied with each other in the model, nor ought the most minute particular to escape observation. As to its situation, it is built upon the top of a huge rock, which rears itself a stupendous height above the sea, with which, as I said before, it is surrounded. And also by natural fortifications of other lesser rocks, which render it inaccessible but by passing that little arm of the sea which divides it from the town; this you may do in a small boat; and the natives, tucking up their clothes under their arms, and plucking off their shoes and stockings, frequently wade it in low tides. When you arrive at the foot of the rock, you ascend about some threescore steps, which are cut out of it to the first wall, which is immensely thick and high, and built of a very durable and bright stone, though not of the same sort with that of Castle Russin in Castle Town; and has on it four little houses, or watch-towers, which overlook the sea. The gates are wood, but most curiously arched, carved, and adorned with pilasters. Having passed the first, you have other stairs of near half the number with the former to mount, before you come at the second wall, which, as well as the other, is full of port-holes for cannon, which are planted on stone crosses on a third wall. Being entered, you find yourself in a wide plain, in the midst of which stands the castle, encompassed by four churches, three of which time has so much decayed that there is little remaining, besides the walls, and some few tombs, which seem to have been erected with so much care as to perpetuate the memory of those buried in them till the final dissolution of all things. The fourth is kept a little better in repair; but not so much for its own sake, though it has been the most magnificent of them all, as for a chapel within it, which is appropriated to the use of the bishop, and has under it a prison, or rather dungeon, for those offenders who are so miserable as to incur the spiritual censure. This is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form. The sea runs under it through the hollows of the rock with such a continual roar, that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you, and over it are the vaults for burying the dead. The stairs descending to this place of terrors are not above thirty, but so steep and narrow that they are very difficult to go down, a child of eight or nine years old not being able to pass them but sideways. Within it are thirteen pillars, on which the whole chapel is supported. They have a superstition, that whatsoever stranger goes to see this cavern out of curiosity, and omits to count the pillars, shall do something to occasion being confined there. There are places for penance also under all the other churches, containing several very dark and horrid cells. Some have nothing in them either to sit or lie down on, others a small piece of brickwork; some are lower and more dark than others; but all of them, in my opinion, dreadful enough for almost any crime humanity is capable of being guilty of; though 't is supposed they were built with different degrees of horror, that the punishment might be proportionate to the faults of those wretches who were to be confined in them. These have never been made use of since the times of Popery; but that under the bishop's chapel is the common and only prison for all offences in the spiritual court; and to that the delinquents are sentenced. But the soldiers of the garrison permit them to suffer their

confinement in the castle, it being morally impossible for the strongest constitution to sustain the damp and noisomeness of the cavern even for a few hours, much less for months and years, as is the punishment sometimes allotted. But I shall speak hereafter more fully of the severity of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. It is certain that here have been very great architects in this island: for the noble monuments in this church, which is kept in repair, and indeed in the ruins of the others also, show the builders to be masters of all the orders in that art. Though the great numbers of Doric pillars prove them to be chiefly admirers of that. Nor are the epitaphs and inscriptions on the tombstones less worthy of remark: the various languages in which they are engraved testify by what a diversity of nations this little spot of earth has been possessed. Though time has defaced too many of the letters to render the remainder intelligible, yet you may easily perceive fragments of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabian, Saxon, Scotch, and Irish character: some dates, yet visible, declare they were written before the coming of Christ: and, indeed, if one considers the walls, the thickness of them, and the durability of the stone of which they are composed, one must be sensible that a great number of centuries must pass before such strong workmanship could be reduced to the condition it now is. These churches, therefore, were doubtless once the temples of pagan deities, though since consecrated to the worship of the true Divinity; and what confirms me more strongly in this conjecture is, that there is still a part of one remaining, where stands a large stone directly in form and manner like the tripodes, which in those days of ignorance, the priests stood upon, to deliver their fabulous oracles. Through one of these old churches, there was formerly a passage to the apartment belonging to the captain of the guard, but is now closed up. The reason they give you for it is a pretty odd one; but as I think it not sufficient satisfaction to my curious reader to acquaint him with what sort of buildings this island affords, without letting him know also what traditions are concerning them, I shall have little regard to the censure of those critics who find fault with everything out of the common road; and in this, as well as in all other places where it falls in my way, shall make it my endeavour to lead him into the humours and very souls of the Manks people. They say, that an apparition, called in their language the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle, and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit which only waited permission to do them hurt, and for that reason forbore swearing and all profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry them [the keys] to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through a church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night, his fellow in this errand should accompany him that went first, and by this means, no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention that the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him, but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog

or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys and went out of the guard-room; in some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death. The Mauthe Doog was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since, and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head. Having taken notice of everything remarkable in the churches, I believe my reader will be impatient to come to the castle itself, which, in spite of the magnificence the pride of modern ages has adorned the palaces of princes with, exceeds not only everything I have seen, but also read of, in nobleness of structure. Though now no more than a garrison for soldiers, you cannot enter it without being struck with a veneration which the most beautiful buildings of later years cannot inspire you with; the largeness and loftiness of the rooms, the vast echo resounding through them, the many winding galleries, the prospect of the sea, and the ships, which, by reason of the height of the place, seem but like buoys floating on the waves, makes you fancy yourself in a superior orb to what the rest of mankind inhabit, and fills you with contemplations the most refined and pure that the soul is capable of conceiving. — *Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731, pp. 103-109.

In this description, the account of the inscriptions in so many Oriental languages, and bearing date before the Christian era, is certainly as much exaggerated as the story of the Mauthe Doog itself. It would be very desirable to find out the meaning of the word 'mauthe' in the Manx language, which is a dialect of the Gaelic. I observe, that, 'maithe' in Gaelic, amongst other significations, has that of 'active' or 'speedy'; and also, that a dog of Richard II., mentioned by Froissart, and supposed to intimate the fall of his master's authority, by leaving him and fawning on Bollingbroke, was termed Mauthe; but neither of these particulars tends to explain the very impressive story of the fiendish hound of Peel Castle.

NOTE 13. — DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, p. 165

This lady, who died in 1673, was the author of several volumes of poems and plays, which are now chiefly valued for the portraits some of them contain. In one of these the authoress is seated under a canopy, attended by four cupids, two of whom are crowning her with laurel (*Laing*).

NOTE 14. — PRISON UNDER CHURCH, p. 166

Beneath the only one of the four churches in Castle Rushin [Peel Castle] which is or was kept a little in repair is a prison or dungeon for ecclesiastical offenders. 'This,' says Waldron, 'is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form. The sea runs under it through the hollows of the rock with such a continual roar, that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you, and over it are the vaults for burying the dead. The stairs descending to this place of terrors are not above thirty, but so steep and narrow that they are very difficult to go

down, a child of eight or nine years not being able to pass them but sideways.' — *Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, p. 104.

NOTE 15. — MANK SUPERSTITIONS, p. 177

The story often alludes to the various superstitions which are, or at least were, received by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, an ancient Celtic race, still speaking the language of their fathers. They retained a plentiful stock of those wild legends which overawed the reason of a dark age, and in our own time amuse the imagination of those who listen to the fascination of the tale, while they despise its claims to belief. The following curious legendary traditions are extracted from Waldron, a huge mine, in which I have attempted to discover some specimens of spar, if I cannot find treasure.

'T is this ignorance,' meaning that of the Islanders, 'which is the occasion of the excessive superstition which reigns among them. I have already given some hints of it, but not enough to show the world what a Manksman truly is, and what power the prejudice of education has over weak minds. If books were of any use among them, one would swear the Count of Gabalis had been not only translated into the Manks tongue, but that it was a sort of rule of faith to them, since there is no fictitious being mentioned by him, in his book of absurdities, which they would not readily give credit to. I know not, idolisers as they are of the clergy, whether they would not be even refractory to them, were they to preach against the existence of fairies, or even against their being commonly seen; for though the priesthood are a kind of gods among them, yet still tradition is a greater god than they; and as they confidently assert that the first inhabitants of their island were fairies, so do they maintain that these little people have still their residence among them. They call them the Good People, and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities because of the wickedness acted therein; all the houses are bleat where they visit, for they fly vice. A person would be thought impudently prophane who should suffer his family to go to bed without having first set a tub, or pail, full of clean water, for these guests to bathe themselves in, which the natives aver they constantly do, as soon as ever the eyes of the family are closed, wherever they vouchsafe to come. If anything happen to be mislaid, and found again in some place where it was not expected, they presently tell you a fairy took it and returned it; if you chance to get a fall and hurt yourself, a fairy laid something in your way to throw you down, as a punishment for some sin you have committed. I have heard many of them protest they have been carried insensibly great distances from home, and, without knowing how they came there, found themselves on the top of a mountain. One story in particular was told me of a man who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together; and not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where were a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces whom he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notice, or they of him, till the little people, offering him drink, one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat, and forbade him, whatever he did, to taste anything he saw before him; "for if you do," added he, "you will be as I am, and return no more to your family." The poor man was much affrighted, but resolved to obey the injunction; accordingly, a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after the music ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand, and he returned home, though much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup; to which the parson replied,

he could not do better than to devote it to the service of the church; and this very cup, they tell me, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk-Merlugh.

Another instance they gave me to prove the reality of fairies was of a fiddler, who, having agreed with a person, who was a stranger, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler; he found he had entered himself into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned. But having recourse also to a clergyman, he received some hope; he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called, but that whatever tunes should be called for, to play none but psalms. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess; but punctually obeying the minister's directions, the company to whom he played were so angry, that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when, or from what hand he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty. The old story of infants being changed in their cradles is here in such credit, that mothers are in continual terror at the thoughts of it. I was prevailed upon myself to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings; and, indeed, must own was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint; his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world; he never spoke nor cried, eat scarce anything, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a fairy-elf, he would frown and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a-chairing, and left him a whole day together; the neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window to see how he behaved when alone; which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortal's could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable was, that, if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.

A second account of this nature I had from a woman to whose offspring the fairies seemed to have taken a particular fancy. The fourth or fifth night after she was delivered of her first child, the family were alarmed with a most terrible cry of fire, on which everybody ran out of the house to see whence it proceeded, not excepting the nurse, who, being [as] much frightened as the others, made one of the number. The poor woman lay trembling in her bed alone, unable to help herself, and her back being turned to the infant, saw not that it was taken away by an invisible hand. Those who had left her having inquired about the neighbourhood, and finding there was no cause for the outcry they had heard, laughed at each other for the mistake; but as they were going to re-enter the house, the poor babe lay on the threshold, and by its cries preserved itself from being trod upon. This exceedingly amazed all that saw it, and the mother being still in bed, they could ascribe no reason for finding it there but having been removed by fairies, who, by their sudden return, had been prevented from carrying it any farther. About a year after, the same woman was brought to bed of a second child, which had not been born many nights before a great noise was heard in the house where they kept their cattle; for in this island, where there is no shelter in the fields from the excessive cold and damps, they put all their milch-kine into a barn,

which they call a cattle-house. Everybody that was stirring ran to see what was the matter, believing that the cows had got loose. The nurse was as ready as the rest, but, finding all safe, and the barn door close, immediately returned, but not so suddenly but that the new-born babe was taken out of the bed, as the former had been, and dropt on their coming, in the middle of the entry. This was enough to prove the fairies had made a second attempt; and the parents sending for a minister, joined with him in thanksgiving to God, who had twice delivered their children from being taken from them. But in the time of her third lying-in, everybody seemed to have forgot what had happened in the first and second, and on a noise in the cattle-house, ran out to know what had occasioned it. The nurse was the only person, excepting the woman in the straw, who stay'd in the house, nor was she detained through care or want of curiosity, but by the bonds of sleep, having drank a little too plentifully the preceding day. The mother, who was broad awake, saw her child lifted out of the bed, and carried out of the chamber, though she could not see any person touch it; on which she cried out as loud as she could, "Nurse, nurse! my child, my child is taken away!" but the old woman was too fast to be awakened by the noise she made, and the infant was irretrievably gone. When her husband, and those who had accompanied him, returned, they found her wringing her hands, and uttering the most piteous lamentations for the loss of her child; on which, said the husband, looking into the bed, "The woman is mad, do not you see the child lies by you?" On which she turned, and saw indeed something like a child, but far different from her own, who was a very beautiful, fat, well-featured babe; whereas, what was now in the room of it was a poor, lean, withered, deformed creature. It lay quite naked, but the clothes belonging to the child that was exchanged for it lay wrapt up all together on the bed. This creature lived with them near the space of nine years, in all which time it eat nothing except a few herbs, nor was ever seen to void any other excrement than water. It neither spoke nor could stand or go, but seemed enervate in every joint, like the changeling I mentioned before, and in all its actions showed itself to be of the same nature.

A woman, who lived about two miles distant from Ballasall, and used to serve my family with butter, made me once very merry with a story she told me of her daughter, a girl of about ten years old, who, being sent over the fields to the town, for a pennyworth of tobacco for her father, was on the top of a mountain surrounded by a great number of little men, who would not suffer her to pass any farther. Some of them said she should go with them, and accordingly laid hold of her; but one seeming more pitiful, desired they would let her alone; which they refusing, there ensued a quarrel, and the person who took her part fought bravely in her defence. This so incensed the others, that, to be revenged on her for being the cause, two or three of them seized her, and pulling up her clothes, whipped her heartily; after which, it seems, they had no further power over her, and she run home directly, telling what had befallen her, and showing her buttocks, on which were the prints of several small hands. Several of the townspeople went with her to the mountain, and she conducting them to the spot, the little antagonists were gone, but had left behind them proofs (as the good woman said) that what the girl had informed them was true, for there was a great deal of blood to be seen on the stones. This did she aver with all the solemnity imaginable.

Another woman, equally superstitious and fanciful as the former, told me that, being great with child, and expecting every moment the good hour, as she lay awake one night in her bed, she saw seven or eight little women come into her chamber, one of whom had an infant in her arms; they were followed by a man of the same size with themselves, but in the habit of a minister. One of them went to the pall, and finding no water in it, cried out to the others, "What must they do to christen the child?" On which they replied, "It should be done in beer." With that the seeming parson took the child in his arms, and performed the ceremony of baptism, dipping

his hand into a great tub of strong beer, which the woman had brewed the day before to be ready for her lying-in. She told me that they baptised the infant by the name of Joan, which made her know she was pregnant of a girl, as it proved a few days after, when she was delivered. She added also, that it was common for the fairies to make a mock christening when any person was near her time, and that according to what child, male or female, they brought, such should the woman bring into the world.

'But I cannot give over this subject without mentioning what they say befell a young sailor, who, coming off a long voyage, though it was late at night, chose to land rather than lie another night in the vessel; being permitted to do so, he was set on shore at Duglas. It happened to be a fine moonlight night, and very dry, being a small frost; he therefore forbore going into any house to refresh himself, but made the best of his way to the house of a sister he had at Kirk-Merlugh. As he was going over a pretty high mountain, he heard the noise of horses, the hollow of a huntsman, and the finest horn in the world. He was a little surprised that anybody pursued those kinds of sports in the night, but he had not time for much reflection before they all passed by him, so near, that he was able to count what number there was of them, which, he said, was thirteen, and that they were all drest in green, and gallantly mounted. He was so well pleased with the sight, that he would gladly have followed, could he have kept pace with them; he crossed the footway, however, that he might see them again, which he did more than once, and lost not the sound of the horn for some miles. At length, being arrived at his sister's, he tells her the story, who presently clapped her hands for joy that he was come home safe; "for," said she, "those you saw were fairies, and 'tis well they did not take you away with them." There is no persuading them but that these huntings are frequent in the island, and that these little gentry, being too proud to ride on Manks horses, which they might find in the field, make use of the English and Irish ones, which are brought over and kept by gentlemen. They say that nothing is more common than to find these poor beasts, in a morning, all over in a sweat and foam, and tired almost to death, when their owners have believed they have never been out of the stable. A gentleman of Ballafletcher assured me he had three or four of his best horses killed with these nocturnal journeys.

'At my first coming into the island, and hearing these sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit to them merely to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them; but was strangely surprised when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested by men who passed for persons of sound judgment. Among this number was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed with the most solemn asseverations that, being of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them, he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom [at] a few yards' distance he imagined were schoolboys, and intended, when he came near enough, to reprimand for being absent from their exercises at that time of the day, it being then, he said, between three and four of the clock; but when he approached, as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all immediately disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them from the first moment he beheld them; nor was there any place where they could so suddenly retreat, it being an open field without hedge or bush, and, as I said before, broad day.

'Another instance, which might serve to strengthen the credit of the other, was told me by a person who had the reputation of the utmost integrity. This man being desirous of disposing of a horse he had at that time no great occasion for, and riding him to market for that purpose, was accosted, in passing over the mountains, by a little man in a plain dress, who asked him if he would sell his horse. "'Tis the design I am going on," replied the person who told me the story. On which the other desired to know the price. "Eight pounds," said he. "No," resumed the purchaser, "I will give

no more than seven ; which, if you will take, here is your money." The owner, thinking he had bid pretty fair, agreed with him ; and the money being told out, the one dismounted, and the other got on the back of the horse, which he had no sooner done than both beast and rider sunk into the earth immediately, leaving the person who had made the bargain in the utmost terror and consternation. As soon as he had a little recovered himself, he went directly to the parson of the parish, and related what had passed, desiring he would give his opinion whether he ought to make use of the money he had received or not. To which he replied that, "As he had made a fair bargain, and no way circumvented, nor endeavoured to circumvent, the buyer, he saw no reason to believe, in case it was an evil spirit, it could have any power over him." On this assurance he went home well satisfied, and nothing afterward happened to give him any disquiet concerning this affair.

'A second account of the same nature I had from a clergyman, and a person of more sanctity than the generality of his function in this island. It was his custom to pass some hours every evening in a field near his house, indulging meditation, and calling himself to an account for the transactions of the past day. As he was in this place one night, more than ordinarily wrapt in contemplation, he wandered, without thinking where he was, a considerable way farther than it was usual for him to do ; and, as he told me, he knew not how far the deep musing he was in might have carried him, if it had not been suddenly interrupted by a noise, which, at first, he took to be the distant bellowing of a bull ; but as he listened more heedfully to it, found there was something more terrible in the sound than could proceed from that creature. He confessed to me that he was no less affrighted than surprised, especially when, the noise coming still nearer, he imagined, whatever it was that it proceeded from, it must pass him. He had, however, presence enough of mind to place himself with his back to a hedge, where he fell on his knees, and began to pray to God with all the vehemence so dreadful an occasion required. He had not been long in that position, before he beheld something in the form of a bull, but infinitely larger than ever he had seen in England, much less in Man, where the cattle are very small in general. "The eyes," he said, "seemed to shoot forth flames, and the running of it was with such a force that the ground shook under it as in an earthquake. It made directly toward a little cottage, and there, after most horribly roaring, disappeared." The moon being then at the full, and shining in her utmost splendour, all these passages were visible to our amazed divine, who, having finished his ejaculation, and given thanks to God for his preservation, went to the cottage, the owner of which, they told him, was that moment dead. The good old gentleman was loth to pass a censure which might be judged an uncharitable one ; but the deceased having the character of a very ill liver, most people who heard the story were apt to imagine this terrible apparition came to attend his last moments.

'A mighty bustle they also make of an apparition which, they say, haunts Castle Russin, in the form of a woman, who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison, affirm they have seen it various times ; but what I took most notice of was the report of a gentleman, of whose good understanding, as well as veracity, I have a very great opinion. He told me that, happening to be abroad late one night, and caught in an excessive storm of wind and rain, he saw a woman stand before the castle gate, where, being not the least shelter, it something surprised him that anybody, much less one of that sex, should not rather run to some little porch or shed, of which there are several in Castle Town, than chuse to stand still, exposed and alone, to such a dreadful tempest. His curiosity exciting him to draw nearer, that he might discover who it was that seemed so little to regard the fury of the elements, he perceived she retreated on his approach, and at last, he thought, went into the castle, though the gates were shut. This, obliging him to think he had seen a spirit, sent him home

very much terrified ; but the next day, relating his adventure to some people who lived in the castle, and describing, as near as he could, the garb and stature of the apparition, they told him it was that of the woman above-mentioned, who had been frequently seen, by the soldiers on guard, to pass in and out of the gates, as well as to walk through the rooms, though there was no visible means to enter. Though so familiar to the eye, no person has yet, however, had the courage to speak to it, and, as they say a spirit has no power to reveal its mind without being conjured to do so in a proper manner, the reason of its being permitted to wander is unknown.

‘ Another story of the like nature I have heard concerning an apparition which has frequently been seen on a wild common near Kirk Jarmyn Mountains, which, they say, assumes the shape of a wolf, and fills the air with most terrible howlings. But having run on so far in the account of supernatural appearances, I cannot forget what was told me by an English gentleman, and my particular friend. He was about passing over Douglas Bridge before it was broken down, but the tide being high, he was obliged to take the river, having an excellent horse under him, and one accustomed to swim. As he was in the middle of it, he heard, or imagined he heard, the finest symphony—I will not say in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horse was no less sensible of the harmony than himself, and kept in an immovable posture all the time it lasted ; which, he said, could not be less than three-quarters of an hour, according to the most exact calculation he could make, when he arrived at the end of his little journey, and found how long he had been coming. He, who before laughed at all the stories told of fairies, now became a convert, and believed as much as ever a Manksman of them all. As to circles in the grass, and the impression of small feet among the snow, I cannot deny but I have seen them frequently, and once thought I heard a whistle, as though in my ear, when nobody that could make it was near me. For my part, I shall not pretend to determine if such appearances have any reality, or are only the effect of the imagination ; but as I had much rather give credit to them than be convinced by ocular demonstration, I shall leave the point to be discussed by those who have made it more their study, and only say, that whatever belief we ought to give to some accounts of this kind, there are others, and those much more numerous, which merit only to be laughed at—it not being at all consonant to reason, or the idea religion gives us of the fallen angels, to suppose spirits, so eminent in wisdom and knowledge as to be exceeded by nothing but their Creator, should visit the earth for such trifling purposes as to throw bottles and glasses about a room, and a thousand other as ridiculous gambols mentioned in those voluminous treatises of apparitions.

‘ The natives of this island tell you also that, before any person dies, the procession of the funeral is acted by a sort of beings, which for that end render themselves visible. I know several that have offered to make oath that, as they have been passing the road, one of these funerals has come behind them, and even laid the bier on their shoulders, as though to assist the bearers. One person, who assured me he had been served so, told me that the flesh of his shoulder had been very much bruised, and was black for many weeks after. There are few or none of them who pretend not to have seen or heard these imaginary obsequies (for I must not omit that they sing psalms in the same manner as those do who accompany the corpse of a dead friend), which so little differ from real ones, that they are not to be known till both coffin and mourners are seen to vanish at the church doors. These they take to be a sort of friendly demons, and their business, they say, is to warn people of what is to befall them ; accordingly, they give notice of any stranger’s approach, by the trampling of horses at the gate of the house where they are to arrive. As difficult as I found it to bring myself to give any faith to this, I have frequently been very much surprised, when, on visiting a friend, I have found the table ready spread, and everything in order to receive me, and been told by the person to whom I went that he had knowl-

him. He had lodgings in Whitehall, and £1200 per annum pension. And no wonder, after he had the impudence to say to the House of Lords, in plain terms, that if they would not help him to more money, he must be forced to help himself. He put on an Episcopal garb, except the lawn sleeves, silk gown and cassock, great hat, satin hatband and rose, long scarf, and was called, or most blasphemously called himself, the saviour of the nation; whoever he pointed at was taken up and committed; so that many people got out of his way, as from a blast, and glad they could prove their two last years' conversation. The very breath of him was pestilential, and, if it brought not imprisonment or death over such on whom it fell, it surely poisoned reputation, and left good Protestants arrant Papists, and something worse than that—in danger of being put in the plot as traitors. Upon his examination before the Commons, the Lord Chief Justice Scroggs was sent for to the House, and there signed warrants for the imprisonment of five Roman Catholic peers, upon which they were laid up in the Tower. The votes of the Houses seemed to confirm the whole. A solemn form of prayer was desired upon the subject of the plot, and when one was prepared it was found faulty, because the Papists were not named as authors of it. God surely knew whether it were so or not; however, it was yielded to, that omniscience might not want information. The Queen herself was accused at the Commons' bar. The city, for fear of the Papists, put up their posts and chains; and the chamberlain, Sir Thomas Player, in the Court of Aldermen, gave his reason for the city's using that caution, which was, that he did not know but the next morning they might all rise with their throats cut. The trials, convictions, and executions of the priests, Jesuits, and others were had, and attended with vast mob and noise. Nothing ordinary or moderate was to be heard in people's communication; but every debate and action was high-flown and tumultuous. All freedom of speech was taken away; and not to believe the plot was worse than being Turk, Jew, or infidel. For this fact of Godfrey's murder, the three poor men of Somerset House were, as was said, convicted. The most pitiful circumstance was that of their trial, under the popular prejudice against them. The Lord Chief Justice Scroggs took in with the tide, and ranted for the plot, hewing down Popery, as Scanderbeg hewed the Turk; which was but little propitious to them. The other judges were passive, and meddled little, except some that were takers in also; and particularly the good Recorder Treby, who eased the Attorney-General, for he seldom asked a question but one might guess he foresaw the answer. Some may blame the (at best) passive behaviour of the judges; but really, considering it was impossible to stem such a current, the appearing to do it in vain had been more unprofitable, because it had inflamed the great and small rout, drawn scandal on themselves, and disabled them from taking in when opportunity should be more favourable. The prisoners, under these hardships, had enough to do to make any defence; for where the testimony was positive it was conclusive; for no reasoning *ab improbabili* would serve the turn: it must be *ab impossibili* or not at all. Whoever doth not well observe the power of judging may think many things in the course of justice very strange. If one side is held to demonstration, and the other allowed presumptions for proofs, any cause may be carried: In a word, anger, policy, inhumanity, and prejudice had, at this time, a planetary possession of the minds of most men, and destroyed in them that golden rule of doing as they would be done unto' [pp. 205, 206].

In another passage Oates's personal appearance is thus described:—'He was a low man, of an ill cut, very short neck, and his visage and features were most particular. His mouth was the centre of his face; and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead, and chin within the perimeter. *Cave quos ipse Deus notavit*. In a word, he was a most consummate cheat, blasphemer, vicious, perjured, impudent, and saucy, foul-mouth'd wretch; and were it not for the truth of history, and the great emotions in the public he was the cause of, not fit (so little deserving) to be remembered' [p. 225].

NOTE 18. — NARRATIVES OF THE PLOT, p. 245

There is no more odious feature of this detestable plot than that the forsworn witnesses, by whose oaths the fraud was supported, claimed a sort of literary interest in their own fabrications by publications under such titles as the following:—*A Narrative and Impartial Discovery of the Horrid Popish Plot, carried on for Burning and Destroying the Cities of London and Westminster, with their Suburbs, setting forth the several Councils, Orders, and Resolutions of the Jesuits concerning the same, by (a Person so and so named), lately engaged in that Horrid Design, and one of the Popish Committee for carrying on such Fires.*

At any other period, it would have appeared equally unjust and illegal to poison the public mind with stuff of this kind before the witnesses had made their depositions in open court. But in this moment of frenzy everything which could confirm the existence of these senseless delusions was eagerly listened to; and whatever seemed to infer doubt of the witnesses, or hesitation concerning the existence of the plot, was a stifling, strangling, or undervaluing the discovery of the grand conspiracy. In short, as expressed by Dryden,

'Twas worse than plotting to suspect the plot.

NOTE 19. — RICHARD GANLESSE, p. 248

It will be afterwards found that in the supposed Richard Ganlesse is first introduced into the story the detestable Edward Christian, a character with as few redeeming good qualities as the Author's too prolific pencil has ever attempted to draw. He is a mere creature of the imagination; and although he may receive some dignity of character from his talents, courage, and influence over others, he is, in other respects, a moral monster, since even his affection for his brother, and resentment of his death, are grounded on vindictive feelings, which scruple at no means, even the foulest, for their gratification. The Author will be readily believed when he affirms that no original of the present times, or those which preceded them, has given the outline for a character so odious. The personage is a mere fancy piece. In particular, the Author disclaims all allusion to a gentleman named Edward Christian, who actually existed during those troublesome times, was brother of William Christian, the dempster, and died in prison in the Isle of Man. With this unfortunate gentleman the character in the novel has not the slightest connexion, nor do the incidents of their lives in any respect agree. There existed, as already stated, an Edward Christian of the period, who was capable of very bad things, since he was a companion and associate of the robber Thomas Blood, and convicted along with him of a conspiracy against the celebrated Duke of Buckingham. This character was probably not unlike that of his namesake in the novel, at least the feats ascribed to him are *haut aliena a Scævola studiis*. But Mr. Christian of Unwin [Unrigg or Ewanrigg], if there existed a rogue of his name during that period of general corruption, has the more right to have him distinguished from his unfortunate relative, who died in prison before the period mentioned.

NOTE 20. — CUTLAR MACCULLOCH, p. 253

This alludes to a singular custom of the inhabitants of the northern coast of the Isle of Man, who used of old to eat the sodden meat before they supped the broth, lest, it is said, they should be deprived of the more substantial part of the meal, if they waited to eat it at the second course. They account for this anomaly in the following manner:—About the commencement of the 16th century, the Earl of Derby, being a fiery young chief, fond of war and honour, made a furious inroad, with all his forces, into the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and committed great ravages, still

remembered in Manx song. Mr. Train, with his usual kindness, sent me the following literal translation of the verses:

There came Thomas Derby, born king,
He it was who wore the golden crupper;
There was not one lord in wide England itself
With so many vassals as he had.

On Scottishmen he avenged himself:
He went over to Kirkeudbright,
And there made such havoc of houses,
That some are uninhabitable to this day.

Was not that fair in a youth,
To avenge himself on his foe while he was so young,
Before his beard had grown around his mouth,
And to bring home his men in safety?

This incursion of the earl with the golden crupper was severely revenged. The gentlemen of the name of MacCulloch, a clan then and now powerful in Galloway, had at their head, at the time, a chief of courage and activity, named Cutlar MacCulloch. He was an excellent seaman, and speedily equipped a predatory flotilla, with which he made repeated descents on the northern shores of the Isle of Man, the dominions of the Earl of Derby, carrying off all that was not, in the Border phrase, too hot or too heavy.

The following is the deposition of John Machariotte concerning the losses he had suffered by this sea-king and his Galloway men. It is dated at Peel Castle. 'Taken by Collard MacCulloch and his men by wronglous spoliation, Twa box beddes and aykin burdis, 1 c laths, a feder bouster, a cote of maille, a mete burde, two kystis, five barrils, a gyle-fat, xx pipes, twa gunys, three bolls of malt, a querne of rosate of vi stane, certain petes [peats], extending to 1 c load, viii bollis of threscht corn, xii un-thraschin, and xl knowte.' — Chaloner, p. 47, edit. London, 1653.

This active rover rendered his name so formidable, that the custom of eating the meat before the broth was introduced by the Islanders, whose festivals he often interrupted. They also remembered him in their prayers and graces; as,

God keep the house and all within,
From Cut MacCulloch and his kin;

or, as I have heard it recited,

God keep the good corn, and the sheep, and the bullock,
From Satan, from sin, and from Cutlar MacCulloch.

It is said to have chanced, as the master of the house had uttered one of these popular benisons, that Cutlar in person entered the habitation with this reply:

Gudeman, gudeman, ye pray too late,
MacCulloch's ships are at the Yaite.

The Yaite is a well-known landing-place on the north side of the Isle of Man.

This redoubted corsair is, I believe, now represented by the chief of the name, James MacCulloch, Esq., of Ardwell, the Author's friend and near connexion.

NOTE 21.—CORRESPONDENCE OF COLEMAN, p. 255

The unfortunate Coleman, executed for the Popish Plot, was secretary to the late Duchess of York, and had been a correspondent of the French king's confessor, Père la Chaise. Their correspondence was seized, and although the papers contained nothing to confirm the monstrous fictions of

the accusers, yet there was a great deal to show that he and other zealous Catholics anxiously sought for and desired to find the means to bring back England to the faith of Rome. 'It is certain,' says Hume, 'that the restless and enterprising spirit of the Catholic Church, particularly of the Jesuits, merits attention; and is in some degree dangerous to every other communion. Such zeal of proselytism actuates that sect, that its missionaries have penetrated into every region of the globe, and in one sense there is a Popish plot continually carrying on against all states, Protestant, Pagan, and Mahometan.' — *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 72, edit. 1797.

NOTE 22. — FUNERAL SERVICE OF SIR EDMONDSBURY GODFREY, p. 256

This solemnity is especially mentioned by North. 'The crowd was prodigious, both at the procession and in and about the church, and so heated, that anything called Papist, were it a cat or a dog, had probably gone to pieces in a moment. The Catholics all kept close in their houses and lodgings, thinking it a good composition to be safe there, so far were they from acting violently at that time. But there was all this while upheld among the common people an artificial fright, so as almost every one fancied a Popish knife just at his throat; and at the sermon, besides the preacher, two other thumping divines stood upright in the pulpit . . . to guard him from being killed, while he was preaching, by the Papists. I did not see this spectre, but was credibly told by some that affirmed they did see it, and I . . . never met with any that ever contradicted it. A most portentous spectacle, sure, three parsons in one pulpit! Enough of itself, on a less occasion, to excite terror in the audience. The like, I guess, was never seen before, and probably will never be seen again; and it had not been so now, as is most evident, but for some stratagem derived upon the impetuosity of the mob.' — *Examen*, p. 204.

It may be, however, remarked, that the singular circumstance of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, the justice before whom Oates had made his deposition, being found murdered, was the incident upon which most men relied as complete proof of the existence of the plot. As he was believed to have lost his life by the Papists, for having taken Oates's deposition, the panic spread with inconceivable rapidity, and every species of horror was apprehended — every report, the more absurd the better, eagerly listened to and believed. Whether this unfortunate gentleman lost his life by Papist or Protestant, by private enemies or by his own hand, for he was a low-spirited and melancholy man, will probably never be discovered.

NOTE 23. — DUN THE HANGMAN, p. 257

Dun was the hangman of the day at Tyburn. He was successor of Gregory Brunden, who was by many believed to be the same who dropped the axe upon Charles I., though others were suspected of being the actual regicide.

NOTE 24. — FIRST CHECK TO THE PLOT, p. 311

The first check received by Doctor Oates and his colleagues in the task of supporting the Plot by their testimony was in this manner: After a good deal of prevarication, the prime witness at length made a direct charge against Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, of an attempt to poison the King, and even connected the Queen with this accusation; whom he represented as Wakeman's accomplice. This last piece of effrontery recalled the King to some generous sentiments. 'The villains,' said Charles, 'think I am tired of my wife; but they shall find I will not permit an in-

nocent woman to be persecuted.' Scroggs, the Lord Chief Justice, accordingly received instructions to be favourable to the accused; and, for the first time, he was so. Wakeman was acquitted, but thought it more for his safety to retire abroad. His acquittal, however, indicated a turn of the tide, which had so long set in favour of the Plot, and of the witnesses by whom it had hitherto been supported.

NOTE 25. — ROCHESTER'S EPITAPH ON CHARLES II., p. 312

The epitaph alluded to is the celebrated epigram made by Rochester on Charles II. It was composed at the King's request, who nevertheless resented its poignancy.

The lines are well known : —

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

NOTE 26. — GREAT MADAM, p. 312

The Duchess of Portsmouth, Charles II.'s favourite mistress, very unpopular at the time of the Popish Plot, as well from her religion as her country, being a Frenchwoman and a Catholic.

NOTE 27. — ELKANAH SETTLE, p. 329

Elkanah Settle, the unworthy scribbler whom the envy of Rochester and others tried to raise to public estimation as a rival to Dryden, a circumstance which has been the means of elevating him to a very painful species of immortality.

NOTE 28. — EMPLOYMENT OF ASSASSINS IN ENGLAND, p. 330

It was the unworthy distinction of men of wit and honour about town to revenge their own quarrels with inferior persons by the hands of bravoës. Even in the days of chivalry, the knights, as may be learned from *Don Quixote*, turned over to the chastisement of their squires such adversaries as were not dubb'd; and thus it was not unusual for men of quality in Charles II.'s time to avenge their wrongs by means of private assassination. Rochester writes composedly concerning a satire imputed to Dryden, but in reality composed by Mulgrave, 'If he falls upon me with the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the repartee to Black Will with a cudgel.' And, in conformity with this cowardly and brutal intimation, that distinguished poet was waylaid and beaten severely in Rose Street, Covent Garden, by ruffians who could not be discovered, but whom all concluded to be the agents of Rochester's mean revenge.

NOTE 29. — EARL OF ARLINGTON, p. 332

Bennet, Earl of Arlington, was one of Charles's most attached courtiers during his exile. After the Restoration, he was employed in the ministry, and the name of Bennet supplies its initial B to the celebrated word Cabal. But the King was supposed to have lost respect for him; and several persons at court took the liberty to mimic his person and behaviour, which was stiff and formal. Thus it was a common jest for some courtier to put

a black patch on his nose and strut about with a white staff in his hand, to make the King merry. But, notwithstanding, he retained his office of Lord Chamberlain and his seat in the privy council till his death in 1685.

NOTE 30. — BUCKINGHAM'S FATHER-IN-LAW, p. 332

Mary, daughter of Thomas Lord Fairfax, was wedded to the Duke of Buckingham, whose versatility rendered him as capable for a time of rendering himself agreeable to his father-in-law, though a rigid Presbyterian, as to the gay Charles II.

NOTE 31. — LETTER FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING, p. 336

The application of the very respectable old English name of Jerningham to the *valet-de-chambre* of the Duke of Buckingham has proved of force sufficient to wake the resentment of the dead, who had in early days worn that illustrious surname; for the Author received by post the following expostulation on the subject:—

To the learned Clerk and worshipful Knight, Sir Walter Scott,
give these:

'Mye mortal frame has long since mouldered into dust, and the young saplinge that was planted on the daye of mye funeral is now a doddered oak, standinge hard bye the mansion of the familie. The windes doe whistle thro' its leaves, moaninge among its moss-covered branches, and awakinge in the soules of mye descendants that pensive Melancholy which leads back to the contemplating those that are gone! I, who was once the courtly dame, that held high revelry in these gaye bowers, am now light as the blast!

'If I essaye, from vain affection, to make my name be thought of by producing the noise of rustling silkes, or the slow tread of a midnight foot along the chapel floor, alas! I only scare the simple maidens, and mye wearie efforts (how wearie none alive can tell) are derided and jeered at by mye knightlie descendants. Once indeed—but it boots not to burthen your ear with this particular, nor why I am still sad and aching, between earth and heaven! Know only, that I still walk this place, as mye playmate, your great-grandmother, does hers. I sit in my wonted chair, tho' now it stands in a dusty garret. I frequent my ladye's room, and I have hushed her wallinge babes, when all the cunning of the nurse has failed. I sit at the window where so long a succession of honorable dames have presided their daye, and are passed away. But in the change that centuries brought, honor and truth have remained; and, as adherents to King Harry's eldest daughter, as true subjects to her successors, as faithful followers of the unfortunate Charles and his posteritie, and as loyal and attached servauntes of the present royal stock, the name of Jerningham has ever remained unsullied in honour, and uncontaminated in aught unfytting its ancient knightlie origin. You, noble and learned sir, whose quill is as the trumpet arousinge the slumberinge soule to feelings of loftie chivalrie—you, Sir Knight, who feel and doe honor to your noble lineage, wherefore did you say, in your chronicle or historie of the brave knt, Peveril of the Peake, that my lord of Buckingham's servaunte was a Jerningham? a vile varlet to a viler noble! Many honourable families have, indeed, shot and spread from the parent stock into wilde entangled mazes, and reached perchance beyond the confines of gentle blood; but it so pleased Providence, that mye worshipful husband, good Sir Harry's line, has flowed in one confined but clear deep stream down to mye well-beloued son, the present Sir George Jerningham, by just claim Lorde Stafforde; and if any of your courtly ancestors that hover round your bed could speak, they would tell you that

the duke's valet was not Jerningham, but Sayer or Slane. Act as you shall think mete hereon, but defend the honoured names of those whose champion you so well deserve to be.
J. JERNINGHAM.

Having no mode of knowing how to reply to this ancient diglatory, I am compelled to lay the blame of my error upon wicked example, which has misled me; and to plead that I should never have been guilty of so great a misnomer, but for the authority of one Oliver Goldsmith, who, in an elegant dialogue between the Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, makes the former assure Miss Skeggs as a fact that 'the next morning my lord duke called out three times to his *valet-de-chambre*, "Jernigan — Jernigan — Jernigan! bring me my garters!"' Some inaccurate recollection of this passage has occasioned the offence rendered, for which I make this imperfect, yet respectful, apology.

NOTE 32. — SILK ARMOUR, p. 386

Roger North gives us a ridiculous description of these warlike habiliments when talking of the Whig Club in Fuller's Rents. 'The conversation and ordinary discourse of the club was chiefly upon the subject of bravure in defending the cause of liberty and property, and what every true Protestant and Englishman ought to venture and do, rather than be overrun with Popery and slavery. There was much recommendation of silk armour, and the prudence of being provided with it, against the time that Protestants were to be massacred; and accordingly there were abundance of those silken backs, breasts, and potts (*i. e.* head-pieces) made and sold, that were pretended to be pistol proof, in which any man dressed up was as safe as in an house; for it was impossible any one could go to strike him for laughing, so ridiculous was the figure, as they say, of hogs in armour—an image of derision insensible but to the view, as I have had it (*viz.* that none can imagine without seeing it, as I have). This was armour of defence, but our sparks were not altogether so tame as to carry their provision no farther; for truly they intended to be assailants upon fair occasion, and had for that end recommended to them a certain pocket weapon, which, for its design and efficacy, had the honour to be called a Protestant fall. It was for street and croud work, and the engine, lurking *perdue* in a coat-pocket, might readily sally out to execution, and so, by clearing a great hall, or piazza, or so, carry an election by a choice way of polling, called "knocking down." The handle resembled a farrier's blood-stick, and the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, that in its swing fell just short of the hand, and was made of *lignum vite*, or rather, as the poet termed it, *mortis*.' — *Examen*, pp. 572, 573.

This last weapon will remind the reader of the blood-stick so cruelly used, as was alleged, in a murder committed in England some years ago, and for a participation in which two persons were tried and acquitted at the assizes of autumn 1830.

NOTE 33. — GEOFFREY HUDSON, p. 397

Geoffrey or Jeffrey Hudson is often mentioned in anecdotes of Charles I.'s time. His first appearance at court was his being presented, as mentioned in the text, in a pie, at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Upon the same occasion, the Duke presented the tenant of the pasty to the Queen, who retained him as her page. When about eight years of age, he was but eighteen or twenty inches high; and remained stationary at that stature till he was thirty years old, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches, and there stopped. This singular *lusus naturæ* was trusted in some negotiations of conse-

quence. He went to France to fetch over a midwife to his mistress, Henrietta Maria. On his return, he was taken by Dunkirk privateers, when he lost many valuable presents sent to the Queen from France and about £2500 of his own. Sir William Davenant makes a real or supposed combat between the dwarf and a turkey-cock the subject of a poem called *Jeffreidos*. The scene is laid at Dunkirk, where, as the satire concludes —

Jeffrey strait was thrown, when, faint and weak,
The cruel fowl assaults him with his beak.
A lady midwife now he there by chance
Espied, that came along with him from France.
'A heart brought up in war, that ne'er before
This time could bow,' he said, 'doth now implore
Thou, that *delivered* hast so many, be
So kind of nature as deliver me.'

We are not acquainted how far Jeffrey resented this lampoon. But we are assured he was a consequential personage, and endured with little temper the teasing of the domestics and courtiers, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter.

The fatal duel with Mr. Crofts actually took place, as mentioned in the text. It happened in France. The poor dwarf had also the misfortune to be taken prisoner by a Turkish pirate. He was, however, probably soon set at liberty, for Hudson was a captain for the King during the civil war. In 1644 the dwarf attended his royal mistress to France. The Restoration recalled him, with other Royalists, to England. But this poor being, who received, it would seem, hard measure both from nature and fortune, was not doomed to close his days in peace. Poor Jeffrey, upon some suspicion respecting the Popish Plot, was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse prison, Westminster, where he ended his life in the sixty-third year of his age.

Jeffrey Hudson has been immortalised by the brush of Vandyke, and his clothes are said to be preserved as articles of curiosity in Sir Hans Sloane's Museum.

NOTE 34. — COVENTRY'S ACT, p. 436

The ill-usage of Sir John Coventry by some of the Life Guardsmen in revenge of something said in Parliament concerning the King's theatrical amours, gave rise to what was called Coventry's Act, against cutting and maiming the person.

NOTE 35. — COLONEL BLOOD'S NARRATIVE, p. 446

Of Blood's *Narrative*, Roger North takes the following notice : — 'There was another sham plot of one Nettetvile. . . . And here the good Colonel Blood — that stole the Duke of Ormond, and, if a timely rescue had not come in, had hanged him at Tyburn, and afterwards stole the crown, though he was not so happy as to carry it off — no player at small games; he, even he, the virtuous colonel, as this sham plot says, was to have been destroyed by the Papists. It seems these Papists would let no eminent Protestant be safe. But some amends were made the colonel by sale of the narrative, licensed Thomas Blood. It had been strange if so much mischief had been stirring, and he had not come in for a snack.' — *Examen*, edit. 1740, p. 311.

NOTE 36. — STOCK-JOBING, p. 449

Stock-jobbing, as it is called, that is, dealing in shares of monopolies, patents, and joint-stock companies of every description, was at least as

common in Charles II.'s time as our own; and as the exercise of ingenuity in this way promised a road to wealth without the necessity of industry, it was then much pursued by dissolute courtiers.

NOTE 37. — HURRIED DEPARTURE, p. 455

This case is not without precedent. Among the jealousies and fears expressed by the Long Parliament, they insisted much upon an agent for the King departing for the Continent so abruptly that he had not time to change his court dress — white buskins, to wit, and black silk pantaloons — for an equipment more suitable to travel with.

NOTE 38. — MISTRESS NELLY, p. 464

In Evelyn's *Memoirs* is the following curious passage respecting Nell Gwyn, who is hinted at in the text:—'I walked with him [King Charles II.] through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between . . . [the King] and Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the King] standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene.' — Vol. i. p. 413.

NOTE 39. — COLONEL BLOOD, p. 470

The conspirator Blood even fought or made his way into good society, and sat at good men's feasts. Evelyn's *Diary* bears, 10th May 1671:—'Dined at Mr. Treasurer's, in company with Monsieur de Grammont and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent, bold fellow, who had not long before attempted to steal the Imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending only curiosity of seeing the regalia there, when, stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring, both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the sectaries and enthusiasts, and did his Majesty services that way, which none alive could do so well as he. But it was certainly the boldest attempt, so the only treason of this sort that was ever pardoned. This man had not only a daring, but a villainous, unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating.' — Evelyn's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 413.

This is one of the many occasions on which we might make curious remarks on the disregard of our forefathers for appearances, even in the regulation of society. What should we think of a Lord of the Treasury who, to make up a party of French nobles and English gentlemen of condition, should invite as a guest Barrington or Major Semple, or any well-known *chevalier d'industrie*? Yet Evelyn does not seem to have been shocked at the man being brought into society, but only at his remaining unchanged.

NOTE 40. — OATES'S EVIDENCE, p. 482

It was on such terms that Dr. Oates was pleased to claim the extraordinary privilege of dealing out the information which he chose to communicate to a court of justice. The only sense in which his story of the fox, stone, and goose could be applicable is by supposing, that he was determined to ascertain the extent of his countrymen's credulity before supplying it with a full meal.

NOTE 41. — VENNER'S INSURRECTION, p. 500

This insurrection took place in 1660. Those engaged in it believed themselves invulnerable and invincible. They proclaimed the Millennium, and disturbed London greatly. The day after their mad rebellion they were put down and subdued; and their leaders, not having the good fortune to be convicted as madmen, were tried and punished as traitors. —

This alludes to the insurrection under Thomas Venner, in January 1660-61. Venner, and other prisoners, being tried and condemned, were sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their heads set on London Bridge (*Laing*).

NOTE 42. — MOTHER CRESSWELL, p. 505

Mother Cresswell, an infamous and noted procuress. The funeral oration given in the text was probably taken from Granger's *Biographical History* (Charles II. chap. xii.), who states that she left by will £10 to a preacher, who should officiate at her funeral, provided he should say nothing but what was *well* of her. With some difficulty a preacher was found, who used words similar to those put into the Duke of Buckingham's mouth (*Laing*).

NOTE 43. — THOMAS ARMSTRONG, p. 511

Thomas, or Sir Thomas, Armstrong, a person who had distinguished himself in youth by duels and drunken exploits. He was particularly connected with the Duke of Monmouth, and was said to be concerned in the Rye-House Plot, for which he suffered capital punishment, 20th June 1684.

NOTE 44. — CHARLES'S BLACK PERIWIG, p. 512.

Charles, to suit his dark complexion, always wore a black peruke. He used to say of the players, that if they wished to represent a villain on the stage, 'Odds-fish, they always clapp'd on him a black periwig, whereas the greatest rogue in England [meaning, probably, Dr. Oates] wears a white one.' — See Cibber's *Apology*.

NOTE 45. — FULLER'S RENTS, p. 514

The place of meeting of the Green Ribbon Club. Their place of meeting, says Roger North, 'was in a sort of *carfour* at Chancery Lane end; in a centre of business and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in the front, as may be yet seen, for the clubsters to issue forth *in fresco*, with hats and no perukes, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats for vocal encouragement of the *canaglia* below at bonfires, on usual and unusual occasions' [p. 572].

NOTE 46. — THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON, p. 528

It can hardly be forgotten that one of the great difficulties of Charles II.'s reign was to obtain for the crown the power of choosing the sheriffs of London. Roger North gives a lively account of his brother, Sir Dudley North, who agreed to serve for the court. 'I omit the share he had in composing the tumults about burning the Pope, because that is accounted for in the *Examen* and the life of the Lord Keeper North. Neither is there occa-

sion to say anything of the rise and discovery of the Rye Plot, for the same reason. Nor is my subject much concerned with this latter, farther than that the conspirators had taken especial care of Sir Dudley North. For he was one of those who, if they had succeeded, was to have been knocked on the head, and his skin to be stuffed and hung up in Guildhall. But, all that apart, he reckoned it a great unhappiness that so many trials for high treason, and executions, should happen in his year. However, in these affairs, the sheriffs were passive; for all returns of panels, and other despatches of the law, were issued and done by under-officers, which was a fair screen for them. They attended at the trials and executions, to coerce the crowds and keep order, which was enough for them to do. I have heard Sir Dudley North say that, striking with his cane, he wondered to see what blows his countrymen would take upon their bare heads, and never look up at it. And, indeed, nothing can match the zeal of the common people to see executions. The worst grievance was the executioner coming to him for orders touching the absconded members, and to know where to dispose of them. Once, while he was abroad, a cart, with some of them, came into the courtyard of his house, and frightened his lady almost out of her wits; and she could never be reconciled to the dog hangman's saying he came to speak with his master. These are inconveniences that attend the stations of public magistracy, and are necessary to be borne with, as magistracy itself is necessary. I have now no more to say of any incidents during the shrievalty; but that, at the year's end, he delivered up his charges to his successors in like manner as he had received them from his predecessor; and, having reinstated his family, he lived well and easy at his own house, as he did before these disturbances put him out of order' [*Lives of the Rt. Hon. Francis North, etc.*, 1826, vol. iii. pp. 124, 125].

NOTE 47. — GEOFFREY HUDSON IN A PIE, p. 531

Walpole and Granger White say that Geoffrey Hudson, when seven or eight years of age, was served up to table in a cold pie, and presented to the Queen of Charles I.; and on another occasion, in a masque at court, the King's gigantic porter drew the dwarf out of his pocket, to the surprise of all the spectators (*Lainy*).

NOTE 48. — OLD FRENCH SONG, p. 536

Brantome tells us of a court lady who chose to have this tune played when she was dying, and at the end of the burden repeated, 'Oul, tout verlore et à bon escient,' and therewith expired. [See the complete passage in a note to *The Lady of the Lake*.]

NOTE 49. — ACUTE SENSES OF THE BLIND, p. 563

This little piece of superstition was suggested by the following incident. The Author of *Waverley* happened to be standing by with other gentlemen, while the captain of the Selkirk Yeomanry was purchasing a horse for the use of his trumpeter. The animal offered was a handsome one, and neither the officer, who was an excellent jockey, nor any one present, could see any imperfection in wind or limb. But a person happened to pass, who was asked to give an opinion. This man was called Blind Willie, who drove a small trade in cattle and horses, and, what seemed as extraordinary, in watches, notwithstanding his having been born blind. He was accounted to possess a rare judgment in these subjects of traffic. So soon as he had examined the horse in question, he immediately pronounced it to have something of

his own complaint, and, in plain words, stated it to be blind, or verging upon that imperfection, which was found to be the case on close examination. None present had suspected this fault in the animal; which is not wonderful, considering that it may frequently exist without any appearance in the organ affected. Blind Willie, being asked how he made a discovery imperceptible to so many gentlemen who had their eyesight, explained that, after feeling the horse's limbs, he laid one hand on its heart, and drew the other briskly across the animal's eyes, when, finding no increase of pulsation in consequence of the latter motion, he had come to the conclusion that the horse must be blind.

NOTE 50. — HISTORY OF COLONEL THOMAS BLOOD, p. 565

This person, who was capable of framing and carrying into execution the most desperate enterprises, was one of those extraordinary characters who can only arise amid the bloodshed, confusion, destruction of morality, and widespreading violence which take place during civil war. The arrangement of the present volume [said of the first collected edition in 48 vols.] admitting of a lengthened digression, we cannot, perhaps, enter upon a subject more extraordinary or entertaining than the history of this notorious desperado, who exhibited all the elements of a most accomplished ruffian. As the account of these adventures is scattered in various and scarce publications, it will probably be a service to the reader to bring the most remarkable of them under his eye, in a simultaneous point of view.

Blood's father is reported to have been a blacksmith; but this was only a disparaging mode of describing a person who had a concern in iron-works, and had thus acquired independence. He entered early in life into the Civil War, served as a lieutenant in the Parliament forces, and was put by Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy of Ireland, into the commission of the peace, when he was scarcely two-and-twenty. This outset in life decided his political party for ever; and however unfit the principles of such a man rendered him for the society of those who professed a rigidity of religion and morals, so useful was Blood's rapidity of invention, and so well was he known, that he was held capable of framing with sagacity, and conducting with skill, the most desperate undertakings, and in a turbulent time was allowed to associate with the non-jurors, who affected a peculiar austerity of conduct and sentiments. In 1663, the Act of Settlement in Ireland, and the proceedings thereupon, affected Blood deeply in his fortune, and from that moment he appears to have nourished the most inveterate hatred to the Duke of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he considered as the author of the measures under which he suffered. There were at this time many malcontents of the same party with himself, so that Lieutenant Blood, as the most daring among them, was able to put himself at the head of a conspiracy which had for its purpose the exciting a general insurrection, and, as a preliminary step, the surprising of the castle of Dublin. The means proposed for the last purpose, which was to be the prelude to the rising, augured the desperation of the person by whom it was contrived, and yet might probably have succeeded from its very boldness. A declaration was drawn up by the hand of Blood himself, calling upon all persons to take arms for the liberty of the subject and the restoration of the Solemn League and Covenant. For the surprise of the castle, it was provided that several persons with petitions in their hands were to wait within the walls, as if they staid to present them to the Lord Lieutenant, while about fourscore of the old daring disbanded soldiers were to remain on the outside, dressed like carpenters, smiths, shoemakers, and other ordinary mechanics. As soon as the Lord Lieutenant went in, a baker was to pass by the main guard with a large basket of white bread on his back. By making a false step, he was to throw down his burden, which might create a scramble among the soldiers, and offer the fourscore men before mentioned an oppor-

tunity of disarming them, while the others with petitions in their hands secured all within; and being once master of the castle and the Duke of Ormond's person, they were to publish their declaration. But some of the principal conspirators were apprehended about twelve hours before the time appointed for the execution of the design, in which no less than seven members of the House of Commons (for the Parliament of Ireland was then sitting) were concerned. Lackie, a minister, the brother-in-law of Blood, was with several others tried, condemned, and executed. Blood effected his escape, but was still so much the object of public apprehension, that a rumour having arisen during Lackie's execution that Major Blood was at hand with a party to rescue the prisoner, every one of the guards, and the executioner himself, shifted for themselves, leaving Lackie, with the halter about his neck, standing alone under the gallows; but as no rescue appeared, the sheriff-officers returned to their duty, and the criminal was executed. Meantime Blood retired among the mountains of Ireland, where he herded alternately with fanatics and Papists, provided only they were discontented with the government. There were few persons better acquainted with the intrigues of the time than this active partizan, who was alternately Quaker, Anabaptist, or Catholic, but always a rebel and revolutionist; he shifted from place to place, and from kingdom to kingdom, became known to the Admiral de Ruyter, and was the soul of every desperate plot.

In particular, about 1665, Mr. Blood was one of a revolutionary committee, or secret council, which continued its sittings, notwithstanding that government knew of its meetings. For their security, they had about thirty stout fellows posted around the place where they met, in the nature of a *corps de garde*. It fell out that two of the members of the council, to save themselves, and perhaps for the sake of a reward, betrayed all their transactions to the ministry, which Mr. Blood soon suspected, and in a short time got to the bottom of the whole affair. He appointed these two persons to meet him at a tavern in the city, where he had his guard ready, who secured them without any noise, and carried them to a private place provided for the purpose, where he called a kind of court-martial, before whom they were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot two days after in the same place. When the time appointed came, they were brought out, and all the necessary preparations made for putting the sentence in execution; and the poor men, seeing no hopes of escape, disposed themselves to suffer as well as they could. At this critical juncture, Mr. Blood was graciously pleased to grant them his pardon, and at the same time advised them to go to their new master, tell him all that had happened, and request him, in the name of their old confederates, to be as favourable to such of them as should at any time stand in need of his mercy. Whether these unfortunate people carried Mr. Blood's message to the king, does not anywhere appear. It is, however, certain that not long after the whole conspiracy was discovered; in consequence of which, on the 26th of April 1666, Col. John Rathbone, and some other officers of the late disbanded army, were tried and convicted at the Old Bailey for a plot to surprise the Tower and to kill General Monk.

After his concern with this desperate conclave, who were chiefly fanatics and Fifth Monarchy men, Blood exchanged the scene for Scotland, where he mingled among the Cameronians, and must have been a most acceptable associate to John Balfour of Burley, or any other who joined the insurgents more out of spleen or desire of plunder than from religious motives. The writers of the sect seem to have thought his name a discredit, or perhaps did not know it; nevertheless, it is affirmed in a pamphlet written by a person who seems to have been well acquainted with the incidents of his life, that he shared the dangers of the defeat at Pentland Hills, 27th November 1666, in which the Cameronians were totally routed. After the engagement, he found his way again to Ireland, but was

hunted out of Ulster by Lord Dungannon, who pursued him very closely. On his return to England, he made himself again notorious by an exploit, of which the very singular particulars are contained in the pamphlet already mentioned.¹ The narrative runs as follows:—Among the persons apprehended for the late fanatic conspiracy 'was one Captain Mason, a person for whom Mr. Blood had a particular affection and friendship. This person was to be removed from London to one of the northern counties, in order to his trial at the assizes; and to that intent was sent down with eight of the duke's troop to guard him, being reckoned to be a person bold and courageous. Mr. Blood, having notice of this journey, resolves by the way to rescue his friend. The prisoner and his guard went away in the morning, and Mr. Blood, having made choice of three more of his acquaintance, set forward the same day at night, without boots, upon small horses, and their pistols in their trowers, to prevent suspicion. But opportunities are not so easily had, neither were all places convenient, so that the convoy and their prisoner were gone a good way beyond Newark before Mr. Blood and his friends had any scent of their prisoner. At one place they set a sentinel to watch his coming by; but whether it was out of fear, or that the person was tired with a tedious expectation, the sentinel brought them no tidings either of the prisoner or his guard, insomuch that Mr. Blood and his companions began to think their friend so far before them upon the road that it would be in vain to follow him. And yet, not willing to give over an enterprise so generously undertaken, upon Mr. Blood's encouragement they rode on, though despairing of success, until, finding it grow toward evening, and meeting a convenient inn upon the road, in a small village not far from Doncaster, they resolved to lie there all night, and return for London the next morning. In that inn they had not sat long in a room next the street, condoling among themselves the ill success of a tedious journey, and the misfortune of their friend, before the convoy came thundering up to the door of the said inn with their prisoner, in regard that Captain Mason had made choice of that inn, as being best known to him, to give his guardians the refreshment of a dozen of drink. There Mr. Blood, unseen, had a full view of his friend and the persons he had to deal with. He had bespoke a small supper, which was at the fire, so that he had but very little time for consultation, finding that Captain Mason's party did not intend to alight; so that he only gave general directions to his associates to follow his example in whatever they saw him do. In haste, therefore, they called for their horses and threw down their money for their reckoning, telling the woman of the house that, since they had met with such good company, they were resolved to go forward. Captain Mason went off first upon a sorry beast, and with him the commander of the party and four more; the rest staid behind to make an end of their liquor. Then away marched one more single, and in a very small time after the last two. By this time Mr. Blood and one of his friends, being horsed, followed the two that were hindmost, and soon overtook them. These four rode some little time together, Mr. Blood on the right hand of the two soldiers and his friend on the left. But upon a sudden Mr. Blood laid hold of the reins of the horse next him, while his friend, in observation of his directions, did the same on the other hand; and having presently by surprise dismounted the soldiers, pulled off the bridles and sent the horses to pick their grass where they pleased. These two being thus made sure of, Mr. Blood pursues his game, intending to have reached the single trooper; but he being got to the rest of his fellows, now reduced to six, and a barber of York, that travelled in their company, Mr. Blood made up, heads the whole party, and stops them; of which some of the foremost, looking upon him to be either drunk or mad, thought the rebuke of a switch to be a sufficient chastisement of such a rash presumption, which they exercised with more contempt than fury, till, by the rudeness of his

¹ *Remarks on the Life of the famed Mr. Blood.* London, 1680. Folio.

compliments [in return], he gave them to understand he was not in jest, but in very good earnest. He was soon seconded by his friend that was with him in his first exploit; but there had been several rough blows dealt between the unequal number of six to two before Mr. Blood's two other friends came in to assistance; nay, I may safely say seven to two, for the barber of York, whether out of his natural propensity to the sport, or that his potvallantness had made him so generous to help his fellow-travellers, would needs show his valour at the beginning of the fray. But better he had been at the latter end of a feast; for though he showed his prudence to take the stronger side, as guessed by the number, yet because he would take no warning, which was often given him, not to put himself to the hazard of losing a glitter-finger by meddling in a business that nothing concerned him, he lost his life, in regard they were forced to despatch him, in the first place, for giving them a needless trouble. The barber, being thus become a useless instrument, and the other of Mr. Blood's friends being come up, the skirmish began to be very smart, the four assailants having singled out their champions as fairly and equally as they could. All this while Captain Mason, being rode before upon his thirty-shilling steed, wondering his guard came not with him, looked back, and, observing a combustion and that they were altogether by the ears, knew not what to think. He conjectured it at first to have been some intrigue upon him, as if the troopers had a design to tempt him to an escape, which might afterwards prove more to his prejudice; just like cats, that, with a regardless scorn, seem to give the distressed mouse all the liberty in the world to get away out of their paws, but soon recover their prey again at one jump. Thereupon, unwilling to undergo the hazard of such a trial, he comes back, at what time Mr. Blood cried out to him, "Horse—horse, quickly!" an alarm so amazing at first, that he could not believe it to be his friend's voice when he heard it; but as the thoughts of military men are soon summoned together, and never hold Spanish counsels, the captain presently settled his resolution, mounts the next horse that wanted a rider, and puts in for a share of his own self-preservation. In this bloody conflict Mr. Blood was three times unhorsed, occasioned by his forgetfulness, as having omitted to new girth his saddle, which the ostler had unloosed upon the wading his horse at his first coming into the inn. Being then so often dismounted, and not knowing the reason, which the occasion would not give him leave to consider, he resolved to fight it out on foot; of which two of the soldiers taking the advantage singled him out and drove him into a courtyard, where he made a stand with a full body, his sword in one hand and his pistol in the other. One of the soldiers, taking that advantage of his open body, shot him near the shoulder-blade of his pistol arm, at what time he had near four other bullets in his body that he had received before; which the soldier observing, flung his discharged pistol at him with that good aim and violence, that he hit him a stunning blow just under the forehead, upon the upper part of the nose between the eyes, which for the present so amazed him, that he gave himself over for a dead man; yet resolving, like a true cock of the game, to give one sparring blow before he expired, such is the strange provocation and success of despair, with one vigorous stroke of his sword he brought his adversary with a vengeance from his horse, and laid [him] in a far worse condition than himself at his horse's feet. At that time, full of anger and revenge, he was just going to make an end of his conquest by giving him the fatal stab, but in that very nick of time Captain Mason, having, with the help of his friends, done his business where they had fought, by the death of some and the disabling of others that opposed them, came in, and bid him hold and spare the life of one that had been the civillest person to him upon the road, a fortunate piece of kindness in the one and of gratitude in the other; which Mr. Blood easily condescending to, by the joint assistance of the captain, the other soldier was soon mastered, and the victory, after a sharp fight, that

lasted above two hours, was at length completed. You may be sure the fight was well maintained on both sides, while two of the soldiers, besides the barber, were slain upon the place, three unhorsed, and the rest wounded. And it was observable that, though the encounter happened in a village, where a great number of people were spectators of the combat, yet none would adventure the rescue of either party, as not knowing which was in the wrong or which in the right, and were therefore wary of being arbitrators in such a desperate contest, where they saw the reward of assistance to be nothing but present death. After the combat was over, Mr. Blood and his friends divided themselves and parted several ways.'

Before he had engaged in this adventure, Lieutenant Blood had placed his wife and son in an apothecary's shop at Rumford, under the name of Weston. He himself afterwards affected to practise as a physician under that of Ayliffe, under which guise he remained concealed until his wounds were cured, and the hue and cry against him and his accomplices was somewhat abated.

In the meantime, this extraordinary man, whose spirits tolled in framing the most daring enterprises, had devised a plot which, as it respected the person at whom it was aimed, was of a much more ambitious character than that for the delivery of Mason. It had for its object the seizure of the person of the Duke of Ormond, his ancient enemy, in the streets of London. In this some have thought he only meant to gratify his resentment, while others suppose that he might hope to extort some important advantages by detaining his Grace in his hands as a prisoner. The duke's historian, Carte, gives the following account of this extraordinary enterprise:—'The Prince of Orange came this year (1670) into England, and being invited on Dec. 6 to an entertainment in the city of London, his Grace attended him thither. As he was returning homewards in a dark night, and going up St. James's Street, at the end of which, facing the palace, stood Clarendon House, where he then lived, he was attacked by Blood and five of his accomplices. The duke always used to go attended with six footmen; but as they were too heavy a load to ride upon a coach, he always had iron spikes behind it to keep them from getting up; and continued this practice to his dying day, even after this attempt of assassination. These six footmen used to walk on both sides of the street over against the coach; but, by some contrivance or other, they were all stopped and out of the way, when the duke was taken out of his coach by Blood and his son, and mounted on horseback behind one of the horsemen in his company. The coachman drove on to Clarendon House, and told the porter that the duke had been seized by two men, who had carried him down Pickadilly. The porter immediately ran that way, and Mr. James Clarke, chancing to be at that time in the court of the house, followed with all possible haste, having first alarmed the family, and ordered the servants to come after him as fast as they could. Blood, it seems, either to gratify the humour of his patron, who had set him upon this work, or to glut his own revenge by putting his Grace to the same ignominious death which his accomplices in the treasonable design upon Dublin Castle had suffered, had taken a strong fancy into his head to hang the duke at Tyburn. Nothing could have saved his Grace's life, but that extravagant imagination and passion of the villain, who, leaving the duke mounted and buckled to one of his comrades, rode on before, and, as is said, actually tied a rope to the gallows, and then rode back to see what was become of his accomplices, whom he met riding off in a great hurry. The horseman to whom the duke was tied was a person of great strength, but being embarrassed by his Grace's struggling, could not advance as fast as he desired. He was, however, got a good way beyond Berkeley (now Devonshire) House, towards Knightsbridge, when the duke, having got his foot under the man's, unhorsed him, and they both fell down together in the mud, where they were struggling when the porter and Mr. Clarke came up. The villain then disengaged himself, and seeing

the neighbourhood alarmed, and numbers of people running towards them, got on horseback, and having, with one of his comrades, fired their pistols at the duke (but missed him, as taking their aim in the dark and in a hurry), rode off as fast as they could to save themselves. The duke (now sixty years of age) was quite spent with struggling, so that when Mr. Clarke and the porter came up, they knew him rather by feeling his star than by any sound of voice he could utter; and they were forced to carry him home and lay him on a bed to recover his spirits. He received some wounds and bruises in the struggle, which confined him within doors for some days. The King, when he heard of this intended assassination of the Duke of Ormond, expressed a great resentment on that occasion, and issued out a proclamation for the discovery and apprehension of the miscreants concerned in the attempt' [*History of the Life of James Duke of Ormond*, London, 1736, vol. ii. pp. 421, 422].

Blood, however, lay concealed, and with his usual success escaped apprehension. While thus lurking, he entertained and digested an exploit evincing the same atrocity which had characterised the undertakings he had formerly been engaged in; there was also to be traced in his new device something of that peculiar disposition which inclined him to be desirous of adding to the murder of the Duke of Ormond the singular infamy of putting him to death at Tyburn. With something of the same spirit, he now resolved to show his contempt of monarchy and all its symbols by stealing the crown, sceptre, and other articles of the regalia out of the office in which they were deposited, and enriching himself and his needy associates with the produce of the spoils. This feat, by which Blood is now chiefly remembered, is, like all his transactions, marked with a daring strain of courage and duplicity, and, like most of his undertakings, was very likely to have proved successful. John Bayley, Esq., in his *History and Antiquities of the Tower of London* [pp. 196-200], gives the following distinct account of this curious exploit. At this period, Sir Gilbert Talbot was keeper, as it was called, of the jewel house.

'It was soon after the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot that the regalia in the Tower first became objects of public inspection, which King Charles allowed in consequence of the reduction in the emoluments of the master's office. The profits which arose from showing the jewels to strangers, Sir Gilbert assigned in lieu of a salary to the person whom he had appointed to the care of them. This was an old confidential servant of his father's, one Talbot Edwards, whose name is handed down to posterity as keeper of the regalia, when the notorious attempt to steal the crown was made by one Blood, a desperate ruffian, in the year 1673; the following account of which is chiefly derived from a relation which Mr. Edwards himself made of the transaction:—

'About three weeks before this audacious villain made his attempt upon the crown, he came to the Tower in the habit of a parson, with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle, accompanied by a woman, whom he called his wife. They desired to see the regalia, and, just as their wishes had been gratified, the lady feigned sudden indisposition; this called forth the kind offices of Mrs. Edwards, the keeper's wife, who, having courteously invited her into their house to repose herself, she soon recovered, and, on their departure, professed themselves thankful for this civility. A few days after, Blood came again, bringing a present to Mrs. Edwards of four pairs of white gloves from his pretended wife; and having thus begun the acquaintance, they made frequent visits to improve it. After a short respite of their compliments, the disguised ruffian returned again; and in conversation with Mrs. Edwards, said that his wife could discourse of nothing but the kindness of those good people in the Tower; that she had long studied, and at length bethought herself of a handsome way of requital. "You have," quoth he, "a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew, who has two or three hundred a-year in land,

and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I'll bring him here to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match." This was easily assented to by old Mr. Edwards, who invited the parson to dine with him on that day; he readily accepted the invitation; and taking upon him to say grace, performed it with great seeming devotion, and casting up his eyes, concluded it with a prayer for the king, queen, and royal family. After dinner, he went up to see the rooms, and observing a handsome case of pistols hang there, expressed a great desire to buy them; to present to a young lord, who was his neighbour — a pretence by which he thought of disarming the house against the period intended for the execution of his design. At his departure, which was a canonical benediction of the good company, he appointed a day and hour to bring his young nephew to see his mistress, which was the very day that he made his daring attempt. The good old gentleman had got up ready to receive his guest, and the daughter was in her best dress to entertain her expected lover; when, behold, Parson Blood, with three more, came to the jewel house, all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and every one a dagger and a brace of pocket-pistols. Two of his companions entered in with him, on pretence of seeing the crown, and the third staid at the door, as if to look after the young lady, a jewel of a more charming description, but in reality as a watch. The daughter, who thought it not modest to come down till she was called, sent the maid to take a view of the company, and bring a description of her gallant; and the servant, conceiving that he was the intended bridegroom who staid at the door, being the youngest of the party, returned to soothe the anxiety of her young mistress with the idea she had formed of his person. Blood told Mr. Edwards that they would not go upstairs till his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown to pass the time till then; and they had no sooner entered the room, and the door, as usual, shut, than a cloak was thrown over the old man's head and a gag put in his mouth. Thus secured, they told him that their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and, if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life; otherwise he was to expect no mercy. He thereupon endeavoured to make all the noise he possibly could, to be heard above; they then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him that, if yet he would lie quietly, they would spare his life; but if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him. Mr. Edwards, however, according to his own account, was not intimidated by this threat, but strained himself to make the greater noise, and in consequence received several more blows on the head with the mallet, and was stabbed in the belly; this again brought the poor old man to the ground, where he lay for some time in so senseless a state that one of the villains pronounced him dead. Edwards had come a little to himself, and hearing this, lay quietly, conceiving it best to be thought so. The booty was now to be disposed of, and one of them, named Parrot, secreted the orb. 'Blood held the crown under his cloak; and the third was about to file the sceptre in two, in order that it might be placed in a bag, brought for that purpose; but, fortunately, the son of Mr. Edwards, who had been in Flanders with Sir John Talbot, and, on his landing in England, had obtained leave to come away post to visit his father, happened to arrive whilst this scene was acting; and on coming to the door, the person that stood sentinel asked with whom he would speak; to which he answered, that he belonged to the house; and, perceiving the person to be a stranger, told him that if he had any business with his father that he would acquaint him with it, and so hastened upstairs to salute his friends. This unexpected accident spread confusion amongst the party, and they instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre yet unfiled. The aged keeper now raised himself upon his legs, forced the gag from his mouth, and cried, "Treason! murder!" which being heard by his daughter, who was, perhaps, anxiously expecting far other sounds, ran out and reiterated the cry. The alarm now

became general, and young Edwards and his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, ran after the conspirators, whom a warder put himself in a position to stop, but Blood discharged a pistol at him, and he fell, although unhurt, and the thieves proceeded safely to the next post, where one Sill, who had been a soldier under Cromwell, stood sentinel; but he offered no opposition, and they accordingly passed the drawbridge. Horses were waiting for them at St. Catherine's gate; and as they ran that way along the Tower wharf, they themselves cried out, "Stop the rogues!" by which they passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman overtook them. At his head Blood fired another pistol, but missed him, and was seized. Under the cloak of this daring villain was found the crown, and, although he saw himself a prisoner, he had yet the impudence to struggle for his prey; and when it was finally wrested from him, said, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful: it was for a crown!" Parrot [who had formerly served under General Harrison] was also taken; but Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, reached his horse and rode off, as did two other of the thieves; but he was soon afterwards stopped, and likewise committed to custody. In this struggle and confusion, the great pearl, a large diamond, and several smaller stones were lost from the crown; but the two former, and some of the latter, were afterwards found and restored; and the Ballas ruby, broken off the sceptre, being found in Parrot's pocket, nothing considerable was eventually missing.

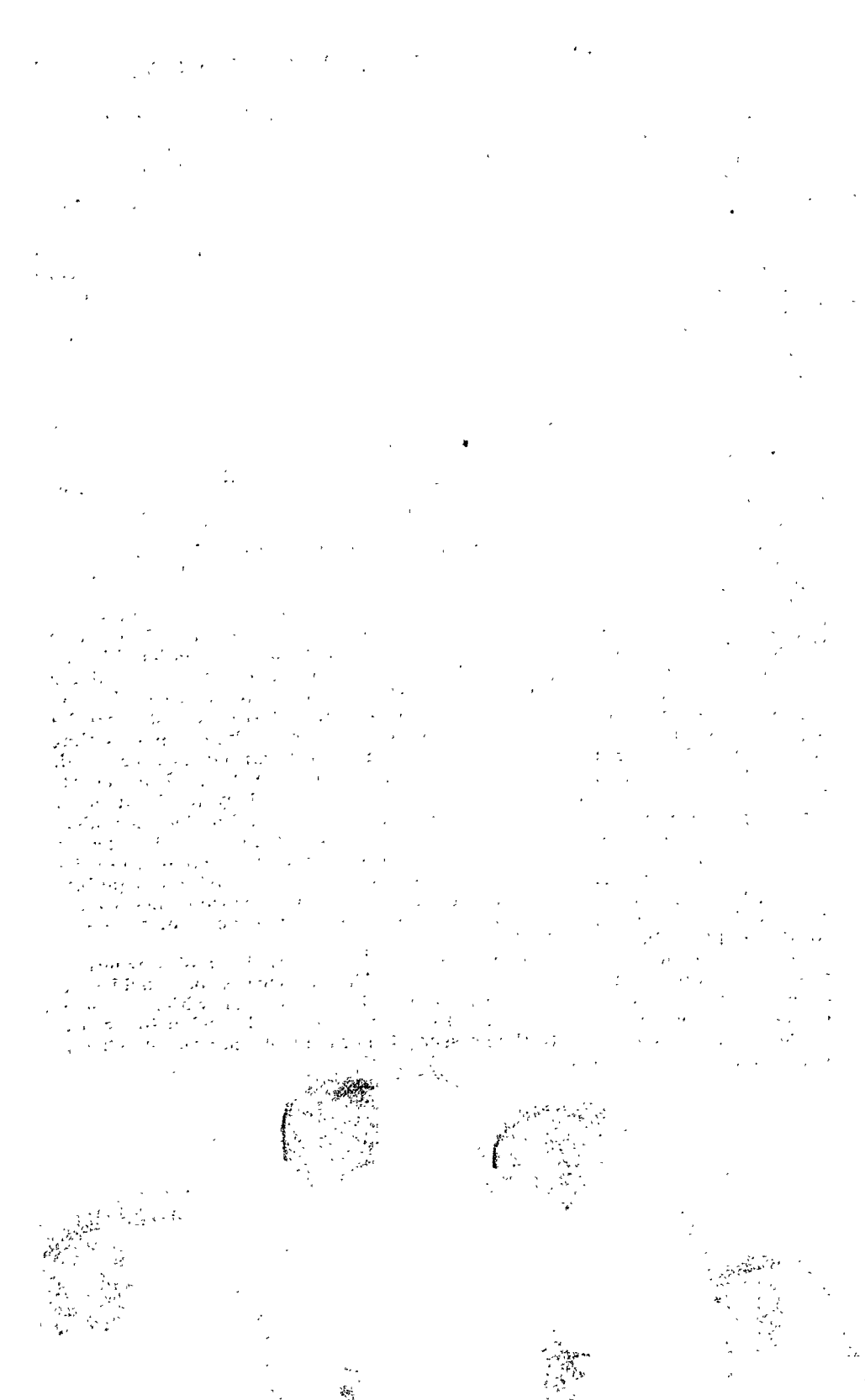
As soon as the prisoners were secured, young Edwards hastened to Sir Gilbert Talbot, who was then master and treasurer of the jewel house, and gave him an account of the transaction. Sir Gilbert instantly went to the King and acquainted his Majesty with it; and his Majesty commanded him to proceed forthwith to the Tower, to see how matters stood, to take the examination of Blood and the others, and to return and report it to him. Sir Gilbert accordingly went; but the King in the meantime was persuaded by some about him to hear the examination himself, and the prisoners were in consequence sent for to Whitehall, a circumstance which is supposed to have saved these daring wretches from the gallows.

On his examination under such an atrocious charge, Blood audaciously replied, that he would never betray an associate, or defend himself at the expense of uttering a falsehood. He even averred, perhaps, more than was true against himself, when he confessed that he had lain concealed among the reeds for the purpose of killing the King with a carabine while Charles was bathing; but he pretended that on this occasion his purpose was disconcerted by a secret awe—appearing to verify the allegation in Shakespeare, 'There's such divinity doth hedge a King, that treason can but peep to what it would, acts little of its will.' To this story, true or false, Blood added a declaration that he was at the head of a numerous following, disbanded soldiers and others, who, from motives of religion, were determined to take the life of the King, as the only obstacle to their obtaining freedom of worship and liberty of conscience. These men, he said, would be determined by his execution to persist in the resolution of putting Charles to death; whereas, he averred that, by sparing his life, the King might disarm a hundred poniards directed against his own. This view of the case made a strong impression on Charles, whose selfishness was uncommonly acute; yet he felt the impropriety of pardoning the attempt upon the life of the Duke of Ormond, and condescended to ask that faithful servant's permission before he would exert his authority to spare the assassin. Ormond answered, 'that if the King chose to pardon the attempt to steal his crown, he himself might easily consent that the attempt upon his own life, as a crime of much less importance, should also be forgiven.' Charles, accordingly, not only gave Blood a pardon, but endowed him with a pension of £500 a-year; which led many persons to infer, not only that the King wished to preserve himself from the future attempts of this desperate man, but that he had it also in view to secure the services of so deter-

mined a ruffian, in case he should have an opportunity of employing him in his own line of business. There is a striking contrast between the fate of Blood, pensioned and rewarded for this audacious attempt, and that of the faithful Edwards, who may be safely said to have sacrificed his life in defence of the property entrusted to him! In remuneration for his fidelity and his sufferings, Edwards only obtained a grant of £200 from the Exchequer, with £100 to his son; but so little pains were taken about the regular discharge of these donatives, that the parties entitled to them were glad to sell them for half the sum. After this wonderful escape from justice, Blood seems to have affected the airs of a person in favour, and was known to solicit the suits of many of the old Republican party, for whom he is said to have gained considerable indulgences, when the old Cavaliers, who had ruined themselves in the cause of Charles the First, could obtain neither countenance nor restitution. During the ministry called the Cabal, he was high in favour with the Duke of Buckingham; till upon their declension his favour began also to fail, and we find him again engaged in opposition to the court. Blood was not likely to lie idle amid the busy intrigues and factions which succeeded the celebrated discovery of Oates. He appears to have passed again into violent opposition to the court, but his steps were no longer so sounding as to be heard above his contemporaries. North hints at his being involved in a plot against his former friend and patron the Duke of Buckingham. The passage is quoted at length in Note 35, p. 609.

The plot, it appears, consisted in an attempt to throw some scandalous imputation upon the Duke of Buckingham, for a conspiracy to effect which Edward Christian, Arthur O'Brien, and Thomas Blood were indicted in the King's Bench, and found guilty, 25th June 1680. The damages sued for were laid as high as £10,000, for which Colonel Blood found bail. But he appears to have been severely affected in health, as 24th August 1680, he departed this life in a species of lethargy. It is remarkable enough that the story of his death and funeral was generally regarded as fabricated, preparative to some exploit of his own; nay, so general was this report, that the coroner caused his body to be raised, and a jury to sit upon it, for the purpose of ensuring that the celebrated Blood had at length undergone the common fate of mankind. There was found unexpected difficulty in proving that the miserable corpse before the jury was that of the celebrated conspirator. It was at length recognised by some of his acquaintances, who swore to the preternatural size of the thumb, so that the coroner, convinced of the identity, remanded this once active, and now quiet, person to his final rest in Tothill Fields.

Such were the adventures of an individual whose real exploits, whether the motive, the danger, or the character of the enterprises be considered, equal, or rather surpass, those fictions of violence and peril which we love to peruse in romance. They cannot, therefore, be deemed foreign to a work dedicated, like the present, to the preservation of extraordinary occurrences, whether real or fictitious.



GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- ABENCERRAGES AND ZEGNIS**, rival Moorish families of Granada in Spain, in the 15th century
- ABIGAIL**, a waiting-woman, tire-woman
- ABIT, EVASIT, ERUPIT**, he went away, escaped, broke out—from Cicero, *In Catilinam*, ii. 1
- AD VALOREM**, according to the value
- AIL**, come in the way of, prevent
- AINÉ**, elder brother
- A LA MORT**, vanquished, overcome
- 'ALAS, MY HEARTIS QUEEN,'** etc. (p. 236), slightly altered from 'The Knight's Tale' of *The Canterbury Tales*
- ALDERSGATE STREET**. There stood Shaftesbury House, the mansion of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury
- ALLONS**, forward
- ALSATIA**, a sanctuary in Whitefriars, London
- ÂME DAMNÉE**, the scapegoat, tool
- ANCIENT**, ensign
- ANCIENT PISTOL'S VEIN**. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. 3
- ARCANUM**, the secret of transmuting base metal into gold
- ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA'S APOPLEXY**. See Lesage, *Gil Blas*, Bk. VII. chap. iv.
- ARTAMENES**, hero of a romance, *Artamène*, by Mlle. de Scudéri (10 vols. 1650)
- ASCAPARTE**, a giant slain by the mythical hero, Sir Bevis of Hampton or Southampton
- ASSIZES OF 1830** (p. 608). The allusion is to the trial of Clewes, Bankes, and Barnett at Worcester in January 1830 for the murder, in 1806, of Richard Hemming (himself guilty of murder), committed with a blood-stick in a barn at Oddingley, near Droitwich
- ASSOILZIED**, acquitted
- A VENDRE ET À PENDRE**, to do exactly as you please with
- AYKIN**, oaken
- BALE**, misery, calamity
- BARCELONA**, handkerchief of soft twilled silk
- BARMOOT COURT**, a petty court for settling disputes, etc., amongst the miners
- BARNES**, or **BARNES**, **ELMS**, a favourite place of resort near Mortlake, Surrey
- BAROOL**, or **BARRULE**, the name of two mountain peaks in the Isle of Man
- BARRINGTON**, **GEORGE**, or rather **WALDRON**, pick-pocket, actor, and author, afterwards convict superintendent in New South Wales, died about or after 1800
- BARTHOLOMEW FAIR**, held at Smithfield in London on 24th August (3d September from 1753)
- BEAUFFET**, **BEAUFFET**, side-board
- BELLY TIMBER**, food
- BENNET, HARRY**, Earl of Arlington, a confidential adviser of Charles both before and after his Restoration. See Note 29, p. 606
- BETTERTON**, English actor (1635-1710)
- BILBOA**, Spanish sword
- BITE**, swindler, deceiver
- BLACK-JACK**, a large jug of waxed leather, for holding ale
- BLAKE, ROBERT**, famous admiral (1599-1657) under Cromwell
- BLIND OLD ROUNDHEAD'S ROOM**, Milton's *Paradise Lost*
- BLINK**, a moment, second
- BLOOD-STICK** (p. 608), a heavy stick leaded at one end, used by farriers. See Assizes of 1830
- BOLLS**, **BOLLIS**, dry measures = 6 bushels
- BOOT**, deliverance, help
- BOOTS, GREEN** (p. 264), before the rough hair has worn off, newly made of raw untanned leather
- BORÉE**, a rustic dance, from Auvergne in France
- BOULLI**, boiled meat
- BROAD-PIECE**, the twenty-shilling gold coin known as Jacobus or Carolus
- BROWN-BILL**, a sort of halberd, painted brown, carried by watchmen and private soldiers
- BUTT'S LENGTH**, the distance between two butts in archery, a bow-shot length

CABALA, a secret system of theology, philosophy, and magic current amongst the Jews of the Middle Ages

CAPTAN, a long under-tunic fastened at the waist with a girdle

CAIUS. The words (p. 236) attributed to Caius of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* occur in *King Lear*, Act I. sc. 4

CAMILLA, the swift-footed queen of the Volscians, in the *Æneid*, Bks. vii., xi.

CANAILLE, or **CANAGLIA**, rabble, mob

CARTOUR, or **CAREFOUR**, the place where three or more roads converge

CARWHICHT, or **CARRIWICHT**, fun, conundrum

CASTILIONE, or **CASTILIAN**, a native of Castile in Spain

CASTING-BOTTLE, bottle for sprinkling perfumes

CAVE QUOS, etc. (p. 602), Beware of those upon whom God Himself has set the mark of wickedness

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ, let arms give place to the garment (*toga*) of peace

CHANCE-MEDLEY, a sort of homicide by misadventure, unintentional murder

CHATSWORTH, in Derbyshire, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire

CHAUFFETTE, or **CHAUFFERETTE**, chafing-dish

CHAUSSEÉ, **CHASSÉ**, a step in dancing

CHÈRE COMTESSE, etc. (p. 521), Dear Countess of Derby, powerful queen of Man, our very august sister

CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE, sharper, adventurer

CICERONI, guides

CLEVELAND, Barbara Palmer, Duchess of, one of Charles II.'s mistresses

CLUTTER, noisy bustle, hubbub

COCK-A-LEEKIE, soup made of a cock boiled with leeks

COLBRAND, a Danish giant slain by the mythical hero, Sir Guy of Warwick

COLEMAN, EDWARD, secretary to the Duchess of York (wife of James II.), and an active intriguer in the Roman Catholic interest. See Note 21, p. 604

COMITIA, popular assembly

COMUS, the god of festive

birth and joy in ancient Greek mythology

CONCULT, secret meeting for seditious purposes

CONCURRENCE, all were silent

CONJURE. See Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Bk. II. canto x. ll. 10

CORNICIO-PIN, the largest size of pin

CORCO, fashionable carriage-drive in Italian cities

CORCORN, a horse-sick assasin, in Virgil's *Æneid*, II.

COTTON, CHALKER, the friend of Isaac Walton, wrote a descriptive poem entitled *The Wonders of the Peak*

COUPE-JARRET, a paid assassin

COURANTO, a lively, rapid dance

COVENTRY'S ACT, styled 22 and 23 Car. II. c. 1 (1670-71). Sir John served in the Royalist army, and was M. P. for Weymouth from 1667 till his death in 1682

CRANNO, game which consisted in finding rhymes to given words

CRATON, MASTER GEOFFREY, pen-name of Washington Irving, under which he published *Tales of a Traveller* (1824)

CROSS, silver coin bearing the device of a cross on one side

CUM PRIVILEGIO PARLIAMENTI, with privilege of parliament

DARBIES, handcuffs

DEMOIVRE, ABRAHAM, Anglo-French mathematician (1657-1754), author of *The Doctrine of Chances*

DENHAM, SIR JOHN, a Royalist poet, who was praised for his strength as Waller for his sweetness

DE NON APPARENTIBUS, etc. (p. 484), evidence that is not produced amounts to the same thing as evidence that does not exist

DEPENDENCY, the affair of honour now in hand—a duellists' term

DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD (p. 451). The actress alluded to is said to have been one Mrs. Marshall; the incident is related in Count A. Hamilton's

Memoirs of the Court de Grammont, chap. ix.

DIAULEY, more correctly *Dialy*, an the eastern border of Cheshire

DERRY, an old English name for goldfin

DISSON, a cant name for false disc

DOCKHOLT, a fool, butt

DONHART, an aristocratic libertine in Elsther's *Men of Mode* (1676)

DOWRY-HOUSE, or **DOWRY-POUSE**, the house forming part of the dower or widow's share of her deceased husband's real property

DOWDELL, Compare the use of the word in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. sc. 1

DRAWCARD. See *The Rehearsal*, Act iv. sc. 1, by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham

DR. MERVIN, author of *A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour*, as it existed in Europe, etc., second ed. 1844

DUCHES or **RICHMOND**, Frances Howard, third wife of Leodwick Stuart, Duke of Lennox and Richmond, and cousin to King James I.; a famous beauty in her time

DUGDALE, STEPHEN, one of Titus Oates's associates in the concoction of the Popish Plot

DULCIS AMARYLLIDIS IRA, the wrath of sweet Amaryllis, 'pretty Fanny's way'

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS, while we live, let us live well

DUNSTABLE LARK, a plain, simple lark

EARTH'S, fox-holes

EIDOLON, phantom, apparition

FIN, a

ELD, antiquity, tradition

ELDON HOLE, a chasm, supposed to be unfathomable, one of the wonders of the Peak

ELEANOR, WIFE OF DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, was committed a prisoner to Peel Castle in 1446, on a charge of treasonable witchcraft against Henry VI. See Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, Part II. Act ii. sc. 3

'EMBOWEL'D,' etc. (p. ix).

- See Henry IV., Part I.*
 Act v. sc. 4
- ENAMOUR**, infatuated with
- ENHONOR**, in lordly ease
- ENTRECHAT**, caper performed by a dancing-girl
- EXTREMES**, side dishes, sweetmeats
- ESDAAL**, or **ESDAMMETH**, fourth son of Sahl, who was set up as king of Israel against David. *See* 1 Sam. ii.
- EXTRAMASON**, a slashing cut—a term in sword-play
- ETHERIDGE**, **SIR GEORGE**, a witty dramatist of Charles II.'s reign
- ET MO DE CATERIS**, and so on for the rest
- EVEILLEZ-VOUS**, **BELLE ENDORMIE**, Awake, fair sleeper
- EXECUTION DOCK**, at Wapping on the Thames, where pirates and other criminals were hanged and sometimes gibbeted
- FAIRE LA CUPINE**, to do the cooking
- FAIRY MYTHOLOGY** (1828), by Thomas Keightley
- FARTON**, traitor, rascal
- FENWICK**, **JOHN**, a Jesuit, agent in London of St. Omer's College, executed for complicity in the Popish Plot, in June 1679
- FEN-SEED** was supposed to have the power of rendering people invisible
- FESTUS**, probably an allusion to the Festus of the Acts (xvii. 25) as the guardian of the law
- FICO**, a fig
- FILLE-DE-JOIE**, a courtesan, prostitute
- FLAGRANTISSIMUS ODIIS**, in a time when enmities were hot
- FLEET DITCH**, a narrow stream, converted into a covered sewer in 1637, that ran down to the Thames past the east end of Fleet Street
- FLY-BOAT**, a light, swift sailing-boat
- FOX**, old slang for sword
- FRAMPAL**, unruly, evil-conditioned
- FRANKLIN**, yeoman, freeholder
- FRIAR BACON'S HEAD** p. 251). In the legendary folk-tale, *The History of Friar Bacon*, that person is stated to have made a head of brass, to which a demon gave the power of utterance, and it spake the words, 'Time is, Time was, Time is past'
- FURNERS**, sully fit
- FURY DEMONUM**, St. John's wort, popularly believed to possess the power of scaring away evil spirits
- FURUSCITO**, an outlaw, brigand
- FURNIVAL'S, FAMILY OF**, a student of Furnival's Inn, one of the old law-students' associations of London
- GABALIS**, **COUNT OF**, a personage of the Redermicians, by De Montfaucon, Abbe de Villars, published in 1670
- GALFREIDUS MINIKES**, wee little Geoffrey
- GALLIO**. *See* Acts xviii. 12-27
- GANZ IET VERLOREN**, all is lost
- GAERIN**, a fee paid to the gaoler, or to one's fellow-prisoners, on first entering a gaol
- 'GET YE SOME WATER,' etc. (p. 251), from *Macbeth*, Act ii. sc. 2
- GLITTER-FINGER**. It was formerly customary for barbers to keep a glittern or guitar in their shops for their customers to strum upon while waiting their turns. *See Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. xxvii.
- GODDARD CROVAN**, an Iceland-er, who, having joined Harold Hardrada's expedition against England, fled after the battle of Stamford Bridge to the Isle of Man, where (after defeating the native king on the site of this stone) he eventually founded a new dynasty
- GODFREY**, **SIR EDMUNDSBURY**, Protestant justice of the peace for Westminster, found murdered on 17th Oct. 1678, believed to have been killed by the Roman Catholics, but more probably by some of Oates's gang of conspirators
- GOLDEN BOUGH**, the talisman Aeneas took with him, at the bidding of the sybil, when he went down into
- AVERNUS**. *See* *Æneid*, bk. vi.
- GOLDING**, corn-marigold
- GOVERNOR OF TILBERRY**. *See* Sheridan, *The Critic*, Act ii. sc. 2
- GRANDEONT**. *See* Hamilton, Anthony, Count
- GREEK GENERAL**, possibly Timoleon, conqueror of Sicily, who regarded himself as an especial favourite of Fortune
- GREEN BOOTS**. *See* Boots, green
- GRESHAM COLLEGE**, a London college founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, a wealthy Elizabethan merchant
- GROGRAM**, or **GROGRAIN**, a coarse textile, made of mohair and silk or wool and silk, and stiffened with gum
- GROVES**, was executed along with Pickering for complicity in the Popish Plot in December 1678
- GROVES**, or **GROVE**, **HUGH**, agent of a movement at Salisbury in 1635 in favour of Charles II., was executed at Exeter
- GUNYS**, guns
- GWYNNAF'S GOTHIC HALL**. One T. Gwynnap had in New Bond St., London, early in the 19th century, a repository for pictures, antiquities, etc.; and a little later there was a Gothic hall in Piccadilly containing a collection of old arms and armour
- GYLE-FAT**, a vat used in brewing
- HAMILTON, ANTHONY, COUNT**, a Scotchman, lived in France, except during the reign of Charles II., best known as the author or editor of the *Mémoires* of Count de Grammont, his brother-in-law
- HAMPDEN**, **JOHN**, the English statesman who refused to pay ship-money to Charles I.
- HANS-MOGAN**, equivalent to Dutch. Compare Hogan-mogan
- HANS PICKELHARING**, or **PICKELHARING**, a Tom Fool, mountebank
- HARRY JERMYN**, master of the horse to James Duke

- of York, and one of the gay throng of Charles II.'s court
- HAUD ALIENA**, etc. (p. 603), Not out of keeping with what we know of him
- HAUD EQUIDEX**, etc. (p. xv), I am astonished rather than envious
- HAYS**, an old country dance
- HEAD-BORTON**, head of a borough, petty constable
- HERRING-BUS**, boat of 10 to 15 tons, used in the herring-fishery
- HINC ILLE LACHRYME**, hence those tears
- HOGAN-MOGAN**, a corruption of *hoog en mogend*, 'high and mighty,' the usual form of address to the Netherlands States-General; hence, a Dutchman
- HOG IN ARMOUR**, the device of a signboard in Hanging Sword Court, Fleet Street, London. It was sometimes known as 'The Pig in Misery'
- HORSELEECH**, an inveterate beggar, extortionate person; for daughter of the horseleech, see Proverbs xxx. 15
- HUCEBACK**, coarse, rough linen stuff
- HUNDFOOT**, or **HUNDSPOTT**, a cowardly villain
- HUSTLE-CAP**, a game like pitch-and-toss
- IGNORAMUS**, the term written by a grand jury across a bill or subject presented to them for investigation, but which they deemed it inexpedient or unnecessary to inquire into
- IMMODICUM SURGIT**, etc. (p. xviii), his enormous nose protrudes like a spear
- ISDAMORA**, the heroine of Dryden's tragedy, *Aurungzebe*
- IN ESSE**, in actual fact
- IN HOC SIGNO**, by this sign
- IN POSSE**, in possibility
- IN TERROREM**, as a warning to others
- INTRA PARIETES**, within (my own) room
- JACOBS**, gold coin = 20s., first issued by James I. of England
- 'JERNIGAN—JERNIGAN'**, etc. (p. 603), from *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xi.
- JEU DE MOTS**, play on words
- JOCOSE HOC**, this by way of fun
- JOHNSON'S ANCHORITE** (p. xx), in the verses entitled *Imitation of the Style of . . .*
- JUDITH REZED BETHULIA**. See *The Book of Judith* in the Apocrypha; **JUDITH** in the HOLY APOCRYPHA, or the story of Judith and Holofernes. See *Book of Judith*, chap. xiii.
- KENNEL**, the gutter
- KING-MAKER**. See Warwick, Earl of
- KING OF GAREO**. See *Decameron*, Giorn. Sec., Nov. VII.
- KIT**, small violin used by dancing-masters
- KNIFFERDOLING**, Anabaptists, so called from Bernhard Knipperdolling, their leader at Münster in Westphalia, in the middle of the 16th century
- KNOWTE**, or **KNOWT**, horned cattle
- KYSTS**, chests
- LA BELLE COUSINE**, your fair cousin
- LA BELLE HAMILTON**, Elizabeth Hamilton, sister of Count Anthony and wife of Count de Grammont, a brilliant beauty of the court of Charles II.
- LACHRYME**, tears, lamentations
- LACHRYME CHRISTI**, red wine grown on the slopes of Vesuvius
- LADY POLITIC WOULDZEE**, a character in Ben Jonson's comedy, *Volpone*; or, *The Fox* (1605). For 'breast-laws' (p. 173) we ought perhaps to read 'dress-laws,' dress being what Lady Politic was specially interested in at Venice
- LAMESWOOL**, ale seasoned with nutmeg, sugar, and the pulp of roasted apples
- LANGDALE**, SIR MARMADUCE, a cavalry commander on the side of Charles I. in the Civil War
- LATHAM**, or **LATHOM**, HOUSE, in the north of Lancashire, defended by the Countess of Derby twelve weeks against Fairfax, until relieved by Prince Rupert in May 1644
- LATA PROPRIA FORDET**, self-praise is offensive
- LAWSON**, SIR JOHN, Vice-Admiral of the Commonwealth, killed off Lowestoft, 31 June 1665
- LEAGUE**, camp, generally a fortified or entrenched winter camp
- LEDA**, in ancient Greek mythology the mother by Zeus of two pairs of twins
- LEE**, NATHANIEL, dramatist, who sometimes wrote in conjunction with Dryden
- LE NÔTEL**, ANDRÉ, French landscape gardener (1613-1700), planned St. James's and Greenwich Parks
- LE PRIX JUSTE**, the fair price
- LEWKENOR'S LANE**, now called Charles Street, Drury Lane, formerly a haunt of low characters
- LIEZE PATHE**, Bacchus, the god of wine
- LICENTIA EXCEUNDI**, leave to go out
- LIGHT VILE**, sort of hard wood
- LIMBO PATRUM**, that intermediate region between earth and heaven where the patriarchs wait for the coming of the Messiah; also jail, confinement
- LINGUA FRANCA**, a corrupt Italian, spoken by Europeans in the Levant
- LOOBY-LAND**, lubber-land
- LORD STAFFORD**, William Howard, Viscount Stafford, was beheaded in December 1680, when an old man of close upon seventy, for alleged complicity in the Popish Plot
- LOUIS**, or **LOUIS D'OR**, a French gold coin = 16s. 6d. to 18s. 6d.
- LUCIO'S EXCEUSE**. See Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, Act v. sc. 1
- LUG OUT UPON**, draw sword upon, resent sword in hand
- LUSUS NATURE**, freak of nature
- MADGE-HOWLET**, the owl
- MAILZIE**, COAT OF, coat of mail
- MAINS**, the home-farm, the farmstead and its necessary buildings
- MAIRE DE PALAIS**, mayor of the palace, a sort of prime minister
- MAJOR SEMPLE**, after serving

- in the hulks, went to Paris, where he is said to have conducted Louis XVI. to the scaffold. He gained his rank after that in the Dutch service; and stabbed himself in Newgate on 21st December 1796, to escape being sent to Botany Bay for swindling
- MALL, a game of ball played in a smooth alley boarded on either side, and with an iron arch at the end, through which the ball was struck
- MALUM IN SE, evil in itself
- MANDANE, heroine of Mdle. Scudéri's *Ariamène*, or *Grand Cyrus* (1650)
- MARTELLO TOWERS, strong circular forts built for coast defence, especially at the time of Napoleon's threatened invasion of England
- MAUNNA, must not
- MEAL-TUB PLOT, a fictitious conspiracy concocted by Dangerfield. The scheme was concealed in a meal-tub in the house of Mrs. Collier (1685)
- MEIN GOTT, my God!
- MERCURIUS AULICUS, by Sir John Birkenhead, was a kind of Royalist journal (quarto, weekly) issued at Oxford from 1642 to 1645, and occasionally afterwards
- METE BURDE, or METEWAND, a yard measure
- MICHER, a mean thief
- MICROCOSM, a world in miniature; hence man, as being an epitome of the great universe
- MINAUDERIE, affectation
- MOHUN, MICHAEL, actor of Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was a major in the Royal army during the Civil War; he died in 1684
- MONTAGU HOUSE, on the site now covered by the British Museum
- MONTERO CAP, huntsman's cap provided with flaps
- MORISCO, Moorish
- MOTZ, or MOOT, the place of meeting of a folk-mote or similar popular assembly
- MOTION OF PUPPETS, a puppet-show
- Mrs. NELLY, Nell Gwynne, actress and mistress of Charles II. Compare Note 38, p. 610
- MUM, 'species of fat ale, brewed from wheat and bitter herbs' (*Antiquary*, chap. xi. p. 91)
- MUSGRAVE, SIR PHILIP, a faithful adherent of the Royalist cause
- MUSTER, pattern, model
- NANTZ, French brandy
- NAUNT, a corruption of 'mine aunt'
- NEITHER MEDDLE NOR MAKE MORE, not interfere in any way whatever
- NON OMNIBUS DORMIO, I do not sleep to please everybody—a Roman proverb put into the mouth of a complaisant husband
- OBSTUPUI, etc. (p. xv), I was thunderstruck, and my hair stood on end
- OCTOBER, ale brewed in October, good ale
- OLD ROWLEY, nickname of Charles II.
- ORMOND, or ORMONDE, James Butler, first Duke of, a devoted adherent of the Stuarts
- OROONDATE, a character in La Calprenède's romance of *Cassandra* (10 vols. 1642)
- 'OUI, TOUT PERLORE,' etc. (p. 612), Yes, all lost, most certainly lost
- OWLENSPIEGEL, or TYLL EULENSPIEGEL, a popular chap-book recording the pranks of a hero so named
- PADDER, highway robber
- PALMERIN OF ENGLAND, the hero of a romance of chivalry
- PAPHOS, an ancient city of Cyprus, where Venus was specially worshipped; hence in this passage the kingdom of love
- PAR VOIE DE FAIT, by force of arms, violent measures
- PAS SEUL, dance by a single performer
- PASSIO HYSTERICA, hysteria
- PATERARO, or FEDERERO, kind of small cannon, for firing salutes, discharging stones, etc.
- PAYÉ, pavement
- PEEL CASTLE is 12 miles, not 8, from Castletown
- PENRUDDOCK, JOHN, agent of a movement at Salisbury in 1655 in favour of Charles II., was executed at Exeter
- PERDUE, hidden
- PER SALTUM, at a leap, bound
- PETERS, HUGH, a fanatical preacher, who is said (by Bishop Kennet) to have been one of the masked executioners of Charles I., against whom he was virulently embittered
- PETITE MAÎTRESSE, a vain and affected woman; a woman of studied elegance in dress and manners
- PHIDELE, or PHIDYLE. See Horace, *Odes*, Bk. iii. 23
- PHILLIS, a general name for a rustic beauty
- PICCOLUONINI, an Italian word signifying 'little men'
- PICKERING, executed for complicity in the Popish Plot in December 1678
- PINEAL GLAND, the seat of the soul, according to the philosopher Descartes
- PINK, a vessel or boat with a narrow stern
- PINNER, flap of a lady's head-dress
- PISTOL'S DIMENSIONS, meant evidently for Sir John Falstaff's dimensions, which Pistol indicates in *Merry Wives of Windsor* Act i. sc. 3
- PLATS, dishes
- PLUMER LA POULE, etc. (p. 375), to pluck the fowl without making it cry out
- PORTERLY WHIMSY, a porter's, i. e. a vulgar, mood, whim
- POSSE COMITATUS, men summoned by the sheriff to enforce a warrant or legal act
- POSSO TIRARE, I can shoot
- POST OBIT, after death
- POUND SCOTS = 1s. 8d. English
- POYNTZ, whose real name is said to have been John Morris, a Cromwellian general, who in 1645 defeated the King's cavalry at Chester
- PRECISIAN, Puritan
- PRIEST'S HIDING-HOLE, a secret apartment in a manor-house, in which the ejected or persecuted clergy were frequently hidden

- PRINKED**, behave affectedly with one's dress. The phrase 'prinked herself and prinned herself' (p. 121) is taken from 'The Young Tamlane,' in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.
- PRINNED**, preened, as a bird does its feathers. See *Prinked*.
- PROJECTION**, the transmuting of a metal—a term in alchemy.
- PROLUSION**, a preliminary performance, exercise.
- PROPERARE IN MEDIAM REM**, to hasten to the point.
- PROPHETESS, INSPIRED** (p. 157), Deborah. See *Judges iv*.
- PROVANT RAPIER**, sword supplied from the army stores.
- PROVINCIAL (OF THE JESUITS)**, the superior officer charged with the affairs of an ecclesiastical province.
- PURCEL, or PURCELL, HENRY**, English musical composer of the 17th century.
- PLYNSON, RICHARD**, an English printer of the reign of Henry VII.
- QUEM EGO —, whom I —**
QUOCUNQUE JECERIS STABIT, in whatever way you place it, it will stand.
- RACHEL RUSSELL, LADY**, the devoted wife of Lord William Russell, executed in 1683 for complicity in Monmouth's rebellion.
- RATAPIA**, a sweet cordial flavoured with fruits.
- REGALE**, treat, entertainment.
- RENTENTE CANCELLARIO**, the chancellor opposing the decision.
- RESOLUTES (NORWEGIAN)**, determined persons. The phrase is used in *Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 1.
- RESTIFF, or RESTIVE**, stubborn, obstinate.
- RING IN THE PARK**, fashionable resort in Hyde Park.
- ROGUE HARRISON**, Thomas Harrison, the regicide and supporter of Cromwell.
- ROI FAINTANT**, a do-nothing king. Name given to the degenerate kings of the Merovingian dynasty of France.
- ROOKED**, cheated, got the better of.
- ROQUELAURE**, short cloak.
- ROSATE, QUERNE OF**, probably a hand-mill of some red stone.
- ROSE COFFEE-HOUSE**, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, where Dryden had a chair reserved for him.
- ROSICRUCIAN**, a mystical philosopher of the 17th century, who professed the transmutation of metals, and practised magic, alchemy, etc.
- ROUSE**, a bumper.
- ROXALANA**, Elizabeth Davenport, so called from the character she assumed in Sir Wm. D'Avenant's play, *The Siege of Rhodes*, in 1660.
- ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY**, 24th August. See Note 7, p. 588.
- ST. EYREMOND, SEIGNEUR DE**, famous French wit at the court of Charles II., died in London in 1703.
- ST. OMER'S**, in France, 26 miles from Calais, where was a college for English and Irish Roman Catholics.
- SALMAGUNDI**, an Italian dish of minced meat, eggs, anchovies, seasoned with onions, oil, etc.
- SARABAND**, a Spanish dance.
- SARSENET**, thin, soft silk.
- SCALDED, or SCALLED, scurvy**, mean.
- SCANDERBEG, or ISKANDER (Alexander) BEG or BEY**, Albanian patriot chief of the 15th century.
- SCHELM**, scoundrel.
- SCILLY, ROCKS OF**, an allusion to the Elizabethan fortress of Star Castle (1593) on St. Mary's Island.
- SCUDÉRI, Mlle. DE**, author of long-winded sentimental romances, lived at Paris in the 17th century.
- SEDLAY, SIR CHARLES**, a wit and poet of Charles II.'s reign.
- SEGED OF ETHIOPIA**. See Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*; Nos. 204, 205.
- SELTANZER**, tight-rope dancer.
- SELLENGER'S ROUND**, an old tune played to dancers round the Maypole.
- SEMPLE**. See *Major Semple*.
- SHEFFIELD, JOHN, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE**, celebrated as a wit and a statesman (1649-1721).
- SHELLEY, GEORGE**, calligrapher, published *The Penman's Magazine*, or *a New Copy-Book of the English, French, and Italian Hands* (London, 1705).
- SILVER GREYHOUND** (p. 73), the badge worn by a king's messenger or warrant-officer.
- SIR ANDREW** (p. 373). See Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 3; but Sir Andrew's words are 'I would I might never draw sword again.'
- SKELDERING**, living by swindling, especially in the character of a disabled soldier.
- SMUGGLING, cuddling, fondling**.
- SNAEFFELL**, meaning Snow-mountain; the loftiest summit in the Isle of Man.
- SOLUS**, alone.
- SOUPE AUX CRIVISSES, or ÉCREVISSES**, soup made of crayfish.
- SOUPER AU PETIT COUVERT**, supper without ceremony.
- SOUTH, DR. ROBERT**, a theologian and scholar, celebrated for his wit.
- SQUAB, unfledged (pigeon)**.
- STAND (OF ALE)**, cask, vat.
- STILL-ROOM, store-room**.
- STINGO**, strong old beer.
- STONE-HORSE, stallion**.
- STOUP**, a flagon, tankard.
- STROKE (OF MALT), or STRIKE**, the quantity that goes to a brewing.
- SUPER NACULUM**, an allusion to the custom of turning the glass upside down and draining it on the thumb-nail, to prove that every drop of the liquor has been drunk.
- SUZERAINTE**, rights as lords paramount.
- SYDNEY, or SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP**, the soldier, courtier, and poet of Elizabeth's reign.
- TANDEM TRIUMPHANS**, at length triumphant.
- TANTIVY TO ROME, RIDE**, to ride at full gallop, shouting the fox-hunter's cry 'Tantivy.' In James II.'s

time High Church Tories were nicknamed Tantivies
TAPFICED, crouched low, hidden

TEKELI, or TÖKELY, Emmerich, Count of, leader of the Protestants in Hungary, allied himself with the Turks, who recognised him as king of Hungary in 1682

TERMAGANT, turbulent, brawling, from a supposed Mohammedan devil, that played a lively rôle in the mediæval mystery-plays

THEMIS, goddess of justice, in ancient Greek mythology

THRUM, made of waste yarn
TILBURY. See Governor of Tilbury

TILT, awning

TIRZAH, where Zimri, the king of Israel, held his court

TOBIT IN THE HOUSE OF RAGUEL. See The Book of Tobit, ch. vi., in the Apocrypha

'TO FLY THE BOAR,' etc. (p. 16), in *Richard III.*, Act iii. sc. 2

TOUR DE SON MÉTIER, one of his tricks

'TOUT EST VERLORE,' etc. (p. 536), All is lost. *La tintelore!* By God! All is lost

TRAP-BALL, game played with a trap, bat, and ball

TRAVERSING, using the postures of opposition, as in fencing

TREPAN, or TRAPAN, snare

TROLLOR, slattern

TRUNKION, a stake, tree-trunk, truncheon

TUCK, sword

TU ME LO PAGHERAI, you shall pay me back for it

TUTBURY RUNNING. Under a charter granted by John of Gaunt in 1381, the minstrels in the honour of Tutbury, Staffordshire, held a court there on 16th August, and were allowed to chase a maddened bull, which, if they caught

before sunset, they were permitted to keep

TWIGGEN, encased in twigs or wicker-work

TYDEUS, king of Calydon, and one of the heroes of the war against Thebes in Greece

VAIL, to lower

VALDARAR, perhaps Valdarker, a printer of Milan, 15th century

VALE ROYAL, three miles from Northwich in Cheshire

VALLIS NEGOTII, the place of public business

VANE, SIR HARRY, a staunch republican, chief commissioner for treating with the Scots in 1643

VERJUICE, sourness, a kind of vinegar

VICIT LEO EX TRIBU JUDÆ, the Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered

VICTORIA, etc. (p. 443), Victory, victory, truth is great, and it will prevail

VOGUE LA GALÈRE, come what may

VOLTE-FACE, wheel round, right about turn

WAKEMAN, SIR GEORGE, physician to Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s queen, was acquitted of complicity in the Popish Plot in July 1679

WALLER, EDMUND, a poet of the Commonwealth and Restoration periods, famous for the sweetness of his verse

WALLINGFORD HOUSE, where the Admiralty now stands, was used by Cromwell and his supporters for consultations during the Commonwealth period

WANNION, WITH A, with a vengeance, curses upon him!

WAR-CAPER, privateer

WARWICK, EARL OF. It was not the King-Maker, but

the Earl of Warwick of Richard II.'s reign, who in 1397 was committed to Peel Castle as a prisoner

WEATHER-HEADED, WETHER-HEADED, sheepish-looking, stupid

WECHSELBALG, a changeling
WESTMINSTER HALL, FACTION OF, the Royalist party

'WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE,' etc. (p. xxi), from an old ballad on the northern rebellion of 1569, reprinted by Bishop Percy

WHINGER, WHINYARD, short sword, hanger

WHISTLE-DRUNK, too drunk to whistle

WHITBREAD, or WHITE-BREAD, one of the five Jesuits executed for complicity in the Popish Plot in June 1679

WHITE HORSE TAVERN, in the Strand, where, according to Oates's *Narrative*, as read before the privy council in September 1678, the Jesuits met in conspiracy in the preceding April

WHITELOCKE, BULSTRODE, ambassador to Sweden in 1653-54, sent thither by Cromwell

WHITE-SEAM, linen under-clothing in process of making

WHO BUT HE, indispensable to 'WINCING SHE WAS,' etc. (p. 236), slightly altered from 'The Miller's Tale' of *The Canterbury Tales*

WITS' COFFEE-HOUSE, in St. James's Street; but probably Rose Tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden, is meant, it being a favourite resort of wits and men of fashion

YORK BUILDINGS, the palace of the Dukes of Buckingham

ZECHIN, or SEQUIN, gold Byzantine coin = 9s. 4d.

ZEGRIS. See Abencerrages.

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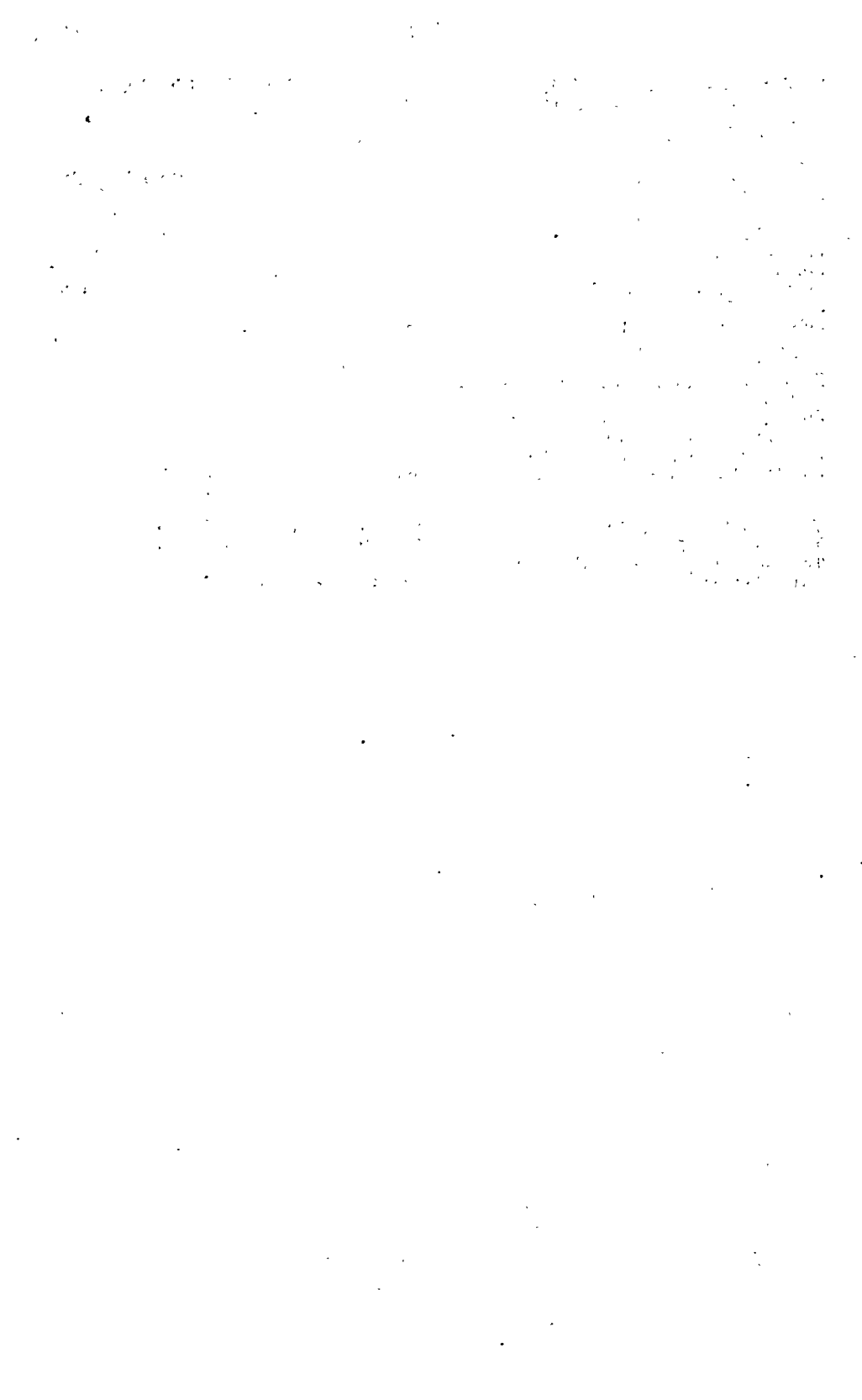
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THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

VOLUME III



THE ANTIQUARY

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 34
PART 1
1904

INTRODUCTION TO THE ANTIQUARY

THE present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. *Waverley* embraced the age of our fathers, *Guy Mannering* that of our own youth, and the *Antiquary* refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes in which I have endeavoured to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Wordsworth that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinged with the Oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief and dignity to their resentment.

I have been more solicitous to describe manners minutely than to arrange in any case an artificial and combined narrative, and have but to regret that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good Novel.

The knavery of the Adept in the following sheets may appear forced and improbable; but we have had very late instances of the force of superstitious credulity to a much greater extent, and the reader may be assured that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude to the public for the distinguished reception which they have given to works

that have little more than some truth of colouring to recommend them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favour.

To the above advertisement, which was prefixed to the first edition of the *Antiquary*, it is necessary in the present edition to add a few words, transferred from the Introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canonicate*, respecting the character of Jonathan Oldbuck.

‘I may here state generally that, although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never on any occasion violated the respect due to private life. It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society should not have risen to my pen in such works as *Waverley* and those which followed it. But I have always studied to generalise the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet I must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked that the delineation of some leading and principal feature inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. Thus the character of Jonathan Oldbuck in the *Antiquary* was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakspeare and other invaluable favours; but I thought I had so completely disguised the likeness that it could not be recognised by any one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed had endangered what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and an acute critic, had said, upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognised in the *Antiquary* traces of the character of a very intimate friend¹ of my father’s family.’

I have only farther to request the reader not to suppose that my late respected friend resembled Mr. Oldbuck either in his pedigree or the history imputed to the ideal personage. There is not a single incident in the Novel which is borrowed from his real circumstances, excepting the fact that he resided in an old

¹ George Constable of Wallace Craigle, near Dundee (*Lainy*).

house near a flourishing seaport, and that the Author chanced to witness a scene betwixt him and the female proprietor of a stage-coach very similar to that which commences the history of the *Antiquary*. An excellent temper, with a slight degree of subacid humour; learning, wit, and drollery the more piquant that they were a little marked by the peculiarities of an old bachelor; a soundness of thought, rendered more forcible by an occasional quaintness of expression, were, the Author conceives, the only qualities in which the creature of his imagination resembled his benevolent and excellent old friend.

The prominent part performed by the Beggar in the following narrative induces the Author to prefix a few remarks on that character, as it formerly existed in Scotland, though it is now scarcely to be traced.

Many of the old Scottish mendicants were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degraded class of beings who now practise that wandering trade. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district were usually well received both in the farmer's ha' and in the kitchens of the country gentlemen. Martin, author of the *Reliquiæ Divi Sancti Andrewæ*, written in 1683, gives the following account of one class of this order of men in the seventeenth century, in terms which would induce an antiquary like Mr. Oldbuck to regret its extinction. He conceives them to be descended from the ancient bards, and proceeds: 'They are called by others and by themselves Jockies, who go about begging, and use still to recite the Sloggorne (gathering-words or war-cries) of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland, from old experience and observation. Some of them I have discoursed, and found to have reason and discretion. One of them told me there were not now above twelve of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when they abounded, so as at one time he was one of five that usually met at St. Andrews.'

The race of Jockies (of the above description) has, I suppose, been long extinct in Scotland; but the old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccach, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a 'gude crack,' that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a 'puir body' of the more esteemed

class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works it is alluded to so often as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says —

And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg.

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother poet, he states, that in their closing career —

The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only just to beg.

And after having remarked that

To lie in kilns and barns at o'en,
When banes are crazed and blude is thin,
Is doubtless great distress;

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it as not ill adapted to his habits and powers.

As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the Author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the out-houses, and the usual 'awmous' (alms) of a handful of meal (called a 'gowpen') was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish 'twal-penny,' or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whisky. In fact these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship

and want of food than the poor peasants from whom they received alms.

If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue-Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance.

These Bedesmen are an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic Church, and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. This order is still kept up. Their number is equal to the number of years which his Majesty has lived; and one Blue-Gown additional is put on the roll for every returning royal birthday. On the same auspicious era each Bedesman receives a new cloak or gown of coarse cloth, the colour light blue, with a pewter badge, which confers on them the general privilege of asking alms through all Scotland, all laws against sorning, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendicity being suspended in favour of this privileged class. With his cloak each receives a leathern purse containing as many shillings Scots (videlicet, pennies sterling) as the sovereign is years old; the zeal of their intercession for the king's long life receiving, it is to be supposed, a great stimulus from their own present and increasing interest in the object of their prayers. On the same occasion one of the royal chaplains preaches a sermon to the Bedesmen, who (as one of the reverend gentlemen expressed himself) are the most impatient and inattentive audience in the world. Something of this may arise from a feeling on the part of the Bedesmen that they are paid for their own devotions, not for listening to those of others. Or more probably it arises from impatience, natural though indecorous in men bearing so venerable a character, to arrive at the conclusion of the ceremonial of the royal birthday, which, so far as they are concerned, ends in a lusty breakfast of bread and ale; the whole moral and religious exhibition terminating in the advice of Johnson's 'Hermit hoar' to his proselyte,

Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

Of the charity bestowed on these aged Bedesmen in money and clothing, there are many records in the Treasurer's accompts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. MacDonald of the Register House, may interest those whose taste is akin to that of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarne:—

BLEW GOWNIS

In the Account of Sir ROBERT MELVILL of Murdocarny, Treasurer-Depute of King James VI., there are the following payments : —

‘Junij 1590

‘Item, to Mr. Peter Young, elimosinar, twentie four gownis of blew clayth, to be gevin to xxiiij auld men, according to the yeiris of his hienes age, extending to viijth viij elnis clayth; price of the elne xxiiij s. Inde, ij c j li. xij s.

‘Item, for sextene elnis bukrum to the saidis gownis, price of the elne x s. Inde, viij li.

‘Item, twentie four pursis, and in ilk purse twentie four schilling, Inde, xxviij li. xvj s.

‘Item, the price of ilk purse iiij d. Inde, viij s.

‘Item, for making of the saidis gownis, viij li.’

In the Account of JOHN, EARL of MAR, Great Treasurer of Scotland, and of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, Treasurer-Depute, the Blue Gowns also appear, thus : —

‘Junij 1617

‘Item, to James Murray, merchant, for fyftene scoir sex elnis and ane half elne of blew claith to be gownis to fyftie ane aigeit men, according to the yeiris of his Majesteis age, at xl s. the elne, Inde, vj c xiiij li.

‘Item, to workmen for careing the blewis to James Aikman, tailyeour, his hous, xiiij s. iiij d.

‘Item, for sex elnis and ane half of harden to the saidis gownis, at vj s. viij d. the elne, Inde, xliij s. iiij d.

‘Item, to the said workmen for careing of the gownis fra the said James Aikman’s hous to the palace of Halyrudehous, xviiij s.

‘Item, for making the saidis fyftie ane gownis, at xij s. the peice, Inde, xxx li. xij s.

‘Item, for fyftie ane pursis to the said puire men, ij s.

‘Item, to Sir Peter Young, ij s. to be put in everie ane of the saidis ij pursis to the said poore men, j c xxx ij j s.

‘Item, to the said Sir Peter, to buy breid and drink to the said puir men, vj li. xiiij s. iiij d.

‘Item, to the said Sir Peter, to be delt amang uther puire folk, j c ij.

'Item, upoun the last day of Junij to Doctor Young, Deane of Winchester, Elimozinar Deput to his Majestie, twentie fyve pund sterling, to be gevin to the puir be the way in his Majesteis progress, Inde, iij 8 li.'

I have only to add that, although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature.

Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the Author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country.

The Author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue-Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldier-like or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might on any occasion have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sung a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed everywhere. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented as surely as the *bon-mot* of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here.

Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a 'carrow,' than of the Scottish beggar. But

the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Gala-shiels, assured the Author that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The Author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells.

This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence. 'I can give you change for a note, laird,' replied Andrew.

Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicancy has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a-year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had twenty sons he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings the Author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says,

He died a cadger-powny's death
At some dike side.

The Author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of anything which may elucidate former manners or amuse the reader.

The Author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin, wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman who stood by the Potter Row Port, now demolished, and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head and offered his hat, but with the least possible degree of urgency,

towards each individual who passed. This man gained, by silence and the extenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells's sarcastic humour and stately deportment. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavoured to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shown to Jemmie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, 'on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes,' adding, 'ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company.' The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but, as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation.

Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a Novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him; and have shown that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction and another give dinner parties.

I know not if it be worth while to observe that the *Antiquary* was not so well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors, though in course of time it rose to equal, and with some readers superior, popularity.



THE ANTIQUARY

CHAPTER I

Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man who calleth be the caller ;
And in his calling let him nothing call
But Coach ! Coach ! Coach ! O for a coach, ye gods !

Chrononhotonthologos.

IT was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. The tickets which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little ease were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a 'laigh shop,' *anglicè*, a cellar, opening to the High Street by a strait and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skeans of worsted, coarse linen cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling without falling headlong themselves or throwing down any of the numerous articles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profession of the trader below.

The written handbill which, pasted on a projecting board,

announced that the Queensferry diligence, or Hawes fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday the fifteenth July 17—, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Firth with the flood-tide, lied on the present occasion like a bulletin; for, although that hour was pealed from Saint Giles's steeple and repeated by the Tron, no coach appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the subterranean mansion might have an understanding with her Automedon that in such cases a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places; or the said Automedon might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of stripping his vehicle of its lugubrious trappings; or he might have staid to take a half-mutchkin extraordinary with his crony the hostler; or—in short, he did not make his appearance.

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty misery of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually easily to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great-coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his resolved brows, the determined importance of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of lounging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller in mail-coach or diligence can distinguish at a distance the companion of his future journey, as he pushes onward to the place of rendezvous. It is then that, with worldly wisdom, the first comer hastens to secure the best birth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement for his baggage before the arrival of his competitors. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach deprived of the power of availing himself of his priority of choice, amused himself instead by speculating upon the occupation and character of the personage who was now come to the coach-office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older, but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by

a cast of ironical humour. His dress was uniform, and of a colour becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a slouched hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the Kirk of Scotland; and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed glance towards the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, 'Deil's in it, I am too late after all!'

The young man relieved his anxiety by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, apparently conscious of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel courageous enough to censure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large folio, from a little boy who followed him, and, patting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr. B—— that, if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another word or two to their bargain; then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as thriving a lad as ever dusted a duodecimo. The boy lingered, perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy marbles; but none was forthcoming. Our senior leaned his little bundle upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, facing the traveller who had first arrived, waited in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.

At length, after one or two impatient glances at the progress of the minute-hand of the clock, having compared it with his own watch, a huge and antique gold repeater, and having twitched about his features to give due emphasis to one or two peevish pshaw, he hailed the old lady of the cavern.

'Good woman — what the d—l is her name? — Mrs. Macleuchar!'

Mrs. Macleuchar, aware that she had a defensive part to sustain in the encounter which was to follow, was in no hurry to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

'Mrs. Macleuchar — good woman' (with an elevated voice) — then apart, 'Old doited hag, she's as deaf as a post. I say, Mrs. Macleuchar!'

'I am just serving a customer. Indeed, hinny, it will no be a bodle cheaper than I tell ye.'

'Woman,' reiterated the traveller, 'do you think we can

jades that drew it could possibly be urged. With ineffable pleasure Mrs. Macleuchar saw her tormentor deposited in the leathern convenience; but still, as it was driving off, his head thrust out of the window reminded her, in words drowned amid the rumbling of the wheels, that, if the diligence did not attain the ferry in time to save the flood-tide, she, Mrs. Macleuchar, should be held responsible for all the consequences that might ensue.

The coach had continued in motion for a mile or two before the stranger had completely repossessed himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the doleful ejaculations which he made from time to time on the too great probability, or even certainty, of their missing the flood-tide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he wiped his brows, relaxed his frown, and, undoing the parcel in his hand, produced his folio, on which he gazed from time to time with the knowing look of an amateur, admiring its height and condition, and ascertaining, by a minute and individual inspection of each leaf, that the volume was uninjured and entire from title-page to colophon. His fellow-traveller took the liberty of inquiring the subject of his studies. He lifted up his eyes with something of a sarcastic glance, as if he supposed the young querist would not relish, or perhaps understand, his answer; and pronounced the book to be Sandy Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*, a book illustrative of the Roman remains in Scotland. The querist, unappalled by this learned title, proceeded to put several questions, which indicated that he had made good use of a good education, and, although not possessed of minute information on the subject of antiquities, had yet acquaintance enough with the classics to render him an interested and intelligent auditor when they were enlarged upon. The elder traveller, observing with pleasure the capacity of his temporary companion to understand and answer him, plunged, nothing loth, into a sea of discussion concerning urns, vases, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of castrametation.

The pleasure of this discourse had such a dulcifying tendency that, although two causes of delay occurred, each of much more serious duration than that which had drawn down his wrath upon the unlucky Mrs. Macleuchar, our ANTIQUARY only bestowed on the delay the honour of a few episodal poohs and pshaws, which rather seemed to regard the interruption of his disquisition than the retardation of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by the breaking of a



GEORGE CONSTABLE, PROTOTYPE OF THE ANTIQUARY.
From a painting by John Kay.

stand here all day till you have cheated that poor servant wench out of her half-year's fee and bountith ?'

'Cheated !' retorted Mrs. Macleuchar, eager to take up the quarrel upon a defensible ground ; 'I scorn your words, sir ; you are an uncivil person, and I desire you will not stand there to slander me at my ain stairhead.'

'The woman,' said the senior, looking with an arch glance at his destined travelling companion, 'does not understand the words of action. Woman,' again turning to the vault, 'I arraign not thy character, but I desire to know what is become of thy coach ?'

'What's your wull ?' answered Mrs. Macleuchar, relapsing into deafness.

'We have taken places, ma'am,' said the younger stranger, 'in your diligence for Queensferry.' 'Which should have been half-way on the road before now,' continued the elder and more impatient traveller, rising in wrath as he spoke ; 'and now in all likelihood we shall miss the tide, and I have business of importance on the other side ; and your cursed coach ——'

'The coach ! Gude guide us, gentlemen, is it no on the stand yet ?' answered the old lady, her shrill tone of expostulation sinking into a kind of apologetic whine. 'Is it the coach ye hae been waiting for ?'

'What else could have kept us broiling in the sun by the side of the gutter here, you — you faithless woman ? eh ?'

Mrs. Macleuchar now ascended her trap stair (for such it might be called, though constructed of stone), until her nose came upon a level with the pavement ; then, after wiping her spectacles to look for that which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment, 'Gude guide us, saw ever ony body the like o' that !'

'Yes, you abominable woman,' vociferated the traveller, 'many have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it that have anything to do with your trolloping sex' ; then, pacing with great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and repassed, like a vessel who gives her broadside as she comes abreast of a hostile fortress, he shot down complaints, threats, and reproaches on the embarrassed Mrs. Macleuchar. He would take a post-chaise — he would call a hackney-coach — he would take four horses — he must — he would be on the north side to-day — and all the expense of his journey, besides damages, direct and consequential, arising from delay,

should be accumulated on the devoted head of Mrs. Macleuchar.

There was something so comic in his pettish resentment that the younger traveller, who was in no such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it was obvious that every now and then the old gentleman, though very angry, could not help laughing at his own vehemence. But when Mrs. Macleuchar began also to join in the laughter, he quickly put a stop to her ill-timed merriment.

'Woman,' said he, 'is that advertisement thine?' showing a bit of crumpled printed paper. 'Does it not set forth that, God willing, as you hypocritically express it, the Hawes fly, or Queensferry diligence, would set forth to-day at twelve o'clock; and is it not, thou falsest of creatures, now a quarter past twelve, and no such fly or diligence to be seen? Dost thou know the consequence of seducing the lieges by false reports? Dost thou know it might be brought under the statute of leasing-making? Answer—and for once in thy long, useless, and evil life let it be in the words of truth and sincerity—hast thou such a coach? Is it *in rerum natura*? or is this base annunciation a mere swindle on the incautious, to beguile them of their time, their patience, and three shillings of sterling money of this realm? Hast thou, I say, such a coach? ay or no?'

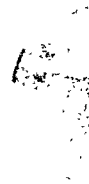
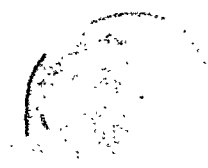
'O dear, yes, sir; the neighbours ken the diligence weel—green picked out wi' red, three yellow wheels and a black ane.'

'Woman, thy special description will not serve; it may be only a lie with a circumstance.'

'O, man, man!' said the overwhelmed Mrs. Macleuchar, totally exhausted by having been so long the butt of his rhetoric, 'take back your three shillings and mak me quit o' ye.'

'Not so fast, not so fast, woman. Will three shillings transport me to Queensferry, agreeably to thy treacherous program? or will it requite the damage I may sustain by leaving my business undone, or repay the expenses which I must disburse if I am obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide? Will it hire, I say, a pinnace, for which alone the regular price is five shillings?'

Here his argument was cut short by a lumbering noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle, pressing forward with all the despatch to which the broken-winded



spring, which half an hour's labour hardly repaired. To the second the Antiquary was himself accessory, if not the principal cause of it; for, observing that one of the horses had cast a fore-foot shoe, he apprised the coachman of this important deficiency. 'It's Jamie Martingale that furnishes the naigs on contract, and uphauuds them,' answered John, 'and I am not entitled to make any stop or to suffer prejudice by the like of these accidents.'

'And when you go to — I mean to the place you deserve to go to, you scoundrel — who do you think will uphold *you* on contract? If you don't stop directly and carry the poor brute to the next smithy I'll have you punished, if there's a justice of peace in Mid-Lothian'; and, opening the coach door, out he jumped, while the coachman obeyed his orders, muttering, that 'if the gentlemen lost the tide now, they could not say but it was their ain fault, since he was willing to get on.'

I like so little to analyse the complication of the causes which influence actions, that I will not venture to ascertain whether our Antiquary's humanity to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of showing his companion a Pict's camp, or roundabout, a subject which he had been elaborately discussing, and of which a specimen, 'very curious and perfect indeed,' happened to exist about a hundred yards distant from the place where this interruption took place. But were I compelled to decompose the motives of my worthy friend (for such was the gentleman in the sober suit, with powdered wig and slouched hat), I should say that, although he certainly would not in any case have suffered the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being urged forward, yet the man of whipcord escaped some severe abuse and reproach by the agreeable mode which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey that, when they descended the hill above the Hawes (for so the inn on the southern side of the Queensferry is denominated), the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, and the number of black stones and rocks, covered with seaweed, which were visible along the skirts of the shore, that the hour of tide was past. The young traveller expected a burst of indignation; but whether, as Croaker says in *The Good-natured Man*, our hero had exhausted himself in fretting away his misfortunes beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they actually

arrived, or whether he found the company in which he was placed too congenial to lead him to repine at anything which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot with much resignation.

‘The d—l’s in the diligence and the old hag it belongs to! Diligence, quoth I! ‘Thou shouldst have called it the Sloth. Fly, quoth she! Why, it moves like a fly through a glue-pot, as the Irishman says. But, however, time and tide tarry for no man; and so, my young friend, we’ll have a snack here at the Hawes, which is a very decent sort of a place, and I’ll be very happy to finish the account I was giving you of the difference between the mode of entrenching *castra stativa* and *castra æstiva*, things confounded by too many of our historians. Lack-a-day, if they had ta’en the pains to satisfy their own eyes, instead of following each other’s blind guidance! Well! we shall be pretty comfortable at the Hawes; and besides, after all, we must have dined somewhere, and it will be pleasanter sailing with the tide of ebb and the evening breeze.’

In this Christian temper of making the best of all occurrences our travellers alighted at the Hawes.

CHAPTER II

Sir, they do scandal me upon the road here!
A poor quotidian rack of mutton roasted
Dry to be grated ! and that driven down
With beer and buttermilk, mingled together.
It is against my freehold, my inheritance.
WINE is the word that glads the heart of man,
And mine's the house of wine. *Sack*, says my bush,
Be merry and drink sherry, that's my posie.

BEN JONSON'S *New Inn*.

AS the senior traveller descended the crazy steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the fat, gouty, pursy landlord with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers.

'Have a care o' us, Monkbarns (distinguishing him by his territorial epithet, always most agreeable to the ear of a Scottish proprietor), is this you? I little thought to have seen your honour here till the summer session was ower.'

'Ye donnard auld deevil,' answered his guest, his Scottish accent predominating when in anger, though otherwise not particularly remarkable — 'ye donnard auld crippled idiot, what have I to do with the session, or the geese that flock to it, or the hawks that pick their pinions for them?'

'Troth, and that's true,' said mine host, who, in fact, only spoke upon a very general recollection of the stranger's original education, yet would have been sorry not to have been supposed accurate as to the station and profession of him or any other occasional guest — 'that's very true; but I thought ye had some law affair of your ain to look after. I have ane mysell — a ganging plea that my father left me, and his father afore left to him. It's about our back-yard. Ye'll maybe hae heard of it in the Parliament House, Hutchinson against Mackitchinson: it's a weel-kenn'd plea; it's been four times in afore the Fifteen, and deil ony thing the wisest o' them

could make o't, but just to send it out 'again to the Outer House. O it's a beautiful thing to see how lang and how carefully justice is considered in this country!'

'Hold your tongue, you fool,' said the traveller, but in great good-humour, 'and tell us what you can give this young gentleman and me for dinner.'

'Ou, there's fish nae doubt—that's sea-trout and caller haddocks,' said Mackitchinson, twisting his napkin; 'and ye'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts very weel preserved, and—and there's just ony thing else ye like.'

'Which is to say, there is nothing else whatever? Well, well, the fish and the chop and the tarts will do very well. But don't imitate the cautious delay that you praise in the courts of justice. Let there be no remits from the inner to the outer house, hear ye me?'

'Na, na,' said Mackitchinson, whose long and heedful perusal of volumes of printed session papers had made him acquainted with some law phrases—'the denner shall be served *quampri-mum*, and that *peremptorie*.' And with the flattering laugh of a promising host, he left them in his sanded parlour, hung with prints of the Four Seasons.

As, notwithstanding his pledge to the contrary, the glorious delays of the law were not without their parallel in the kitchen of the inn, our younger traveller had an opportunity to step out and make some inquiry of the people of the house concerning the rank and station of his companion. The information which he received was of a general and less authentic nature, but quite sufficient to make him acquainted with the name, history, and circumstances of the gentleman, whom we shall endeavour in a few words to introduce more accurately to our readers.

Jonathan Oldenbuck, or Oldinbuck, by popular contraction Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, was the second son of a gentleman possessed of a small property in the neighbourhood of a thriving seaport town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, which, for various reasons, we shall denominate Fairport. They had been established for several generations as landholders in the county, and in most shires of England would have been accounted a family of some standing. But the shire of—— was filled with gentlemen of more ancient descent and larger fortune. In the last generation also the neighbouring gentry had been almost uniformly Jacobites, while the proprietors of Monkbarns, like the burghers of the town near which they

were settled, were steady assertors of the Protestant succession. The latter had, however, a pedigree of their own, on which they prided themselves as much as those who despised them valued their respective Saxon, Norman, or Celtic genealogies. The first Oldenbuck, who had settled in their family mansion shortly after the Reformation, was, they asserted, descended from one of the original printers of Germany, and had left his country in consequence of the persecutions directed against the professors of the Reformed religion. He had found a refuge in the town near which his posterity dwelt, the more readily that he was a sufferer in the Protestant cause, and certainly not the less so that he brought with him money enough to purchase the small estate of Monkbarns, then sold by a dissipated laird, to whose father it had been gifted, with other church lands, on the dissolution of the great and wealthy monastery to which it had belonged. The Oldenbucks were therefore loyal subjects on all occasions of insurrection; and, as they kept up a good intelligence with the borough, it chanced that the Laird of Monkbarns who flourished in 1745 was provost of the town during that ill-fated year, and had exerted himself with much spirit in favour of King George, and even been put to expenses on that score, which, according to the liberal conduct of the existing government towards their friends, had never been repaid him. By dint of solicitation, however, and borough interest, he contrived to gain a place in the customs, and, being a frugal, careful man, had found himself enabled to add considerably to his paternal fortune. He had only two sons, of whom, as we have hinted, the present laird was the younger, and two daughters, one of whom still flourished in single blessedness, and the other, who was greatly more juvenile, made a love-match with a captain in the 'Forty-twa,' who had no other fortune but his commission and a Highland pedigree. Poverty disturbed a union which love would otherwise have made happy, and Captain M'Intyre, in justice to his wife and two children, a boy and girl, had found himself obliged to seek his fortune in the East Indies. Being ordered upon an expedition against Hyder Ally, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and no news ever reached his unfortunate wife whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived in what the habits of the Indian tyrant rendered a hopeless captivity. She sunk under the accumulated load of grief and uncertainty, and left a son and daughter to the charge of her brother, the existing laird of Monkbarns.

The history of that proprietor himself is soon told. Being, as we have said, a second son, his father destined him to a share in a substantial mercantile concern carried on by some of his maternal relations. From this Jonathan's mind revolted in the most irreconcilable manner. He was then put apprentice to the profession of a writer or attorney, in which he profited so far that he made himself master of the whole forms of feudal investitures, and showed such pleasure in reconciling their incongruities and tracing their origin that his master had great hope he would one day be an able conveyancer. But he halted upon the threshold, and, though he acquired some knowledge of the origin and system of the law of his country, he could never be persuaded to apply it to lucrative and practical purposes. It was not from any inconsiderate neglect of the advantages attending the possession of money that he thus deceived the hopes of his master. 'Were he thoughtless or light-headed, or *rei suæ prodigus*,' said his instructor, 'I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his sixpence go farther than another lad's half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of the Acts of Parliament for days, rather than go to the golf or the change-house; and yet he will not bestow one of these days on a little business of routine that would put twenty shillings in his pocket—a strange mixture of frugality and industry and negligent indolence; I don't know what to make of him.'

But in process of time his pupil gained the means of making what he pleased of himself; for, his father having died was not long survived by his eldest son, an arrant fisher and fowler, who departed this life in consequence of a cold caught in his vocation, while shooting ducks in the swamp called Kittlefitting Moss, notwithstanding his having drunk a bottle of brandy that very night to keep the cold out of his stomach. Jonathan, therefore, succeeded to the estate, and with it to the means of subsisting without the hated drudgery of the law. His wishes were very moderate; and, as the rent of his small property rose with the improvement of the country, it soon greatly exceeded his wants and expenditure; and, though too indolent to make money, he was by no means insensible to the pleasure of beholding it accumulate. The burghers of the town near which he lived regarded him with a sort of envy, as one who affected to divide himself from their rank in society, and whose studies and pleasures seemed to them alike incomprehensible. Still,

however, a sort of hereditary respect for the Laird of Monkbarns, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequence with this class of his neighbours. The country gentlemen were generally above him in fortune and beneath him in intellect, and, excepting one with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, had little intercourse with Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns. He had, however, the usual resources, the company of the clergyman and of the doctor, when he chose to request it, and also his own pursuits and pleasures, being in correspondence with most of the *virtuosi* of his time, who, like himself, measured decayed entrenchments, made plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and wrote essays on medals in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend. Some habits of hasty irritation he had contracted, partly, it was said in the borough of Fairport, from an early disappointment in love, in virtue of which he had commenced misogynist, as he called it, but yet more by the obsequious attention paid to him by his maiden sister and his orphan niece, whom he had trained to consider him as the greatest man upon earth, and whom he used to boast of as the only women he had ever seen who were well broke in and bitted to obedience; though, it must be owned, Miss Grizzie Oldbuck was sometimes apt to jibb when he pulled the reins too tight. The rest of his character must be gathered from the story, and we dismiss with pleasure the tiresome task of recapitulation.

During the time of dinner Mr. Oldbuck, actuated by the same curiosity which his fellow-traveller had entertained on his account, made some advances, which his age and station entitled him to do in a more direct manner, towards ascertaining the name, destination, and quality of his young companion.

His name, the young gentleman said, was Lovel.

‘What! the cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog? Was he descended from King Richard’s favourite?’

‘He had no pretensions,’ he said, ‘to call himself a whelp of that litter; his father was a North of England gentleman. He was at present travelling to Fairport (the town near to which Monkbarns was situated), and, if he found the place agreeable, might perhaps remain there for some weeks.’

‘Was Mr. Lovel’s excursion solely for pleasure?’

‘Not entirely.’

‘Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?’

'It was partly on business, but had no reference to commerce.'

Here he paused; and Mr. Oldbuck, having pushed his inquiries as far as good manners permitted, was obliged to change the conversation. The Antiquary, though by no means an enemy to good cheer, was a determined foe to all unnecessary expense on a journey; and, upon his companion giving a hint concerning a bottle of port wine, he drew a direful picture of the mixture which, he said, was usually sold under that denomination, and, affirming that a little punch was more genuine and better suited for the season, he laid his hand upon the bell to order the materials. But Mackintosh had, in his own mind, settled their beverage otherwise, and appeared bearing in his hand an immense double quart bottle, or magnum, as it is called in Scotland, covered with sawdust and cobwebs, the warrants of its antiquity.

'Punch!' said he, catching that generous sound as he entered the parlour, 'the deil a drap punch ye'se get here the day, Monkbarns, and that ye may lay your account wi'.'

'What do you mean, you impudent rascal?'

'Ay, ay, it's nae matter for that; but do you mind the trick ye served me the last time ye were here?'

'I trick you!'

'Ay, just yoursell, Monkbarns. The Laird o' Tamlowrie, and Sir Gilbert Grizzlecleugh, and Auld Rossballoh, and the Bailie were just setting in to make an afternoon o't, and you, wi' some o' your auld warld stories, that the mind o' man canna resist, whirl'd them to the back o' beyont to look at the auld Roman camp—ah, sir!' turning to Lovel, 'he wad wile the bird aff the tree wi' the tales he tells about folk lang syne—and did not I lose the drinking o' sax pints o' gude claret, for the deil ane wad hae stirred till he had seen that out at the least?'

'D'ye hear the impudent scoundrel!' said Monkbarns, but laughing at the same time; for the worthy landlord, as he used to boast, knew the measure of a guest's foot as well as e'er a souter on this side Solway; 'well, well, you may send us in a bottle of port.'

'Port! na, na! ye maun leave port and punch to the like o' us, it's claret that's fit for you lairds; and I daresay nane of the folk ye speak so much o' ever drank either of the twa.'

'Do you hear how absolute the knave is? Well, my young friend, we must for once prefer the Falernian to the *vile Sabinum*.'

The ready landlord had the cork instantly extracted, decanted the wine into a vessel of suitable capaciousness, and, declaring it 'perfumed' the very room, left his guests to make the most of it.

Mackitchinson's wine was really good, and had its effect upon the spirits of the elder guest, who told some good stories, cut some sly jokes, and at length entered into a learned discussion concerning the ancient dramatists; a ground on which he found his new acquaintance so strong that at length he began to suspect he had made them his professional study. 'A traveller partly for business and partly for pleasure? Why, the stage partakes of both; it is a labour to the performers, and affords, or is meant to afford, pleasure to the spectators. He seems in manner and rank above the class of young men who take that turn; but I remember hearing them say that the little theatre at Fairport was to open with the performance of a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage. If this should be thee, Lovel? Lovel! Yes, Lovel or Belville are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions. On my life, I am sorry for the lad.'

Mr. Oldbuck was habitually parsimonious, but in no respects mean; his first thought was to save his fellow-traveller any part of the expense of the entertainment, which he supposed must be in his situation more or less inconvenient. He therefore took an opportunity of settling privately with Mr. Mackitchinson. The young traveller remonstrated against his liberality, and only acquiesced in deference to his years and respectability.

The mutual satisfaction which they found in each other's society induced Mr. Oldbuck to propose, and Lovel willingly to accept, a scheme for travelling together to the end of their journey. Mr. Oldbuck intimated a wish to pay two-thirds of the hire of a post-chaise, saying, that a proportional quantity of room was necessary to his accommodation; but this Mr. Lovel resolutely declined. Their expense then was mutual, unless when Lovel occasionally slipped a shilling into the hand of a growling postilion; for Oldbuck, tenacious of ancient customs, never extended his guerdon beyond eighteenpence a stage. In this manner they travelled, until they arrived at Fairport about two o'clock on the following day.

Lovel probably expected that his travelling companion would have invited him to dinner on his arrival; but his consciousness of a want of ready preparation for unexpected guests, and

perhaps some other reasons, prevented Oldbuck from paying him that attention. He only begged to see him as early as he could make it convenient to call in a forenoon, recommended him to a widow who had apartments to let, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary ; cautioning both of them apart that he only knew Mr. Lovel as a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not mean to guarantee any bills which he might contract while residing at Fairport. The young gentleman's figure and manners, not to mention a well-furnished trunk which soon arrived by sea to his address at Fairport, probably went as far in his favour as the limited recommendation of his fellow-traveller.

CHAPTER III

He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin-jackets,
Would held the Loudons three in tackets
 A towmond gude ;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Afore the flude.

BURNS.

AFTER he had settled himself in his new apartments at Fairport, Mr. Lovel bethought him of paying the requested visit to his fellow-traveller. He did not make it earlier because, with all the old gentleman's good-humour and information, there had sometimes glanced forth in his language and manner towards him an air of superiority which his companion considered as being fully beyond what the difference of age warranted. He therefore waited the arrival of his baggage from Edinburgh, that he might arrange his dress according to the fashion of the day, and make his exterior corresponding to the rank in society which he supposed or felt himself entitled to hold.

It was the fifth day after his arrival that, having made the necessary inquiries concerning the road, he went forth to pay his respects at Monkbarns. A footpath leading over a heathy hill and through two or three meadows conducted him to this mansion, which stood on the opposite side of the hill aforesaid, and commanded a fine prospect of the bay and shipping. Secluded from the town by the rising ground, which also screened it from the north-west wind, the house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The exterior had little to recommend it. It was an irregular old-fashioned building, some part of which had belonged to a grange or solitary farm-house, inhabited by the bailiff or steward of the monastery when the place was in possession of the monks. It was here that the community stored up the grain which they received as ground-rent from their vassals ; for, with the prudence belonging to

their order, all their conventional revenues were made payable in kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkbarns. To the remains of the bailiff's house the succeeding lay inhabitants had made various additions in proportion to the accommodation required by their families; and, as this was done with an equal contempt of convenience within and architectural regularity without, the whole bore the appearance of a hamlet which had suddenly stood still when in the act of leading down one of Amphion's or Orpheus's country-dances. It was surrounded by tall clipped hedges of yew and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the 'topiarian' artist, and presented curious arm-chairs, towers, and the figures of Saint George and the dragon. The taste of Mr. Oldbuck did not disturb these monuments of an art now unknown, and he was the less tempted so to do as it must necessarily have broken the heart of the old gardener. One tall embowering holly was, however, sacred from the shears; and on a garden seat beneath its shade Lovel beheld his old friend, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side, busily employed in perusing the *London Chronicle*, soothed by the summer breeze through the rustling leaves and the distant dash of the waves as they rippled upon the sand.

Mr. Oldbuck immediately rose and advanced to greet his travelling acquaintance with a hearty shake of the hand. 'By my faith,' said he, 'I began to think you had changed your mind, and found the stupid people of Fairport so tiresome that you judged them unworthy of your talents, and had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother antiquary Mac-Cribb did, when he went off with one of my Syrian medals.'

'I hope, my good sir, I should have fallen under no such imputation.'

'Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. I had rather you had taken my copper Otho himself. But come, let me show you the way into my *sanctum sanctorum*, my cell I may call it, for, except two idle hussies of womankind (by this contemptuous phrase, borrowed from his brother antiquary the cynic Anthony a' Wood, Mr. Oldbuck was used to denote the fair sex in general, and his sister and niece in particular), that, on some idle pretext of relationship, have established themselves in my premises, I live here as much a cœnobite as my predecessor John o' the Girnell, whose grave I will show you by and by.'



THE ANTIQUARY AND LOVEL ENTER THE SANCTUM.

From a painting by Robert Herdman, R.S.A.



Thus speaking, the old gentleman led the way through a low door; but, before entrance, suddenly stopped short to point out some vestiges of what he called an inscription, and, shaking his head as he pronounced it totally illegible, 'Ah! if you but knew, Mr. Lovel, the time and trouble that these mouldering traces of letters have cost me! No mother ever travailed so for a child, and all to no purpose; although I am almost positive that these two last marks imply the figures or letters LV, and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know, *aliunde*, that it was founded by Abbot Waldimir about the middle of the fourteenth century. And, I profess, I think that centre ornament might be made out by better eyes than mine.'

'I think,' answered Lovel, willing to humour the old man, 'it has something the appearance of a mitre.'

'I protest you are right! you are right! it never struck me before. See what it is to have younger eyes. A mitre—a mitre! it corresponds in every respect.'

The resemblance was not much nearer than that of Polonius's cloud to a whale or an owzel; it was sufficient, however, to set the Antiquary's brains to work. 'A mitre, my dear sir,' continued he, as he led the way through a labyrinth of inconvenient and dark passages, and accompanied his disquisition with certain necessary cautions to his guest—'a mitre, my dear sir, will suit our abbot as well as a bishop; he was a mitred abbot, and at the very top of the roll—take care of these three steps—I know Mac-Cribb denies this, but it is as certain as that he took away my Antigonus, no leave asked. You'll see the name of the Abbot of Trotcosey, *Abbas Trottocosiensis*, at the head of the rolls of parliament in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—there is very little light here, and these cursed womankind always leave their tubs in the passage. Now take care of the corner; ascend twelve steps and ye are safe!'

Mr. Oldbuck had by this time attained the top of the winding stair which led to his own apartment, and, opening a door and pushing aside a piece of tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclamation was, 'What are you about here, you sluts?' A dirty barefooted chambermaid threw down her duster, detected in the heinous fact of arranging the *sanctum sanctorum*, and fled out of an opposite door from the face of her incensed master. A genteel-looking young woman, who was superintending the operation, stood her ground, but with some timidity.

'Indeed, uncle, your room was not fit to be seen, and I just came to see that Jenny laid everything down where she took it up.'

'And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle with my private matters? (Mr. Oldbuck hated 'putting to rights' as much as Dr. Orkborne or any other professed student.) Go sew your sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears. I assure you, Mr. Lovel, that the last inroad of these pretended friends to cleanliness was almost as fatal to my collection as Hudibras's visit to that of Sidrophel; and I have ever since missed

My copperplate, with almanacks
Engraved upon 't, and other knacks;
My moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And several constellation stones;
My flea, my morpion, and punaise,
I purchased for my proper ease.

And so forth, as old Butler has it.'

The young lady, after courtesying to Lovel, had taken the opportunity to make her escape during this enumeration of losses. 'You'll be poisoned here with the volumes of dust they have raised,' continued the Antiquary; 'but I assure you the dust was very ancient, peaceful, quiet dust about an hour ago, and would have remained so for a hundred years had not these gipsies disturbed it, as they do everything else in the world.'

It was, indeed, some time before Lovel could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had constructed his retreat. It was a lofty room of middling size, obscurely lighted by high narrow latticed windows. One end was entirely occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited in space for the number of volumes placed upon them, which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks of two or three files deep, while numberless others littered the floor and the tables, amid a chaos of maps, engravings, scraps of parchment, bundles of papers, pieces of old armour, swords, dirks, helmets, and Highland targets. Behind Mr. Oldbuck's seat (which was an ancient leathern-covered easy-chair, worn smooth by constant use) was a huge oaken cabinet, decorated at each corner with Dutch cherubs, having their little duck-wings displayed and great jolter-headed visages placed between them. The top of this cabinet was covered with busts and Roman lamps and pateræ, intermingled with one or two bronze figures. The

walls of the apartment were partly clothed with grim old tapestry, representing the memorable story of Sir Gawaine's wedding, in which full justice was done to the ugliness of the Lothely Lady; although, to judge from his own looks, the gentle knight had less reason to be disgusted with the match on account of disparity of outward favour than the romancer has given us to understand. The rest of the room was panelled or wainscotted with black oak, against which hung two or three portraits in armour, being characters in Scottish history, favourites of Mr. Oldbuck, and as many in tie-wigs and laced coats, staring representatives of his own ancestors. A large old-fashioned oaken table was covered with a profusion of papers, parchments, books, and nondescript trinkets and gew-gaws, which seemed to have little to recommend them besides rust and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck of ancient books and utensils, with a gravity equal to Marius among the ruins of Carthage, sat a large black cat, which to a superstitious eye might have presented the *genius loci*, the tutelar demon of the apartment. The floor, as well as the table and chairs, was overflowed by the same *mare magnum* of miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been as impossible to find any individual article wanted as to put it to any use when discovered.

Amid this medley it was no easy matter to find one's way to a chair without stumbling over a prostrate folio, or the still more awkward mischance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And when the chair was attained, it had to be disencumbered with a careful hand of engravings which might have received damage, and of antique spurs and buckles which would certainly have occasioned it to any sudden occupant. Of this the Antiquary made Lovel particularly aware, adding, that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Heavysterne from the Low Countries, had sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient calthrops or 'craw-taes' which had been lately dug up in the bog near Bannockburn, and which, dispersed by Robert Bruce to lacerate the feet of the English chargers, came thus in process of time to endamage the sitting part of a learned professor of Utrecht.

Having at length fairly settled himself, and being nothing loth to make inquiry concerning the strange objects around him, which his host was equally ready, as far as possible, to explain, Lovel was introduced to a large club or bludgeon,

with an iron spike at the end of it, which, it seems, had been lately found in a field on the Monkbarns property, adjacent to an old burying-ground. It had mightily the air of such a stick as the Highland reapers use to walk with on their annual peregrinations from their mountains; but Mr. Oldbuck was strongly tempted to believe that, as its shape was singular, it might have been one of the clubs with which the monks armed their peasants in lieu of more martial weapons, whence, he observed, the villains were called 'Colve-carles,' or 'Kolb-kerls,' that is, *clavigeri*, or club-bearers. For the truth of this custom he quoted the *Chronicle* of Antwerp and that of St. Martin; against which authorities Lovel had nothing to oppose, having never heard of them till that moment.

Mr. Oldbuck next exhibited thumb-screws, which had given the Covenanters of former days the cramp in their joints, and a collar with the name of a fellow convicted of theft, whose services, as the inscription bore, had been adjudged to a neighbouring baron in lieu of the modern Scottish punishment, which, as Oldbuck said, sends such culprits to enrich England by their labour and themselves by their dexterity. Many and various were the other curiosities which he showed; but it was chiefly upon his books that he prided himself, repeating with a complacent air, as he led the way to the crowded and dusty shelves, the verses of old Chaucer —

'For he would rather have, at his bed-head,
A twenty books, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, or his philosophy,
Than robes rich, rebeck, or saltery.'

This pithy motto he delivered, shaking his head, and giving each guttural the true Anglo-Saxon enunciation, which is now forgotten in the southern parts of this realm.

The collection was, indeed, a curious one, and might well be envied by an amateur. Yet it was not collected at the enormous prices of modern times, which are sufficient to have appalled the most determined, as well as earliest, bibliomaniac upon record, whom we take to have been none else than the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, as, among other slight indications of an infirm understanding, he is stated by his veracious historian Cid Hamet Benengeli to have exchanged fields and farms for folios and quartos of chivalry. In this species of exploit the good knight-errant has been imitated by lords, knights, and squires of our own day, though we have not yet

heard of any that has mistaken an inn for a castle, or laid his lance in rest against a windmill. Mr. Oldbuck did not follow these collectors in such excess of expenditure; but, taking a pleasure in the personal labour of forming his library, saved his purse at the expense of his time and toil. He was no encourager of that ingenious race of peripatetic middlemen, who, trafficking between the obscure keeper of a stall and the eager amateur, make their profit at once of the ignorance of the former and the dear-bought skill and taste of the latter. When such were mentioned in his hearing, he seldom failed to point out how necessary it was to arrest the object of your curiosity in its first transit, and to tell his favourite story of Snuffy Davie and Caxton's *Game at Chess*. 'Davie Wilson,' he said, 'commonly called Snuffy Davie, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls for rare volumes. He had the scent of a slow-hound, sir, and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an *editio princeps* under the mask of a school Corderius. Snuffy Davie bought the *Game of Chess*, 1474, the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this inimitable windfall to Dr. Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr. Askew's sale,' continued the old gentleman, kindling as he spoke, 'this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by Royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds! Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows,' he ejaculated, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands — 'Lord only knows what would be its ransom; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling.¹ Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie! and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded! Even I, sir,' he went on, 'though far inferior in industry and discernment and presence of mind to that great man, can show you a few, a very few things, which I have collected, not by force of money, as any wealthy man might, although, as my friend Lucian says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance, but gained in a manner that shows I know something of the matter. See this bundle of

¹ This bibliomaniacal anecdote is literally true; and David Wilson, the author need not tell his brethren of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne Clubs, was a real personage.

ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them an hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the *Complete Syren* were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the *Complaint of Scotland* I eat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, Saint Mary's Wynd - - wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling upon a halfpenny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article! How have I trembled lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall as a rival amateur or prowling bookseller in disguise! And then, Mr. Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference while the hand is trembling with pleasure! Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such a treasure as this (displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer), to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile under a veil of mysterious consciousness our own superior knowledge and dexterity - these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life; that repay the toil and pains and sedulous attention which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!

Lovel was not a little amused at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and, however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page, of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word 'Finis.' There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a

volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity or rare occurrence was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original broadside—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonderful Wonder of Wonders:—in its primary tattered guise, as it was hawked through the streets and sold for the cheap and easy price of one penny, though now worth the weight of that penny in gold. On these the Antiquary dilated with transport, and read with a rapturous voice the elaborate titles, which bore the same proportion to the contents that the painted signs without a showman's booth do to the animals within. Mr. Oldbuck, for example, piqued himself especially in possessing an unique broadside, entitled and called 'Strange and Wonderful News from Chipping-Norton, in the County of Oxon. Of certain dreadful Apparitions which were seen in the Air on the 28th of July [1610], which began about Half an Hour after Nine of the Clock at Night, and continued till near Eleven, in which Time was seen the Appearances of several Flaming Swords, strange Motions of the superior Orbs, with the unusual Sparkling of the Stars, with their dreadful Continuations. With the Account of the Opening of the Heavens, and strange Appearances therein disclosing themselves, with several other prodigious Circumstances not heard of in any Age, to the great Amazement of the Beholders, as it was communicated in a Letter to one Mr. Tho. Colley, living in West Smithfield, and attested by Tho. Brown, Eliz. Greenaway, and Ann Gutheridge, who were Spectators of the dreadful Apparitions. And if any Person would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr. Nightingal's, at the Bear Inn, in West Smithfield, and they may be satisfied.'¹

'You laugh at this,' said the proprietor of the collection, 'and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms on which we doat are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a fair lady; but you will grow wiser, and see more justly, when you come to wear spectacles. Yet stay, I have one piece of antiquity which you, perhaps, will prize more highly.'

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck unlocked a drawer and took out a bundle of keys, then pulled aside a piece of the tapestry which concealed the door of a small closet, into which he descended by four stone steps, and, after some tinkling among bottles and cans, produced two long-stalked wine-glasses with bell

¹ Of this thrice and four times rare broadside the author possesses an exemplar.

mouths, such as are seen in Teniers's pieces, and a small bottle of what he called rich racy canary, with a little bit of diet-cake, on a small silver server of exquisite old workmanship. 'I will say nothing of the server,' he remarked, 'though it is said to have been wrought by the old and Florentine Benvenuto Cellini. But, Mr. Lovel, our ancestors drank sack: you, who admire the drama, know where that's to be found. Here's success to your exertions at Fairport, sir!'

'And to you, sir, and an ample increase to your treasure, with no more trouble on your part than is just necessary to make the acquisitions valuable.'

After a libation so suitable to the amusement in which they had been engaged, Lovel rose to take his leave, and Mr. Oldbuck prepared to give him his company a part of the way, and show him something worthy of his curiosity on his return to Fairport.

CHAPTER IV

The pawky auld carle cam ower the lea,
Wi' mony good-e'ens and good-morrows to me,
Saying, Kind sir, for your courtesy,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?

The Gaberlunzie Man.

OUR two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighbourhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr. Oldbuck failed not to make Lovel remark that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread in a lateral direction, by placing paving-stones beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their fibres and the subsoil. 'This old fellow,' he said, 'which was blown down last summer, and still, though half reclined on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may see, accommodated with such a barrier between his roots and the unkindly till. That other tree has a story: the fruit is called the Abbot's Apple. The lady of a neighbouring baron was so fond of it that she would often pay a visit to Monkbarns to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man belike, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling that of Mother Eve prognosticated a similar fall. As the honour of a noble family is concerned, I will say no more on the subject, only that the lands of Lochard and Cringlecut still pay a fine of six bolls of barley annually to atone the guilt of their audacious owner, who intruded himself and his worldly suspicions upon the seclusion of the abbot and his penitent. Admire the little belfry rising above the ivy-mantled porch; there was here a *hospitium*, *hospitale*, or *hospitamentum* (for it is written all these various

ways in the old writings and evidents), in which the monks received pilgrims. I know our minister has said, in the *Statistical Account*, that the *hospitium* was situated either on the lands of Haltweary or upon those of Half-starvet; but he is incorrect, Mr. Lovel: that is the gate called still the Palmer's Port, and my gardener found many hewn stones when he was trenching the ground for winter celery, several of which I have sent as specimens to my learned friends, and to the various antiquarian societies of which I am an unworthy member. But I will say no more at present; I reserve something for another visit, and we have an object of real curiosity before us.'

While he was thus speaking he led the way briskly through one or two rich pasture meadows to an open heath or common, and so to the top of a gentle eminence. 'Here,' he said, 'Mr. Lovel, is a truly remarkable spot.'

'It commands a fine view,' said his companion, looking around him.

'True; but it is not for the prospect I brought you hither. Do you see nothing else remarkable? nothing on the surface of the ground?'

'Why, yes; I do see something like a ditch, indistinctly marked.'

'Indistinctly! pardon me, sir, but the indistinctness must be in your powers of vision: nothing can be more plainly traced—a proper *agger* or *vallum*, with its corresponding ditch or *fossa*. Indistinctly! why, Heaven help you, the lassie, my niece, as light-headed a goose as womankind affords, saw the traces of the ditch at once. Indistinct! why, the great station at Ardoch, or that at Burnswark in Annandale, may be clearer, doubtless, because they are stative forts, whereas this was only an occasional encampment. Indistinct! why, you must suppose that fools, boors, and idiots have ploughed up the land, and, like beasts and ignorant savages, have thereby obliterated two sides of the square, and greatly injured the third; but you see yourself the fourth side is quite entire!'

Lovel endeavoured to apologise, and to explain away his ill-timed phrase, and pleaded his inexperience. But he was not at once quite successful. His first expression had come too frankly and naturally not to alarm the Antiquary, and he could not easily get over the shock it had given him.

'My dear sir,' continued the senior, 'your eyes are not inexperienced; you know a ditch from level ground; I presume,

when you see them? Indistinct! why, the very common people, the very least boy that can herd a cow, calls it the Kaim of Kinprunes; and if that does not imply an ancient camp, I am ignorant what does.

Lovel having again acquiesced, and at length lulled to sleep the irritated and suspicious vanity of the Antiquary, he proceeded in his task of cicerone. 'You must know,' he said, 'our Scottish antiquaries have been greatly divided about the local situation of the final conflict between Agricola and the Caledonians: some contend for Ardoch in Strathallan; some for Innerpeffray; some for the Redykes in the Mearns, and some are for carrying the scene of action as far north as Blair in Athole. Now, after all this discussion,' continued the old gentleman, with one of his slyest and most complacent looks, 'what would you think, Mr. Lovel — I say, what would you think, if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the Kaim of Kinprunes, the property of the obscure and humble individual who now speaks to you?' Then, having paused a little to suffer his guest to digest a communication so important, he resumed his disquisition in a higher tone. 'Yes, my good friend, I am indeed greatly deceived if this place does not correspond with all the marks of that celebrated place of action. It was near to the Grampian Mountains; lo! yonder they are, mixing and contending with the sky on the skirts of the horizon! It was *in conspectu classis* — in sight of the Roman fleet; and would any admiral, Roman or British, wish a fairer bay to ride in than that on your right hand? It is astonishing how blind we professed antiquaries sometimes are; Sir Robert Sibbald, Saunders Gordon, General Roy, Doctor Stukeley, why, it escaped all of them. I was unwilling to say a word about it till I had secured the ground, for it belonged to auld Johnnie Howie, a bonnet-laird hard by, and many a communing we had before he and I could agree. At length — I am almost ashamed to say it — but I even brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn-land for this barren spot. But then it was a national concern; and when the scene of so celebrated an event became my own I was overpaid. Whose patriotism would not grow warmer, as old Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered; and the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Monkarns, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the

letters A.D.L.L., which may stand, without much violence, for *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.*

‘Certainly, sir; for the Dutch antiquaries claim Caligula as the founder of a lighthouse on the sole authority of the letters C.C.P.F., which they interpret *Caius Caligula Pharum Fecit.*’

‘True, and it has ever been recorded as a sound exposition. I see we shall make something of you even before you wear spectacles, notwithstanding you thought the traces of this beautiful camp indistinct when you first observed them.’

‘In time, sir, and by good instruction ——’

‘— You will become more apt? I doubt it not. You shall peruse, upon your next visit to Monkbarns, my trivial *Essay upon Castrametation, with some Particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author at the Kaim of Kinprunes.* I think I have pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. I premise a few general rules on that point, on the nature, namely, of the evidence to be received in such cases. Meanwhile be pleased to observe, for example, that I could press into my service Claudian’s famous line,

Ille Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis.

For *pruinis*, though interpreted to mean “hoar frosts,” to which I own we are somewhat subject in this north-eastern sea-coast, may also signify a locality, namely, Prunes; the *castra Pruinis posita* would therefore be the Kaim of Kinprunes. But I waive this, for I am sensible it might be laid hold of by cavillers as carrying down my *castra* to the time of Theodosius, sent by Valentinian into Britain as late as the year 367 or thereabout. No, my good friend, I appeal to people’s eye-sight—is not here the decuman gate? and there, but for the ravage of the horrid plough, as a learned friend calls it, would be the prætorian gate. On the left hand you may see some slight vestiges of the *porta sinistra*, and on the right one side of the *porta dextra* wellnigh entire. Here, then, let us take our stand, on this tumulus, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings—the central point, the *prætorium*, doubtless, of the camp. From this place, now scarce to be distinguished but by its slight elevation and its greener turf from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agricola to have looked forth on the immense army of Caledonians, occupying the declivities of yon opposite hill, the infantry rising rank over

rank as the form of ground displayed their array to its utmost advantage, the cavalry and *covinari*, by which I understand the charioteers — another guise of folks from your Bond Street four-in-hand men, I trow — scouring the more level space below —

See, then, Lovel, see —

See that huge battle moving from the mountains,
 Their gilt coats shine like dragon scales, their march
 Like a rough tumbling storm. See them, and view them,
 And then see Rome no more !

Yes, my dear friend, from this stance it is probable — nay, it is nearly certain — that Julius Agricola beheld what our Beaumont has so admirably described ! From this very *prætorium* —

A voice from behind interrupted his ecstatic description — ‘Prætorian here, prætorian there, I mind the bigging o’t.’¹

Both at once turned round, Lovel with surprise and Oldbuck with mingled surprise and indignation, at so uncivil an interruption. An auditor had stolen upon them, unseen and unheard, amid the energy of the Antiquary’s enthusiastic declamation and the attentive civility of Lovel. He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant. A slouched hat of huge dimensions ; a long white beard, which mingled with his grizzled hair ; an aged, but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened by climate and exposure to a right brick-dust complexion ; a long blue gown, with a pewter badge on the right arm ; two or three wallets or bags slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree richer than himself — all these marked at once a beggar by profession and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the King’s Bedesmen, or, vulgarly, Blue-Gowns.

‘What is that you say, Edie ?’ said Oldbuck, hoping, perhaps, that his ears had betrayed their duty ; ‘what were you speaking about ?’

‘About this bit bourock, your honour,’ answered the undaunted Edie ; ‘I mind the bigging o’t.’

‘The devil you do ! Why, you old fool, it was here before you were born, and will be after you are hanged, man !’

‘Hanged or drowned, here or awa, dead or alive, I mind the bigging o’t.’

‘You — you — you,’ said the Antiquary, stammering between confusion and anger — ‘you strolling old vagabond, what the devil do you know about it ?’

¹ See Prætorium. Note 1.

‘Ou, I ken this about it, Monkbarns — and what profit have I for telling ye a lie? — I just ken this about it, that about twenty years syne I and a wheen hallenshakers like mysell, and the mason-lads that built the lang dyke that gaes down the loaning, and twa or three herds maybe, just set to wark and built this bit thing here that ye ca’ the — the — prætorian, and a’ just for a bield at auld Aiken Drum’s bridal, and a bit blythe gae-down we had in ’t some sair rainy weather. Mair by token, Monkbarns, if ye howk up the bourock, as ye seem to have begun, ye ’ll find, if ye hae not fund it already, a stane that ane o’ the mason-callants cut a ladle on to have a bourd at the bridegroom, and he put four letters on ’t, that’s A.D.L.L. — Aiken Drum’s Lang Ladle; for Aiken was ane o’ the kale-suppers o’ Fife.’

‘This,’ thought Lovel to himself, ‘is a famous counterpart to the story of “Keep on this side.”’ He then ventured to steal a glance at our Antiquary, but quickly withdrew it in sheer compassion. For, gentle reader, if thou hast ever beheld the visage of a damsel of sixteen whose romance of true love has been blown up by an untimely discovery, or of a child of ten years whose castle of cards has been blown down by a malicious companion, I can safely aver to you that Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns looked neither more wise nor less disconcerted.

‘There is some mistake about this,’ he said, abruptly turning away from the mendicant.

‘Deil a bit on my side o’ the wa’,” answered the sturdy beggar; ‘I never deal in mistakes, they aye bring mischances. Now, Monkbarns, that young gentleman that’s wi’ your honour thinks little of a carle like me; and yet I’ll wager I’ll tell him whar he was yestreen at the gloamin, only he maybe wadna like to hae’t spoken o’ in company.’

Lovel’s soul rushed to his cheeks with the vivid blush of two-and-twenty.

‘Never mind the old rogue,’ said Mr. Oldbuck. ‘Don’t suppose I think the worse of you for your profession; they are only prejudiced fools and coxcombs that do so. You remember what old Tully says in his oration *Pro Archia poeta* concerning one of your confraternity — *Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit — ut — ut* — I forget the Latin; the meaning is, which of us was so rude and barbarous as to remain unmoved at the death of the great Roscius, whose advanced age was so far from preparing us for his death that we rather hoped one so graceful, so excellent in his art, ought to be exempted from the common

lot of mortality? So the Prince of Orators spoke of the stage and its professors.'

The words of the old man fell upon Lovel's ears, but without conveying any precise idea to his mind, which was then occupied in thinking by what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a countenance provokingly sly and intelligent, had contrived to thrust himself into any knowledge of his affairs. He put his hand in his pocket as the readiest mode of intimating his desire of secrecy, and securing the concurrence of the person whom he addressed; and while he bestowed him an alms, the amount of which rather bore proportion to his fears than to his charity, looked at him with a marked expression, which the mendicant, a physiognomist by profession, seemed perfectly to understand. — 'Never mind me, sir, I am no tale-pyter; but there are mair een in the world than mine,' answered he as he pocketed Lovel's bounty, but in a tone to be heard by him alone, and with an expression which amply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Oldbuck — 'I am awa to the manse, your honour. Has your honour ony word there, or to Sir Arthur, for I'll come in by Knockwinnock Castle again e'en?'

Oldbuck started as from a dream; and in a hurried tone, where vexation strove with a wish to conceal it, paying at the same time a tribute to Edie's smooth, greasy, unlined hat, he said, 'Go down, go down to Monkbarns; let them give you some dinner. Or stay; if you do go to the manse, or to Knockwinnock, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours.'

'Who, I?' said the mendicant. 'Lord bless your honour; naeboddy sall ken a word about it frae me, mair than if the bit bourock had been there since Noah's flood. But, Lord, they tell me your honour has gien Johnnie Howie acre for acre of the laigh crofts for this heathery knowe! Now, if he has really imposed the bourock on ye for an ancient wark, it's my real opinion the bargain will never haud gude, if you would just bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he beguiled ye.'

'Provoking scoundrel,' muttered the indignant Antiquary between his teeth; 'I'll have the hangman's lash and his back acquainted for this!' And then in a louder tone, 'Never mind, Edie; it is all a mistake.'

'Troth, I am thinking sae,' continued his tormentor, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the galled wound — 'troth, I aye thought sae; and it's no sae lang since I said to Luckie:

Gemmels, "Never think you, luckie," said I, "that his honour, Monkbarns, would hae done sic a daft-like thing as to gie grund weel worth fifty shillings an acre for a mailing that would be dear o' a pund Scots. Na, na," quo' I, "depend upon't the Laird's been imposed upon wi' that wily do-little deevil, Johnnie Howie." "But Lord haud a care o' us, sirs, how can that be," quo' she again, "when the Laird's sae book-learned there's no the like o' him in the country-side, and Johnnie Howie has hardly sense eneugh to ca' the cows out o' his kale-yard?" "Aweel, aweel," quo' I, "but ye'll hear he's circumvented him with some of his auld-warld stories,"—for ye ken, Laird, yon other time about the bodle that ye thought was an auld coin——

'Go to the devil!' said Oldbuck; and then in a more mild tone, as one that was conscious his reputation lay at the mercy of his antagonist, he added—'Away with you down to Monkbarns, and when I come back I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the kitchen.'

'Heaven reward your honour!' This was uttered with the true mendicant whine, as, setting his pike-staff before him, he began to move in the direction of Monkbarns. 'But did your honour,' turning round, 'ever get back the siller ye gae to the travelling packman for the bodle?'

'Curse thee, go about thy business!'

'Aweel, aweel, sir, God bless your honour! I hope ye'll ding Johnnie Howie yet, and that I'll live to see it.' And so saying, the old beggar moved off, relieving Mr. Oldbuck of recollections which were anything rather than agreeable.

'Who is this familiar old gentleman?' said Lovel, when the mendicant was out of hearing.

'O, one of the plagues of the country. I have been always against poor's-rates and a workhouse; I think I'll vote for them now, to have that scoundrel shut up. O, your old-remembered guest of a beggar becomes as well acquainted with you as he is with his dish, as intimate as one of the beasts familiar to man which signify love, and with which his own trade is especially conversant. Who is he? why, he has gone the vole—has been soldier, ballad-singer, travelling tinker, and is now a beggar. He is spoiled by our foolish gentry, who laugh at his jokes and rehearse Edie Ochiltree's good things as regularly as Joe Miller's.'

'Why, he uses freedom apparently, which is the soul of wit,' answered Lovel.

'O ay, freedom enough,' said the Antiquary; 'he generally invents some damned improbable lie or another to provoke you, like that nonsense he talked just now; not that I'll publish my tract till I have examined the thing to the bottom.'

'In England,' said Lovel, 'such a mendicant would get a speedy check.'

'Yes, your churchwardens and dog-whips would make slender allowance for his vein of humour! But here, curse him, he is a sort of privileged nuisance — one of the last specimens of the old-fashioned Scottish mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular space, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel, and sometimes the historian of the district. That rascal, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other man in this and the four next parishes. And after all,' continued he, softening as he went on, describing Edie's good gifts, 'the dog has some good-humour. He has borne his hard fate with unbroken spirits, and it's cruel to deny him the comfort of a laugh at his betters. The pleasure of having quizzed me, as you gay folk would call it, will be meat and drink to him for a day or two. But I must go back and look after him, or he will spread his d—d nonsensical story over half the country.'

So saying, our heroes parted, Mr. Oldbuck to return to his *hospitium* at Monkbarns, and Lovel to pursue his way to Fairport, where he arrived without farther adventure.

CHAPTER V

Launcelot Gobbo. Mark me now: now will I raise the waters.

Merchant of Venice.

THE theatre at Fairport had opened, but no Mr. Lovel appeared on the boards; nor was there anything in the habits or deportment of the young gentleman so named which authorised Mr. Oldbuck's conjecture that his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the public favour. Regular were the Antiquary's inquiries at an old-fashioned barber who dressed the only three wigs in the parish, which, in defiance of taxes and times, were still subjected to the operation of powdering and frizzling, and who for that purpose divided his time among the three employers whom fashion had yet left him — regular, I say, were Mr. Oldbuck's inquiries at this personage concerning the news of the little theatre at Fairport, expecting every day to hear of Mr. Lovel's appearance, on which occasion the old gentleman had determined to put himself to charges in honour of his young friend, and not only to go to the play himself, but to carry his womankind along with him. But old Jacob Caxon conveyed no information which warranted his taking so decisive a step as that of securing a box.

He brought information, on the contrary, that there was a young man residing at Fairport of whom the town (by which he meant all the gossips, who, having no business of their own, fill up their leisure moments by attending to that of other people) could make nothing. He sought no society, but rather avoided that which the apparent gentleness of his manners, and some degree of curiosity, induced many to offer him. Nothing could be more regular, or less resembling an adventurer, than his mode of living, which was simple, but so completely well arranged that all who had any transactions with him were loud in their approbation.

'These are not the virtues of a stage-struck hero,' thought

Oldbuck to himself; and, however habitually pertinacious in his opinions, he must have been compelled to abandon that which he had formed in the present instance but for a part of Caxon's communication. 'The young gentleman,' he said, 'was sometimes heard speaking to himself, and rampaging about in his room, just as if he was ane o' the player folk.'

Nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance, occurred to confirm Mr. Oldbuck's supposition, and it remained a high and doubtful question what a well-informed young man, without friends, connexions, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a resident at Fairport. Neither port wine nor whist had apparently any charms for him. He declined dining with the mess of the volunteer cohort, which had been lately embodied, and shunned joining the convivialities of either of the two parties which then divided Fairport, as they did more important places. He was too little of an aristocrat to join the club of Royal True Blues, and too little of a democrat to fraternise with an affiliated society of the *soi-disant* Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A coffee-room was his detestation; and, I grieve to say it, he had as few sympathies with the tea-table. In short, since the name was fashionable in novel-writing, and that is a great while ago, there was never a Master Lovel of whom so little positive was known, and who was so universally described by negatives.

One negative, however, was important: nobody knew any harm of Lovel. Indeed, had such existed, it would have been speedily made public; for the natural desire of speaking evil of our neighbour could in his case have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for a being so unsocial. On one account alone he fell somewhat under suspicion. As he made free use of his pencil in his solitary walks, and had drawn several views of the harbour, in which the signal-tower, and even the four-gun battery, were introduced, some zealous friends of the public sent abroad a whisper that this mysterious stranger must certainly be a French spy. The sheriff paid his respects to Mr. Lovel accordingly, but in the interview which followed it would seem that he had entirely removed that magistrate's suspicions, since he not only suffered him to remain undisturbed in his retirement, but, it was credibly reported, sent him two invitations to dinner parties, both which were civilly declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not only from the public at large, but

from his substitute, his clerk, his wife, and his two daughters, who formed his privy council on all questions of official duty.

All these particulars being faithfully reported by Mr. Caxon to his patron at Monkbarns, tended much to raise Lovel in the opinion of his former fellow-traveller. 'A decent sensible lad,' said he to himself, 'who scorns to enter into the fooleries and nonsense of these idiot people at Fairport. I must do something for him — I must give him a dinner; and I will write Sir Arthur to come to Monkbarns to meet him. I must consult my womankind.'

Accordingly, such consultation having been previously held, a special messenger, being no other than Caxon himself, was ordered to prepare for a walk to Knockwinnock Castle with a letter, 'For the honoured Sir Arthur Wardour of Knockwinnock, Bart.' The contents ran thus —

'DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

'On Tuesday the 17th curt. *stilb novo*, I hold a cæno-bitical symposion at Monkbarns, and pray you to assist thereat, at four o'clock precisely. If my fair enemy Miss Isabel can and will honour us by accompanying you, my womankind will be but too proud to have the aid of such an auxiliary in the cause of resistance to lawful rule and right supremacy. If not, I will send the womankind to the manse for the day. I have a young acquaintance to make known to you, who is touched with some strain of a better spirit than belongs to these giddy-paced times — reveres his elders, and has a pretty notion of the classics — and, as such a youth must have a natural contempt for the people about Fairport, I wish to show him some rational as well as worshipful society. — I am, dear Sir Arthur,' etc. etc. etc.

'Fly with this letter, Caxon,' said the senior, holding out his missive, *signatum atque sigillatum* — 'fly to Knockwinnock and bring me back an answer. Go as fast as if the town-council were met, and waiting for the provost, and the provost was waiting for his new-powdered wig.'

'Ah! sir,' answered the messenger, with a deep sigh, 'thae days hae lang gane by. Deil a wig has a provost of Fairport worn sin' auld Provost Jervie's time; and he had a quean of a servant-lass that dressed it hersell, wi' the doup o' a candle and a drudging-box. But I hae seen the day, Monkbarns, when the town-council of Fairport wad hae as soon wanted their town-clerk, or their gill of brandy ower-head after the haddies,

as they wad hae wanted ilk ane a weel-favoured, sonsy, decent periwig on his pow. Hegh, sirs! nae wonder the commons will be discontent and rise against the law, when they see magistrates and bailies and deacons, and the provost himsell, wi' heads as bald and as bare as ane o' my blocks!

'And as well furnished within, Caxon. But away with you; you have an excellent view of public affairs, and, I daresay, have touched the cause of our popular discontent as closely as the provost could have done himself. But away with you, Caxon.'

And off went Caxon upon his walk of three miles —

He hobbled, but his heart was good;
Could he go faster than he could?

While he is engaged in his journey and return, it may not be impertinent to inform the reader to whose mansion he was bearing his embassy.

We have said that Mr. Oldbuck kept little company with the surrounding gentlemen, excepting with one person only. This was Sir Arthur Wardour, a baronet of ancient descent, and of a large but embarrassed fortune. His father, Sir Anthony, had been a Jacobite, and had displayed all the enthusiasm of that party while it could be served with words only. No man squeezed the orange with more significant gesture; no one could more dexterously intimate a dangerous health without coming under the penal statutes; and, above all, none drank success to the cause more deeply and devoutly. But, on the approach of the Highland army in 1745, it would appear that the worthy baronet's zeal became a little more moderate just when its warmth was of most consequence. He talked much, indeed, of taking the field for the rights of Scotland and Charles Stuart; but his demi-pique saddle would suit only one of his horses, and that horse could by no means be brought to stand fire. Perhaps the worshipful owner sympathised in the scruples of this sagacious quadruped, and began to think that what was so much dreaded by the horse could not be very wholesome for the rider. At any rate, while Sir Anthony Wardour talked and drank and hesitated, the sturdy provost of Fairport (who, as we before noticed, was the father of our Antiquary) sallied from his ancient burgh, heading a body of Whig burghers, and seized at once, in the name of George II., upon the Castle of Knockwinnoch and on the four carriage-horses and person of the proprietor. Sir Anthony was shortly

after sent off to the Tower of London by a secretary of state's warrant, and with him went his son Arthur, then a youth. But as nothing appeared like an overt act of treason, both father and son were soon set at liberty, and returned to their own mansion at Knockwinnock to drink healths five fathoms deep and talk of their sufferings in the royal cause. This became so much a matter of habit with Sir Arthur that, even after his father's death, the nonjuring chaplain used to pray regularly for the restoration of the rightful sovereign, for the downfall of the usurper, and for deliverance from their cruel and bloodthirsty enemies; although all idea of serious opposition to the house of Hanover had long mouldered away, and this treasonable liturgy was kept up rather as a matter of form than as conveying any distinct meaning. So much was this the case that, about the year 1770, upon a disputed election occurring in the county, the worthy knight fairly gulped down the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, in order to serve a candidate in whom he was interested; thus renouncing the heir for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Heaven, and acknowledging the usurper, whose dethronement he had never ceased to pray for. And to add to this melancholy instance of human inconsistency, Sir Arthur continued to pray for the house of Stuart even after the family had been extinct, and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty he was pleased to regard them as alive, yet in all actual service and practical exertion he was a most zealous and devoted subject of George III.

In other respects Sir Arthur Wardour lived like most country gentlemen in Scotland — hunted and fished, gave and received dinners, attended races and county meetings, was a deputy-lieutenant and trustee upon turnpike acts. But in his more advanced years, as he became too lazy or unwieldy for field-sports, he supplied them by now and then reading Scottish history; and, having gradually acquired a taste for antiquities, though neither very deep nor very correct, he became a crony of his neighbour, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, and a joint labourer with him in his antiquarian pursuits.

There were, however, points of difference between these two humourists which sometimes occasioned discord. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was boundless, and Mr. Oldbuck (notwithstanding the affair of the *prætorium* at the Kaim of Kinprunes) was much more scrupulous in receiving legends as current and authentic coin. Sir Arthur would have deemed himself guilty of the crime of leze-majesty had he doubted the

existence of any single individual of that formidable bead-roll of one hundred and four kings of Scotland, received by Boethius, and rendered classical by Buchanan, in virtue of whom James VI. claimed to rule his ancient kingdom, and whose portraits still frown grimly upon the walls of the gallery of Holyrood. Now Oldbuck, a shrewd and suspicious man, and no respecter of divine hereditary right, was apt to cavil at this sacred list, and to affirm that the procession of the posterity of Fergus through the pages of Scottish history was as vain and unsubstantial as the gleamy pageant of the descendants of Banquo through the cavern of Hecate.

Another tender topic was the good fame of Queen Mary, of which the knight was a most chivalrous assertor, while the esquire impugned it, in spite both of her beauty and misfortunes. When, unhappily, their conversation turned on yet later times, motives of discord occurred in almost every page of history. Oldbuck was upon principle a stanch Presbyterian, a ruling elder of the kirk, and a friend to revolution principles and Protestant succession, while Sir Arthur was the very reverse of all this. They agreed, it is true, in dutiful love and allegiance to the sovereign who now fills¹ the throne; but this was their only point of union. It therefore often happened that bickerings hot broke out between them, in which Oldbuck was not always able to suppress his caustic humour, while it would sometimes occur to the Baronet that the descendant of a German printer, whose sires had 'sought the base fellowship of paltry burghers,' forgot himself, and took an unlicensed freedom of debate, considering the rank and ancient descent of his antagonist. This, with the old feud of the coach-horses, and the seizure of his manor-place and tower of strength by Mr. Oldbuck's father, would at times rush upon his mind, and inflame at once his cheeks and his arguments. And, lastly, as Mr. Oldbuck thought his worthy friend and compeer was in some respects little better than a fool, he was apt to come more near communicating to him that unfavourable opinion than the rules of modern politeness warrant. In such cases they often parted in deep dudgeon, and with something like a resolution to forbear each other's company in future:

But with the morning calm reflection came;

¹ The reader will understand that this refers to the reign of our late Gracious Sovereign, George the Third.

was the Baronet seated, now turning over the leaves of a folio, now casting a weary glance where the sun quivered on the dark-green foliage and smooth trunks of the large and branching limes with which the avenue was planted. At length, sight of joy! a moving object is seen, and it gives rise to the usual inquiries, Who is it? and what can be his errand? The old whitish-grey coat, the hobbling gait, the hat, half-slouched, half-cocked, announced the forlorn maker of periwigs, and left for investigation only the second query. This was soon solved by a servant entering the parlour—'A letter from Monkbnarns, Sir Arthur.'

Sir Arthur took the epistle with a due assumption of consequential dignity.

'Take the old man into the kitchen and let him get some refreshment,' said the young lady, whose compassionate eye had remarked his thin grey hair and wearied gait.

'Mr. Oldbuck, my love, invites us to dinner on Tuesday the 17th,' said the Baronet, pausing; 'he really seems to forget that he has not of late conducted himself so civilly towards me as might have been expected.'

'Dear sir, you have so many advantages over poor Mr. Oldbuck that no wonder it should put him a little out of humour; but I know he has much respect for your person and your conversation; nothing would give him more pain than to be wanting in any real attention.'

'True, true, Isabella; and one must allow for the original descent: something of the German boorishness still flows in the blood, something of the Whiggish and perverse opposition to established rank and privilege. You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute unless when he avails himself of a sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact, a tiresome and frivolous accuracy of memory which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent.'

'He must find it convenient in historical investigation, I should think, sir?' said the young lady.

'It leads to an uncivil and positive mode of disputing; and nothing seems more unreasonable than to hear him impugn even Bellenden's rare translation of Hector Boece, which I have the satisfaction to possess, and which is a black-letter folio of great value, upon the authority of some old scrap of parchment which he has saved from its deserved destiny of being cut up into tailors' measures. And, besides, that habit of minute and troublesome accuracy leads to a mercantile manner of doing

business, which ought to be beneath a landed proprietor whose family has stood two or three generations. I question if there's a dealer's clerk in Fairport that can sum an account of interest better than Monkbarns.'

'But you'll accept his invitation, sir?'

'Why, ye—yes; we have no other engagement on hand, I think. Who can the young man be he talks of? he seldom picks up new acquaintance; and he has no relation that I ever heard of.'

'Probably some relation of his brother-in-law, Captain M'Intyre.'

'Very possibly. Yes, we will accept; the M'Intyres are of a very ancient Highland family. You may answer his card in the affirmative, Isabella; I believe I have no leisure to be "Dear Sirring" myself.'

So this important matter being adjusted, Miss Wardour intimated 'her own and Sir Arthur's compliments, and that they would have the honour of waiting upon Mr. Oldbuck. Miss Wardour takes this opportunity to renew her hostility with Mr. Oldbuck, on account of his late long absence from Knockwinnock, where his visits give so much pleasure.' With this *placebo* she concluded her note, with which old Caxon, now refreshed in limbs and wind, set out on his return to the Antiquary's mansion.

CHAPTER VI

Moth. By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodnesday,
Truth is a thing that I will ever keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.

CARTWRIGHT'S *Ordinary*.

OUR young friend Lovel, who had received a corresponding invitation, punctual to the hour of appointment, arrived at Monkbarns about five minutes before four o'clock on the 17th of July. The day had been remarkably sultry, and large drops of rain had occasionally fallen, though the threatened showers had as yet passed away.

Mr. Oldbuck received him at the Palmer's Port in his complete brown suit, grey silk stockings, and wig powdered with all the skill of the veteran Caxon, who, having smelt out the dinner, had taken care not to finish his job till the hour of eating approached.

'You are welcome to my symposion, Mr. Lovel; and now let me introduce you to my Clogdogdos, as Tom Otter calls them — my unlucky and good-for-nothing womankind — *malæ bestiæ*, Mr. Lovel.'

'I shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the ladies very undeserving of your satire.'

'Tilley-valley, Mr. Lovel — which, by the way, one commentator derives from *tittivillitium* and another from *talley-ho* — but tilley-valley, I say, a truce with your politeness. You will find them but samples of womankind. But here they be, Mr. Lovel. I present to you, in due order, my most discreet sister Griselda, who disdains the simplicity, as well as patience, annexed to the poor old name of Grizel; and my most exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary, and sometimes Molly.'

The elderly lady rustled in silks and satins, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion in the ladies' mem-

orandum-book for the year 1770, a superb piece of architecture not much less than a modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the turrets, the black pins the *chevaux de frize*, and the lappets the banners.

The face which, like that of the ancient statues of Vesta, was thus crowned with towers, was large and long, and peaked at nose and chin, and bore in other respects such a ludicrous resemblance to the physiognomy of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck that Lovel, had they not appeared at once, like Sebastian and Viola in the last scene of the 'Twelfth Night,' might have supposed that the figure before him was his old friend masquerading in female attire. An antique flowered silk gown graced the extraordinary person to whom belonged this unparalleled *tête*, which her brother was wont to say was fitter for a turban for Mahound or Termagant than a head-gear for a reasonable creature or Christian gentlewoman. Two long and bony arms were terminated at the elbows by triple blond ruffles, and, being folded saltire-ways in front of her person, and decorated with long gloves of a bright vermilion colour, presented no bad resemblance to a pair of gigantic lobsters. High-heeled shoes, and a short silk cloak, thrown in easy negligence over her shoulders, completed the exterior of Miss Griselda Oldbuck.

Her niece, the same whom Lovel had seen transiently during his first visit, was a pretty young woman, genteelly dressed according to the fashion of the day, with an air of *espèglerie* which became her very well, and which was perhaps derived from the caustic humour peculiar to her uncle's family, though softened by transmission.

Mr. Lovel paid his respects to both ladies, and was answered by the elder with the prolonged courtesy of 1760, drawn from the righteous period

When folks conceived a grace
Of half an hour's space,
And rejoiced in a Friday's capon,

and by the younger with a modern reverence, which, like the festive benediction of a modern divine, was of much shorter duration.

While this salutation was exchanging, Sir Arthur, with his fair daughter hanging upon his arm, having dismissed his chariot, appeared at the garden door, and in all due form paid his respects to the ladies.

'Sir Arthur,' said the Antiquary, 'and you, my fair foe, let

me make known to you my young friend Mr. Lovel, a gentleman who, during the scarlet-fever which is epidemic at present in this our island, has the virtue and decency to appear in a coat of a civil complexion. You see, however, that the fashionable colour has mustered in his cheeks which appears not in his garments. Sir Arthur, let me present to you a young gentleman whom your farther knowledge will find grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in all the hidden mysteries of the greenroom and stage, from the days of Davie Lindsay down to those of Dibdin, — he blushes again, which is a sign of grace.'

'My brother,' said Miss Griselda, addressing Lovel, 'has a humorous way of expressing himself; sir, nobody thinks anything of what Monkbarns says; so I beg you will not be so confused for the matter of his nonsense. But you must have had a warm walk beneath this broiling sun; would you take any thing? — a glass of balm wine?'

Ere Lovel could answer, the Antiquary interposed. 'Aroint thee, witch! wouldst thou poison my guests with thy infernal decoctions? Dost thou not remember how it fared with the clergyman whom you seduced to partake of that deceitful beverage?'

'O fie, fie, brother. Sir Arthur, did you ever hear the like! He must have everything his ain way, or he will invent such stories. But there goes Jenny to ring the old bell to tell us that the dinner is ready.'

Rigid in his economy, Mr. Oldbuck kept no male servant. This he disguised under the pretext that the masculine sex was too noble to be employed in those acts of personal servitude which, in all early periods of society, were uniformly imposed on the female. 'Why,' would he say, 'did the boy Tam Rintherout, whom, at my wise sister's instigation, I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial — why did he pilfer apples, take birds' nests, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble emulation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex, which has conducted him to Flanders with a musket on his shoulder, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious halbert, or even to the gallows? And why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Rintherout, move in the same vocation with safe and noiseless step, shod or unshod, soft as the pace of a cat, and docile as a spaniel — why? but because she is in her vocation. Let them minister to us, Sir Arthur — let them minister, I say; it's the only thing they are fit for. All

ancient legislators, from Lycurgus to Mahommed, corruptly called Mahomet, agree in putting them in their proper and subordinate rank, and it is only the crazy heads of our old chivalrous ancestors that erected their Dulcineas into despotic princesses.'

Miss Wardour protested loudly against this ungallant doctrine ; but the bell now rung for dinner.

'Let me do all the offices of fair courtesy to so fair an antagonist,' said the old gentleman, offering his arm. 'I remember, Miss Wardour, Mahommed (vulgarly Mahomet) had some hesitation about the mode of summoning his Moslemah to prayer. He rejected bells as used by Christians, trumpets as the summons of the Guebres, and finally adopted the human voice. I have had equal doubt concerning my dinner-call. Gongs, now in present use, seemed a newfangled and heathenish invention, and the voice of the female womankind I rejected as equally shrill and dissonant ; wherefore, contrary to the said Mahommed, or Mahomet, I have resumed the bell. It has a local propriety, since it was the conventual signal for spreading the repast in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongue of my sister's prime minister Jenny, that, though not quite so loud and shrill, it ceases ringing the instant you drop the bell-rope ; whereas we know by sad experience that any attempt to silence Jenny only wakes the sympathetic chime of Miss Oldbuck and Mary McIntyre to join in chorus.'

With this discourse he led the way to his dining-parlour, which Lovel had not yet seen ; it was wainscotted, and contained some curious paintings. The dining-table was attended by Jenny ; but an old superintendent, a sort of female butler, stood by the sideboard, and underwent the burden of bearing several reproofs from Mr. Oldbuck, and innuendos, not so much marked but not less cutting, from his sister.

The dinner was such as suited a professed antiquary, comprehending many savoury specimens of Scottish viands now disused at the tables of those who affect elegance. There was the relishing solan goose, whose smell is so powerful that he is never cooked within doors. Blood-raw he proved to be on this occasion, so that Oldbuck half-threatened to throw the greasy sea-fowl at the head of the negligent housekeeper, who acted as priestess in presenting this odoriferous offering. But, by good hap, she had been most fortunate in the hotchpotch, which was unanimously pronounced to be inimitable. 'I knew we should succeed here,' said Oldbuck exultingly, 'for Davie

Dibble, the gardener — an old bachelor like myself — takes care the rascally women do not dishonour our vegetables. And here is fish and sauce and crappit-heads. I acknowledge our womankind excel in that dish ; it procures them the pleasure of scolding, for half an hour at least, twice a-week, with auld Maggy Mucklebackit, our fishwife. The chicken-pie, Mr. Lovel, is made after a recipe bequeathed to me by my departed grandmother of happy memory. And if you will venture on a glass of wine you will find it worthy of one who professes the maxim of King Alphonso of Castile — Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends, Sir Arthur — ay, Mr. Lovel, and young friends too — to converse with.'

'And what news do you bring us from Edinburgh, Monk-barns ?' said Sir Arthur ; 'how wags the world in Auld Reekie ?'

'Mad, Sir Arthur, mad — irretrievably frantic — far beyond dipping in the sea, shaving the crown, or drinking hellebore. The worst sort of frenzy, a military frenzy, hath possessed man, woman, and child.'

'And high time, I think,' said Miss Wardour, 'when we are threatened with invasion from abroad and insurrection at home.'

'O, I did not doubt you would join the scarlet host against me : women, like turkeys, are always subdued by a red rag. But what says Sir Arthur, whose dreams are of standing armies and German oppression ?'

'Why, I say, Mr. Oldbuck,' replied the knight, 'that, so far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist *cum toto corpore regni*, as the phrase is, unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin, an enemy who comes to propose to us a Whiggish sort of government, a republican system, and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatics of the worst kind in our own bowels. I have taken some measures, I assure you, such as become my rank in the community ; for I have directed the constables to take up that old scoundrelly beggar, Edie Ochiltree, for spreading disaffection against church and state through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Caxon that Johnnie Howie's Kilmarnock cowl covered more sense than all the three wigs in the parish. I think it is easy to make out that innuendo. But the rogue shall be taught better manners.'

'O no, my dear sir,' exclaimed Miss Wardour, 'not old Edie, that we have known so long. I assure you no constable shall have my good graces that executes such a warrant.'

'Ay, there it goes,' said the Antiquary ; 'you, to be a

stanch Tory, Sir Arthur, have nourished a fine sprig of Whiggery in your bosom. Why, Miss Wardour is alone sufficient to control a whole quarter-session — a quarter-session? ay, a general assembly or convocation to boot — a Boadicea she, an Amazon, a Zenobia.'

'And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Oldbuck, I am glad to hear our people are getting under arms.'

'Under arms, Lord love thee! didst thou ever read the history of Sister Margaret, which flowed from a head that, though now old and somedele grey, has more sense and political intelligence than you find nowadays in a whole synod? Dost thou remember the Nurse's dream in that exquisite work, which she recounts in such agony to Hubble Bubble? When she would have taken up a piece of broad-cloth in her vision, lo! it exploded like a great iron cannon; when she put out her hand to save a pinn, it perked up in her face in the form of a pistol. My own vision in Edinburgh has been something similar. I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragoon's dress, belted and casqued, and about to mount a charger, which his writing-clerk (habited as a sharp-shooter) walked to and fro before his door. I went to scold my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman; he had stuck into his head the plume which in more sober days he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an artillery officer. My mercer had his spontoon in his hand, as if he measured his cloth by that implement instead of a legitimate yard. The banker's clerk, who was directed to sum my cash-account, blundered it three times, being disordered by the recollection of his military "tellings-off" at the morning drill. I was ill, and sent for a surgeon —

He came; but valour so had fired his eye,
And such a falchion glitter'd on his thigh,
That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
I thought he came to murder, not to heal!

I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practising a more wholesale mode of slaughter than that which his profession had been supposed at all times to open to him. And now, since I have returned here, even our wise neighbours of Fairport have caught the same valiant humour. I hate a gun like a hurt wild duck, I detest a drum like a Quaker; and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the town's common so that every volley and roll goes to my very heart.'

'Dear brother, dinna speak that gate o' the gentlemen volunteers; I am sure they have a most becoming uniform. Weel I wot they have been wet to the very skin twice last week; I met them marching in terribly droukit, an mony a sair hoast was amang them. And the trouble they take, I am sure it claims our gratitude.'

'And I am sure,' said Miss M'Intyre, 'that my uncle sent twenty guineas to help out their equipments.'

'It was to buy liquorice and sugar-candy,' said the cynic, 'to encourage the trade of the place, and to refresh the throats of the officers who had bawled themselves hoarse in the service of their country.'

'Take care, Monkbarns! we shall set you down among the black-nebs by and by.'

'No, Sir Arthur, a tame grumbler I. I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without uniting my throat to the grand chorus of the marsh. *Ni quito rey, ni pongo rey* — I neither make king nor mar king, as Sancho says, but pray heartily for our own sovereign, pay scot and lot, and grumble at the exciseman. But here comes the ewe-milk cheese in good time; it is a better digestive than politics.'

When dinner was over and the decanters placed on the table, Mr. Oldbuck proposed the King's health in a bumper, which was readily acceded to both by Lovel and the Baronet, the Jacobitism of the latter being now a sort of speculative opinion merely — the shadow of a shade.

After the ladies had left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Arthur entered into several exquisite discussions, in which the younger guest, either on account of the abstruse erudition which they involved, or for some other reason, took but a slender share, till at length he was suddenly started out of a profound reverie by an unexpected appeal to his judgment.

'I will stand by what Mr. Lovel says; he was born in the north of England, and may know the very spot.'

Sir Arthur thought it unlikely that so young a gentleman should have paid much attention to matters of that sort.

'I am advised of the contrary,' said Oldbuck. 'How say you, Mr. Lovel? Speak up for your own credit, man.'

Lovel was obliged to confess himself in the ridiculous situation of one alike ignorant of the subject of conversation and controversy which had engaged the company for an hour.

'Lord help the lad, his head has been wool-gathering! I thought how it would be when the womankind were admitted

—no getting a word of sense out of a young fellow for six hours after. Why, man, there was once a people called the Piks——

‘More properly Picts,’ interrupted the Baronet.

‘I say the Pikar, Pihar, Piochtar, Piaghter, or Peughtar,’ vociferated Oldbuck; ‘they spoke a Gothic dialect——’

‘Genuine Celtic,’ again asseverated the knight.

‘Gothic! Gothic, I’ll go to death upon it!’ counter-asseverated the squire.

‘Why, gentlemen,’ said Lovel, ‘I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language.’

‘There is but one word,’ said the Baronet, ‘but, in spite of Mr. Oldbuck’s pertinacity, it is decisive of the question.’

‘Yes, in my favour,’ said Oldbuck. ‘Mr. Lovel, you shall be judge. I have the learned Pinkerton on my side.’

‘I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers.’

‘Gordon comes into my opinion.’

‘Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine.’

‘Innes is with me!’ vociferated Oldbuck.

‘Ritson has no doubt!’ shouted the Baronet.

‘Truly, gentlemen,’ said Lovel, ‘before you muster your forces and overwhelm me with authorities I should like to know the word in dispute.’

‘*Benval*,’ said both the disputants at once.

‘Which signifies *caput valli*,’ said Sir Arthur.

‘The head of the wall,’ echoed Oldbuck.

There was a deep pause. ‘It is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon,’ observed the arbiter.

‘Not a whit, not a whit,’ said Oldbuck; ‘men fight best in a narrow ring: an inch is as good as a mile for a home-thrust.’

‘It is decidedly Celtic,’ said the Baronet; ‘every hill in the Highlands begins with “ben.”’

‘But what say you to “val,” Sir Arthur? is it not decidedly the Saxon “wall”?’

‘It is the Roman *vallum*,’ said Sir Arthur; ‘the Picts borrowed that part of the word.’

‘No such thing; if they borrowed anything, it must have been your “ben,” which they might have from the neighbouring Britons of Strath Cluyd.’

‘The Piks, or Picts,’ said Lovel, ‘must have been singularly poor in dialect, since in the only remaining word of their

vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they have been confessedly obliged to borrow one of them from another language; and, methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought concerning the shield that had one side white and the other black. Each of you claim one-half of the word, and seem to resign the other. But what strikes me most is the poverty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it.'

'You are in an error,' said Sir Arthur; 'it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people; built two steeples—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, thence called *Castrum Puellarum*.'

'A childish legend,' said Oldbuck, 'invented to give consequence to trumpery womankind. It was called the Maiden Castle, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because it resisted every attack, and women never do.'

'There is a list of the Pictish kings,' persisted Sir Arthur, 'well authenticated, from Crenthemnacheryme (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to Drusterstone, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic Mac prefixed—Mac, *id est filius*; what do you say to that, Mr. Oldbuck? There is Drust Macmorachin, Trynel Maclachlin (first of that ancient clan, as it may be judged), and Gormach Macdonald, Alpin Macmetegus, Drust Mactallargam (here he was interrupted by a fit of coughing), ugh, ugh, ugh—Golarge Macchan—ugh, ugh—Macchanan—ugh—Macchananail—Kenneth—ugh—ugh—Macferedith, Eachan Macfungus—and twenty more, decidedly Celtic names, which I could repeat if this damned cough would let me.'

'Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that bead-roll of unbaptised jargon, that would choke the devil; why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you have repeated. They are all of the tribe of Macfungus, mushroom monarchs every one of them, sprung up from the fumes of conceit, folly, and falsehood fermenting in the brains of some mad Highland seannachie.'

'I am surprised to hear you, Mr. Oldbuck; you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentates was copied by Henry Maule of Melgum from the *Chronicles of Loch-Leven* and *Saint Andrews*, and put forth by him in his short but satisfactory *History of the Picts*, printed by Robert Freebairn of Edinburgh, and sold by him at his shop in the Parliament

Close, in the year of God seventeen hundred and five, or six, I am not precisely certain which ; but I have a copy at home that stands next to my twelvemo copy of the Scots Acts, and ranges on the shelf with them very well. What say you to that, Mr. Oldbuck ?

‘Say ? Why, I laugh at Harry Maule and his history,’ answered Oldbuck, ‘and thereby comply with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its merits.’

‘Do not laugh at a better man than yourself,’ said Sir Arthur, somewhat scornfully.

‘I do not conceive I do, Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history.’

‘Henry Maule of Melgum was a gentleman, Mr. Oldbuck.’

‘I presume he had no advantage of me in *that* particular,’ replied the Antiquary, somewhat tartly.

‘Permit me, Mr. Oldbuck ; he was a gentleman of high family and ancient descent, and therefore——’

‘The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference ? Such may be your opinion, Sir Arthur ; it is not mine. I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfbrand Oldenbuck, who, in the month of December 1493, under the patronage, as the colophon tells us, of Sebaldus Scheyter and Sebastian Kammermaister, accomplished the printing of the great *Chronicle of Nuremberg*—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminacheryme, not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name.’

‘If you mean the observation as a sneer at my ancestry,’ said the knight, with an assumption of dignified superiority and composure, ‘I have the pleasure to inform you that the name of my ancestor Gamelyn de Guardover, *miles*, is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Ragman Roll.’

‘Which only serves to show that he was one of the earliest who set the mean example of submitting to Edward I. What have you to say for the stainless loyalty of your family, Sir Arthur, after such a backsliding as that ?’

‘It’s enough, sir,’ said Sir Arthur, starting up fiercely and pushing back his chair ; ‘I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company one who shows himself so ungrateful for my condescension.’

‘In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur; I hope that, as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation which you have done me by visiting my poor house, I may be excused for not having carried my gratitude to the extent of servility.’

‘Mighty well — mighty well, Mr. Oldbuck; I wish you a good evening. Mr. a — a — a — Shovel, I wish you a very good evening.’

Out of the parlour door flounced the incensed Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table inflamed his single bosom; and traversed with long strides the labyrinth of passages which conducted to the drawing-room.

‘Did you ever hear such an old tup-headed ass?’ said Oldbuck, briefly apostrophising Lovel; ‘but I must not let him go in this mad-like way neither.’

So saying, he pushed off after the retreating Baronet, whom he traced by the clang of several doors which he opened in search of the apartment for tea, and slammed with force behind him at every disappointment. ‘You’ll do yourself a mischief,’ roared the Antiquary. ‘*Qui ambulat in tenebris, nescit quo vadit* — you’ll tumble down the backstair.’

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the sedative effect is well known to nurses and governesses who have to deal with pettish children. It retarded the pace of the irritated Baronet if it did not abate his resentment, and Mr. Oldbuck, better acquainted with the *locale*, got up with him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

‘Stay a minute, Sir Arthur,’ said Oldbuck, opposing his abrupt entrance; ‘don’t be quite so hasty, my good old friend. I was a little too rude with you about Sir Gamelyn. Why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, man, and a favourite; he kept company with Bruce and Wallace, and, I’ll be sworn on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Ragman Roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of circumventing the false Southern. ’T was right Scottish craft, my good knight; hundreds did it. Come, come, forget and forgive; confess we have given the young fellow here a right to think us two testy old fools.’

‘Speak for yourself, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck,’ said Sir Arthur, with much majesty.

‘Awell, awell! a wilful man must have his way.’

With that the door opened, and into the drawing-room

marched the tall gaunt form of Sir Arthur, followed by Lovel and Mr. Oldbuck, the countenances of all three a little discomposed.

'I have been waiting for you, sir,' said Miss Wardour, 'to propose we should walk forward to meet the carriage, as the evening is so fine.'

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mood in which he found himself; and having, agreeably to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the refreshment of tea and coffee, he tucked his daughter under his arm, and, after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies and a very dry one of Oldbuck, off he marched.

'I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog on his back again,' said Miss Oldbuck.

'Black dog! black devil! he's more absurd than womankind. What say you, Lovel? Why, the lad's gone too.'

'He took his leave, uncle, while Miss Wardour was putting on her things; but I don't think you observed him.'

'The devil's in the people! This is all one gets by fussing and bustling and putting one's self out of one's way in order to give dinners, besides all the charges they are put to. O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia!' said he, taking up a cup of tea in the one hand and a volume of the *Rambler* in the other — for it was his regular custom to read while he was eating or drinking in presence of his sister, being a practice which served at once to evince his contempt for the society of womankind and his resolution to lose no moment of instruction — 'O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou spoken — "No man should presume to say, This shall be a day of happiness."'

Oldbuck proceeded in his studies for the best part of an hour, uninterrupted by the ladies, who each in profound silence pursued some female employment. At length a light and modest tap was heard at the parlour door. 'Is that you, Caxon? Come in, come in, man.'

The old man opened the door, and, thrusting in his meagre face, thatched with thin grey locks, and one sleeve of his white coat, said in a subdued and mysterious tone of voice, 'I was wanting to speak to you, sir.'

'Come in then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say.'

'I'll maybe frighten the ladies,' said the ex-friseur.

'Frighten!' answered the Antiquary, 'what do you mean?

never mind the ladies. Have you seen another ghaist at the Humlock Knowe?’

‘Na, sir; it’s no a ghaist this turn,’ replied Caxon; ‘but I’m no easy in my mind.’

‘Did you ever hear of anybody that was?’ answered Oldbuck; ‘what reason has an old battered powder-puff like you to be easy in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?’

‘It’s no for mysell, sir; but it threatens an awfu’ night; and Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, poor thing ——’

‘Why, man, they must have met the carriage at the head of the loaning or thereabouts; they must be home long ago.’

‘Na, sir; they didna gang the road by the turnpike to meet the carriage, they gaed by the sands.’

The word operated like electricity on Oldbuck. ‘The sands!’ he exclaimed; ‘impossible!’

‘Ou, sir, that’s what I said to the gardener; but he says he saw them turn down by the Mussel Craig. “In troth,” says I to him, “an that be the case, Davie, I am misdoubting ——”’

‘An almanack! an almanack!’ said Oldbuck, starting up in great alarm; ‘not that bauble!’ flinging away a little pocket almanack which his niece offered him. ‘Great God! my poor dear Miss Isabella! Fetch me instantly the Fairport Almanack.’ It was brought, consulted, and added greatly to his agitation. ‘I’ll go myself; call the gardener and ploughman, bid them bring ropes and ladders, bid them raise more help as they come along; keep the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them; I’ll go myself.’

‘What is the matter?’ inquired Miss Oldbuck and Miss McIntyre.

‘The tide! the tide!’ answered the alarmed Antiquary.

‘Had not Jenny better —— but no, I’ll run myself,’ said the younger lady, partaking in all her uncle’s terrors —— ‘I’ll run myself to Saunders Mucklebackit and make him get out his boat.’

‘Thank you, my dear, that’s the wisest word that has been spoken yet; run! run! To go by the sands!’ seizing his hat and cane; ‘was there ever such madness heard of?’

CHAPTER VII

Pleased awhile to view
The watery waste, the prospect wild and new;
The now receding waters gave them space
On either side the growing shores to trace;
And then, returning, they contract the scene,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between.

CRABBE.

THE information of Davie Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Monkbarns, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal, to return to Knockwinnock by the turnpike road; but, when they reached the head of the loaning, as it was called, or great lane, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Monkbarns, they discerned a little way before them Lovel, who seemed to linger on the way as if to give him an opportunity to join them. Miss Wardour immediately proposed to her father that they should take another direction; and, as the weather was fine, walk home by the sands, which, stretching below a picturesque ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pleasanter passage between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns than the highroad.

Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. 'It would be unpleasant,' he said, 'to be joined by that young fellow, whom Mr. Oldbuck had taken the freedom to introduce them to.' And his old-fashioned politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to 'cut' the person you have associated with for a week the instant you feel or suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him. Sir Arthur only stipulated that a little ragged boy, for the guerdon of one penny sterling, should run to meet his coachman and turn his equipage back to Knockwinnock.

When this was arranged, and the emissary despatched, the knight and his daughter left the highroad, and, following a

wandering path among sandy hillocks, partly grown over with furze and the long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had computed; but this gave them no alarm: there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and rather served, with other legends, to amuse the hamlet fireside than to prevent any one from going between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool moist hard sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long pro-

saw sic a race as the tide is running e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry; he aye held his neb abune the water in my day, but he's aneath it now.'

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

'Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy,' continued the old man — 'mak haste, and we may do yet! Take haud o' my arm; an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig; it's sma' eneugh now, but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Ballyburch Ness, for a' that's come and gane yet.'

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour or his daughter to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, 'in sae awsome a night as this.'

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings who, pent between two of the most magnificent yet most dreadful objects of nature — a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice — toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived



THE STORM.

From a painting by Sam Bough. A B S A

jecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots and shipmasters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father and held his arm fast. 'I wish,' at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions — 'I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage.'

Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach Knockwinnock, he said, long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consolatory prediction.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line which the sinuosities of the bay compelled

them to adopt for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. 'Thank God,' he exclaimed, 'we shall get round Halket Head! that person must have passed it'; thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

'Thank God indeed!' echoed his daughter, half audibly, half internally, as expressing the gratitude which she strongly felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognise the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket Head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

'Turn back! turn back!' exclaimed the vagrant; 'why did ye not turn when I waved to you?'

'We thought,' replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation — 'we thought we could get round Halket Head.'

'Halket Head! The tide will be running on Halket Head by this time like the Fall of Fyers! It was a' I could do to get round it twenty minutes since; it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe get back by Ballyburgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We can but try.'

'My God! my child!' 'My father, my dear father!' exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavoured to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

'I heard ye were here frae the bit callant ye sent to meet your carriage,' said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, 'and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilks forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o' the tide, till I settled it that, if I could get down time eneugh to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! for what mortal ee ever



of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and 'God have mercy upon us!' which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—'My child! my child! to die such a death!'

'My father! my dear father!' his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him; 'and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!'

'That's not worth the counting,' said the old man. 'I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?'

'Good man,' said Sir Arthur, 'can you think of nothing?—of no help? I'll make you rich; I'll give you a farm; I'll ——'

'Our riches will be soon equal,' said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters; 'they are sae already, for I hae nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours.'

While they exchanged these words they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates and letting them loose upon the victims.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. 'Must we yield life,' she said, 'without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till

morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us.'

Sir Arthur, who heard but scarcely comprehended his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused. 'I was a bauld craigsman,' he said, 'ance in my life, and mony a kittywake's and lungie's nest hae I harried up amang thae very black rocks; but it's lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could speel them without a rope; and if I had ane, my ee-sight and my footstep and my hand-grip hae a' failed mony a day sinsyne; and then how could I save *you*? But there was a path here ance, though maybe, if we could see it, ye would rather bide where we are. His name he praised!' he ejaculated suddenly, 'there's ane coming down the crag e'en now!' Then, exalting his voice, he halloo'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind: 'Ye're right, ye're right! that gate, that gate! Fasten the rope weel round Crummie's Horn, that's the muckle black stane; cast twa plies round it, that's it. Now, weize yoursell a wee easelward, a wee mair yet to that ither stane — we ca'd it the Cat's Lug. There used to be the root o' an aik-tree there. That will do! canny now, lad, canny now; tak tent and tak time, Lord bless ye; tak time. Vera weel! Now ye maun get to Bessy's Apron, that's the muckle braid flat blue stane; and then I think, wi' your help and the tow thegither, I'll win at ye, and then we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur.'

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag — a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope; and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge; and the stunning sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath seemed as if they still demanded the fugitives in accents of thunder as their destined prey. It was a summer night doubtless; yet the probability was slender that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

'The lassie—the puir sweet lassie,' said the old man; 'mony such a night have I weathered at hame and abroad; but, God guide us! how can she ever win through it!'

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel; for, with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence. 'I'll climb up the cliff again,' said Lovel, 'there's daylight enough left to see my footing—I'll climb up and call for more assistance.'

'Do so, do so, for Heaven's sake!' said Sir Arthur, eagerly.

'Are ye mad?' said the mendicant. 'Francie o' Fowlsheugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speel'd heugh (mair by token, he brake his neck upon the Dunbuy of Slaines), wadna hae ventured upon the Halket Head craigs after sundown. It's God's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea wi' what ye hae done already. I didna think there was the man left alive would hae come down the craigs as ye did. I question an I could hae done it mysell, at this hour and in this weather, in the youngest and yauldest of my strength. But to venture up again—it's a mere and a clear tempting o' Providence.'

'I have no fear,' answered Lovel; 'I marked all the stations

perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough left to see them quite well. I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady.'

'Deil be in my feet then,' answered the bedesman sturdily; 'if ye gang, I'll gang too; for between the twa o' us we'll hae mair than wark enugh to get to the tap o' the leugh.'

'No, no; stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour; you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted.'

'Stay yoursell then and I'll gae,' said the old man; 'let death spare the green corn and take the ripe.'

'Stay both of you, I charge you,' said Isabella, faintly; 'I am well, and can spend the night very well here; I feel quite refreshed.' So saying, her voice failed her; she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

'It is impossible to leave them,' said Lovel. 'What is to be done? Hark! hark! Did I not hear a halloo?'

'The skreigh of a Tammie Norie,' answered Ochiltree; 'I ken the skirl weel.'

'No, by Heaven,' replied Lovel, 'it was a human voice.'

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises and the clang of the seamews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

CHAPTER VIII

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep ;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear.

King Lear.

THE shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above and the sufferers beneath, who were still clinging to their precarious place of safety ; but the howling of the tempest limited their intercourse to cries as inarticulate as those of the winged denizens of the crag, which shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated sound of human voices where they had seldom been heard.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. Oldbuck was the foremost and most earnest, pressing forward with unwonted desperation to the very brink of the crag, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an air of determination which made his more timorous assistants tremble.

'Haud a care, haud a care, Monkbarns !' cried Caxon, clinging to the skirts of his patron, and withholding him from danger as far as his strength permitted. 'God's sake, haud a care ! Sir Arthur's drowned already, and an ye fa' over the cleugh too, there will be but ae wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's.'

'Mind the peak there,' cried Mucklebackit, an old fisherman and smuggler — 'mind the peak. Steenie, Steenie Wilks, bring up the tackle. I'se warrant we'll sune heave them on board, Monkbarns, wad ye but stand out o' the gate.'

'I see them,' said Oldbuck — 'I see them low down on that flat stone. Hilli-hilloa, hilli-ho-a !'

'I see them mysell weel enOUGH,' said Mucklebackit; 'they are sitting down yonder like hoodiecraws in a mist; but d'ye think ye'll help them wi' skirling that gate like an auld skart before a flaw o' weather? Steenie, lad, bring up the mast. Odd, I'se hae them up as we used to bouse up the kegs o' gin and brandy lang syne. Get up the pickaxe, make a step for the mast, make the chair fast with the rattlin, haul taught and belay!'

The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground and sufficiently secured. A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope which in the increasing darkness had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance, there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But, to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seamen had let down with the chair another line, which, being attached to it and held by the persons beneath, might serve by way of 'gy,' as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render its descent in some measure steady and regular. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a beetling precipice above and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet, wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had at his own imminent risk ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

'Let my father go first,' exclaimed Isabella; 'for God's sake, my friends, place him first in safety.'

'It cannot be, Miss Wardour,' said Lovel; 'your life must be first secured; the rope which bears your weight may ——'

'I will not listen to a reason so selfish!'

'But ye maun listen to it, my bonny lassie,' said Ochiltree, 'for a' our lives depend on it; besides, when ye get on the tap o' the heugh yonder, ye can gie them a round guess o' what's ganging on in this Patmos o' ours; and Sir Arthur's far by that, as I am thinking.'

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, 'True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk! What shall I say to our friends above?'

'Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the craig, and to let the chair down, and draw it up hooly and fairly; we will halloo when we are ready.'

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet. 'What are ye doing wi' my bairn? What are ye doing? She shall not be separated from me. Isabel, stay with me, I command you.'

'Lordsake, Sir Arthur, haud your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's wiser folk than you to manage this job,' cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of the poor Baronet.

'Farewell, my father,' murmured Isabella; 'farewell, my — my friends'; and, shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sate was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

'Canny now, lads, canny now!' exclaimed old Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore; 'swerve the yard a bit. Now — there! there she sits safe on dry land!'

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkbarns, in his ecstasy of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been with-

held by the cautious Caxon. 'Haud a care o' us, your honour will be killed wi' the hoast; ye'll no get out o' your night-cowl this fortnight; and that will suit us unco ill. Na, na, there's the chariot down by, let twa o' the folk carry the young leddy there.'

'You're right,' said the Antiquary, readjusting the sleeves and collar of his coat — 'you're right, Caxon; this is a naughty night to swim in. Miss Wardour, let me convey you to the chariot.'

'Not for worlds, till I see my father safe.'

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of so agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Ochiltree.

'Right, right, that's right too; I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself. I have a notion he would sign the abjuration oath, and the Ragman Roll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get alongside my bottle of old port that he ran away from, and left scarce begun. But he's safe now, and here a' comes — (for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part) — here a' comes; bowse away, my boys, canny wi' him. A pedigree of a hundred links is hanging on a tenpenny tow; the whole barony of Knockwinnock depends on three plies of hemp; *respice finem, respice funem* — look to your end, look to a rope's end. Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land. A cord for ever against fifty fathom of water, though not in the sense of the base proverb; a fico for the phrase, better *sus. per funem* than *sus. per coll.*'

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the close embraces of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose dangers she had shared.

'What have we here?' said Oldbuck, as the vehicle once more ascended. 'What patched and weather-beaten matter is this?' Then, as the torches illumined the rough face and grey hairs of old Ochiltree — 'What! is it thou? Come, old mocker, I must needs be friends with thee; but who the devil makes up your party besides?'

'Ane that's weel worth ony twa o' us, Monkbarms : it's the young stranger lad they ca' Lovel ; and he's behaved this blessed night as if he had three lives to rely on, and was willing to waste them a' rather than endanger ither folks'. Ca' hooly, sirs, as ye wad win an auld man's blessing ! Mind there's naebody below now to haud the gy. Hae a care o' the Cat's Lug corner ; bide weel aff Crummie's Horn !'

'Have a care indeed,' echoed Oldbuck. 'What ! is it my *rara avis*, my black swan, my phoenix of companions in a post-chaise ? Take care of him, Mucklebackit.'

'As muckle care as if he were a greybeard o' brandy ; and I canna take mair if his hair were like John Harlowe's. Yo ho, my hearts, bowse away with him !'

Lovel did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his precursors. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind ; and he swung like an agitated pendulum at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks. But he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the beggar's stout piked staff, which he had retained by advice of the proprietor, contrived to bear himself from the face of the precipice, and the yet more hazardous projecting cliffs which varied its surface. Tossed in empty space like an idle and unsubstantial feather, with a motion that agitated the brain at once with fear and with dizziness, he retained his alertness of exertion and presence of mind ; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff that he felt temporary and giddy sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had lingered till she saw the last of their company rescued from danger, and until she had been assured by the hoarse voice of Mucklebackit that 'the callant had come off wi' unbrizzed banes, and that he was but in a kind of dwam.' But Lovel was not aware that she had expressed in his fate even this degree of interest, which, though nothing more than was due to a stranger who had assisted her in such an hour of peril, he would have gladly purchased by braving even more imminent danger than he had that evening been exposed to. The beggar she had already commanded to come to Knockwinnock that night. He made an excuse. — 'Then to-morrow let me see you.'

The old man promised to obey. Oldbuck thrust something into his hand. Ochiltree looked at it by the torch-light and returned it. 'Na, na! I never tak gowd; besides, Monkbarns, ye wad maybe be rueing it the morn.' Then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants — 'Now, sirs, wha will gie me a supper and some clean pease-strae?'

'I,' 'And I,' 'And I,' answered many a ready voice.

'Aweel, since sae it is, and I can only sleep in ae barn at ance, I'll gae down wi' Saunders Mucklebackit; he has aye a soup o' something comfortable about his bigging; and, bairns, I'll maybe live to put ilka ane o' ye in mind some ither night that ye hae promised me quarters and my awmous'; and away he went with the fisherman.

Oldbuck laid the hand of strong possession on Lovel. — 'Deil a stride ye's go to Fairport this night, young man; you must go home with me to Monkbarns. Why, man, you have been a hero — a perfect Sir William Wallace by all accounts. Come, my good lad, take hold of my arm; I am not a prime support in such a wind, but Caxon shall help us out. Here, you old idiot, come on the other side of me. And how the deil got you down to that infernal Bessy's Apron, as they call it? Bess, said they — why, curse her, she has spread out that vile pennon or banner of womankind, like all the rest of her sex, to allure her votaries to death and headlong ruin.'

'I have been pretty well accustomed to climbing, and I have long observed fowlers practise that pass down the cliff.'

'But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, came you to discover the danger of the pettish Baronet and his far more deserving daughter?'

'I saw them from the verge of the precipice.'

'From the verge! umph. And what possessed you, *dumosa pendere procul de rupe*? though *dumosa* is not the appropriate epithet — what the deil, man, tempted ye to the verge of the craig?'

'Why, I like to see the gathering and growling of a coming storm; or, in your own classical language, Mr. Oldbuck, *suave est mari magno*, and so forth. But here we reach the turn to Fairport; I must wish you good-night.'

'Not a step, not a pace, not an inch, not a shathmont, as I may say; the meaning of which word has puzzled many that think themselves antiquaries. I am clear we should read "salmon length" for "shathmont's length." You are aware that the space allotted for the passage of a salmon through a dam,

dike, or wier, by statute, is the length within which a full-grown pig can turn himself round. Now I have a scheme to prove that, as terrestrial objects were thus appealed to for ascertaining submarine measurement, so it must be supposed that the productions of the water were established as gages of the extent of land. Shathmont, salmont—you see the close alliance of the sounds; dropping out two *h*'s and a *t*, and assuming an *l*, makes the whole difference. I wish to Heaven no antiquarian derivation had demanded heavier concessions.'

'But, my dear sir, I really must go home; I am wet to the skin.'

'Shalt have my nightgown, man, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian fever, as men do the plague, by wearing infected garments. Nay, I know what you would be at; you are afraid to put the old bachelor to charges. But is there not the remains of that glorious chicken-pie, which, *meo arbitrio*, is better cold than hot, and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-sick Baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck) had just taken one glass when his infirm noddle went a wool-gathering after Gamelyn de Guardover?'

So saying, he dragged Lovel forward, till the Palmer's Port of Monkbarns received them. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest; for Monkbarns's fatigue had been in a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companion had that evening undergone agitation of mind which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

CHAPTER IX

'Be brave,' she cried, 'you yet may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best.
If, then, your valour can the sight sustain
Of rustling curtains and the clinking chain ;
If your courageous tongue have powers to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk ;
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.'

True Story.

THEY reached the room in which they had dined, and were clamorously welcomed by Miss Oldbuck.

'Where's the younger womankind?' said the Antiquary.

'Indeed, brother, amang a' the steery Maria wadna be guided by me ; she set away to the Halket Craig-head. I wonder ye didna see her.'

'Eh ! what — what's that you say, sister ? Did the girl go out in a night like this to the Halket Head ? Good God ! the misery of the night is not ended yet !'

'But ye winna wait, Monkbarns ; ye are so imperative and impatient——'

'Tittle-tattle, woman,' said the impatient and agitated Antiquary, 'where is my dear Mary ?'

'Just where ye suld be yoursell, Monkbarns — upstairs and in her warm bed.'

'I could have sworn it,' said Oldbuck, laughing, but obviously much relieved — 'I could have sworn it ; the lazy monkey did not care if we were all drowned together. Why did you say she went out ?'

'But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkbarns. She gaed out, and she came in again with the gardener sae sune as she saw that nane o' ye were clodded ower the craig, and that Miss Wardour was safe in the chariot ; she was hame a quarter of an hour syne, for it's now ganging ten ; sair droukit was

she, puir thing, sae I e'en put a glass o' sherry in her water-gruel.'

'Right, Grizel, right; let womankind alone for coddling each other. But hear ye, my venerable sister. Start not at the word venerable; it implies many praiseworthy qualities besides age; though that too is honourable, albeit it is the last quality for which womankind would wish to be honoured. But perpend my words; let Lovel and me have forthwith the relics of the chicken-pie and the reversion of the port.'

'The chicken-pie! the port! Ou dear! brother, there was but a wheen banes and scarce a drap o' the wine.'

The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well-bred to give way, in the presence of a stranger, to his displeased surprise at the disappearance of the viands on which he had reckoned with absolute certainty. But his sister understood these looks of ire. 'Ou dear! Monkbarns, what's the use of making a wark?'

'I make no wark, as ye call it, woman.'

'But what's the use o' looking sae glum and glunch about a pickle banes? An ye will hae the truth, ye maun ken the minister came in, worthy man; sair distressed he was, nae doubt, about your precarious situation, as he ca'd it (for ye ken how weel he's gifted wi' words), and here he wad bide till he could hear wi' certainty how the matter was likely to gang wi' ye a'. He said fine things on the duty of resignation to Providence's will, worthy man! that did he.'

Oldbuck replied, catching the same tone, 'Worthy man! he cared not how soon Monkbarns had devolved on an heir female, I've a notion. And while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon that the chicken-pie and my good port disappeared?'

'Dear brother, how can you speak of sic frivolities, when you have had sic an escape from the craig?'

'Better than my supper has had from the minister's craig, Grizie; it's all discussed, I suppose?'

'Hout, Monkbarns, ye speak as if there was nae mair meat in the house. Wad ye not have had me offer the honest man some slight refreshment after his walk frae the manse?'

Oldbuck half-whistled, half-hummed, the end of the old Scottish ditty,

O, first they eated the white puddings,

And then they eated the black, O,

And thought the gudeman unto himsell,

The deil clink down wi' that, O!

His sister hastened to silence his murmurs, by proposing some of the relics of the dinner. He spoke of another bottle of wine, but recommended in preference a glass of brandy which was really excellent. As no entreaties could prevail on Lovel to induce the velvet nightcap and branched morning-gown of his host, Oldbuck, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medical art, insisted on his going to bed as soon as possible, and proposed to despatch a messenger (the indefatigable Caxon) to Fairport early in the morning to procure him a change of clothes.

This was the first intimation Miss Oldbuck had received that the young stranger was to be their guest for the night; and such was the surprise with which she was struck by a proposal so uncommon that, had the superincumbent weight of her head-dress, such as we before described, been less preponderant, her grey locks must have started up on end and hurled it from its position.

'Lord haud a care o' us!' exclaimed the astounded maiden.

'What's the matter now, Grizel?'

'Wad ye but just speak a moment, Monkbarns?'

'Speak! What should I speak about? I want to get to my bed; and this poor young fellow—let a bed be made ready for him instantly.'

'A bed! The Lord preserve us,' again ejaculated Grizel.

'Why, what's the matter now? are there not beds and rooms enough in the house? Was it not an ancient *hospitium*, in which I am warranted to say beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?'

'O dear, Monkbarns! wha kens what they might do lang syne? But in our time—beds! ay, troth, there's beds enow sic as they are, and rooms enow too; but ye ken yoursell the beds haena been sleepit in, Lord kens the time, nor the rooms aired. If I had kenn'd, Mary and me might hae gane down to the manse. Miss Beckie is aye fond to see us; and sae is the minister, brother. But now, gude save us——!'

'Is there not the Green Room, Grizel?'

'Troth is there, and it is in decent order too, though naebody has sleepit there since Dr. Heavysterne, and——'

'And what?'

'And what! I'm sure ye ken yoursell what a night he had; ye wadna expose the young gentleman to the like o' that, wad ye?'

Lovel interfered upon hearing this altercation, and protested

he would far rather walk home than put them to the least inconvenience; that the exercise would be of service to him; that he knew the road perfectly, by night or day, to Fairport; that the storm was abating, and so forth; adding all that civility could suggest as an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which seemed more inconvenient to his host than he could possibly have anticipated. But the howling of the wind and pattering of the rain against the windows, with his knowledge of the preceding fatigues of the evening, must have prohibited Oldbuck, even had he entertained less regard for his young friend than he really felt, from permitting him to depart. Besides, he was piqued in honour to show that he himself was not governed by womankind. 'Sit ye down, sit ye down, sit ye down, man,' he reiterated; 'an ye part so, I would I might never draw a cork again, and here comes out one from a prime bottle of — strong ale, right *anno domini*; none of your wassia quassia decoctions, but brewed of Monkbarns barley. John of the Gernel never drew a better flagon to entertain a wandering minstrel or palmer with the freshest news from Palestine. And to remove from your mind the slightest wish to depart, know, that if you do so your character as a gallant knight is gone for ever. Why, 'tis an adventure, man, to sleep in the Green Room at Monkbarns. Sister, pray see it got ready. And, although the bold adventurer, Heavysterne, dree'd pain and dolour in that charmed apartment, it is no reason why a gallant knight like you, nearly twice as tall, and not half so heavy, should not encounter and break the spell.'

'What! a haunted apartment, I suppose?'

'To be sure, to be sure; every mansion in this country of the slightest antiquity has its ghosts and its haunted chamber, and you must not suppose us worse off than our neighbours. They are going, indeed, somewhat out of fashion. I have seen the day when, if you had doubted the reality of the ghost in an old manor-house, you ran the risk of being made a ghost yourself, as Hamlet says. Yes, if you had challenged the existence of Redcowl in the castle of Glenstirym, old Sir Peter Pepperbrand would have had ye out to his courtyard, made you betake yourself to your weapon, and if your trick of fence were not the better, would have stucked you like a paddock on his own baronial middenstead. I once narrowly escaped such an affray; but I humbled myself and apologised to Redcowl; for, even in my younger days, I was no friend to the *monomachia* or duel, and would rather walk with Sir Priest

than with Sir Knight; I care not who knows so much of my valour. Thank God! I am old now, and can indulge my irritabilities without the necessity of supporting them by cold steel.'

Here Miss Oldbuck re-entered with a singularly sage expression of countenance. 'Mr. Lovel's bed's ready, brother—clean sheets, weel aired, a spunk of fire in the chimney. I am sure, Mr. Lovel (addressing him), it's no for the trouble; and I hope you will have a good night's rest. But——'

'You are resolved,' said the Antiquary, 'to do what you can to prevent it.'

'Me? I am sure I have said naething, Monkbarns.'

'My dear madam,' said Lovel, 'allow me to ask you the meaning of your obliging anxiety on my account.'

'Ou, Monkbarns does not like to hear of it; but he kens himsell that the room has an ill name. It's weel minded that it was there auld Rab Tull, the town-clerk, was sleeping when he had that marvellous communication about the grand law-plea between us and the feuars at the Mussel Craig. It had cost a hantle siller, Mr. Lovel—for law-pleas were no carried on without siller lang syne mair than they are now—and the Monkbarns of that day—our gudesire, Mr. Lovel, as I said before—was like to be waured afore the Session for want of a paper. Monkbarns there kens weel what paper it was, but I'se warrant he'll no help me out wi' my tale,—but it was a paper of great significance to the plea, and we were to be waured for want o't. Aweel, the cause was to come on before the Fifteen—in presence, as they ca't—and auld Rab Tull, the town-clerk, he cam ower to make a last search for the paper that was wanting, before our gudesire gaed into Edinburgh to look after his plea; so there was little time to come and gang on. He was but a doited snuffy body, Rab, as I've heard; but then he was the town-clerk of Fairport, and the Monkbarns heritors aye employed him on account of their connexion wi' the burgh, ye ken.'

'Sister Grizel, this is abominable,' interrupted Oldbuck; 'I vow to Heaven ye might have raised the ghosts of every abbot of Trocosey since the days of Waldimir in the time you have been detailing the introduction to this single spectre. Learn to be succinct in your narrative. Imitate the concise style of old Aubrey, an experienced ghost-seer, who entered his memoranda on these subjects in a terse business-like manner; *exempli gratia*——“At Cirencester, 5th March

1670, was an apparition. Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, made no answer, but instantly disappeared with a curious perfume and a melodious twang." — *Vide his Miscellanies*, p. 18, as well as I can remember, and near the middle of the page.

'O, Monkbarns, man! do ye think everybody is as book-learned as yoursell? But ye like to gar folk look like fools; ye can do that to Sir Arthur, and the minister his very sell.'

'Nature has been beforehand with me, Grizel, in both these instances, and in another which shall be nameless; but take a glass of ale, Grizel, and proceed with your story, for it waxes late.'

'Jenny's just warming your bed, Monkbarns, and ye maun e'en wait till she's done. Weel, I was at the search that our gudesire, Monkbarns that then was, made wi' auld Rab Tull's assistance; but ne'er-be-licket could they find that was to their purpose. And sae after they had touzled out mony a leather poke-full o' papers, the town-clerk had his drap punch at e'en to wash the dust out of his throat; we never were glass-breakers in this house, Mr. Lovel, but the body had got sic a trick of sippling and tippling wi' the bailies and deacons when they met (which was amaisit ilka night) concerning the common gude o' the burgh, that he couldna weel sleep without it. But his punch he gat, and to bed he gaed; and in the middle of the night he gat a fearfu' wakening! He was never just himsell after it, and he was stricken wi' the dead palsy that very day four years. He thought, Mr. Lovel, that he heard the curtains o' his bed fissil, and out he lookit, fancying, puir man, it might hae been the cat. But he saw — God hae a care o' us, it gars my flesh aye creep, though I hae tauld the story twenty times — he saw a weel-fa'ard auld gentleman standing by his bedside in the moonlight, in a queer-fashioned dress, wi' mony a button and band-string about it, and that part o' his garments which it does not become a leddy to particulareeze was baith side and wide, and as mony plies o't as of ony Hamburgh skipper's. He had a beard too, and whiskers turned upwards on his upper-lip, as lang as baudrons'; and mony mair particulars there were that Rab Tull tauld o', but they are forgotten now; it's an auld story. Aweel, Rab was a just-living man for a country writer, and he was less fear'd than maybe might just hae been expected, and he asked in the name o' goodness what the apparition wanted. And the spirit answered in an unknown tongue. Then Rab said he

tried him wi' Erse, for he cam in his youth frae the braes of Glenlivat; but it wadna do. Aweel, in this strait he be-thought him of the twa or three words o' Latin that he used in making out the town's deeds, and he had nae sooner tried the spirit wi' that than out cam sic a blatter o' Latin about his lugs that poor Rab Tull, wha was nae great scholar, was clean overwhelmed. Od, but he was a bauld body, and he minded the Latin name for the deed that he was wanting. It was something about a cart I fancy, for the ghaist cried aye, *Carter, carter*——'

'*Carta*, you transformer of languages,' cried Oldbuck; 'if my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world, at least he would not forget the Latinity for which he was so famous while in this.'

'Weel, weel, *carta* be it then, but they ca'd it *carter* that tell'd me the story. It cried aye *carta*, if sae be that it was *carta*, and made a sign to Rab to follow it. Rab Tull keepit a Highland heart, and bang'd out o' bed, and till some of his readiest claes; and he did follow the thing upstairs and downstairs to the place we ca' the high dow-cot (a sort of a little tower in the corner of the auld house, where there was a rickle o' useless boxes and trunks), and there the ghaist gae Rab a kick wi' the tae foot, and a kick wi' the tother, to that very auld east-country tabernacle of a cabinet that my brother has standing beside his library table, and then disappeared like a puff o' tobacco, leaving Rab in a very pitiful condition.'

'*Tenuis secessit in auras*,' quoth Oldbuck. 'Marry, sir, *mansit odor*. But, sure enough, the deed was there found in a drawer of this forgotten repository, which contained many other curious old papers, now properly labelled and arranged, and which seem to have belonged to my ancestor, the first possessor of Monkbarns. The deed thus strangely recovered was the original charter of erection of the abbey, abbey lands, and so forth, of Trocosey, comprehending Monkbarns and others, into a lordship of regality in favour of the first Earl of Glengibber, a favourite of James the Sixth. It is subscribed by the King at Westminster, the seventeenth day of January, A.D. one thousand six hundred and twelve-thirteen. It's not worth while to repeat the witnesses' names.'

'I would rather,' said Lovel, with awakened curiosity — 'I would rather hear your opinion of the way in which the deed was discovered.'

‘Why, if I wanted a patron for my legend, I could find no less a one than Saint Augustine, who tells the story of a deceased person appearing to his son, when sued for a debt which had been paid, and directing him where to find the discharge.¹ But I rather opine with Lord Bacon, who says that imagination is much akin to miracle-working faith. There was always some idle story of the room being haunted by the spirit of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my great-great-grandfather,—it’s a shame to the English language that we have not a less clumsy way of expressing a relationship of which we have occasion to think and speak so frequently. He was a foreigner, and wore his national dress, of which tradition had preserved an accurate description; and indeed there is a print of him, supposed to be by Reginald Elstracke, pulling the press with his own hand, as it works off the sheets of his scarce edition of the Augsburg Confession. He was a chemist as well as a good mechanic, and either of these qualities in this country was at that time sufficient to constitute a white witch at least. This superstitious old writer had heard all this, and probably believed it, and in his sleep the image and idea of my ancestor recalled that of his cabinet, which, with the grateful attention to antiquities and the memory of our ancestors not unusually met with, had been pushed into the pigeon-house to be out of the way. Add a *quantum sufficit* of exaggeration, and you have a key to the whole mystery.’

‘Oh, brother, brother! But Dr. Heavysterne, brother, whose sleep was so sore broken that he declared he wadna pass another night in the Green Room to get all Monkbarns, so that Mary and I were forced to yield our——’

‘Why, Grizel, the doctor is a good, honest, pudding-headed German, of much merit in his own way, but fond of the mystical, like many of his countrymen. You and he had a traffic the whole evening, in which you received tales of Mesmer, Schropfer, Cagliostro, and other modern pretenders to the mystery of raising spirits, discovering hidden treasure, and so forth, in exchange for your legends of the green bedchamber; and considering that the *illustrissimus* ate a pound and a half of Scotch collops to supper, smoked six pipes, and drank ale and brandy in proportion, I am not surprised at his having a fit of the nightmare. But everything is now ready. Permit me to light you to your apartment, Mr. Lovel; I am sure you have need of rest, and I trust my ancestor is too sensible of

¹ See Mr. Rutherford’s Dream. Note 2.

the duties of hospitality to interfere with the repose which you have so well merited by your manly and gallant behaviour.'

So saying, the Antiquary took up a bedroom candlestick of massive silver and antique form, which, he observed, was wrought out of the silver found in the mines of the Harz Mountains, and had been the property of the very personage who had supplied them with a subject for conversation. And having so said, he led the way through many a dusky and winding passage, now ascending and anon descending again, until he came to the apartment destined for his young guest.

CHAPTER X

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And none are wakeful but the dead ;
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views, —
Visions of long-departed joys.

W. R. SPENSER.

WHEN they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Oldbuck placed the candle on the toilet-table, before a huge mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-boxes of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. 'I am seldom in this apartment,' he said, 'and never without yielding to a melancholy feeling; not, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Grizel was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr. Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us — those inanimate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood — they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings — changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength — can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as beings separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher who appealed from Philip inflamed with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety did not choose a judge so different as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be touched with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated:¹

¹ Probably Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* had not as yet been published.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
 My heart is idly stirr'd,
 For the same sound is in my ears
 Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay ;
 And yet the wiser mind
 Mourns less for what time takes away
 Than what he leaves behind.

Well, time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more.' So saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good-night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lovel could trace his host's retreat along the various passages, and each door which he closed behind him fell with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the apartment. The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs. Grizel's attention had left some fresh wood, should he choose to continue it, and the apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century, and which the learned typographer, so often mentioned, had brought with him as a sample of the arts of the Continent. The subject was a hunting-piece ; and as the leafy boughs of the forest-trees, branching over the tapestry, formed the predominant colour, the apartment had thence acquired its name of the Green Chamber. Grim figures, in the old Flemish dress, with slashed doublets covered with ribbands, short cloaks, and trunk-hose, were engaged in holding greyhounds or stag-hounds in the leash, or cheering them upon the objects of their game. Others, with boar-spears, swords, and old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or boars whom they had brought to bay. The branches of the woven forest were crowded with fowls of various kinds, each depicted with its proper plumage. It seemed as if the prolific and rich invention of old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its profusion, and Oldbuck had accordingly caused the following verses from that ancient and excellent poet to be embroidered in Gothic letters on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry : —

Lo ! here be oakis grete, streight as a lime,
 Under the which the grass, so fresh of line,
 Be'th newly sprung — at eight foot or nine.
 Everich tree well from his fellow grew

With branches broad laden with leaves new,
That sprongen out against the sonne sheene,
Some golden red, and some a glad bright green.

And in another canton was the following similar legend :

And many an hart and many an hind
Was both before me and behind.
Of fawns, sownders, bucks, and does
Was full the wood, and many roes,
And many squirrells that ysate
High on the trees and nuts ate.

The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skilful hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered after the same pattern, and a lofty mirror over the antique chimney-piece corresponded in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

‘I have heard,’ muttered Lovel, as he took a cursory view of the room and its furniture, ‘that ghosts often chose the best room in the mansion to which they attached themselves; and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the Augsburg Confession.’ But he found it so difficult to fix his mind upon the stories which had been told him, of an apartment with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he almost regretted the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear, half curiosity, which sympathise with the old legends of awe and wonder from which the anxious reality of his own hopeless passion at present detached him. For he now only felt emotions like those expressed in the lines—

Ah ! cruel maid, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind !
My heart, by thee from all estranged,
Becomes like thee unkind.

He endeavoured to conjure up something like the feelings which would at another time have been congenial to his situation, but his heart had no room for these vagaries of imagination. The recollection of Miss Wardour, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and evincing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his imagination exclusively. But with this were united recollections more agitating if less painful—her hairbreadth escape, the fortunate assistance which he had been able to render her. Yet, what was his requital? She left the cliff

while his fate was yet doubtful, while it was uncertain whether her preserver had not lost the life which he had exposed for her so freely. Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate. But no — she could not be selfish or unjust; it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate, since the more amiable his imagination presented Miss Wardour, the more inconsolable he felt he should be rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the power of removing her prejudices on some points; but, even in extremity, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed of ascertaining that she desired an explanation ere he intruded one upon her. And, turn the matter as he would, he could not regard his suit as desperate. There was something of embarrassment as well as of grave surprise in her look when Oldbuck presented him, and perhaps, upon second thoughts, the one was assumed to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Plans, suiting the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chased each other through his head, thick and irregular as the motes of the sunbeam, and long after he had laid himself to rest continued to prevent the repose which he greatly needed. Then, wearied by the uncertainty and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love, 'Like dew-drops from the lion's mane,' and resuming those studies and that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution he endeavoured to fortify himself by every argument which pride, as well as reason, could suggest. 'She shall not suppose,' he said, 'that, presuming on an accidental service to her or to her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice to which, personally, she considered me as having no title. I will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords none fairer, has at least many as fair, and less haughty than Miss Wardour. To-morrow I will bid adieu to these northern shores, and to her who is as cold and relentless as her climate.' When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, despite of wrath, doubt, and anxiety, he sunk into slumber. It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either:

sound or refreshing. Lovel's was disturbed by a thousand baseless and confused visions. He was a bird, he was a fish, or he flew like the one and swam like the other — qualities which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Then Miss Wardour was a syren, or a bird of Paradise; her father a triton, or a sea-gull; and Oldbuck alternately a porpoise and a cormorant. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the usual vagaries of a feverish dream: the air refused to bear the visionary, the water seemed to burn him; the rocks felt like down pillows as he was dashed against them; whatever he undertook failed in some strange and unexpected manner, and whatever attracted his attention underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonderful metamorphosis, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the delusion, from which it in vain struggled to free itself by awakening — feverish symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-hag, whom the learned call *Ephialtes*, are but too well acquainted. At length these crude phantasmata arranged themselves into something more regular, if indeed the imagination of Lovel, after he awoke (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich), did not gradually, insensibly, and unintentionally arrange in better order the scene of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his feverish agitation may have assisted him in forming the vision.

Leaving this discussion to the learned, we will say that, after a succession of wild images, such as we have above described, our hero, for such we must acknowledge him, so far regained a consciousness of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the Green Chamber was depicted to his slumbering eye. And here, once more, let me protest that, if there should be so much old-fashioned faith left among this shrewd and sceptical generation as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine. He was then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the Green Chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flame which the unconsumed remnants of the faggots sent forth, as one by one they fell down upon the red embers, into which the principal part of the boughs to which they belonged had crumbled away. Insensibly the legend of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful

expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparkles of light flashed from the chimney with such intense brilliancy as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry waved wildly on the wall; till its dusky forms seemed to become animated. The hunters blew their horns, the stag seemed to fly, the boar to resist, and the hounds to assail the one and pursue the other; the cry of deer, mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed at once to surround him; while every group pursued, with all the fury of the chase, the employment in which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lovel looked on this strange scene devoid of wonder (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping fancy), but with an anxious sensation of awful fear. At length an individual figure among the tissue huntsmen, as he gazed upon them more fixedly, seemed to leave the arras and to approach the bed of the slumberer. As he drew near his figure appeared to alter. His bugle-horn became a brazen clasped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a furred headgear as graces the burgomasters of Rembrandt; his Flemish garb remained, but his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chase, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure as might best portray the first proprietor of Monkbarrow, such as he had been described to Lovel by his descendants in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place the hubbub among the other personages in the arras disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively bent on the single figure before him. Lovel strove to interrogate this awful person in the form of exorcism proper for the occasion; but his tongue, as is usual in frightful dreams, refused its office and clung palsied to the roof of his mouth. Aldobrand held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and began deliberately to unclasp the venerable volume which occupied his left hand. When it was unfolded he turned over the leaves hastily for a short space, and then raising his figure to its full dimensions, and holding the book aloft in his left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although the language was unknown to our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed thus to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained riveted upon his memory. As the vision

shut his volume a strain of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment. Lovel started and became completely awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, nor ceased till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scottish tune.

He sate up in bed, and endeavoured to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during this weary night. The beams of the morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. He looked round upon the hangings, but the mixed groups of silken and worsted huntsmen were as stationary as tenter-hooks could make them, and only trembled slightly as the early breeze, which found its way through an open crevice of the latticed window, glided along their surface. Lovel leapt out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown that had been considerably laid by his bedside, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows announced it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning was fair and serene. The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms; it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:—

'Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?

'Know'st thou not me!' the Deep Voice cried;
'So long enjoy'd, so oft misused,
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

'Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away,
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

'Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shall part for ever!

While the verses were yet singing, Lovel had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which they awakened was romantic and pleasing, such as his soul delighted in, and, willingly adjourning till more broad day the doubtful task of determining on his future line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing languor inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened at a late hour by old Caxon, who came creeping into the room to render the offices of a *valet-de-chambre*.

'I have brushed your coat, sir,' said the old man, when he perceived Lovel was awake; 'the callant brought it frae Fairport this morning, for that ye had on yesterday is scanty feasibly dry, though it's been a' night at the kitchen fire; and I hae cleaned your shoon. I doubt ye'll no be wanting me to tie your hair, for (with a gentle sigh) a' the young gentlemen wear crops now, but I hae the curling-tangs here to gie it a bit turn ower the brow, if ye like, before ye gae down to the leddies.'

Lovel, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional offices, but accompanied the refusal with such a *douceur* as completely sweetened Caxon's mortification.

'It's a pity he disna get his hair tied and pouthered,' said the ancient friseur, when he had got once more into the kitchen, in which, on one pretence or other, he spent three-parts of his idle time — that is to say, of his whole time — 'it's a great pity, for he's a comely young gentleman.'

'Hout awa, ye auld gowk,' said Jenny Rintherout, 'would ye creesh his bonny brown hair wi' your nasty ulyie, and then moust it like the auld minister's wig? Ye'll be for your breakfast, I'se warrant? Hae, there's a soup o' parritch for ye; it will set ye better to be slaistering at them and the lapper-milk than meddling wi' Mr. Lovel's head; ye wad spoil the maist natural and beautifae head o' hair in a' Fairport, baith burgh and county.'

The poor barber sighed over the disrespect into which his art had so universally fallen, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradiction; so, sitting quietly down in the kitchen, he digested at once his humiliation and the contents of a bicker which held a Scotch pint of substantial oatmeal porridge.

CHAPTER XI

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this pageant sent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went;
Sometimes that only 't was wild Fancy's play,
The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

WE must now request our readers to adjourn to the breakfast-parlour of Mr. Oldbuck, who, despising the modern slops of tea and coffee, was substantially regaling himself, *more majorem*, with cold roast-beef and a glass of a sort of beverage called 'mum,' a species of fat ale brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, of which the present generation only know the name by its occurrence in revenue acts of parliament, coupled with cider, perry, and other excisable commodities. Lovel, who was seduced to taste it, with difficulty refrained from pronouncing it detestable, but *did* refrain, as he saw he should otherwise give great offence to his host, who had the liquor annually prepared with peculiar care, according to the approved recipe bequeathed to him by the so often mentioned Aldobrand Oldenbuck. The hospitality of the ladies offered Lovel a breakfast more suited to modern taste, and while he was engaged in partaking of it he was assailed by indirect inquiries concerning the manner in which he had passed the night.

'We canna compliment Mr. Lovel on his looks this morning, brother; but he winna condescend on any ground of disturbance he has had in the night-time. I am certain he looks very pale, and when he came here he was as fresh as a rose.'

'Why, sister, consider this rose of yours has been knocked about by sea and wind all yesterday evening, as if he had been a bunch of kelp or tangle, and how the devil would you have him retain his colour?'

'I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued,' said Lovel, 'notwithstanding the excellent accommodations with which your hospitality so amply supplied me.'

'Ah, sir!' said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowing smile, or what was meant to be one, 'ye'll not allow of ony inconvenience, out of civility to us.'

'Really, madam,' replied Lovel, 'I had no disturbance; for I cannot term such the music with which some kind fairy favoured me.'

'I doubted Mary wad waken you wi' her skreighing; she didna ken I had left open a chink of your window, for, forbye the ghaist, the Green Room disna vent weel in a high wind. But I am judging ye heard mair than Mary's lilt's yestreen; weel, men are hardy creatures, they can gae through wi' a thing. I am sure had I been to undergo ony thing of that nature—that's to say, that's beyond nature—I would hae skreigh'd out at once and raised the house, be the consequence what liket; and I daresay the minister wad hae done as mickle, and sae I hae tauld him. I ken naebody but my brother, Monkbarns himsell, wad gae through the like o't, if, indeed, it binna you, Mr. Lovel.'

'A man of Mr. Oldbuck's learning, madam,' answered the questioned party, 'would not be exposed to the inconvenience sustained by the Highland gentleman you mentioned last night.'

'Ay! ay! ye understand now where the difficulty lies—language? He has ways o' his ain wad banish a' thae sort o' worriecows as far as the hindermost parts of Gideon (meaning possibly Midian), as Mr. Blattergowl says; only ane wadna be uncivil to ane's forebear though he be a ghaist. I am sure I will try that receipt of yours, brother, that ye showed me in a book, if ony body is to sleep in that room again, though I think, in Christian charity, ye should rather fit up the matted room; it's a wee damp and dark, to be sure, but then we hae sae seldom occasion for a spare bed.'

'No, no, sister; dampness and darkness are worse than spectres, ours are spirits of light; and I would rather have you try the spell.'

'I will do that blythely, Monkbarns, an I had the ingredients, as my cookery book ca's them. There was vervain and dill, I mind that—Davie Dibble will ken about them, though maybe he'll gie them Latin names—and peppercorn, we hae walth o' them, for——'

'Hypericon, thou foolish woman!' thundered Oldbuck; 'd'ye suppose you're making a haggis; or do you think that a spirit, though he be formed of air, can be expelled by a

receipt against wind? This wise Grizel of mine, Mr. Lovel, recollects — with what accuracy you may judge — a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to hit her superstitious noddle, she remembers better than anything tending to a useful purpose I may chance to have said for this ten years. But many an old woman besides herself——’

‘Auld woman! Monkbarns,’ said Miss Oldbuck, roused something above her usual submissive tone, ‘ye really are less than civil to me.’

‘Not less than just, Grizel; however, I include in the same class many a sounding name, from Jamblichus down to Aubrey, who have wasted their time in devising imaginary remedies for non-existing diseases. But I hope, my young friend, that, charmed or uncharmed, secured by the potency of Hypericon,

With vervain and with dill,
That hinder witches of their will,

or left disarmed and defenceless to the inroads of the invisible world, you will give another night to the terrors of the haunted apartment, and another day to your faithful and feal friends.’

‘I heartily wish I could, but——’

‘Nay, “But me no buts”; I have set my heart upon it.’

‘I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but——’

‘Look ye there now — “but” again! I hate “but”; I know no form of expression in which he can appear that is amiable excepting as a butt of sack. “But” is to me a more detestable combination of letters than “no” itself. “No” is a surly, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once. “But” is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptionous sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips.

It does allay

The good precedent; lie upon “but yet”!

“But yet” is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.’

‘Well, then,’ answered Lovel, whose motions were really undetermined at the moment, ‘you shall not connect the recollection of my name with so churlish a particle; I must soon think of leaving Fairport, I am afraid, and I will, since you are good enough to wish it, take this opportunity of spending another day here.’

‘And you shall be rewarded, my boy. First you shall see John o’ the Girnle’s grave, and then we’ll walk gently along the sands, the state of the tide being first ascertained—for we will have no more Peter Wilkins’ adventures, no more Glum and Gawrie work,—as far as Knockwinnock Castle, and inquire after the old knight and my fair foe, which will be but barely civil, and then——’

‘I beg pardon, my dear sir; but perhaps you had better adjourn your visit till to-morrow. I am a stranger, you know.’

‘And are, therefore, the more bound to show civility, I should suppose. But I beg your pardon for mentioning a word that perhaps belongs only to a collector of antiquities. I am one of the old school,

When courtiers gallop’d o’er four counties
The ball’s fair partner to behold,
And humbly hope she caught no cold.’

‘Why, if—if—if you thought it would be expected; but I believe I had better stay.’

‘Nay, nay, my good friend, I am not so old-fashioned as to press you to what is disagreeable, neither; it is sufficient that I see there is some *remora*, some cause of delay, some mid impediment, which I have no title to inquire into. Or you are still somewhat tired perhaps; I warrant I find means to entertain your intellects without fatiguing your limbs. I am no friend to violent exertion myself—a walk in the garden once a-day is exercise enough for any thinking being; none but a fool or a fox-hunter would require more. Well, what shall we set about—my *Essay on Castrametation*? but I have that *in petto* for our afternoon cordial. Or I will show you the controversy upon *Ossian’s Poems* between Mac-Cribb and me; I hold with the acute Orcadian, he with the defenders of the authenticity. The controversy began in smooth, oily, lady-like terms, but is now waxing more sour and eager as we get on; it already partakes somewhat of old Scaliger’s style. I fear the rogue will get some scent of that story of Ochiltree’s; but at worst I have a hard repartee for him on the affair of the abstracted Antigonus. I will show you his last epistle, and the scroll of my answer; egad, it is a trimmer!’

So saying, the Antiquary opened a drawer and began rummaging among a quantity of miscellaneous papers, ancient and modern. But it was the misfortune of this learned gentleman, as it may be that of many learned and unlearned,

that he frequently experienced on such occasions what harlequin calls *l'embarras des richesses*; in other words, the abundance of his collection often prevented him from finding the article he sought for. 'Curse the papers! I believe,' said Oldbuck, as he shuffled them to and fro — 'I believe they make themselves wings like grasshoppers and fly away bodily; but here, in the meanwhile, look at that little treasure.' So saying, he put into his hand a case made of oak, fenced at the corner with silver roses and studs. 'Pr'ythee undo this button,' said he, as he observed Lovel fumbling at the clasp. He did so, the lid opened, and discovered a thin quarto curiously bound in black shagreen — 'There, Mr. Lovel, there is the work I mentioned to you last night — the rare quarto of the Augsburg Confession, the foundation at once and the bulwark of the Reformation, drawn up by the learned and venerable Melancthon, defended by the Elector of Saxony and the other valiant hearts who stood up for their faith, even against the front of a powerful and victorious emperor, and imprinted by the scarcely less venerable and praiseworthy Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my happy progenitor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II. to suppress at once civil and religious liberty. Yes, sir, for printing this work that eminent man was expelled from his ungrateful country, and driven to establish his household gods even here at Monkbarns, among the ruins of papal superstition and domination. Look upon his venerable effigies, Mr. Lovel, and respect the honourable occupation in which it presents him, as labouring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and political knowledge. And see here his favourite motto, expressive of his independence and self-reliance, which scorned to owe anything to patronage that was not earned by desert — expressive also of that firmness of mind and tenacity of purpose recommended by Horace. He was, indeed, a man who would have stood firm had his whole printing-house, presses, founts, forms, great and small pica, been shivered to pieces around him. Read, I say, his motto; for each printer had his motto or device when that illustrious art was first practised. My ancestor's was expressed, as you see, in the Teutonic phrase, *Kunst macht Gunst*; that is, skill or prudence in availing ourselves of our natural talents and advantages will compel favour and patronage, even where it is withheld from prejudice or ignorance.'

'And that,' said Lovel, after a moment's thoughtful silence — 'that then is the meaning of these German words?'

'Unquestionably; you perceive the appropriate application to a consciousness of inward worth, and of eminence in an useful and honourable art. Each printer in those days, as I have already informed you, had his device, his impresa, as I may call it, in the same manner as the doughty chivalry of the age, who frequented tilt and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much in his as if he had displayed it over a conquered field of battle, though it betokened the diffusion of knowledge, not the effusion of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance.'

'And what is that said to have been, my good sir?' inquired his young friend.

'Why, it rather encroaches on my respected predecessor's fame for prudence and wisdom; *sed semel insanivimus omnes*—everybody has played the fool in their turn. It is said my ancestor, during his apprenticeship with the descendant of old Fust, whom popular tradition hath sent to the devil under the name of Faustus, was attracted by a paltry slip of womankind, his master's daughter, called Bertha. They broke rings, or went through some idiotical ceremony, as is usual on such idle occasions as the plighting of a true-love troth, and Aldobrand set out on his journey through Germany, as became an honest *handwerker*; for such was the custom of mechanics at that time, to make a tour through the empire, and work at their trade for a time in each of the most eminent towns, before they finally settled themselves for life. It was a wise custom; for, as such travellers were received like brethren in each town by those of their own handicraft, they were sure in every case to have the means either of gaining or communicating knowledge. When my ancestor returned to Nuremburgh he is said to have found his old master newly dead, and two or three gallant young suitors, some of them half-starved sprigs of nobility forsooth, in pursuit of the Yungfrau Bertha, whose father was understood to have bequeathed her a dowry which might weigh against sixteen armorial quarters. But Bertha, not a bad sample of womankind, had made a vow she would only marry that man who could work her father's press. The skill at that time was as rare as wonderful: besides, that the expedient rid her at once of most of her "gentle" suitors, who would have as soon wielded a conjuring wand as a composing stick. Some of the more ordinary typographers made the attempt; but none were sufficiently possessed of the mystery. But I tire you.'

‘By no means; pray, proceed, Mr. Oldbuck. I listen with uncommon interest.’

‘Ah! it is all folly. However, Aldobrand arrived in the ordinary dress, as we would say, of a journeyman printer — the same with which he had traversed Germany, and conversed with Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and other learned men, who disdained not his knowledge, and the power he possessed of diffusing it, though hid under a garb so homely. But what appeared respectable in the eyes of wisdom, religion, learning, and philosophy seemed mean, as might readily be supposed, and disgusting, in those of silly and affected womankind, and Bertha refused to acknowledge her former lover in the torn doublet, skin cap, clouted shoes, and leathern apron of a travelling handicraftsman or mechanic. He claimed his privilege, however, of being admitted to a trial; and when the rest of the suitors had either declined the contest, or made such work as the devil could not read if his pardon depended on it, all eyes were bent on the stranger. Aldobrand stepped gracefully forward, arranged the types without omission of a single letter, hyphen, or comma, imposed them without deranging a single space, and pulled off the first proof as clear and free from errors as if it had been a triple revise! All applauded the worthy successor of the immortal Faustus, the blushing maiden acknowledged her error in trusting to the eye more than the intellect, and the elected bridegroom thenceforward chose for his impress or device the appropriate words, “Skill wins favour.” But what is the matter with you? you are in a brown study? Come, I told you this was but trumpery conversation for thinking people; and now I have my hand on the Ossianic controversy.’

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Lovel; ‘I am going to appear very silly and changeable in your eyes, Mr. Oldbuck, but you seemed to think Sir Arthur might in civility expect a call from me?’

‘Psha, psha, I can make your apology; and if you must leave us so soon as you say, what signifies how you stand in his honour’s good graces? And I warn you that the *Essay on Castrametation* is something prolix, and will occupy the time we can spare after dinner, so you may lose the Ossianic controversy if we do not dedicate this morning to it. We will go out to my evergreen bower, my sacred holly tree yonder, and have it *fronde super viridi*.

Sing hey-ho! hey-ho! for the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

But, egad,' continued the old gentleman, 'when I look closer at you I begin to think you may be of a different opinion. Amen, with all my heart; I quarrel with no man's hobby; if he does not run it a tilt against mine; and if he does, let him beware his eyes. What say you? in the language of the world and worldlings base, if you can condescend to so mean a sphere, shall we stay or go?'

'In the language of selfishness then, which is of course the language of the world, let us go by all means.'

"Amen, amen, quo' the earl marshal," answered Oldbuck, as he exchanged his slippers for a pair of stout walking shoes, with 'cutikins,' as he called them, of black cloth. He only interrupted the walk by a slight deviation to the tomb of John o' the Girnell, remembered as the last bailiff of the abbey who had resided at Monkbarns. Beneath an old oak tree upon a hillock, sloping pleasantly to the south, and catching a distant view of the sea over two or three rich inclosures and the Mussel Crag, lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldbuck affirmed (though many doubted), the defaced characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect:—

Heir lyeth John o' ye Girnell,
 Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.
 In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,
 Ilka gud mann's herth wi' bairnis was stokit,
 He deled a boll o' bear in firloittis fyve,
 Four for ye halie kirke and ane for pure mennis wyvis.

'You see how modest the author of this sepulchral commendation was: he tells us that honest John could make five firlots, or quarters, as you would say, out of the boll, instead of four; that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other four to the abbot and chapter; that in his time the wives' hens always laid eggs, and devil thank them, if they got one-fifth of the abbey rents; and that honest men's hearths were never unblest with offspring—an addition to the miracle which they, as well as I, must have considered as perfectly unaccountable. But come on; leave we Jock o' the Girnell, and let us jog on to the yellow sands, where the sea, like a repulsed enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night.'

Thus saying, he led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downs close to them were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the

odoriferous vapours of pitch melting under a burning sun to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. 'What are ye for the day, your honour?' she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck — 'caller haddocks and whittings, a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle?'

'How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?' demanded the Antiquary.

'Four white shillings and saxpence,' answered the Naiad.

'Four devils and six of their imps!' retorted the Antiquary; 'do ye think I am mad, Maggie?'

'And div ye think,' rejoined the virago, setting her arms akimbo, 'that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day — sic a sea as it's yet outby — and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying: it's men's lives.'

'Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair: I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately; and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage.'

'Deil gin their boat were knockit against the Bell Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for thae twa bonnie fish! Od, that's ane indeed!'

'Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns and see what my sister will give you for them.'

'Na, na, Monkbarns, deil a fit. I'll rather deal wi' yoursell; for, though you're near eneugh, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip. I'll gie ye them (in a softened tone) for three-and-saxpence.'

'Eighteen-pence, or nothing!'

'Eighteen-pence!!!' in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine when the dealer turned as if to walk away. 'Ye'll no be for the fish then?' Then louder, as she saw him moving off — 'I'll gie them — and — and — and a half-a-dozen o' partans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram.'

'Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dram.'

'Aweel, your honour maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now, the distilleries is no working.'

'And I hope they'll never work again in my time,' said Oldbuck.

'Ay, ay; it's easy for your honour and the like o' you gentlefolks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?'

'It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning, after his exertions last night?'

'In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in't like a cork.'

'Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkbarns.'

'That I will — or I'll send little Jenny, she'll rin faster; but I'll ca' on Miss Grizie for the dram mysell, and say ye sent me.'

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid, as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made decent, as her mother called it, which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantily below her knee, the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns that they might be prepared for dinner. 'It would have been long,' said Oldbuck, with much self-complacency, 'ere my woman-kind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skinflint, though they sometimes wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. But, come, wend we on our way to Knockwinnock.'

CHAPTER XII

Beggar ! The only freeman of your commonwealth;
Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels.

BROME.

WITH our readers' permission we will outstep the slow though sturdy pace of the Antiquary, whose halts, as he turned round to his companion at every moment to point out something remarkable in the landscape, or to enforce some favourite topic more emphatically than the exercise of walking permitted, delayed their progress considerably.

Notwithstanding the fatigues and dangers of the preceding evening, Miss Wardour was able to rise at her usual hour, and to apply herself to her usual occupations, after she had first satisfied her anxiety concerning her father's state of health. Sir Arthur was no farther indisposed than by the effects of great agitation and unusual fatigue, but these were sufficient to induce him to keep his bedchamber.

To look back on the events of the preceding day was to Isabella a very unpleasing retrospect. She owed her life, and that of her father, to the very person by whom, of all others, she wished least to be obliged, because she could hardly even express common gratitude towards him without encouraging hopes which might be injurious to them both. 'Why should it be my fate to receive such benefits, and conferred at so much personal risk, from one whose romantic passion I have so unceasingly laboured to discourage? Why should chance have given him this advantage over me? and why, oh why, should a half-subdued feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has attained it

While Miss Wardour thus taxed herself with wayward caprice, she beheld advancing down the avenue, not her younger and

more dreaded preserver, but the old beggar who had made such a capital figure in the melodrama of the preceding evening.

She rang the bell for her maid-servant. 'Bring the old man upstairs.'

The servant returned in a minute or two. 'He will come up at no rate, madam ; he says his clouted shoes never were on a carpet in his life, and that, please God, they never shall. Must I take him into the servants' hall ?'

'No ; stay, I want to speak with him. Where is he ?' for she had lost sight of him as he approached the house.

'Sitting in the sun on the stone-bench in the court, beside the window of the flagged parlour.'

'Bid him stay there ; I'll come down to the parlour and speak with him at the window.'

She came down accordingly, and found the mendicant half-seated, half-reclining upon the bench beside the window. Edie Ochiltree, old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some internal consciousness of the favourable impressions connected with his tall form, commanding features, and long white beard and hair. It used to be remarked of him, that he was seldom seen but in a posture which showed these personal attributes to advantage. At present, as he lay half-reclined, with his wrinkled yet ruddy cheek and keen grey eye turned up towards the sky, his staff and bag laid beside him, and a cast of homely wisdom and sarcastic irony in the expression of his countenance, while he gazed for a moment around the courtyard, and then resumed his former look upward, he might have been taken by an artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, musing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits, and the precarious tenure of human possessions, and looking up to the source from which aught permanently good can alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the open window, but divided from the courtyard by a grating, with which, according to the fashion of ancient times, the lower windows of the castle were secured, gave an interest of a different kind, and might be supposed by a romantic imagination an imprisoned damsel communicating a tale of her durance to a palmer, in order that he might call upon the gallantry of every knight whom he should meet in his wanderings to rescue her from her oppressive thralldom.

After Miss Wardour had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which the beggar

declined as far beyond his merit, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more feelingly to his apprehension. 'She did not know,' she said, 'what her father intended particularly to do for their preserver, but certainly it would be something that would make him easy for life; if he chose to reside at the castle she would give orders ——'

The old man smiled and shook his head. 'I wad be baith a grievance and a disgrace to your fine servants, my leddy, and I have never been a disgrace to ony body yet, that I ken of.'

'Sir Arthur would give strict orders ——'

'Ye're very kind, I doubtna, I doubtna: but there are some things a master can command and some he canna. I daresay he wad gar them keep hands aff me — and troth, I think they wad hardly venture on that ony gate — and he wad gar them gie me my soup parritch and bit meat. But trow ye that Sir Arthur's command could forbid the gibe o' the tongue or the blink o' the ee, or gar them gie me my food wi' the look o' kindness that gars it digest sae weel, or that he could make them forbear a' the slights and taunts that hurt ane's spirit mair nor downright misca'ing? Besides, I am the idlest auld carle that ever lived; I downa be bound down to hours o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I wad be a very bad example in ony weel-regulated family.'

'Well then, Edie, what do you think of a neat cottage and a garden, and a daily dole, and nothing to do but to dig a little in your garden when you pleased yourself?'

'An how often wad that be, trow ye, my leddy? maybe no ance atween Candlemas and Yule. And if a' thing were done to my hand as if I was Sir Arthur himsell, I could never bide the staying still in ae place, and just seeing the same joists and couples aboon my head night after night. And then I have a queer humour o' my ain, that sets a strolling beggar weel eneugh, whase word naebody minds; but ye ken Sir Arthur has odd sort o' ways, and I wad be jesting or scorning at them, and ye wad be angry, and then I wad be just fit to hang mysell.'

'O, you are a licensed man,' said Isabella; 'we shall give you all reasonable scope. So you had better be ruled, and remember your age.'

'But I am no that sair failed yet,' replied the mendicant. 'Od, ance I gat a wee soupled yestreen I was as yauld as an eel. And then what wad a' the country about do for want o'

auld Edie Ochiltree, that brings news and country cracks frae ae farm-steadin to anither, and gingerbread to the lasses, and helps the lads to mend their fiddles, and the guidwives to clout their pans, and plaits rush-swords and grenadier caps for the weans, and busks the laird's flees, and has skill o' cow-ills and horse-ills, and kens mair auld sangs and tales than a' the barony besides, and gars ilka body laugh wherever he comes? Troth, my leddy, I canna lay down my vocation: it would be a public loss.'

'Well, Edie, if your idea of your importance is so strong as not to be shaken by the prospect of independence ——'

'Na, na, Miss; it's because I am mair independent as I am,' answered the old man. 'I beg nae mair at ony single house than a meal o' meat, or maybe but a mouthfu o't; if it's refused at ae place, I get it at anither, sae I canna be said to depend on ony body in particular, but just on the country at large.'

'Well, then, only promise me that you will let me know should you ever wish to settle as you turn old, and more incapable of making your usual rounds; and in the meantime take this.'

'Na, na, my leddy; I downa take muckle siller at anes, it's against our rule; and — though it's maybe no civil to be repeating the like o' that — they say that siller's like to be scarce wi' Sir Arthur himsell, and that he's run himsell out o' thought wi' his houkings and minings for led and copper yonder.'

Isabella had some anxious anticipations to the same effect, but was shocked to hear that her father's embarrassments were such public talk; as if scandal ever failed to stoop upon so acceptable a quarry as the failings of the good man, the decline of the powerful, or the decay of the prosperous. Miss Wardour sighed deeply. 'Well, Edie, we have enough to pay our debts, let folks say what they will, and requiting you is one of the foremost; let me press this sum upon you.'

'That I might be robbed and murdered some night between town and town? or, what's as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension o't? I am no (lowering his voice to a whisper and looking keenly around him) — I am no that clean unprovided for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dike, they'll find as muckle quilted in this auld blue gown as will bury me like a Christian, and gie the lads and lasses a blythe lyke-wake too; sae there's the gaberlunzie's burial provided for, and I need nae mair. Were the like o' me ever to change a note,

wha the deil d'ye think wad be sic fules as to gie me charity after that? It wad flee through the country like wild-fire that auld Edie suld hae done siccan a like thing, and then I'se warrant I might grane my heart out or ony body wad gie me either a bane or a bodle.'

'Is there nothing, then, that I can do for you?'

'Ou ay! I'll aye come for my awmous as usual; and whiles I wad be fain o' a pickle sneeshin, and ye maun speak to the constable and ground-officer just to owerlook me, and maybe ye'll gie a gude word for me to Sandie Netherstanes, the miller, that he may chain up his muckle dog; I wadna hae him to hurt the puir beast, for it just does its office in barking at a gaberlunzie like me. And there's ae thing maybe mair, but ye'll think it's very bauld o' the like o' me to speak o't. What is it, Edie? if it respects you it shall be done, if it is in my power.'

'It respects yoursell, and it is in your power, and I maun come out wi't. Ye are a bony young leddy, and a gude ane, and maybe a weel-tochered ane; but dinna ye sneer awa the lad Lovel, as ye did a while sinsyne on the walk beneath the Brierybank, when I saw ye baith, and heard ye too, though ye saw nae me. Be canny wi' the lad, for he loes ye weel, and it's to him, and no to ony thing I could have done for you, that Sir Arthur and you wan ower yestreen.'

He uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and, without waiting for an answer, walked towards a low door which led to the apartments of the servants, and so entered the house.

Miss Wardour remained for a moment or two in the situation in which she had heard the old man's last extraordinary speech, leaning, namely, against the bars of the window, nor could she determine upon saying even a single word relative to a subject so delicate until the beggar was out of sight. It was, indeed, difficult to determine what to do. That her having had an interview and private conversation with this young and unknown stranger should be a secret possessed by a person of the last class in which a young lady would seek a confidant, and at the mercy of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighbourhood, gave her acute agony. She had no reason, indeed, to suppose that the old man would wilfully do anything to hurt her feelings, much less to injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking to her upon such a subject showed, as might have been expected, a total absence

of delicacy ; and what he might take it into his head to do or say next, *that* she was pretty sure so professed an admirer of liberty would not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This idea so much hurt and vexed her that she half-wished the officious assistance of Lovel and Ochiltree had been absent upon the preceding evening.

While she was in this agitation of spirits, she suddenly observed Oldbuck and Lovel entering the court. She drew instantly so far back from the window that she could, without being seen, observe how the Antiquary paused in front of the building, and, pointing to the various scutcheons of its former owners, seemed in the act of bestowing upon Lovel much curious and erudite information, which, from the absent look of his auditor, Isabella might shrewdly guess was entirely thrown away. The necessity that she should take some resolution became instant and pressing ; she rang, therefore, for a servant, and ordered him to show the visitors to the drawing-room, while she, by another staircase, gained her own apartment, to consider, ere she made her appearance, what line of conduct were fittest for her to pursue. The guests, agreeably to her instructions, were introduced into the room where company was usually received.

CHAPTER XIII

The time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure —
But do not look for further recompense.

As You Like It.

MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR'S complexion was considerably heightened when, after the delay necessary to arrange her ideas, she presented herself in the drawing-room.

'I am glad you are come, my fair foe,' said the Antiquary, greeting her with much kindness, 'for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent, auditor, in my young friend here, while I endeavoured to make him acquainted with the history of Knockwinnock Castle. I think the danger of last night has mazed the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabel, why, you look as if flying through the night air had been your natural and most congenial occupation. Your colour is even better than when you honoured my *hospitium* yesterday. And Sir Arthur — how fares my good old friend?'

'Indifferently well, Mr. Oldbuck; but, I am afraid, not quite able to receive your congratulations, or to pay — to pay — Mr. Lovel his thanks for his unparalleled exertions.'

'I daresay not. A good down pillow for his good white head were more meet than a couch so churlish as Bessy's Apron, plague on her!'

'I had no thought of intruding,' said Lovel, looking upon the ground, and speaking with hesitation and suppressed emotion — 'I did not — did not mean to intrude upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who — who must necessarily be unwelcome — as associated, I mean, with painful reflections.'

'Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful,' said Miss Wardour. 'I daresay,' she continued, participating in Lovel's embarrassment — 'I daresay — I am certain — that my

father would be happy to show his gratitude—in any way, that is, which Mr. Lovel could consider it as proper to point out.'

'Why, the deuce,' interrupted Oldbuck, 'what sort of a qualification is that? On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who, choosing, like a formal old fop as he is, to drink to my sister's inclinations, thought it necessary to add the saving clause, "Provided, madam, they be virtuous." Come, let us have no more of this nonsense. I daresay Sir Arthur will bid us welcome on some future day. And what news from the kingdom of subterranean darkness and airy hope? What says the swart spirit of the mine? Has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen Withershins?'

Miss Wardour shook her head—'But indifferent, I fear, Mr. Oldbuck; but there lie some specimens which have lately been sent down.'

'Ah! my poor dear hundred pounds, which Sir Arthur persuaded me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a porter's load of mineralogy. But let me see them.'

And so saying, he sat down at the table in the recess, on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and pshawing at each which he took up and laid aside.

In the meantime Lovel, forced as it were by this secession of Oldbuck into a sort of *tête-à-tête* with Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. 'I trust Miss Wardour will impute to circumstances almost irresistible this intrusion of a person who has reason to think himself—so, unacceptable a visitor.'

'Mr. Lovel,' answered Miss Wardour, observing the same tone of caution, 'I trust you will not—I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged or repaid. Could Mr. Lovel see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, from all I have ever heard of Mr. Lovel, ought to be—more welcome; but——'

Oldbuck's anathema against the preposition 'but' was internally echoed by Lovel.—'Forgive me if I interrupt you, Miss Wardour. You need not fear my intruding upon a subject where I have been already severely repressed; but do not add

to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigour of obliging me to disavow them.

‘I am much embarrassed, Mr. Lovel,’ replied the young lady, ‘by your — I would not willingly use a strong word — your romantic and hopeless pertinacity. It is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your country has upon your talents, that you will not waste, in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-placed predilection, time which, well redeemed by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction; let me entreat that you would form a manly resolution —’

‘It is enough, Miss Wardour; I see plainly that —’

‘Mr. Lovel, you are hurt, and, believe me, I sympathise in the pain which I inflict; but can I, in justice to myself, in fairness to you, do otherwise? Without my father’s consent I never will entertain the addresses of any one, and how totally impossible it is that he should countenance the partiality with which you honour me, you are yourself fully aware; and, indeed —’

‘No, Miss Wardour,’ answered Lovel, in a tone of passionate entreaty, ‘do not go farther — is it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation? — do not carry your resolutions farther; why urge what would be your conduct if Sir Arthur’s objections could be removed?’

‘It is indeed vain, Mr. Lovel,’ said Miss Wardour, ‘because their removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is obliged to you for her own and her father’s life, to entreat you to suppress this unfortunate attachment, to leave a country which affords no scope for your talents, and to resume the honourable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned.’

‘Well, Miss Wardour, your wishes shall be obeyed. Have patience with me one little month, and if in the course of that space I cannot show you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and with the same breath to all my hopes of happiness.’

‘Not so, Mr. Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more rational basis than your present wishes, are, I trust, before you. But it is full time to finish this conversation. I cannot force you to adopt my advice. I cannot shut the door of my father’s house against the preserver of his life and mine; but the sooner Mr. Lovel can teach his mind to sub-

mit to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more highly he will rise in my esteem ; and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting an interdict upon conversation on a subject so painful.

A servant at this moment announced that Sir Arthur desired to speak with Mr. Oldbuck in his dressing-room.

'Let me show you the way,' said Miss Wardour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her *tête-à-tête* with Lovel, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's apartment.

Sir Arthur, his legs swathed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. 'Welcome, Mr. Oldbuck,' he said ; 'I trust you have come better off than I have done from the inclemency of yesterday evening ?'

'Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it : I kept *terra firma* ; you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble esquire — to rise on the wings of the night-wind, to dive into the bowels of the earth. What news from our subterranean Good Hope — the *terra incognita* of Glen Withershins ?'

'Nothing good as yet,' said the Baronet, turning himself hastily, as if stung by a pang of the gout ; 'but Dousterswivel does not despair.'

'Does he not ?' quoth Oldbuck ; 'I do though, under his favour. Why, old Dr. H——n¹ told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we should never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I showed him, to make a pair of sixpenny knee-buckles ; and I cannot see that those samples on the table below differ much in quality.'

'The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume ?'

'No ; but he is one of our first chemists ; and this tramping philosopher of yours, this Dousterswivel, is, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers described by Kircher, *Artem habent sine arte, partem sine parte, quorum medium est mentiri, vita eorum mendicatum ire* ; that is to say, Miss Wardour——'

'It is unnecessary to translate,' said Miss Wardour, 'I comprehend your general meaning ; but I hope Mr. Dousterswivel will turn out a more trustworthy character.'

'I doubt it not a little,' said the Antiquary, 'and we are a

¹ Probably Dr. Hutton, the celebrated geologist.

soul way out if we cannot discover this infernal vein that he has prophesied about these two years.'

'You have no great interest in the matter, Mr. Oldbuck,' said the Baronet.

'Too much, too much, Sir Arthur; and yet, for the sake of my fair foe here, I would consent to lose it all so you had no more on the venture.'

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. 'I understand,' he at length said, 'that the young gentleman to whose gallantry and presence of mind we were so much indebted last night has favoured me with a visit; I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed any one but an old friend like you, Mr. Oldbuck.'

A declination of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowledged the preference.

'You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?'

Oldbuck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

'Why, then, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr. Lovel than you are,' said the Baronet.

'Indeed! I was not aware of that,' answered Oldbuck, somewhat surprised.

'I met Mr. Lovel,' said Isabella, slightly colouring, 'when I resided this last spring with my aunt, Mrs. Wilmot.'

'In Yorkshire? and what character did he bear then, or how was he engaged?' said Oldbuck; 'and why did not you recognise him when I introduced you?'

Isabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other. 'He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputation; he was much respected as an amiable and promising young man.'

'And pray, such being the case,' replied the Antiquary, not disposed to take one reply in answer to two distinct questions, 'why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house? I thought you had less of the paltry pride of womankind about you, Miss Wardour.'

'There was a reason for it,' said Sir Arthur, with dignity; 'you know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps you will call them—of our house concerning purity of birth. This young

gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune ; my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him.'

'If it had been with his mother instead of himself,' answered Oldbuck, with his usual dry causticity of humour, 'I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lad ! that was the cause then that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bend of bastardy upon the shield yonder under the corner turret !'

'True,' said the Baronet with complacency, 'it is the shield of Malcolm the Usurper, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Misticot's Tower, which I conceive to be a corruption for "Misbegot." He is denominated, in the Latin pedigree of our family, *Milcolumbus Nothus* ; and his temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own illegitimate line in the estate of Knockwinnock, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes as strongly to found us in that horror and antipathy to defiled blood and illegitimacy which has been handed down to me from my respected ancestry.'

'I know the story,' said Oldbuck, 'and I was telling it to Lovel this moment, with some of the wise maxims and consequences which it has engrafted on your family politics. Poor fellow ! he must have been much hurt ; I took the wavering of his attention for negligence, and was something piqued at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think the less of your life because it has been preserved by such assistance ?'

'Nor the less of my assistant either,' said the Baronet ; 'my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most unblemished lineage.'

'Come, I am glad of that ; he'll know where he can get a dinner, then, if he wants one. But what views can he have in this neighbourhood ? I must catechise him ; and if I find he wants it—or, indeed, whether he does or not—he shall have my best advice.' As the Antiquary made this liberal promise, he took his leave of Miss Wardour and her father, eager to commence operations upon Mr. Lovel. He informed him abruptly that Miss Wardour sent her compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then, taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Knockwinnock still preserved much of the external attributes of a baronial castle. It had its drawbridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the sides of which had been planted with shrubs, chiefly of the evergreen tribes. Above these rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scarped down to the sea-beach, and partly from the steep green verge of the moat. The trees of the avenue have been already mentioned, and many others rose around of large size, as if to confute the prejudice that timber cannot be raised near to the ocean. Our walkers paused and looked back upon the castle as they attained the height of a small knoll, over which lay their homeward road, for it is to be supposed they did not tempt the risk of the tide by returning along the sands. The building flung its broad shadow upon the tufted foliage of the shrubs beneath it, while the front windows sparkled in the sun. They were viewed by the gazers with very different feelings. Lovel, with the fond eagerness of that passion which derives its food and nourishment from trifles, as the cameleon is said to live on the air, or upon the invisible insects which it contains, endeavoured to conjecture which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Wardour's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more melancholy cast, and were partly indicated by the ejaculation of '*Cito peritura!*' as he turned away from the prospect. Lovel, roused from his reverie, looked at him as if to inquire the meaning of an exclamation so ominous. The old man shook his head. 'Yes, my young friend,' said he, 'I doubt greatly — and it wrings my heart to say it — this ancient family is going fast to the ground!'

'Indeed!' answered Lovel. 'You surprise me greatly!'

'We harden ourselves in vain,' continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling — 'we harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve the changes of this trumpery whirling world. We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the *teres atque rotundus* of the poet; the stoical exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts.'

'And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!' said Lovel, warmly — 'Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of

our own selfish interests! I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether millstone.'

The Antiquary regarded his youthful companion with a look half of pity, half of sympathy, and shrugged up his shoulders as he replied, 'Wait, young man—wait till your bark has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude; you will learn by that time to reef your sails, that she may obey the helm; or, in the language of this world, you will find distresses enough, endured and to endure, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid.'

'Well, Mr. Oldbuck, it may be so; but as yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of the family we have just left.'

'And well you may,' replied Oldbuck; 'Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so pressing that I am surprised you have not heard of them. And then his absurd and expensive operations carried on by this High-German land-louper, Dousterswivel——'

'I think I have seen that person, when by some rare chance I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport—a tall, beetle-browed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to my ignorance at least, with more assurance than knowledge, was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism; a simple youth whispered me that he was an *Illuminé*, and carried on an intercourse with the invisible world.'

'O the same—the same; he has enough of practical knowledge to speak scholarly and wisely to those of whose intelligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this faculty, joined to his matchless impudence, imposed upon me for some time, when I first knew him. But I have since understood that, when he is among fools and womankind, he exhibits himself as a perfect charlatan—talks of the *magisterium*, of sympathies and antipathies, of the cabala, of the divining rod, and all the trumpery with which the Rosycrucians cheated a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has in some degree revived in our own. My friend Heavysterne knew this fellow.

abroad, and unintentionally — for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark, a sort of believer — let me into a good deal of his real character. Ah! were I caliph for a day, as honest Abou Hassan wished to be, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of scorpions. They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical trash as effectually as if they had besotted their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. And now has this strolling blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honourable family!

‘But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any ruinous extent?’

‘Why, I don’t know; Sir Arthur is a good honourable gentleman, but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Pikish language, he is by no means very strong in the understanding. His estate is strictly entailed, and he has been always an embarrassed man. This rapparee promised him mountains of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money — I fear on Sir Arthur’s guarantee. Some gentlemen — I was ass enough to be one — took small shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great outlay; we were trained on by specious appearances and more specious lies, and now, like John Bunyan, we awake and behold it is a dream.’

‘I am surprised that you, Mr. Oldbuck, should have encouraged Sir Arthur by your example.’

‘Why,’ said Oldbuck, dropping his large grizzled eyebrow, ‘I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself. It was not the lucre of gain: nobody cares less for money, to be a prudent man, than I do; but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected, though I am sure I cannot see why, that I should give something to any one who will be kind enough to rid me of that slip of womankind, my niece, Mary M’Intyre; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that jackanapes, her brother, on in the army. In either case, to treble my venture would have helped me out. And, besides, I had some idea that the Phœnicians had in former times wrought copper in that very spot. That cunning scoundrel, Dousterswivel, found out my blunt side, and brought strange tales, d—n him! of appearances of old shafts, and vestiges of mining operations, conducted in a manner quite different from those of modern times; and I — in short, I was a

fool, and there is an end. My loss is not much worth speaking about; but Sir Arthur's engagements are, I understand, very deep, and my heart aches for him, and the poor young lady who must share his distress.'

Here the conversation paused, until renewed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Romeo and Juliet.

THE account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventure had led Oldbuck somewhat aside from his purpose of catechising Lovel concerning the cause of his residence at Fairport. He was now, however, resolved to open the subject. 'Miss Wardour was formerly known to you, she tells me, Mr. Lovel?' 'He had had the pleasure,' Lovel answered, 'to see her at Mrs. Wilmot's, in Yorkshire.'

'Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not accost her as an old acquaintance.'

'I—I did not know,' said Lovel, a good deal embarrassed, 'it was the same lady till we met; and then it was my duty to wait till she should recognise me.'

'I am aware of your delicacy; the knight's a punctilious old fool, but I promise you his daughter is above all nonsensical ceremony and prejudice. And now, since you have found a new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you proposed?'

'What if I should answer your question by another,' replied Lovel, 'and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?'

'Of dreams, you foolish lad! why, what should I think of them but as the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins? I know no difference betwixt them and the hallucinations of madness: the unguided horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbers. What says our Marcus Tullius—*Si insanorum visis fides non est habenda, cur credatur somnientium visis, quæ multo etiam perturbatiores sunt, non intelligo.*'

'Yes, sir, but Cicero also tells us, that as he who passes the whole day in darting the javelin must sometimes hit the mark, so, amid the cloud of nightly dreams, some may occur consonant to future events.'

'Ay — that is to say, *you* have hit the mark in your own sage opinion? Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the oneirocritical science — I will give faith to the exposition of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream of yours has pointed to a prudent line of conduct.'

'Tell me then,' answered Lovell, 'why, when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise which I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I should last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance? Why should I have thought of those words, which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could so plainly apply to my own circumstances?'

The Antiquary burst into a fit of laughing. 'Excuse me, my young friend, but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own wilful will. I think I can help out the cause of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Piks, which terminated so abruptly; but I remember producing to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him observe the motto. Your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds, and your busy fancy, stirred by Grizel's legend, I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which seized on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the sagest of us play off now and then to gratify our inclination at the expense of our understanding.'

'I own it,' said Lovell, blushing deeply; 'I believe you are right, Mr. Oldbuck, and I ought to sink in your esteem for attaching a moment's consequence to such a frivolity; but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a line will tow a boat when afloat on the

billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up on the beach.

'Right, right,' exclaimed the Antiquary; 'fall in my opinion! not a whit. I love thee the better, man; why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed *prætorium*, though I am still convinced Agricola's camp must have been somewhere in this neighbourhood. And now, Lovel, my good lad, be sincere with me. "What make you from Wittenberg?" Why have you left your own country and professional pursuits for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport? A truant disposition, I fear.'

'Even so,' replied Lovel, patiently submitting to an interrogatory which he could not well evade; 'yet I am so detached from all the world, have so few in whom I am interested, or who are interested in me, that my very state of destitution gives me independence. He whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone has the best right to pursue it according to his own fancy.'

'Pardon me, young man,' said Oldbuck, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full halt; '*sufflamina* — a little patience if you please. I will suppose that you have no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life, that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection; but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty, for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others.'

'But I am unconscious of possessing such powers,' said Lovel, somewhat impatiently; 'I ask nothing of society but the permission of walking innocuously through the path of life without jostling others, or permitting myself to be jostled. I owe no man anything, I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence, and so moderate are my wishes in this respect that even these means, however limited, rather exceed than fall short of them.'

'Nay, then,' said Oldbuck, removing his hand, and turning again to the road, 'if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, there's no more to be said; I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you: you have attained the acme — the summit of perfection. And how came Fairport to be the selected abode of so much self-denying philosophy? It

is as if a worshipper of the true religion had set up his staff by choice among the multifarious idolaters of the land of Egypt. There is not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf—the Mammon of unrighteousness; why, even I, man, am so infected by the bad neighbourhood that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolater myself.’

‘My principal amusements being literary,’ answered Lovel, ‘and circumstances which I cannot mention having induced me, for a time at least, to relinquish the military service, I have pitched on Fairport as a place where I might follow my pursuits without any of those temptations to society which a more elegant circle might have presented to me.’

‘Aha!’ replied Oldbuck, knowingly, ‘I begin to understand your application of my ancestor’s motto: you are a candidate for public favour, though not in the way I first suspected; you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to merit favour by labour and perseverance?’

Lovel, who was rather closely pressed by the inquisitiveness of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted.

‘I have been at times foolish enough,’ he replied, ‘to nourish some thoughts of the kind.’

‘Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more melancholy; unless, as young men sometimes do, you had fancied yourself in love with some trumpery specimen of womankind, which is, indeed, as Shakspeare truly says, pressing to death, whipping, and hanging all at once.’

He then proceeded with inquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For this good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories out of premises which were often far from affording sufficient ground for them; and being, as the reader must have remarked, sufficiently opinionative, he did not readily brook being corrected, either in matter of fact or judgment, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lovel’s literary career for him.

‘And with what do you propose to commence your *début* as a man of letters? But I guess—poetry—poetry, the soft seducer of youth. Yes! there is an acknowledging modesty of confusion in your eye and manner. And where lies your vein? Are you inclined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus, or to flutter around the base of the hill?’

'I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces,' said Lovel.

'Just as I supposed — pruning your wing and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a bolder flight. Observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this unprofitable pursuit, but you say you are quite independent of the public caprice?'

'Entirely so,' replied Lovel.

'And that you are determined not to adopt a more active course of life?'

'For the present such is my resolution,' replied the young man.

'Why, then, it only remains for me to give you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the *Antiquarian Repository*, and therefore am an author of experience. There was my *Remarks on Hearne's Edition of Robert of Gloucester*, signed "Scrutator"; and the other signed "Indagator," upon a passage in Tacitus. I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that is my paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* upon the inscription of *Celia Lelia*, which I subscribed "Cedipus." So you see I am not an apprentice in the mysteries of author-craft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper of the times. And now, once more, what do you intend to commence with?'

'I have no instant thoughts of publishing.'

'Ah! that will never do; you must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see now. A collection of fugitive pieces? But no, your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the bookseller. It should be something at once solid and attractive; none of your romances or anomalous novelties, I would have you take high ground at once. Let me see. What think you of a real epic? the grand old-fashioned historical poem which moved through twelve or twenty-four books. We'll have it so; I'll supply you with a subject — the battle between the Caledonians and Romans — *The Caledoniad; or, Invasion Repelled*. Let that be the title; it will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a touch of the times.'

'But the invasion of Agricola was *not* repelled.'

'No; but you are a poet, free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as Virgil himself. You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus.'

'And pitch Agricola's camp at the Kaim of — what do you call it,' answered Lovel, 'in defiance of Edie Ochiltree?'

'No more of that, an thou lovest me. And yet I daresay ye may unwittingly speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the *toga* of the historian and the blue gown of the mendicant.'

'Gallantly counselled. Well, I will do my best; your kindness will assist me with local information.'

'Will I not, man? why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr. Lovel, only I was never able to write verses.'

'It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art.'

'Essential! not a whit: it is the mere mechanical department. A man may be a poet without measuring spondees and dactyls like the ancients, or clashing the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labour like a stone-mason. Dost think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod?'

'In that case there should be two authors to each poem — one to think and plan, another to execute.'

'Why, it would not be amiss, at any rate we'll make the experiment — not that I would wish to give my name to the public. Assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what flourish your nature will; I am a total stranger to authorial vanity.'

Lovel was much entertained by a declaration not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was, indeed, uncommonly delighted; for, like many other men who spend their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and habits of indolence and procrastination. 'But,' thought he, 'I may, like a second Teucer, discharge my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and, admit that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape answerable for his deficiencies, and the good notes may very probably help off an indifferent text. But he is — he must be a good poet; he has the real Parnassian abstraction, seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated, drinks his tea scalding, and eats with-

out knowing what he is putting into his mouth. This is the real *awen*, the *awen* of the Welsh bards, the *divinus afflatus* that transports the poet beyond the limits of sublunary things. His visions, too, are very symptomatical of poetic fury; I must recollect to send Caxon to see he puts out his candle to-night, poets and visionaries are apt to be negligent in that respect.' Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud in continuation:

'Yes, my dear Lovel, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the *Essay on Castrametation* into the appendix; it will give great value to the work. Then we will revive the good old forms so disgracefully neglected in modern times. You shall invoke the Muse; and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author who, in an apostatising age, adheres with the faith of Abdiel to the ancient form of adoration. Then we must have a vision, in which the genius of Caledonia shall appear to Galgacus and show him a procession of the real Scottish monarchs; and in the notes I will have a hit at Boethius—no, I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is likely to have vexation enough besides; but I'll annihilate Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb.'

'But we must consider the expense of publication,' said Lovel, willing to try whether this hint would fall like cold water on the blazing zeal of his self-elected coadjutor.

'Expense!' said Mr. Oldbuck, pausing and mechanically fumbling in his pocket—'that is true; I would wish to do something, but you would not like to publish by subscription?'

'By no means,' answered Lovel.

'No, no!' gladly acquiesced the Antiquary. 'It is not respectable. I'll tell you what: I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk print and paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can.'

'O, I am no mercenary author,' answered Lovel, smiling; 'I only wish to be out of risk of loss.'

'Hush! hush! we'll take care of that; throw it all on the publishers. I do long to see your labours commenced. You will choose blank verse, doubtless? It is more grand and magnificent for an historical subject; and, what concerneth you, my friend, it is, I have an idea, more easily written.'

This conversation brought them to Monkbarns, where the Antiquary had to undergo a chiding from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him

in the portico. 'Guide us, Monkbarns, are things no dear enough already, but ye maun be raising the very fish on us, by giving that randy, Luckie Mucklebackit, just what she likes to ask?'

'Why, Grizel,' said the sage, somewhat abashed at this unexpected attack, 'I thought I made a very fair bargain.'

'A fair bargain! when ye gied the limmer a full half o' what she seekit! An ye will be a wife-carle, and buy fish at your ain hands, ye suld never bid muckle mair than a quarter. And the impudent quean had the assurance to come up and seek a dram. But I trow Jennie and I sorted her!'

'Truly,' said Oldbuck (with a sly look to his companion), 'I think our estate was gracious that kept us out of hearing of that controversy. Well, well, Grizel, I was wrong for once in my life — *ultra crepidam*, I fairly admit. But hang expenses, care killed a cat; we'll eat the fish, cost what it will. And then, Lovel, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day the rather because our cheer will be better than usual, yesterday having been a gaudé-day; I love the reversion of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the *analecta*, the *collectanea*, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on such occasions. And see there is Jenny going to ring the dinner-bell.'

CHAPTER XV

Be this letter delivered with haste — haste — post-haste ! Ride, villain,
ride, for thy life — for thy life — for thy life !

Ancient Indorsation of Letters of Importance.

LEAVING Mr. Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the postmaster's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles, and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaning information or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty.

'Eh, preserve us, sirs,' said the butcher's wife, 'there's ten, eleven, twal letters to Tennant & Co. ; thae folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh.'

'Ay ; but see, lass,' answered the baker's lady, 'there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side ; I doubt there will be protested bills in them.'

'Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon ?' inquired the woman of joints and giblets ; 'the lieutenant's been awa three weeks.'

'Just ane on Tuesday was a week,' answered the dame of letters.

'Was't a ship-letter ?' asked the Fornarina.

'In troth was't.'

'It wad be frae the lieutenant then,' replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed ; 'I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her.'

'Odd, here's another,' quoth Mrs. Mailsetter. 'A ship-letter, postmark Sunderland.' All rushed to seize it. 'Na, na, leddies,' said Mrs. Mailsetter, interfering, 'I hae had eneugh o' that wark. Ken ye that Mr. Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh for a complaint that was made about the letter of Ailie Bisset's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?'

'Me opened!' answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; 'ye ken yoursell, madam, it just cam open o' free will in my hand. What could I help it? Folk suld seal wi' better wax.'

'Weel I wot that's true, too,' said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, 'and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken ony body wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind.'

'Hout, lass; the provost will take care o' that.'

'Na, na; I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie,' said the postmistress; 'but I wad aye be obliging and neighbourly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither. See, the seal has an anchor on't; he's done't wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking.'

'Show me! show me!' quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker, and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter like the weird sisters in Macbeth upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman; she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

'Ay, it's frae him, sure eneugh,' said the butcher's lady. 'I can read "Richard Taffril" on the corner, and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end.'

'Haud it lower down, madam,' exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required — 'haud it lower down. Div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursell?'

'Whisht, whisht, sirs, for God's sake!' said Mrs. Mailsetter, 'there's somebody in the shop'; then aloud, 'Look to the customers, Baby!' Baby answered from without in a shrill tone, 'It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her.'

'Tell her,' said the faithful postmistress, winking to her

compeers, 'to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken, we havena had time to sort the mail letters yet. She's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town.'

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

'There's something about a needle and a pole,' said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

'Now, that's downright shameful,' said Mrs. Heukbane, 'to scorn the puir silly gait of a lassie after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I mak nae doubt he has.'

'It's but ower muckle to be doubted,' echoed Mrs. Shortcake. 'To cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersell! Hout! fie for shame!'

'Hout tout, leddies,' cried Mrs. Mailsetter, 'ye're clean wrang. It's a line out o' ane o' his sailors' sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole.'

'Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae,' said the charitable Dame Heukbane, 'but it disna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers.'

'I'm no denying that,' said Mrs. Mailsetter; 'but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office thae love letters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour, maist o' them sealed wi' wafers and no wi' wax; there will be a downcome there, believe me.'

'Ay; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats of arms, as they ca' them,' said Mrs. Heukbane. 'Pride will hae a fa'. He hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twal-month; he's but slink, I doubt.'

'Nor wi' huz for sax months,' echoed Mrs. Shortcake. 'He's but a brunt crust.'

'There's a letter,' interrupted the trusty postmistress, 'from his son, the captain, I'm thinking; the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire.'

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire. 'Twa letters for Monkbarns; they're frae some o' his learned friends

now. See, sae close as they're written, down to the very seal, and a' to save sending a double letter; that's just like Monkbarns himsell. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale; but he's ne'er a grain abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone, and such like sweetmeats.'

'He's a shabby body the Laird o' Monkbarns,' said Mrs. Heukbane: 'he'll make as muckle about buying a fore quarter o' lamb in August as about a back sey o' beef. Let's taste another drap o' the sinning (perhaps she meant cinnamon) waters, Mrs. Mailsetter, my dear. Ah! lasses, an ye had kend his brother as I did! Mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa at the Falkirk Tryst; weel, weel we'se no speak o' that e'enow.'

'I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns,' said Mrs. Shortcake; 'his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man. We serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week; only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the nicksticks,¹ whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and sae they are, nae doubt.'

'But look here, lasses,' interrupted Mrs. Mailsetter, 'here's a sight for sair e'en! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter? This is new corn: I haena seen the like o' this. "For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B." This is just the second letter he has had since he was here.'

'Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see! That's him that the hale town kens naething about; and a weel-fa'ard lad he is. Let's see — let's see!' Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of mother Eve.

'Na, na, sirs,' exclaimed Mrs. Mailsetter; 'haud awa — bide aff, I tell you; this is name o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it. The postage is five-and-twenty shillings; and here's an order frae the secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, bide aff; this maunna be roughly guided.'

'But just let's look at the outside o't, woman.'

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks

¹ See Note 3.

on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter — length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, impervious by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

‘Odd, lass,’ said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubtless, that the too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve itself, ‘I wad like to ken what’s in the inside o’ this, for that Lovel dings a’ that ever set foot on the plainstanes o’ Fairport : naeboddy kens what to make o’ him.’

‘Weel, weel, leddies,’ said the postmistress, ‘we’se sit down and crack about it. Baby, bring ben the tea-water. Muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake ; and we’ll steek the shop and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame ; and then we’ll try your braw veal sweetbread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Heukbane.’

‘But winna ye first send awa Mr. Lovel’s letter ?’ said Mrs. Heukbane.

‘Troth I kenna wha to send wi’t till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon tell’d me that Mr. Lovel stays a’ the day at Monkbarns ; he’s in a high fever wi’ pu’ing the Laird and Sir Arthur out o’ the sea.’

‘Silly auld doited carles,’ said Mrs. Shortcake ; ‘what gar’d them gang to the douking in a night like yestreen ?’

‘I was gi’en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them,’ said Mrs. Heukbane — ‘Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, ye ken — and that he pu’d the hale three out of the auld fish-pound, for Monkbarns had threepit on them to gang in till’t to see the wark o’ the monks lang syne.’

‘Hout, lass, nonsense,’ answered the postmistress ; ‘I’ll tell ye a’ about it, as Caxon tell’d it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour and Mr. Lovel suld hae dined at Monkbarns —’

‘But, Mrs. Mailsetter,’ again interrupted Mrs. Heukbane, ‘will ye no be for sending awa this letter by express ? There’s our powny and our callant hae gane express for the office or now, and the powny hasna gane abune thirty mile the day. Jock was sorting him up as I came ower by.’

‘Why, Mrs. Heukbane,’ said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, ‘ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsell : we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws. It’s a red half-guinea to him every time he munts his mear ;

and I daresay he'll be in sune, or I dare to say it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning.

'Only that Mr. Lovel will be in town before the express gaes aff,' said Mrs. Heukbane, 'and whare are ye then, lass? But ye ken yere ain ways best.'

'Weel, weel, Mrs. Heukbane,' answered Mrs. Mailsetter, a little out of humour, and even out of countenance, 'I am sure I am never against being neighbour-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order, ou, nae doubt it maun be obeyed. But I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye: I'll send little Davie on your powny, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka ane o' us, ye ken.'

'Davie! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and, to be plain wi' ye, our powny reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock.'

'I'm sorry for that,' answered the postmistress, gravely, 'it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'; for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock; our Davie belongs in a manner to the office.'

'Aweel, aweel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at; but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast.'

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service; Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of the town, and, by the crack of his whip and the whoop and halloo of his too well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sibyls after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent were the rumours to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant & Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested; others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated

that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon; another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally rumoured that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this report was only doubted by the wise because it was traced to Mrs. Mailsetter's shop, a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr. Lovel, and that it had been forwarded by an orderly dragoon, despatched from the headquarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to inquire the way to Monkbaris. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendée, others that he was a spy, others that he was a general officer who was visiting the coast privately, others that he was a prince of the blood who was travelling *incognito*.

Meanwhile the progress of the packet which occasioned so much speculation towards its destined owner at Monkbaris had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, Davie Mailsetter, as little resembling a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkbaris by the pony so long as the animal had in his recollection the crack of his usual instrument of chastisement and the shout of the butcher's boy. But feeling how Davie, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the pony began to disdain further compliance with the intimations he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk. This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider, who had been considerably discomposed by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the opportunity of his abated pace to gnaw a piece of gingerbread which had been thrust into his hand by his mother, in order to reconcile this youthful emissary of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. By and by the crafty pony availed himself of this surcease of discipline to twitch the rein out of Davie's hands, and apply himself to browse on the grass by the side of the lane. Sorely astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to sit or to fall, poor Davie lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The pony, hearing this pudder over his head, began apparently

something about this lad I can never fathom ; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for none of my womankind will venture into it after twilight.'

'And how am I to win hame?' blubbered the disconsolate express.

'It's a fine night,' said the Blue-Gown, looking up to the skies ; 'I had as gude gang back to the town and take care o' the wean.'

'Do so, do so, Edie' ; and, rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, 'there's sixpence to ye to buy sneeshin.'

CHAPTER XVI

I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else. I have drunk medicines.

Henry IV. Part II.

REGULAR for a fortnight were the inquiries of the Antiquary at the veteran Caxon whether he had heard what Mr. Lovel was about, and as regular were Caxon's answers, 'that the town could learn naething about him whatever, except that he had received anither muckle letter or twa frae the south, and that he was never seen on the plainstanes at a'.'

'How does he live, Caxon?'

'Ou, Mrs. Hadoway just dresses him a beefsteak or a mutton-chop, or makes him some friar's chicken, or just what she likes hersell, and he eats it in the little red parlour off his bedroom. She canna get him to say that he likes ae thing better than anither; and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles honourably wi' her every week.'

'But does he never stir abroad?'

'He has clean gi'en up walking, and he sits a' day in his room reading or writing; a hantle letters he has written, but he wadna put them into our post-house, though Mrs. Hadoway offered to carry them hersell, but sent them a' under ae cover to the sheriff, and it's Mrs. Mailsetter's belief that the sheriff sent his groom to put them into the post-office at Tannonburgh. It's my puir thought that he jaloused their looking into his letters at Fairport; and weel had he need, for my puir daughter Jenny——'

'Tut, don't plague me with your womankind, Caxon. About this poor young lad, does he write nothing but letters?'

'Ou, ay; hale sheets o' other things, Mrs. Hadoway says. She wishes muckle he could be gotten to take a walk; she thinks he's but looking very puirly, and his appetite's clean

to think it would be best both for himself and Davie to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in utter rout, so the steed, alarmed by the boy's cries and by the flapping of the reins, which dangled about his forefeet, finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if Davie kept the saddle (a matter extremely dubious), would soon have presented him at Heukbane's stable-door, when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Ochiltree, caught hold of the rein and stopped his farther proceeding. 'Wha's aught ye, callant? whaten a gate's that to ride?'

'I canna help it!' blubbered the express; 'they ca' me little Davie.'

'And where are ye gaun?'

'I'm gaun to Monkbarns wi' a letter.'

'Stirra, this is no the road to Monkbarns.'

But Davie could only answer the expostulation with sighs and tears.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion where childhood was in the case. 'I was na gaun that gate,' he thought, 'but it's the best o' my way o' life that I canna be weel out o' my road. They'll gie me quarters at Monkbarns readily eneugh, and I'll e'en hirple awa there wi' the wean, for it will knock its harns out, puir thing, if there's no somebody to guide the powny.' — 'Sae ye hae a letter, hinney? will ye let me see't?'

'I'm no gaun to let naebody see the letter,' sobbed the boy, 'till I gie't to Mr. Lovel, for I am a faithfu' servant o' the office — if it werena for the powny.'

'Very right, my little man,' said Ochiltree, turning the reluctant pony's head towards Monkbarns; 'but we'll guide him atween us, if he's no a' the sweerer.'

Upon the very height of Kinprunes, to which Monkbarns had invited Lovel after their dinner, the Antiquary, again reconciled to the once-degraded spot, was expatiating upon the topics the scenery afforded for a description of Agricola's camp at the dawn of morning, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the mendicant and his *protégé*. 'What the devil! here comes old Edie, bag and baggage, I think.'

The beggar explained his errand, and Davie, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to Monkbarns, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its proper owner, although he met him a mile nearer

than the place he had been directed to. 'But my minnie said I maun be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express; there's the paper.'

'Let me see—let me see,' said Oldbuck, putting on his spectacles and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davie appealed. 'Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence. One day! why, it's not an hour! man and horse! why, 'tis a monkey on a starved cat!'

'Father wad hae come himsell,' said Davie, 'on the muckle red mear; an ye wad hae bidden till the morn's night.'

'Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery! You little cockatrice' egg, do you understand the art of imposition so early?'

'Hout, Monkbarns, dinna set your wit against a bairn,' said the beggar; 'mind the butcher risked his beast and the wife her wean, and I am sure ten and sixpence isna ower muckle. Ye didna gang sae near wi' Johnnie Howie when——'

Lovel, who, sitting on the supposed *pratorium*, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by paying Davie's demand, and then, turning to Mr. Oldbuck with a look of much agitation, he excused himself from returning with him to Monkbarns that evening. 'I must instantly go to Fairport, and perhaps leave it on a moment's notice; your kindness, Mr. Oldbuck, I never can forget.'

'No bad news, I hope?' said the Antiquary.

'Of a very chequered complexion,' answered his friend. 'Farewell; in good or bad fortune I will not forget your regard.'

'Nay, nay; stop a moment. If—if—(making an effort)—if there be any pecuniary inconvenience—I have fifty—or a hundred guineas at your service—till—till Whitsunday—or indeed as long as you please.'

'I am much obliged, Mr. Oldbuck, but I am amply provided,' said his mysterious young friend. 'Excuse me, I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write or see you before I leave Fairport; that is, if I find myself obliged to go.' So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, 'staying no longer question.'

'Very extraordinary indeed,' said Oldbuck; 'but there's

gane; but he'll no hear o' ganging ower the door-stane — him that used to walk sae muckle too.'

'That's wrong; I have a guess what he's busy about, but he must not work too hard neither. I'll go and see him this very day; he's deep, doubtless, in the *Caledoniad*.'

Having formed this manful resolution, Mr. Oldbuck equipped himself for the expedition with his thick walking-shoes and gold-headed cane, muttering the while the words of Falstaff which we have chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the Antiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entertained for this stranger. The riddle was, notwithstanding, easily solved. Lovel had many attractive qualities, but he won our Antiquary's heart by being on most occasions an excellent listener.

A walk to Fairport had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr. Oldbuck, and one which he did not often care to undertake. He hated greetings in the market-place; and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him either about the news of the day or about some petty pieces of business. So on this occasion he had no sooner entered the streets of Fairport than it was 'Good-morrow, Mr. Oldbuck, a sight o' you's gude for sair een; what d'ye think of the news in the *Sun* the day? they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight.'

'I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might hear no more about it.'

'Monkbarns, your honour,' said the nursery and seedsman, 'I hope the plants gied satisfaction? and if ye wanted ony flower roots fresh frae Holland, or (this in a lower key) an anker or twa o' Cologne gin, ane o' our brigs cam in yestreen.'

'Thank ye, thank ye, no occasion at present, Mr. Crabtree,' said the Antiquary, pushing resolutely onward.

'Mr. Oldbuck,' said the town-clerk (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman), 'the provost, understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell spring through a part o' your lands.'

'What the deuce! have they nobody's land but mine to cut and carve on? I won't consent, tell them.'

'And the provost,' said the clerk, going on without noticing the rebuff, 'and the council wad be agreeable that you should hae the auld stanes at Donagild's chapel, that ye was wussing to hae.'

‘Eh? what? Oho, that’s another story. Well, well, I’ll call upon the provost and we’ll talk about it.’

‘But ye maun speak your mind on’t forthwith, Monkbarns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harlewall’s thinks the carved through-stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house; that is, the twa cross-legged figures that the callants used to ca’ Robin and Bobbin, ane on ilka door cheek; and the other stane, that they ca’d Ailie Dailie, abune the door. It will be very tastefu’, the deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic.’

‘Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!’ exclaimed the Antiquary. ‘A monument of a Knight Templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it! O *crimini!* Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we’ll not differ about the watercourse. It’s lucky I happened to come this way to-day.’

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the dexterity he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance because they encroached three feet upon the public road) and the privilege of conveying the water to the burgh through the estate of Monkbarns was an idea which had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.

Through these various entanglements Monkbarns (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs. Hadoway’s. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Fairport, who had been reduced by her husband’s untimely death to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The tenement which she occupied and the furniture of which she was possessed gave her the means of letting a part of her house, and as Lovel had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had qualified the necessary intercourse which they had together with a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs. Hadoway, not perhaps much used to such kindly treatment, had become greatly attached to her lodger, and was profuse in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for ‘the poor young gentleman’s dinner’; to excite her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his, in order to procure scarce

vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labour in which she delighted, although she anxiously concealed it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this secrecy of benevolence to avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown complexion, though belonging to a woman of five-and-forty, and inclosed within a widow's close-drawn pinnars, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she could not anticipate its having birth in that of any one else. But she concealed her attentions solely out of delicacy to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his being likely to feel extreme pain at leaving any of her civilities unrequited. She now opened the door to Mr. Oldbuck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

'I am glad to see you, sir—I am very glad to see you. My poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and O, Mr. Oldbuck, he'll see neither doctor nor minister nor writer! And think what it would be if, as my poor Mr. Hadoway used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties!'

'Greatly better than with them,' grumbled the cynical Antiquary. 'I tell you, Mrs. Hadoway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes.'

'O fie, Monkbarns, to hear the like o' that frae you! But ye'll walk up and see the poor young lad? Hegh, sirs, sae young and weel-favoured; and day by day he has eat less and less, and now he hardly touches ony thing, only just pits a bit on the plate to make fashion, and his poor cheek has turned every day thinner and paler, sae that he now really looks as auld as me, that might be his mother; no that I might be just that neither, but something very near it.'

'Why does he not take some exercise?' said Oldbuck.

'I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Gibbie Golightly, the galloping groom. A gude judge o' horse-flesh Gibbie tauld our lass that he was; for he offered him a beast he thought wad answer him weel enough, as he was a bookish man, but Mr. Lovel wadna look at it, and bought ane might serve the Master o' Morphie. They

keep it at the Græme's Arms, over the street, and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast. But winna ye walk up to his room ?'

'Presently, presently ; but has he no visitors ?'

'O dear, Mr. Oldbuck, not ane ; if he wadna receive them when he was weel and sprightly, what chance is there of ony body in Fairport looking in upon him now ?'

'Ay, ay, very true ; I should have been surprised had it been otherwise. Come, show me upstairs, Mrs. Hadoway, lest I make a blunder and go where I should not.'

The good landlady showed Mr. Oldbuck up her narrow staircase, warning him of every turn, and lamenting all the while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up so high. At length she gently tapped at the door of her guest's parlour.

'Come in,' said Lovel ; and Mrs. Hadoway ushered in the Laird of Monkbarns.

The little apartment was neat and clean, and decently furnished, ornamented too by such relics of her youthful arts of sempstress-ship as Mrs. Hadoway had retained ; but it was close, over-heated, and, as it appeared to Oldbuck, an unwholesome situation for a young person in delicate health, an observation which ripened his resolution touching a project that had already occurred to him in Lovel's behalf. With a writing-table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lovel was seated on a couch in his nightgown and slippers. Oldbuck was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow had assumed a ghastly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of hale and hardy complexion which had formerly overspread and somewhat embrowned his countenance. Oldbuck observed that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same colour hung on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered Lovel arose and came forward to welcome him.

'This is very kind,' he said, shaking him by the hand and thanking him warmly for his visit — 'this is very kind, and has anticipated a visit with which I intended to trouble you ; you must know I have become a horseman lately.'

'I understand as much from Mrs. Hadoway ; I only hope, my good young friend, you have been fortunate in a quiet horse. I myself inadvertently bought one from the said Gibbie Golightly, which brute ran two miles on end with me after a pack of hounds with which I had no more to do than the last

year's snow, and, after affording infinite amusement, I suppose, to the whole hunting-field, he was so good as to deposit me in a dry ditch. I hope yours is a more peaceful beast?

'I hope at least we shall make our excursions on a better plan of mutual understanding.'

'That is to say, you think yourself a good horseman?'

'I would not willingly,' answered Lovel, 'confess myself a very bad one.'

'No; all you young fellows think that would be equal to calling yourselves tailors at once. But have you had experience? for, *crede experto*, a horse in a passion is no joker.'

'Why, I should be sorry to boast myself as a great horseman, but when I acted as aid-de-camp to Sir ——— in the cavalry action at ———, last year, I saw many better cavaliers than myself dismounted.'

'Ah! you have looked in the face of the grisly god of arms then, you are acquainted with the frowns of Mars armipotent? That experience fills up the measure of your qualifications for the epopea! The Britons however, you will remember, fought in chariots — *covinari* is the phrase of Tacitus; you recollect the fine description of their dashing among the Roman infantry; although the historian tells us how ill the rugged face of the ground was calculated for equestrian combat; and truly, upon the whole, what sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland anywhere but on turnpike roads has been to me always matter of amazement. And well now, has the Muse visited you? Have you got anything to show me?'

'My time,' said Lovel, with a glance at his black dress, 'has been less pleasantly employed.'

'The death of a friend?' said the Antiquary.

'Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, of almost the only friend I could ever boast of possessing.'

'Indeed! Well, young man,' replied his visitor, in a tone of seriousness very different from his affected gravity, 'be comforted: to have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy dispensation. Look round you; how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! Our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Bacha, and we hew out to ourselves other reservoirs, from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded;

jéalousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side; until none remain but those who are connected with us rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life that they may not be forgotten at his death —

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus.

Ah! Mr. Lovel, if it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy, and comfortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising. But I cram these words into your ears against the stomach of your sense.

‘I am sensible of your kindness,’ answered the youth, ‘but the wound that is of recent infliction must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present calamity — forgive me for saying so — by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr. Oldbuck, have least reason of many men to take so gloomy a view of life. You have a competent and easy fortune, are generally respected, may, in your own phrase, *vacare musis* — indulge yourself in the researches to which your taste addicts you; you may form your own society without doors, and within you have the affectionate and sedulous attention of the nearest relatives.’

‘Why, yes, the womankind; for womankind, are, thanks to my training, very civil and tractable, do not disturb me in my morning studies, creep across the floor with the stealthy pace of a cat when it suits me to take a nap in my easy-chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well, but I want something to exchange ideas with — something to talk to.’

‘Then why do you not invite your nephew, Captain M’Intyre, who is mentioned by every one as a fine-spirited young fellow, to become a member of your family?’

‘Who?’ exclaimed Monkbarns, ‘my nephew Hector! the Hotspur of the North! Why, Heaven love you, I would as soon invite a firebrand into my stackyard. He’s an Alimanzor, a Chamont, has a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High Street of Fairport, which he unsheathed upon the surgeon the last time he was at Fairport. I expect him here one of these days, but I will keep him at staff’s end, I promise you. He’s an inmate of my house! to make my very chairs and tables tremble at his brawls. No, no, I’ll none of Hector M’Intyre. But hark ye, Lovel, you are

a quiet gentle-tempered lad ; had not you better set up your staff at Monkbarns for a month or two, since I conclude you do not immediately intend to leave this country ? I will have a door opened out to the garden — it will cost but a trifle, there is the space for an old one which was condemned long ago — by which said door you may pass and repass into the Green Chamber at pleasure, so you will not interfere with the old man, nor he with you. As for your fare, Mrs. Hadoway tells me you are, as she terms it, very moderate of your mouth, so you will not quarrel with my humble table. Your washing ——

‘Hold, my dear Mr. Oldbuck,’ interposed Lovel, unable to repress a smile ; ‘and before your hospitality settles all my accommodations, let me thank you most sincerely for so kind an offer ; it is not at present in my power to accept of it, but very likely before I bid adieu to Scotland I shall find an opportunity to pay you a visit of some length.’

Mr. Oldbuck’s countenance fell. ‘Why, I thought I had hit on the very arrangement that would suit us both, and who knows what might happen in the long run, and whether we might ever part ? Why, I am master of my acres, man ; there is the advantage of being descended from a man of more sense than pride : they cannot oblige me to transmit my goods, chattels, and heritages any way but as I please. No string of substitute heirs of entail, as empty and unsubstantial as the morsels of paper strung to the train of a boy’s kite, to cumber my flights of inclination and my humours of predilection. Well, I see you won’t be tempted at present. But *Caledonia* goes on, I hope ?’

‘O, certainly !’ said Lovel, ‘I cannot think of relinquishing a plan so hopeful.’

‘It is indeed,’ said the Antiquary, looking gravely upward, for, though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, he had a very natural, though rather disproportioned, good opinion of the importance of those which originated with himself — ‘it is indeed one of those undertakings which, if achieved with spirit equal to that which dictates its conception, may redeem from the charge of frivolity the literature of the present generation.’

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the room door, which introduced a letter for Mr. Lovel. The servant waited, Mrs. Hadoway said, for an answer. ‘You are concerned in this matter, Mr. Oldbuck,’ said Lovel, after glancing over the billet, and handed it to the Antiquary as he spoke.

It was a letter from Sir Arthur Wardour, couched in extremely civil language, regretting that a fit of the gout had prevented his hitherto showing Mr. Lovel the attentions to which his conduct during a late perilous occasion had so well entitled him, apologising for not paying his respects in person, but hoping Mr. Lovel would dispense with that ceremony and be a member of a small party which proposed to visit the ruins of Saint Ruth's priory on the following day, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening at Knockwinnock Castle. Sir Arthur concluded with saying that he had sent to request the Monkbarns family to join the party of pleasure which he thus proposed. The place of rendezvous was fixed at a turnpike gate, which was about an equal distance from all the points from which the company were to assemble.

'What shall we do?' said Lovel, looking at the Antiquary, but pretty certain of the part he would take.

'Go, man; we'll go by all means. Let me see — it will cost a post-chaise though, which will hold you and me and Mary M'Intyre very well, and the other womankind may go to the manse; and you can come out in the chaise to Monkbarns, as I will take it for the day.'

'Why, I rather think I had better ride.'

'True, true, I forgot your Bucephalus. You are a foolish lad, by the by, for purchasing the brute outright; you should stick to eighteenpence a side, if you will trust any creature's legs in preference to your own.'

'Why, as the horses have the advantage of moving considerably faster, and are, besides, two pair to one, I own I incline —'

'Enough said — enough said; do as you please. Well, then, I'll bring either Grizel or the minister, for I love to have my full pennyworth out of post-horses; and we meet at Tirlingen turnpike on Friday, at twelve o'clock precisely.' And with this agreement the friends separated.

CHAPTER XVII

Of seats they tell, where priests, 'mid tapers dim,
Breathed the warm prayer or tuned the midnight hymn.
To scenes like these the fainting soul retired,
Revenge and anger in these cells expired,
By Pity soothed, Remorse lost half her fears,
And soften'd Pride dropp'd penitential tears.

CRABBE'S *Borough*.

THE morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended ; and that is a rare event, whether in novel-writing or real life. Lovel, who felt the genial influence of the weather and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Wardour, trotted forward to the place of rendezvous with better spirits than he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and brighten before him, and hope, although breaking like the morning sun through clouds and showers, appeared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting, and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intently directed towards the road from Knockwinnock Castle that he was only apprised of the arrival of the Monkbarns division by the gee-hupping of the postilion, as the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In this vehicle were pent up, first, the stately figure of Mr. Oldbuck himself ; secondly, the scarce less portly person of the Reverend Mr. Blattergowl, minister of Trotcosey, the parish in which Monkbarns and Knockwinnock were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a buzz wig, upon the top of which was an equilateral cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monkbarns used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison — Sir Arthur's ramifies being the positive, his own bob-wig the comparative, and the overwhelming grizzle of the worthy clergyman figuring as the superlative. The superintendent of these antique garnitures,

deeming, or affecting to deem, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated himself on the board behind the carriage, just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the gentlemen sat down to dinner. Between the two massive figures of Monkbarns and the clergyman was stuck, by way of bodkin, the slim form of Mary McIntyre, her aunt having preferred a visit to the manse and a social chat with Miss Beckie Blattergowl to investigating the ruins of the priory of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Monkbarns party and Mr. Lovel, the Baronet's carriage, an open barouche, swept onward to the place of appointment, making, with its smoking bays, smart drivers, arms, blazoned panels, and a brace of outriders, a strong contrast with the battered vehicle and broken-winded hacks which had brought thither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by Sir Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance which passed betwixt Miss Wardour and Lovel, her colour rose considerably; but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him as a friend, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the mode of her reply to his fluttered salutation. Sir Arthur halted the barouche to shake his preserver kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had on this opportunity of returning him his personal thanks; then mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr. Dousterswivel, Mr. Lovel." Lovel took the necessary notice of the German adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependents or inferiors. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lovel had already conceived towards him; and it was plain, from the frown of the Antiquary's shaggy eyebrow, that he too looked with displeasure on this addition to the company. Little more than distant greeting passed among the members of the party, until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horseshoes, a small hedge inn, where Caxon humbly opened the door and let down the step of the hack-chaise, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courtly attendants, assisted to leave their equipage. Here renewed greetings passed; the young ladies shook hands; and Oldbuck, completely in his element, placed himself

as guide and cicerone at the head of the party, who were now to advance on foot towards the object of their curiosity. He took care to detain Lovel close beside him as the best listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Wardour and Mary M'Intyre, who followed next in order. The Baronet and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware both of them conceived they understood such matters as well, or better, than he did; and Dousterswivel, besides that he looked on him as a charlatan, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company that he could not abide the sight of him. These two latter satellites, therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally induced to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot. This is particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, uninclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of rills or small rivers has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially termed, 'dens,' on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is the more gratifying as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended and winded round the hillside, trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted, and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves—a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges and filled up in the middle by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together that, although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, the scene might on the

whole be termed decidedly woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and, between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurling clear and rapid under their silvan canopy.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of cicerone, and anxiously directed the company not to go a foot-breadth off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. 'You are happy in me for a guide, Miss Wardour,' exclaimed the veteran, waving his hand and head in cadence as he repeated with emphasis,

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bower from side to side.

Ah! deuce take it! that spray of a bramble has demolished all Caxon's labours, and nearly canted my wig into the stream — so much for recitations *hors de propos*.'

'Never mind, my dear sir,' said Miss Wardour, 'you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear with it as restored to its original splendour I will carry on the quotation:

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames on the forehead —'

'O enough, enough!' answered Oldbuck; 'I ought to have known what it was to give you advantage over me. But here is what will stop your career of satire, for you are an admirer of nature I know.' In fact, when they had followed him through a breach in a low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they came suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheatre to give room for a pure and profound lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then arose everywhere steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks, in others covered with the copse which run up, feathering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the green pasture-ground. Beneath, the lake discharged itself into the huddling and tumultuous brook which had been their

companion since they had entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from 'its parent lake' stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the singular beauty, as well as wild and sequestered character, of the spot on which they were situated gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The eastern window of the church remained entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work, and the sides upheld by flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous, but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed the other two, and the gardens a fourth. The side of these buildings which overhung the brook was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter during Montrose's wars. The ground formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few orchard trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks and elms and chestnuts growing singly, which had attained great size. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a close-cropt sward, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the scythe and broom. The whole scene had a repose which was still and affecting without being monotonous. The dark, deep basin in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the water-lilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook, which broke away from the outlet as if escaping from confinement and hurried down the glen, wheeling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and brawling in foam and fury with every shelve and stone which obstructed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow in which the ruins were situated, and the large timber trees which were scattered over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arose at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and feathery underwood, partly rising in steeps clothed with purple heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into

fronts of grey rock chequered with lichen, and with those hardy plants which find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

'There was the retreat of learning in the days of darkness,' Mr. Lovel,' said Oldbuck, around whom the company had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so romantic — 'there reposed the sages who were weary of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this. I will show you presently the library: see that stretch of wall with square-shafted windows — there it existed, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession assures me, with five thousand volumes. And here I might well take up the lamentation of the learned Leland, who, regretting the downfall of the conventual libraries, exclaims, like Rachael weeping for her children, that if the papal laws, decrees, decretals, clementines, and other such drugs of the devil, yea, if Heytesbury's sophisms, Porphyry's universals, Aristotle's logic, and Dunse's divinity, with such other lousy legerdemains (begging your pardon, Miss Wardour) and fruits of the bottomless pit, had leapt out of our libraries, for the accommodation of grocers, candle-makers, soap-sellers, and other worldly occupiers, we might have been therewith contented. But to put our ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned commentaries and national muniments, to such offices of contempt and subjection has greatly degraded our nation, and showed ourselves dishonoured in the eyes of posterity to the utmost stretch of time. O negligence most unfriendly to our land!'

'And, O John Knox,' said the Baronet, 'through whose influence, and under whose auspices, the patriotic task was accomplished!'

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a woodcock caught in his own springe, turned short round and coughed to excuse a slight blush, as he mustered his answer — 'As to the Apostle of Scottish Reformation —'

But Miss Wardour broke in to interrupt a conversation so dangerous — 'Pray, who was the author you quoted, Mr. Oldbuck?'

'The learned Leland, Miss Wardour, who lost his senses on witnessing the destruction of the conventual libraries in England.'

'Now I think,' replied the young lady, 'his misfortune may have saved the rationality of some modern antiquaries, which

would certainly have been drowned if so vast a lake of learning had not been diminished by draining.'

'Well, thank Heaven, there is no danger now: they have hardly left us a spoonful in which to perform the dire feat.'

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck led the way down the bank by a steep but secure path, which soon placed them on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood. 'There they lived,' continued the Antiquary, 'with nought to do but to spend their time in investigating points of remote antiquity; transcribing manuscripts; and composing new works for the information of posterity.'

'And,' added the Baronet, 'in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of the office of the priesthood.'

'And if Sir Arthur's excellence will permit,' said the German, with a low bow, 'the monksh might also make de vary curious experiment in deir laboraties, both in chemistry and *magia naturalis*.'

'I think,' said the clergyman, 'they would have enough to do in collecting the teinds of the parsonage and vicarage of three good parishes.'

'And all,' added Miss Wardour, nodding to the Antiquary, 'without interruption from womankind.'

'True, my fair foe,' said Oldbuck; 'this was a paradise where no Eve was admitted, and we may wonder the rather by what chance the good fathers came to lose it.'

With such criticisms on the occupations of those by whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they wandered for some time from one moss-grown shrine to another, under the guidance of Oldbuck, who explained with much plausibility the ground-plan of the edifice, and read and expounded to the company the various mouldering inscriptions which yet were to be traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches of the sainted images. 'What is the reason,' at length Miss Wardour asked the Antiquary, 'why tradition has preserved to us such meagre accounts of the inmates of these stately edifices, raised with such expense of labour and taste, and whose owners were in their times personages of such awful power and importance? The meanest tower of a freebooting baron or squire who lived by his lance and broadsword is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the names and feats of its inhabitants; but ask a countryman concerning these beautiful and extensive

remains — these towers, these arches and buttresses and shafted windows, reared at such cost, three words fill up his answer — “they were made by the monks lang syne.”

The question was somewhat puzzling. Sir Arthur looked upward, as if hoping to be inspired with an answer; Oldbuck shoved back his wig; the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true Presbyterian doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical cumberers of the land, offshoots as they were of the great overshadowing tree of iniquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination; Lovel thought the question was best resolved by considering what are the events which leave the deepest impression on the minds of the common people. ‘These,’ he contended, ‘were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilising river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The eras by which the vulgar compute time have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder,’ he concluded, ‘that the ferocious warrior is remembered, and the peaceful abbots are abandoned to forgetfulness and oblivion.’

‘If you pleashe, gentlemans and ladies, and ashking pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and this worthy clergymansh, and my goot friend Mr. Oldenbuck, who is my countrymansh, and of goot young Mr. Lofel also, I think it is all owing to de hand of glory.’

‘The hand of what?’ exclaimed Oldbuck.

‘De hand of glory, my goot Master Oldenbuck, which is a vary great and terrible secrets, which de monksh used to conceal their treasures when they were triven from their cloisters by what you call de Reform.’

‘Ay, indeed! tell us about that,’ said Oldbuck, ‘for these are secrets worth knowing.’

‘Why, my goot Master Oldenbuck, you will only laugh at me. But de hand of glory is vary well known in de countries where your worthy progenitors did live, and it is hand cut off from a dead man as has been hanged for murther, and dried very nice in de shmoke of juniper wood, and if you put a little of what you call yew wid your juniper it will not be any better — that is, it will not be no worse; then you do take something of de fatsh of de bear, and of de badger, and of de great eber, as you call de grand boar, and of de little sucking child as has not

been christened — for dat is very essentials, — and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, with de proper ceremonish, and he who seeksh for treasuresh shall never find none at all.'

'I dare take my corporal oath of that conclusion,' said the Antiquary. 'And was it the custom, Mr. Dousterswivel, in Westphalia to make use of this elegant candelabrum?'

'Always, Mr. Oldenbuck, when you did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wash doing about. And de monksh alwaysh did this when they did hide their church plates, and their great chalices, and de rings, wid very preshious shtones and jewels.'

'But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Rosy Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to conceal?'

'Ah! goot Mr. Oldenbuck,' replied the adept, shaking his head mysteriously, 'you was very hard to believe; but if you had seen de great huge pieces of de plate so massive, Sir Arthur, so fine fashion, Miss Wardour, and de silver cross dat we did find — dat was Schroepper and my ownself — for de Herr Freygraff, as you call de Baron von Blunderhaus, I do believe you would have believed then.'

'Seeing is believing indeed. But what was your art — what was your mystery, Mr. Dousterswivel?'

'Aha, Mr. Oldenbuck, dat is my little secret, mine goot sir; you sall forgife me that I not tell that. But I will tell you dere are various ways; yes, indeed, dere is de dream dat you dream tree times, dat is a vary goot way.'

'I am glad of that,' said Oldbuck; 'I have a friend (with a side-glance to Lovel) who is peculiarly favoured by the visits of Queen Mab.'

'Den dere is de sympathies and de antipathies, and de strange properties and virtues natural of divers herb and of de little divining rod.'

'I would gladly rather see some of these wonders than hear of them,' said Miss Wardour.

'Ah, but, my much-honoured young lady, this is not de time or de way to do de great wonder of finding all de church's plate and treasure; but to oblige you, and Sir Arthur my patron, and de reverend clergymans, and goot Mr. Oldenbuck, and young Mr. Lofel, who is a very goot young gentleman also, I will show you dat it is possible, a vary possible, to discover de spring of water and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattock or spade or dig at all.'

'Umph!' quoth the Antiquary, 'I have heard of that conundrum. That will be no very productive art in our country; you should carry that property to Spain or Portugal and turn it to good account.'

'Ah! my goot Master Oldenbuck, dere is de Inquisition and de auto-da-fé: they would burn me, who am but a simple philosopher, for one great conjurer.'

'They would cast away their coals then,' said Oldbuck; 'but,' continued he, in a whisper to Lovel, 'were they to pillory him for one of the most impudent rascals that ever wagged a tongue, they would square the punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see, I think he is about to show us some of his legerdemain.'

In truth the German was now got to a little copse-thicket at some distance from the ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as should suit the purpose of his mystery; and, after cutting and examining and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding the forked ends of the wand each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined aisles and cloisters, followed by the rest of the company in admiring procession. 'I believe dere was no waters here,' said the adept, when he had made the round of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of those indications which he pretended to expect—'I believe those Scotch monksh did find de water too cool for de climate, and alwaysh drank de good comfortable Rhine wine—but, aha! see there.' Accordingly, the assistants observed the rod to turn in his fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight. 'Dere is water here about sure enough,' and, turning this way and that way, as the agitation of the divining rod seemed to increase or diminish, he at length advanced into the midst of a vacant and roofless inclosure, which had been the kitchen of the priory, when the rod twisted itself so as to point almost straight downwards. 'Here is de place,' said the adept, 'and if you do not find de water here I will give you all leave to call me an impudent knave.'

'I shall take that license,' whispered the Antiquary to Lovel, 'whether the water is discovered or no.'

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now despatched to a neighbouring forester's hut for

a mattock and pick-axe. The loose stones and rubbish being removed from the spot indicated by the German, they soon came to the sides of a regularly built well ; and, when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of the forester and his sons, the water began to rise rapidly, to the delight of the philosopher, the astonishment of the ladies, Mr. Blattergowl, and Sir Arthur, the surprise of Lovel, and the confusion of the incredulous Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to enter his protest in Lovel's ear against the miracle. 'This is a mere trick,' he said ; 'the rascal had made himself sure of the existence of this old well, by some means or other, before he played off this mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he talks of next. I am much mistaken if this is not intended as a prelude to some more serious fraud ; see how the rascal assumes consequence, and plumes himself upon the credit of his success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in the tide of nonsense which he is delivering to him as principles of occult science !'

'You do see, my goot patron, you do see, my goot ladies, you do see, worthy Dr. Bladderhowl, and even Mr. Lofel and Mr. Oldenbuck may see, if they do will to see, how art has no enemy at all but ignorance. Look at this little slip of hazel nuts, it is fit for nothing at all but to whip de little child' ('I would choose a cat and nine tails for your occasions,' whispered Oldbuck apart), 'and you put it in the hands of a philosopher, paf ! it makes de grand discovery. But this is nothing, Sir Arthur, nothing at all, worthy Dr. Botherhowl, nothing at all, ladies, nothing at all, young Mr. Lofel and goot Mr. Oldenbuck, to what art can do. Ah ! if dere was any man that had de spirit and de courage I would show him better things than de well of water, I would show him ——'

'And a little money would be necessary also, would it not ?' said the Antiquary.

'Bah ! one trifle, not worth talking about, might be necessities,' answered the adept.

'I thought as much,' rejoined the Antiquary, drily ; 'and I, in the meanwhile, without any divining rod, will show you an excellent venison pasty and a bottle of London particular Madeira, and I think that will match all that Mr. Douster-swivel's art is like to exhibit.'

The feast was spread *fronde super viridi*, as Oldbuck expressed himself, under a huge old tree, called the Prior's Oak, and the company sitting down around it did ample honour to the contents of the basket.

CHAPTER XVIII

As when a gryphon through the wilderness,
With winged course, o'er hill and moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspiā, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold, so eagerly the Fiend —

Paradise Lost.

WHEN their collation was ended, Sir Arthur resumed the account of the mysteries of the divining rod, as a subject on which he had formerly conversed with Dousterswivel. 'My friend Mr. Oldbuck will now be prepared, Mr. Dousterswivel, to listen with more respect to the stories you have told us of the late discoveries in Germany by the brethren of your association.'

'Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing to speak to those gentlemen, because it is want of credulity — what you call faith — that spoils the great enterprise.'

'At least, however, let my daughter read the narrative she has taken down of the story of Martin Waldeck.'

'Ah, that was very true story; but Miss Wardour, she is so sly and so witty that she has made it just like one romance, as well as Goethe or Wieland could have done it, by mine honest word.'

'To say the truth, Mr. Dousterswivel,' answered Miss Wardour, 'the romantic predominated in the legend so much above the probable that it was impossible for a lover of fairyland like me to avoid lending a few touches to make it perfect in its kind. But here it is, and if you do not incline to leave this shade till the heat of the day has somewhat declined, and will have sympathy with my bad composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr. Oldbuck will read it to us.'

'Not I,' said Sir Arthur; 'I was never fond of reading aloud.'

'Nor I,' said Oldbuck, 'for I have forgot my spectacles; but

here is Lovel, with sharp eyes and a good voice, for Mr. Blattergowl, I know, never reads anything, lest he should be suspected of reading his sermons.'

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who received with some trepidation, as Miss Wardour delivered with a little embarrassment, a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a necessity of suppressing his emotions; and, after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself and read the company the following tale:—

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK¹

The solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.²

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out in the long run

¹ See Note 4.

² See Spectre of the Harz. Note 5.

fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases; but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest

degree, to accept of his gifts or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous, excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. 'Tell me not of such folly,' he said; 'the demon is a good demon. He lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves, haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd; and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me.'

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would

not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing upon the opposite bank of the glen or valley a huge fire, surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin, conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire upon the opposite bank of the glen again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream,

and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which from time to time he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognising the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned and was about to fly ; but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, 'All good angels, praise the Lord !' which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley ; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being coked or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained ; for in his excursion and its consequences George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers ; but, observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut

and dried for this purpose; but when he returned he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire, but the tinder was moist and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was that the Muhllerhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to 'work in the fire' induced him to dismiss this belief, and, although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. 'But be they men or fiends,' said the undaunted forester, 'that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace.' He relinquished at the same time the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and, therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly that he could recognise in the presiding figure the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared, and even courted, the intercourse which was now about to take place confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received

with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which to his stunned ears seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. 'Who art thou?' said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

'Martin Waldeck, the forester,' answered the hardy youth; 'and who are you?'

'The King of the Waste and of the Mine,' answered the spectre; 'and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?'

'I came in search of light to rekindle my fire,' answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, 'What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?'

'We celebrate,' answered the complaisant demon, 'the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon. But take thy fire that thou camest to seek and begone; no mortal may long look upon us and live.'

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, 'Dare not to return hither a fourth time!'

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations, when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another: the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw with double dislike the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already

stigmatised as a wizard and accomplice of fiends the wretch who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, 'We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry.' Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. An hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited

their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way between two mountains they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity; as he asked the sufferer, 'How like you the fire my coals have kindled?' The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth hastily attained and ill-employed exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

CHAPTER XIX

Here has been such a stormy encounter
Betwixt my cousin captain and this soldier,
About I know not what ! Nothing, indeed —
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
Of soldiership !

A Fair Quarrel.

THE attentive audience gave the fair transcriber of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldbuck alone curled up his nose, and observed that Miss Wardour's skill was something like that of the alchemists, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very trumpery and ridiculous legend. 'It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant fictions ; for me,

I bear an English heart,
Unused at ghosts and rattling bones to start.'

'Under your favour, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck,' said the German, 'Miss Wardour has turned de story, as she does everything as she touches, very pretty indeed ; but all the history of de Harz goblin, and how he walks among de desolate mountains wid a great fir-tree for his walking-cane, and wid de great green bush around his head and his waist — that is as true as I am an honest man.'

'There is no disputing any proposition so well guaranteed,' answered the Antiquary, drily. But at this moment the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.

The new comer was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing in his look and manner a good deal of the martial profession — nay, perhaps a little more than is quite consistent with the ease of a man of perfect good-breeding, in whom no professional habit ought to predominate. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. 'My dear Hector !' said Miss M'Intyre, as she rose to take his hand —

'Hector, son of Priam, whence comest thou?' said the Antiquary.

'From Fife, my liege,' answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely saluted the rest of the company; and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter — 'I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monkbarns to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place, and I willingly embrace the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once.'

'And to a new one also, my trusty 'Trojan,' said Oldbuck. 'Mr. Lovel, this is my nephew, Captain M'Intyre; Hector, I recommend Mr. Lovel to your acquaintance.'

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and paid his compliment with more reserve than cordiality; and, as our acquaintance thought his coldness almost supercilious, he was equally frigid and haughty in making the necessary return to it; and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Lovel made during the remainder of this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain M'Intyre, with the gallantry to be expected from his age and profession, attached himself to the service of Miss Wardour, and offered her on every possible opportunity those marks of attention which Lovel would have given the world to have rendered, and was only deterred from offering by the fear of her displeasure. With forlorn dejection at one moment and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw this handsome young soldier assume and exercise all the privileges of a *cavaliere servente*. He handed Miss Wardour's gloves, he assisted her in putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks, had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was addressed chiefly to her, and, where circumstances permitted, it was exclusively so. All this Lovel well knew might be only that sort of egotistical gallantry which induces some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of engrossing the attention of the prettiest woman in company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain M'Intyre something of marked and peculiar tenderness, which was calculated to alarm the jealousy of a lover. Miss Wardour also received his attentions; and, although his candour allowed they were of a kind which could not be repelled

without some strain of affectation, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-burning which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent seasoning to the dry antiquarian discussions with which Oldbuck, who continued to demand his particular attention, was unremittingly persecuting him; and he underwent, with fits of impatience that amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon monastic architecture in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the florid Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James the First's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions arose side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of art resolved into their primitive confusion. 'What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils,' said Oldbuck, in rapturous enthusiasm, 'which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?' Lovel answered by an involuntary groan. 'I see, my dear young friend and most congenial spirit, that you feel these enormities almost as much as I do. Have you ever approached them or met them without longing to tear, to deface, what is so dishonourable?'

'Dishonourable!' echoed Lovel, 'in what respect dishonourable?'

'I mean disgraceful to the arts.'

'Where? how?'

'Upon the portico, for example, of the schools of Oxford; where, at immense expense, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignorant architect has chosen to represent the whole five orders of architecture on the front of one building.'

By such attacks as these Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovel to give him a share of his attention, as a skilful angler by means of his line maintains an influence over the most frantic movements of his agonised prey.

They were now on their return to the spot where they had left the carriages; and it is inconceivable how often in the course of that short walk Lovel, exhausted by the unceasing prosing of his worthy companion, mentally bestowed on the devil, or any one else that would have rid him of hearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been invented or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight incident occurred, how-

ever, which sprinkled a little patience on the heat of his dis-temperature.

Miss Wardour and her self-elected knight-companion rather preceded the others in the narrow path, when the young lady apparently became desirous to unite herself with the rest of the party, and, to break off her *tête-à-tête* with the young officer, fairly made a pause until Mr. Oldbuck came up. 'I wished to ask you a question, Mr. Oldbuck, concerning the date of these interesting ruins.'

It would be doing injustice to Miss Wardour's *savoir faire* to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. The Antiquary, starting like a war-horse at the trumpet sound, plunged at once into the various arguments for and against the date of 1273, which had been assigned to the priory of St. Ruth by a late publication on Scottish architectural antiquities. He raked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution, of the nobles who had bestowed lands upon it, and of the monarchs who had slept their last sleep among its roofless courts. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of his ancestors which occurred in Oldbuck's disquisition, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and his trophies; and worthy Dr. Blattergowl was induced, from the mention of a grant of lands, *cum decimis inclusis tam vicariis quam garbali-bus, et nunquam antea separatis*, to enter into a long explanation concerning the interpretation given by the Teind Court in the consideration of such a clause, which had occurred in a process for localling his last augmentation of stipend. The orators, like three racers, each pressed forward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and jostled his competitors. Mr. Oldbuck harangued, the Baronet declaimed, Mr. Blattergowl prosed and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of blazonry and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the Teind Court of Scotland. 'He was,' exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, 'indeed an exemplary prelate; and, from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind and the infirmities endured by his great age and ascetic habits —'

Here he chanced to cough, and Sir Arthur burst in, or rather continued — 'was called popularly Hell-in-Harness; he carried a shield, gules with a sable fess, which we have since

disused, and was slain at the battle of Vernoi, in France, after killing six of the English with his own ——

‘Decreet of certification,’ proceeded the clergyman, in that prolonged, steady, prosing tone which, however overpowered at first by the vehemence of competition, promised in the long run to obtain the ascendancy in this strife of narrators — ‘decree of certification having gone out, and parties being held as confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded, when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the ewes to lamb on the teind-free land, which was a mere evasion, for ——’

But here the Baronet and Mr. Oldbuck having recovered their wind and continued their respective harangues, the three strands of the conversation, to speak the language of a rope-work, were again twined together into one undistinguishable string of confusion.

Yet, howsoever uninteresting this piebald jargon might seem, it was obviously Miss Wardour’s purpose to give it her attention, in preference to yielding Captain M’Intyre an opportunity of renewing their private conversation. So that, after waiting for a little time with displeasure ill concealed by his haughty features, he left her to enjoy her bad taste, and, taking his sister by the arm, detained her a little behind the rest of the party.

‘So, I find, Mary, that your neighbourhood has neither become more lively nor less learned during my absence.’

‘We lacked your patience and wisdom to instruct us, Hector.’

‘Thank you, my dear sister. But you have got a wiser, if not so lively an addition to your society than your unworthy brother; pray, who is this Mr. Lovel, whom our old uncle has at once placed so high in his good graces? He does not use to be so accessible to strangers.’

‘Mr. Lovel, Hector, is a very gentleman-like young man.’

‘Ay, that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is whole at the elbows.’

‘No, brother; it says a great deal more. It says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class.’

‘But I desire to know what is his birth and his rank in society; and what is his title to be in the circle in which I find him domesticated?’

‘If you mean how he comes to visit at Monkbaris, you must

ask my uncle, who will probably reply, that he invites to his own house such company as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir Arthur, you must know that Mr. Lovel rendered Miss Wardour and him a service of the most important kind.'

'What! that romantic story is true then? And pray, does the valorous knight aspire, as is befitting on such occasions, to the hand of the young lady whom he redeemed from peril? It is quite in the rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that she was uncommonly dry to me as we walked together, and seemed from time to time as if she watched whether she was not giving offence to her gallant cavalier.'

'Dear Hector,' said his sister, 'if you really continue to nourish any affection for Miss Wardour——'

'If, Mary? What an "if" was there!'

'—I own I consider your perseverance as hopeless.'

'And why hopeless, my sage sister?' asked Captain M'Intyre. 'Miss Wardour, in the state of her father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune; and as to family, I trust that of M'Intyre is not inferior.'

'But, Hector,' continued his sister, 'Sir Arthur always considers us as members of the Monkarns family.'

'Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases,' answered the Highlander, scornfully; 'but any one with common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband, and that my father's pedigree of fifteen unblemished descents must have ennobled my mother, if her veins had been filled with printer's ink.'

'For God's sake, Hector,' replied his anxious sister, 'take care of yourself. A single expression of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indiscreet or interested eavesdropper, would lose you his favour for ever, and destroy all chance of your succeeding to his estate.'

'Be it so,' answered the heedless young man. 'I am one of a profession which the world has never been able to do without, and will far less endure to wait for half a century to come; and my good old uncle may tack his good estate and his plebeian name to your apron-string if he pleases, Mary, and you may wed this new favourite of his if you please, and you may both of you live quiet, peaceable, well-regulated lives if it pleases Heaven. My part is taken: I'll fawn on no man for an inheritance which should be mine by birth.'

Miss M'Intyre laid her hand on her brother's arm and

entreated him to suppress his vehemence. 'Who,' she said, 'injures, or seeks to injure, you but your own hasty temper? what dangers are you defying but those you have yourself conjured up? Our uncle has hitherto been all that is kind and paternal in his conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will in future be otherwise than what he has ever been since we were left as orphans to his care?'

'He is an excellent old gentleman, I must own,' replied M'Intyre, 'and I am enraged at myself when I chance to offend him; but then his eternal harangues upon topics not worth the spark of a flint, his investigations about invalided pots and pans and tobacco-stoppers past service—all these things put me out of patience. I have something of Hotspur in me, sister, I must confess.'

'Too much, too much, my dear brother. Into how many risks, and, forgive me for saying, some of them little creditable, has this absolute and violent temper led you! Do not let such clouds darken the time you are now to pass in our neighbourhood, but let our old benefactor see his kinsman as he is—generous, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong, and impetuous.'

'Well,' answered Captain M'Intyre, 'I am schooled; good manners be my speed! I'll do the civil thing by your new friend: I'll have some talk with this Mr. Lovel.'

With this determination, in which he was for the time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were walking before them. The treble disquisition was by this time ended, and Sir Arthur was speaking on the subject of foreign news and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the tapis, Lovel, accidentally mingling in the conversation, made some assertion concerning it, of the accuracy of which Captain M'Intyre seemed not to be convinced, although his doubts were politely expressed.

'You must confess yourself in the wrong here, Hector,' said his uncle, 'although I know no man less willing to give up an argument; but you were in England at the time, and Mr. Lovel was probably concerned in the affair.'

'I am speaking to a military man, then,' said M'Intyre; 'may I inquire to what regiment Mr. Lovel belongs?' Mr. Lovel gave him the number of the regiment. 'It happens strangely that we should never have met before,' Mr. Lovel.

I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times.'

A blush crossed Lovel's countenance. 'I have not lately been with my regiment,' he replied; 'I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir ———.'

'Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance; for, although I did not serve with General Sir ———, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel.'

At this observation Lovel again blushed so deeply as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain M'Intyre's triumph. 'There is something strange in this,' said Oldbuck to himself, 'but I will not readily give up my phoenix of post-chaise companions; all his actions, language, and bearing are those of a gentleman.'

Lovel in the meanwhile had taken out his pocket-book, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to M'Intyre. 'You know the general's hand in all probability; I own I ought not to show these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me.' The letter contained a very handsome compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain M'Intyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the general's hand, but drily observed, as he returned it, that the address was wanting. 'The address, Captain M'Intyre,' answered Lovel in the same tone, 'shall be at your service whenever you choose to inquire after it.'

'I certainly shall not fail to do so,' rejoined the soldier.

'Come, come,' exclaimed Oldbuck, 'what is the meaning of all this? Have we got Hiren here? We'll have no swaggering, youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like bull-dog puppies, forsooth, that, when the bull, poor fellow, is removed from the ring, fall to brawl among themselves, worry each other, and bite honest folks' shins that are standing by?'

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, that the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to grow warm upon such a trifling subject as the back of a letter.

Both the disputants disclaimed any such intention, and, with high colour and flashing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the

party; they talked in future too much by the rule to be sociable, and Lovel, conceiving himself the object of cold and suspicious looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his indirect replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had proposed in spending the day at Knockwinnock.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache, occasioned by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, listening more to recent suspicion than to the gratitude due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good-breeding exactly demanded.

When Lovel took leave of the ladies, Miss Wardour's manner seemed more anxious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain McIntyre, perceptible only by Lovel, the subject of her alarm, and hoped, in a voice greatly under her usual tone, it was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr. Lovel's company. 'No engagement had intervened,' he assured her; 'it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked.'

'The best remedy in such a case is prudence, and I — every friend of Mr. Lovel's — will expect him to employ it.'

Lovel bowed low and coloured deeply, and Miss Wardour, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage. Lovel had next to part with Oldbuck, who during this interval had, with Caxon's assistance, been arranging his disordered periwig and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude path they had traversed. 'What, man!' said Oldbuck, 'you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector's indiscreet curiosity and vehemence? Why, he is a thoughtless boy, a spoiled child from the time he was in the nurse's arms: he threw his coral and bells at my head for refusing him a bit of sugar; and you have too much sense to mind such a shrewish boy; *inquam servare mentem* is the motto of our friend Horace. I'll school Hector by and by, and put it all to rights.' But Lovel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a graver tone. 'Take heed, young man, to your present feelings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the literature of your country, when you are not

called upon to expose it in her defence, or in the rescue of the innocent. Private war, a practice unknown to the civilised ancients, is, of all the absurdities introduced by the Gothic tribes, the most gross, impious, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurd quarrels, and I will show you the treatise upon the duello which I composed when the town-clerk and provost Mucklewhame chose to assume the privileges of gentlemen and challenged each other. I thought of printing my essay, which is signed "Pacificator"; but there was no need, as the matter was taken up by the town-council of the borough.' 'But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain M'Intyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary.'

'See it be so, for otherwise I will stand second to both parties.'

So saying, the old gentleman got into the chaise, close to which Miss M'Intyre had detained her brother, upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his fastening upon another. But Hector contrived to give her precaution the slip, for, as he was on horseback, he lingered behind the carriages until they had fairly turned the corner in the road to Knockwinnock, and then, wheeling his horse's head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction.

A very few minutes brought him up with Lovel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain M'Intyre. The young soldier, his natural heat of temper exasperated by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lovel's side, and, touching his hat slightly, inquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, 'What am I to understand, sir, by your telling me that your address was at my service?'

'Simply, sir,' replied Lovel, 'that my name is Lovel, and that my residence is, for the present, Fairport, as you will see by this card.'

'And this is all the information you are disposed to give me?'

'I see no right you have to require more.'

'I find you, sir, in company with my sister,' said the young soldier, 'and I have a right to know who is admitted into Miss M'Intyre's society.'

'I shall take the liberty of disputing that right,' replied

Lovel, with a manner as haughty as that of the young soldier; 'you find me in society who are satisfied with the degree of information on my affairs which I have thought proper to communicate, and you, a mere stranger, have no right to inquire further.'

'Mr. Lovel, if you served as you say you have ——'

'If!' interrupted Lovel — '*if* I have served as *I say* I have?'

'Yes, sir, such is my expression; *if* you have so served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction either in one way or other.'

'If that be your opinion, I shall be proud to give it to you, Captain M'Intyre, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen.'

'Very well, sir,' rejoined Hector, and, turning his horse round, galloped off to overtake his party.

His absence had already alarmed them, and his sister, having stopped the carriage, had her neck stretched out of the window to see where he was.

'What is the matter with you now?' said the Antiquary, 'riding to and fro as your neck were upon the wager; why do you not keep up with the carriage?'

'I forgot my glove, sir,' said Hector.

'Forgot your glove! I presume you meant to say you went to throw it down; but I will take order with you, my young gentleman: you shall return with me this night to Monkbarne. So saying, he bid the postilion go on.

CHAPTER XX

If you fail Honour here,
Never presume to serve her any more ;
Bid farewell to the integrity of armes,
And the honourable name of soldier
Fall from you, like a shivered wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertlesse forehead.

A Fair Quarrel.

EARLY the next morning a gentleman came to wait upon Mr. Lovel, who was up and ready to receive him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain M'Intyre's, at present in Fairport on the recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly known to each other. 'I presume, sir,' said Mr. Lesley (such was the name of the visitor), 'that you guess the occasion of my troubling you so early ?'

'A message from Captain M'Intyre, I presume ?'

'The same ; he holds himself injured by the manner in which you declined yesterday to answer certain inquiries which he conceived himself entitled to make respecting a gentleman whom he found in intimate society with his family.'

'May I ask if you, Mr. Lesley, would have inclined to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and uncereemoniously put to you ?'

'Perhaps not ; and therefore, as I know the warmth of my friend M'Intyre on such occasions, I feel very desirous of acting as peacemaker. From Mr. Lovel's very gentleman-like manners every one must strongly wish to see him repel all that sort of dubious calumny which will attach itself to one whose situation is not fully explained. If he will permit me, in friendly conciliation, to inform Captain M'Intyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude that of Lovel is assumed —'

'I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that inference.'

'Or at least,' said Lesley, proceeding, 'that it is not the name by which Mr. Lovel has been at all times distinguished ;'

if Mr. Lovel will have the goodness to explain this circumstance, which, in my opinion, he should do in justice to his own character, I will answer for the amicable arrangement of this unpleasant business.'

'Which is to say, Mr. Lesley, that if I condescend to answer questions which no man has a right to ask, and which are now put to me under penalty of Captain M'Intyre's resentment, Captain M'Intyre will condescend to rest satisfied? Mr. Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject. I have no doubt my secret, if I had one, might be safely entrusted to your honour, but I do not feel called upon to satisfy the curiosity of any one. Captain M'Intyre met me in society which of itself was a warrant to all the world, and particularly ought to be such to him, that I was a gentleman. He has, in my opinion, no right to go any further, or to inquire the pedigree, rank, or circumstances of a stranger who, without seeking any intimate connexion with him or his, chances to dine with his uncle or walk in company with his sister.'

'In that case, Captain M'Intyre requests you to be informed that your farther visits at Monkbarns, and all connexion with Miss M'Intyre, must be dropt, as disagreeable to him.'

'I shall certainly,' said Lovel, 'visit Mr. Oldbuck when it suits me, without paying the least respect to his nephew's threats or irritable feelings. I respect the young lady's name too much — though nothing can be slighter than our acquaintance — to introduce it into such a discussion.'

'Since that is your resolution, sir,' answered Lesley, 'Captain M'Intyre requests that Mr. Lovel, unless he wishes to be announced as a very dubious character, will favour him with a meeting this evening at seven at the thorn-tree in the little valley, close by the ruins of St. Ruth.'

'Most unquestionably I will wait upon him. There is only one difficulty: I must find a friend to accompany me, and where to seek one on this short notice, as I have no acquaintances in Fairport — I will be on the spot, however, Captain M'Intyre may be assured of that.'

Lesley had taken his hat and was as far as the door of the apartment, when, as if moved by the peculiarity of Lovel's situation, he returned and thus addressed him: 'Mr. Lovel, there is something so singular in all this that I cannot help again resuming the argument. You must be yourself aware at this moment of the inconvenience of your preserving an incognito for which, I am convinced, there can be no dishonourable

reason. Still, this mystery renders it difficult for you to procure the assistance of a friend in a crisis so delicate ; nay, let me add, that many persons will even consider it as a piece of Quixotry in M'Intyre to give you a meeting while your character and circumstances are involved in such obscurity.'

'I understand your innuendo, Mr. Lesley,' rejoined Lovel, 'and though I might be offended at its severity, I am not so, because it is meant kindly. But, in my opinion, he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman to whose charge, during the time he has been known in the society where he happens to move, nothing can be laid that is unhandsome or unbecoming. For a friend, I daresay I shall find some one or other who will do me that good turn ; and if his experience be less than I could wish, I am certain not to suffer through that circumstance when you are in the field for my antagonist.'

'I trust you will not,' said Lesley ; 'but as I must, for my own sake, be anxious to divide so heavy a responsibility with a capable assistant, allow me to say, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig is come into the roadstead, and he himself is now at old Caxon's, where he lodges. I think you have the same degree of acquaintance with him as with me, and, as I am sure I should willingly have rendered you such a service were I not engaged on the other side, I am convinced he will do so at your first request.'

'At the thorn-tree, then, Mr. Lesley, at seven this evening. The arms, I presume, are pistols ?'

'Exactly. M'Intyre has chosen the hour at which he can best escape from Monkbarns ; he was with me this morning by five in order to return and present himself before his uncle was up. Good-morning to you, Mr. Lovel.' And Lesley left the apartment.

Lovel was as brave as most men ; but none can internally regard such a crisis as now approached without deep feelings of awe and uncertainty. In a few hours he might be in another world to answer for an action which his calmer thought told him was unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be wandering about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be saved by speaking a single word. Yet pride whispered, that to speak that word now would be ascribed to a motive which would degrade him more low than even the most injurious reasons that could be assigned for his silence. Every one, Miss Wardour included, must then, he thought, account him a mean,

dishonoured poltroon, who gave to the fear of meeting Captain M'Intyre the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome expostulations of Mr. Lesley. M'Intyre's insolent behaviour to himself personally, the air of pretension which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, arrogance, and incivility of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling his rude investigation. In short, he formed the resolution, which might have been expected from so young a man, to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffril.

The Lieutenant received him with the good-breeding of a gentleman and the frankness of a sailor, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request that he might be favoured with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffril rose up and walked through his apartment once or twice.

'This is a most singular circumstance,' he said, 'and really——'

'I am conscious, Mr. Taffril, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative.'

'Permit me to ask you one question,' asked the sailor; 'is there anything of which you are ashamed in the circumstances which you have declined to communicate?'

'Upon my honour, no; there is nothing but what, in a very short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world.'

'I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the lowness of your friends perhaps, or connexions?'

'No, on my word,' replied Lovel.

'I have little sympathy for that folly,' said Taffril; 'indeed, I cannot be supposed to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast, and I believe I shall very soon form a connexion which the world will think low enough with a very amiable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time when I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service.'

'I assure you, Mr. Taffril,' replied Lovel, 'whatever were the rank of my parents, I should never think of concealing it from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety.'

'It is quite enough,' said the honest sailor, 'give me your

hand ; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an unpleasant one after all. But what of that ? our own honour has the next call on us after our country. You are a lad of spirit, and I own I think Mr. Hector M'Intyre, with his long pedigree and his airs of family, very much of a jackanapes. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am a sailor ; he himself, I suppose, is little better, unless just as his uncle pleases ; and whether one pursues fortune by land or sea makes no great difference, I should fancy.'

'None in the universe, certainly,' answered Lovel.

'Well,' said his new ally, 'we will dine together and arrange matters for this rencounter. I hope you understand the use of the weapon ?'

'Not particularly,' Lovel replied.

'I am sorry for that ; M'Intyre is said to be a marksman.'

'I am sorry for it also,' said Lovel ; 'both for his sake and my own. I must then, in self-defence, take my aim as well as I can.'

'Well,' added Taffril, 'I will have our surgeon's mate on the field—a good clever young fellow at caulking a shot-hole. I will let Lesley, who is an honest fellow for a landsman, know that he attends for the benefit of either party. Is there anything I can do for you in case of an accident ?'

'I have but little occasion to trouble you,' said Lovel ; 'this small billet contains the key of my escritoir and my very brief secret. There is one letter in the escritoir' (digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he spoke) 'which I beg the favour of you to deliver with your own hand.'

'I understand,' said the sailor ; 'nay, my friend, never be ashamed for the matter ; an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action ; and, depend on it, whatever your injunctions are, Dan Taffril will regard them like the bequest of a dying brother. But this is all stuff ! We must get our things in fighting order, and you will dine with me and my little surgeon's mate at the Græme's Arms, over the way, at four o'clock.'

'Agreed,' said Lovel.

'Agreed,' said Taffril ; and the whole affair was arranged.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn-tree was lengthening upon the short green sward of the narrow valley, which was skirted by the woods that closed around the ruins of St. Ruth.¹

¹ Supposed to have been suggested by the old abbey of Arbroath in Forfarshire (*Lainy*).

Lovel and Lieutenant Taffril, with the surgeon, came upon the ground with a purpose of a nature very uncongenial to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which, during the ardent heat of the day, had sheltered in the breaches and hollows of the gravelly bank, or under the roots of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy their evening's pasture, and bleated to each other with that melancholy sound which at once gives life to a landscape and marks its solitude. Taffril and Lovel came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the Lieutenant's servant. The opposite party had not yet appeared on the field. But, when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn a figure as vigorous in his decay as the moss-grown but strong and contorted boughs which served him for a canopy. It was old Ochiltree. 'This is embarrassing enough,' said Lovel; 'how shall we get rid of this old fellow?'

'Here, father Adam,' cried Taffril, who knew the mendicant of yore — 'here's half-a-crown for you; you must go to the Four Horseshoes yonder — the little inn, you know — and inquire for a servant with blue and yellow livery. If he is not come, you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate wait there till we come back, and — get off with you — come, come, weigh anchor.'

'I thank ye for your awmous,' said Ochiltree, pocketing the piece of money; 'but I beg your pardon, Mr. Taffril, I canna gang your errand e'en now.'

'Why not, man? what can hinder you?'

'I wad speak a word wi' young Mr. Lovel.'

'With me?' answered Lovel; 'what would you say with me? Come, say on, and be brief.'

The mendicant led him a few paces aside. 'Are ye indebted ony thing to the Laird o' Monkbarns?'

'Indebted! no, not I. What of that? what makes you think so?'

'Ye maun ken I was at the shirra's the day; for, God help me, I gang about a' gates like the troubled spirit, and wha suld come whirling there in a post-chaise but Monkbarns in an unco carfuffle. Now it's no a little thing that will make his honour take a chaise and post-horse twa days rinnin'.'

'Well, well; but what is all this to me?'

'Ou, ye'se hear, ye'se hear. Weel, Monkbarns is closeted wi' the shirra whatever pair folk may be left thereout, ye needna doubt that; the gentlemen are aye unco civil amang themselfs.'

'For Heaven's sake, my old friend ——'

'Canna ye bid me gang to the deevil at ance, Mr. Lovel? it wad be mair purpose fa'ard than to speak o' heaven in that impatient gate.'

'But I have private business with Lieutenant Taffril here.'

'Weel, weel, a' in gude time,' said the beggar. 'I can use a little wee bit freedom wi' Mr. Daniel Taffril; mony's the peery and the tap I worked for him langsyne, for I was a worker in wood as weel as a tinkler.'

'You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to drive me mad.'

'Nane o' the twa,' said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the protracted drawl of the mendicant to a brief and decided tone. 'The shirra sent for his clerk, and, as the lad is rather light o' the tongue, I fand it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend you; I thought it had been on a "fugie" warrant for debt, for a' body kens the Laird likes naebody to pit his hand in his pouch. But now I may haud my tongue, for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr. Lesley coming up, and I guess that Monkbarns's purpose was very kind, and that yours is muckle waur than it should be.'

The antagonists now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befitted the occasion. 'What has this old fellow to do here?' said M'Intyre.

'I am an auld fallow,' said Edie, 'but I am also an auld soldier o' your father's, for I served wi' him in the 42d.'

'Serve where you please, you have no title to intrude on us,' said M'Intyre, 'or'—and he lifted his cane *in terrorem*, though without the idea of touching the old man. But Ochiltree's courage was roused by the insult. 'Haud down your switch, Captain M'Intyre! I am an auld soldier, as I said before, and I'll take muckle frae your father's son; but no a touch o' the wand while my pike-staff will haud thegither.'

'Well, well, I was wrong—I was wrong,' said M'Intyre. 'Here's a crown for you; go your ways. What's the matter now?'

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and in despite of his dress, which indeed

had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a grey palmer or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were around him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanour. 'What are ye come here for, young men?' he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; 'are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break His laws? Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them; and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless? Ohon! it's an ill feicht whar he that wins has the warst o't. Think on't, bairns. I'm a puir man, but I'm an auld man too; and what my poverty takes awa frae the weight o' my counsel, gray hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times. Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads; the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae feighting eneugh, and maybe auld Edie will hirple out himsell if he can get a feal-dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye.'

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hardy sentiment, and manly, rude elocution of the old man that had its effect upon the party, and particularly on the seconds, whose pride was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody arbitrement, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend reconciliation.

'Upon my word, Mr. Lesley,' said Taffril, 'old Adam speaks like an oracle. Our friends here were very angry yesterday, and of course very foolish. To-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so in their behalf. I think the word should be forget and forgive on both sides, that we should all shake hands, fire these foolish crackers in the air, and go home to sup in a body at the Græme's Arms.'

'I would heartily recommend it,' said Lesley; 'for, amidst a

great deal of heat and irritation on both sides, I confess myself unable to discover any rational ground of quarrel.'

'Gentlemen,' said M'Intyre, very coldly, 'all this should have been thought of before. In my opinion, persons that have carried this matter so far as we have done, and who should part without carrying it any farther, might go to supper at the Græme's Arms very joyously, but would rise the next morning with reputations as ragged as our friend here, who has obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his oratory. I speak for myself, that I find myself bound to call upon you to proceed without more delay.'

'And I,' said Lovel, 'as I never desired any, have also to request these gentlemen to arrange preliminaries as fast as possible.'

'Bairns, bairns!' cried old Ochiltree; but, perceiving he was no longer attended to — 'Madmen, I should say; but your blood be on your heads!' And the old man drew off from the ground, which was now measured out by the seconds, and continued muttering and talking to himself in sullen indignation, mixed with anxiety, and with a strong feeling of painful curiosity. Without paying further attention to his presence or remonstrances, Mr. Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both parties should fire when Mr. Lesley dropped his handkerchief.

The fatal sign was given, and both fired almost in the same moment. Captain M'Intyre's ball grazed the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood. That of Lovel was more true to the aim: M'Intyre reeled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, his first exclamation was, 'It is nothing — it is nothing; give us the other pistols.' But in an instant he said in a lower tone, 'I believe I have enough, and what's worse, I fear I deserve it. Mr. Lovel, or whatever your name is, fly and save yourself. Bear all witness, I provoked this matter.' Then, raising himself again on his arm, he added, 'Shake hands, Lovel. I believe you to be a gentleman; forgive my rudeness, and I forgive you my death. My poor sister!'

The surgeon came up to perform his part of the tragedy, and Lovel stood gazing on the evil of which he had been the active, though unwilling, cause with a dizzy and bewildered eye. He was roused from his trance by the grasp of the mendicant — 'Why stand you gazing on your deed? What's doomed is doomed, what's done is past recalling. But awa, awa, if ye

wad save your young blood from a shamefu' death. I see the men out by yonder that are come ower late to part ye ; but out and alack ! sune enough and ower sune to drag ye to prison.'

'He is right—he is right,' exclaimed Taffril, 'you must not attempt to get on the highroad ; get into the wood till night. My brig will be under sail by that time, and at three in the morning, when the tide will serve, I shall have the boat waiting for you at the Mussel Crag. Away, away, for Heaven's sake !'

'O yes, fly, fly !' repeated the wounded man, his words faltering with convulsive sobs.

'Come with me,' said the mendicant, almost dragging him off, 'the Captain's plan is the best ; I'll carry ye to a place where ye might be concealed in the meantime, were they to seek ye wi' sleuth-hounds.'

'Go, go,' again urged Lieutenant Taffril ; 'to stay here is mere madness.'

'It was worse madness to have come hither,' said Lovel, pressing his hand. 'But farewell !' and he followed Ochiltree into the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER XXI

The Lord Abbot had a soul
Subtile and quick and searching as the fire.
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence ; 't is hid in caves,
Known, save to me, to none.

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

LOVEL almost mechanically followed the beggar, who led the way with a hasty and steady pace, through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to listen whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precarious path, that the sheep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed to stray in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lovel had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and occupied by a thousand inquietudes as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone can counterbalance a thousand evils ! ' Yet, then, ' such was his hasty and involuntary reflection — ' even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. What am I now, with this young man's blood upon my hands ? The feeling of pride which urged me to the deed has now deserted me, as the actual fiend himself is said to do those whom he has tempted to guilt. ' Even his affection for Miss Wardour sunk for the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he could have encountered every agony of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from blood-guiltiness which he possessed in the morning.

These painful reflections were not interrupted by any conversation on the part of his guide, who threaded the thicket

before him, now holding back the sprays to make his path easy, now exhorting him to make haste, now muttering to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age, words which might have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, or which, apprehended and retained, were too isolated to convey any connected meaning — a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

At length, as Lovel, exhausted by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep up with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fall behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overhung with brushwood and copse. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as a fox-earth, was indicated by a small fissure in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the cleft, flung its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, concealing it effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of those who had stood at its very opening, so uninviting was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an emblem of the cross, and indicated the abode of an anchorite of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gorton, near Roslyn, in a scene well known to the admirers of romantic nature.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which failed altogether in the inner recesses. 'Few folks ken o' this place,' said the old man; 'to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa living by mysell, and that's Jingling Jock and the Lang Linker. I have had mony a thought, that when I faund mysell auld and forfairn, and no able to enjoy God's blessed air ony langer, I wad drag mysell here wi' a pickle aitmeal.—and see, there's a bit bonny drapping well that popples that selfsame gate simmer and winter—and I wad e'en streek mysell out here, and abide my removal, like an auld dog that trails its useless ugosome carcass into some bush or bracken, no to gie living things a sconner wi' the sight o't when it's dead. Ay, and then, when the dogs barked at the lone farmstead, the gudewife wad cry, "Whisht, stirra, that'll be auld Edie," and the bits o' weans wad up, puir things, and toddle to the door, to pu' in the auld Blue-Gown that mends a'

their bonnie dies ; but there wad be nae mair word o' Edie, I trow.'

He then led Lovel, who followed him unresistingly, into one of the interior branches of the cave. 'Here,' he said, 'is a bit turnpike stair that gaes up to the auld kirk above. Some folks say this place was howkit out by the monks lang syne to hide their treasure in, and some said that they used to bring things into the abbey this gate by night, that they durstna sae weel hae brought in by the main port and in open day. And some said that ane o' them turned a saint — or aiblins wad hae had folk think sae — and settled him down in this Saint Ruth's cell, as the auld folks aye ca'd it, and garr'd big the stair, that he might gang up to the kirk when they were at the divine service. The Laird o' Monkbarns wad hae a hantle to say about it, as he has about maist things, if he kend only about the place. But whether it was made for man's devices or God's service, I have seen ower muckle sin done in it in my day, and far ower muckle have I been partaker of ; ay, even here in this dark cove. Mony a gudewife's been wondering what for the red cock didna craw her up in the morning, when he's been roasting, puir fallow, in this dark hiole. And, ohon ! I wish that and the like o' that had been the warst o't ! Whiles they wad hae heard the din we were making in the very bowels o' the earth, when Sanders Aikwood, that was forester in thae days, the father o' Ringan that now is, was gaun daundering about the wood at e'en to see after the Laird's game ; and whiles he wad hae seen a glance o' the light frae the door o' the cave, slaughtering against the hazels on the other bank, and then siccan stories as Sanders had about the worriecows and gyre-carlins that haunted about the auld wa's at e'en, and the lights that he had seen, and the cries that he had heard, when there was nae mortal ee open but his ain ; and eh ! as he wad thrum them ower and ower to the like o' me ayont the ingle at e'en, and as I wad gie the auld silly carle grane for grane, and tale for tale, though I kend muckle better about it than ever he did. Ay, ay, they were daft days thae ; but they were a' vanity and waur, and it's fitting that thae wha hae led a light and evil life, and abused charity when they were young, suld aiblins come to lack it when they are auld.'

While Ochiltree was thus recounting the exploits and tricks of his earlier life, with a tone in which glee and compunction alternately predominated, his unfortunate auditor had sat down upon the hermit's seat, hewn out of the solid rock, and

abandoned himself to that lassitude both of mind and body which generally follows a course of events that have agitated both. The effect of his late indisposition, which had much weakened his system, contributed to this lethargic despondency. 'The puir bairn,' said auld Edie, 'an he sleeps in this damp hole he'll maybe wauken nae mair, or catch some sair disease; it's no the same to him as to the like o' us, that can sleep ony gate an anes our wames are fu'. Sit up, Maister Lovel, lad; after a's come and gane, I daresay the captain lad will do weel enough; and, after a', ye are no the first that has had this misfortune. I hae seen mony a man killed, and helped to kill them mysell, though there was nae quarrel between us; and if it isna wrang to kill folk we have nae quarrel wi', just because they wear another sort of a cockade and speak a foreign language, I canna see but a man may have excuse for killing his ain mortal foe, that comes armed to the fair field to kill him. I dinna say it's right — God forbid — or that it isna sinfu' to take away what ye canna restore, and that's the breath of man, whilk is in his nostrils; but I say it is a sin to be forgiven if it's repented of. Sinfu' men are we a'; but if ye wad believe an auld grey sinner that has seen the evil o' his ways, there is as much promise atween the twa boards o' the Testament as wad save the warst o' us, could we but think sae.'

With such scraps of comfort and of divinity as he possessed, the mendicant thus continued to solicit and compel the attention of Lovel until the twilight began to fade into night. 'Now,' said Ochiltree, 'I will carry ye to a mair convenient place, where I hae sat mony a time to hear the howlit crying out of the ivy tod, and to see the moonlight come through the auld windows o' the ruins. There can be naebody come here after this time o' night; and if they hae made ony search, thae blackguard shirra'-officers and constables, it will hae been ower lang syne. Odd, they are as great cowards as ither folk, wi' a' their warrants and king's keys. I hae gien some o' them a gliff in my day, when they were coming rather ower near me. But, lauded be grace for it! they canna stir me now for ony waur than an auld man and a beggar, and my badge is a gude protection; and then Miss Isabella Wardour is a tower o' strength, ye ken (Lovel sighed). Aweel, dinna be cast down: bowls may a' row right yet; gie the lassie time to ken her mind. She's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend o' mine: I gang by the bridewell as safe as by the kirk on a Sabbath; deil

ony o' them daur hurt a hair o' auld Edie's head now. I keep the crown o' the causey when I gae to the borough, and rub shouthers wi' a bailie wi' as little concern as an he were a brock.'

While the mendicant spoke thus, he was busied in removing a few loose stones in one angle of the cave, which obscured the entrance of the staircase of which he had spoken, and led the way into it, followed by Lovel in passive silence.

'The air's free eneugh,' said the old man; 'the monks took care o' that, for they werena a lang-breathed generation, I reckon; they hae contrived queer tirlie-wirlic holes, that gang out to the open air and keep the stair as caller as a kail-blade.'

Lovel accordingly found the staircase well aired, and, though narrow, it was neither ruinous nor long, but speedily admitted them into a narrow gallery contrived to run within the side wall of the chancel, from which it received air and light through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the florid ornaments of the Gothic architecture.

'This secret passage anes gaed round great part o' the biggin,' said the beggar, 'and through the wa' o' the place I've heard Monkbarns ca' the refractory (meaning probably refectory), and so awa to the prior's ain house. It's like he could use it to listen what the monks were saying at meal-time, and then he might come ben here and see that they were busy skreighing awa wi' the psalms down below there; and then, when he saw a' was right and tight, he might step awa and fetch in a bonnie lass at the cove yonder, for they were queer hands the monks, unless mony lees is made on them. But our folk were at great pains lang syne to big up the passage in some parts, and pu' it down in others, for fear o' some uncanny body getting into it, and finding their way down to the cove. It wad hae been a fashious job that; by my certie, some o' our necks wad hae been ewking.'

They now came to a place where the gallery was enlarged into a small circle, sufficient to contain a stone seat. A niche, constructed exactly before it, projected forward into the chancel, and as its sides were latticed, as it were, with perforated stonework, it commanded a full view of the chancel in every direction, and was probably constructed, as Edie intimated, to be a convenient watch-tower from which the superior priest, himself unseen, might watch the behaviour of his monks, and ascertain by personal inspection their punctual attendance upon those rites of devotion which his rank exempted him from sharing with

them. As this niche made one of a regular series which stretched along the wall of the chancel, and in no respect differed from the rest when seen from below, the secret station, screened as it was by the stone figure of St. Michael and the Dragon and the open tracery around the niche, was completely hid from observation. The private passage, confined to its pristine breadth, had originally continued beyond this seat; but the jealous precautions of the vagabonds who frequented the cave of St. Ruth had caused them to build it carefully up with hewn stones from the ruin.

‘We shall be better here,’ said Edie, seating himself on the stone bench and stretching the lappet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he motioned Lovel to sit down beside him — ‘we shall be better here than down below; the air’s free and mild, and the savour of the wallflowers and siccan shrubs as grow on thae ruined wa’s is far mair refreshing than the damp smell down below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time thae flowers, and they’re maist aye seen about ruined buildings. Now, Maister Lovel, can ony o’ your scholars gie a gude reason for that?’

Lovel replied in the negative.

‘I am thinking,’ resumed the beggar, ‘that they’ll be like mony folk’s gude gifts, that often seem maist gracious in adversity; or maybe it’s a parable, to teach us no to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the decay of tribulation, since God sends odours to refresh the mirkest hour, and flowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I wad like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is maist pleased wi’ the sight we are looking upon — thae pleasant and quiet lang streaks o’ moonlight that are lying sae still on the floor o’ this auld kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stanchions o’ the carved windows, and just dancing like on the leaves o’ the dark ivy as the breath o’ wind shakes it — I wonder whether this is mair pleasing to Heaven than when it was lighted up wi’ lamps, and candles nae doubt, and roughies, and wi’ the mirth and the frankincense that they speak of in the Holy Scripture, and wi’ organs assuredly, and men and women singers, and sackbuts, and dulcimers, and a’ instruments o’ music — I wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is of these grand paraffes o’ ceremonies that Holy Writ says, “it is an abomination to Me.” I am thinking, Maister Lovel, if twa puir contrite spirits like yours and mine fand grace to make our petition —’

Here Lovel laid his hand eagerly on the mendicant's arm, saying, 'Hush! I heard some one speak.'

'I am dull o' hearing,' answered Edie in a whisper, 'but we're surely safe here; where was the sound?'

Lovel pointed to the door of the chancel, which, highly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, surmounted by the carved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

'They can be nane o' our folk,' said Edie in the same low and cautious tone; 'there's but twa o' them kens o' the place, and they're mony a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimage. I'll never think it's the officers here at this time o' night. I am nae believer in auld wives' stories about ghaists, though this is gey like a place for them. But, mortal or of the other world, here they come! twa men and a light.'

And in very truth, while the mendicant spoke, two human figures darkened with their shadows the entrance of the chancel which had before opened to the moonlight meadow beyond, and the small lantern which one of them displayed glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The first and most obvious idea was that, despite the asseverations of Edie Ochiltree, the persons who approached the ruins at an hour so uncommon must be the officers of justice in quest of Lovel. But no part of their conduct confirmed the suspicion. A touch and a whisper from the old man warned Lovel that his best course was to remain quiet and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should anything appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the private staircase and cavern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, therefore, as still as possible, and observed with eager and anxious curiosity every accent and motion of these nocturnal wanderers.

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the chancel, and a voice, which Lovel at once recognised from its tone and dialect to be that of Dousterswivel, pronounced in a louder but still a smothered tone, 'Indeed, mine goot sir, dere cannot be one finer hour nor season for dis great purpose. You shall see, mine goot sir, dat it is all one bibble-babble dat Mr. Oldenbuck says, and dat he knows no more of what he speaks than one little shild. Mine soul! he expects to get as rich as one Jew for his poor dirty one hundred pounds, which I care no more

about, by mine honest wort, than I care for an hundred stivers. But to you, my most munificent and reverend patron, I will show all de secrets dat art can show; ay, de secret of de great Pymander.'

'That other ane,' whispered Edie, 'maun be, according to a' likelihood, Sir Arthur Wardour. I ken naebody but himsell wad come here at this time at e'en wi' that German blackguard. Ane wad think he's bewitched him; he gars him e'en trow that chalk is cheese. Let's see what they can be doing.'

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Lovel lose all Sir Arthur's answer to the adept, excepting the three last emphatic words, 'Very great expense'; to which Dousterswivel at once replied, 'Expenses! To be sure, dere must be de great expenses; you do not expect to reap before you do sow de seed: de expense is de seed, de riches and de mine of goot metal, and now de great big chests of plate, they are de crop, vary goot crop too, on mine wort. Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this night one little seed of ten guineas like one pinch of snuff, or so big, and if you do not reap de great harvest—dat is, de great harvest for de little pinch of seed, for it must be proportions, you must know—then never call one honest man Herman Dousterswivel. Now you see, mine patron—for I will not conceal mine secret from you at all—you see this little plate of silver, you know de moon measureth de whole zodiack in de space of twenty-eight day; every shild knows dat. Well, I take a silver plate when she is in her fifteenth mansion, which mansion is in de head of *Libra*, and I engrave upon one side de worts, *Shedbarschemoth Schartachan*—dat is, de emblems of de intelligence of de moon—and I make his picture like a flying serpent with a turkey-cock's head—vary well. Then upon this side I make de table of de moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and diameter nine—dere it is done very proper. Now I will make dis avail me at de change of every quarter-moon dat I shall find by de same proportions of expenses I lay out in de suffumigations, as nine to de product of nine multiplied into itself. But I shall find no more to-night as may be two or dree times nine, because dere is a thwarting power in de house of ascendancy.'

'But, Dousterswivel,' said the simple Baronet, 'does not this look like magic? I am a true though unworthy son of the Episcopal Church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend.'

'Bah! bah! not a bit magic in it at all, not a bit. It is all founded on de planetary influence, and de sympathy and force of numbers. I will show you much finer dan dis. I do not say dere is not de spirit in it, because of de suffumigation; but, if you are not afraid, he shall not be invisible.'

'I have no curiosity to see him at all,' said the Baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quaver in his accent, to have taken a fit of the ague.

'Dat is great pity,' said Dousterswivel; 'I should have liked to show you de spirit dat guard dis treasure like one fierce watch-dog; but I know how to manage him. You would not care to see him?'

'Not at all,' answered the Baronet, in a tone of feigned indifference; 'I think we have but little time.'

'You shall pardon me, my patron, it is not yet twelve, and twelve precise is just our planetary hours; and I could show you de spirit vary well in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see I would draw a pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my suffumigation within it, and dere we would be like in one strong castle, and you would hold de sword while I did say de needful worts. Den you should see de solid wall open like de gate of ane city, and den—let me see—ay, you should see first one stag pursued by three black greyhounds, and they should pull him down as they do at de Elector's great hunting-match, and den one ugly, little, nasty black negro should appear and take de stag from them, and paf, all should be gone; den you should hear horns winded dat all de ruins should ring—mine wort, they should play fine hunting-piece, as goot as him you call'd Fischer with his oboi; vary well, den comes one herald, as we call Erenhold, winding his horn, and den come de great Peolphon, called the Mighty Hunter of de North, mounted on hims black steed. But you would not care to see all this?'

'Why, I am not afraid,' answered the poor Baronet, 'if—that is—does anything—any great mischiefs—happen on such occasions?'

'Bah, mischiefs! no! Sometimes, if de circle be no quite just, or de beholder be de frightened coward, and not hold de sword firm and straight towards him, de Great Hunter will take his advantage, and drag him exorcist out of de circle and throttle him. Dat does happens.'

'Well then, Dousterswivel, with every confidence in my

¹ See Dousterswivel's Legends. Note 6.

courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparition and go on to the business of the night.'

'With all mine heart, it is just one thing to me, and now it is de time; hold you de sword till I kindle de little what you call chip.'

Dousterswivel accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips, touched and prepared with some bituminous substance to make them burn fiercely; and when the flame was at the highest, and lightened with its short-lived glare all the ruins around, the German flung in a handful of perfumes, which produced a strong and pungent odour. The exorcist and his pupil both were so much affected as to cough and sneeze heartily; and, as the vapour floated around the pillars of the building and penetrated every crevice, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Lovel.

'Was that an echo?' said the Baronet, astonished at the sternutation which resounded from above; 'or,' drawing close to the adept, 'can it be the spirit you talked of, ridiculing our attempt upon his hidden treasures?'

'N—n—no,' muttered the German, who began to partake of his pupil's terrors, 'I hope not.'

Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the mendicant was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting, half-smothered cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. 'Lord have mercy on us!' said the Baronet.

'*Alle guten Geister, loben den Herrn!*' ejaculated the terrified adept. 'I was begun to think,' he continued, after a moment's silence, 'that this would be de bestermost done in de daylight; we was bestermost to go away just now.'

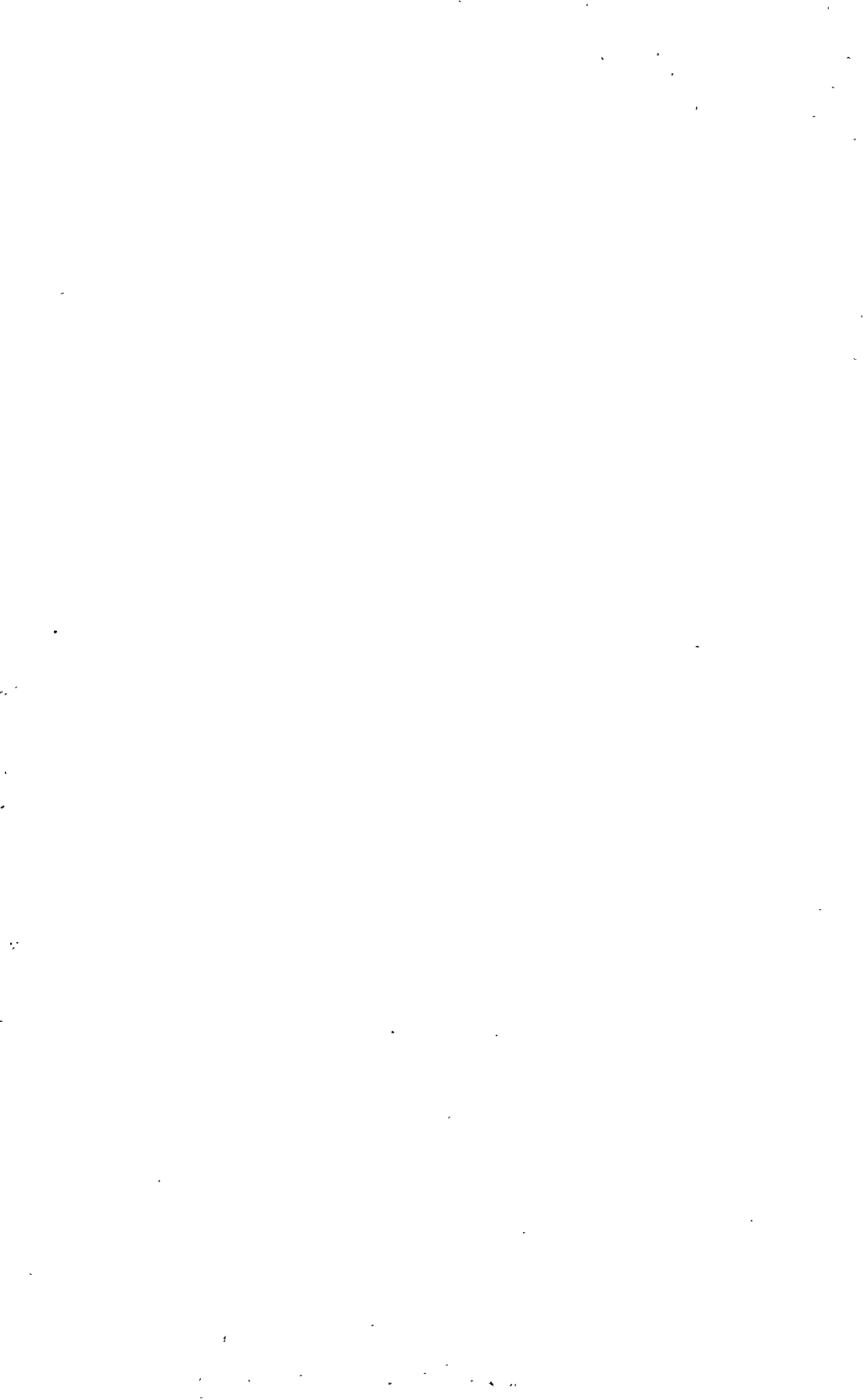
'You juggling villain,' said the Baronet, in whom these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terrors, connected as it was with the sense of desperation arising from the apprehension of impending ruin — 'you juggling mountebank, this is some legerdemain trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promise, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven, I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to fool me on to my ruin! Go on, then; come fairy, come fiend, you shall show me that treasure, or confess yourself a knave and an impostor; or, by the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough.'

The treasure-finder, trembling between his terror for the



DOUSTERSWIVEL SET FIRE TO A LITTLE PILE OF CHIPS.

From a painting by Paton.



supernatural beings by whom he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, 'Mine patron, this is not the allerbestmost usage. Consider, mine honoured sir, that de spirits ——'

Here Edie, who began to enter into the humour of the scene, uttered an extraordinary howl, being an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable whine in which he was accustomed to solicit charity. Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees, 'Dear Sir Arthurs, let us go, or let me go!'

'No, you cheating scoundrel,' said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purposes of the exorcism, 'that shift shall not serve you. Monkbarns warned me long since of your juggling pranks; I will see this treasure before you leave this place, or I will have you confess yourself an impostor; or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead should rise around us!'

'For de lofe of Heaven be patient, mine honoured patron, and you shall hafe all de treasure as I knows of — yes, you shall indeed; but do not speak about de spirits, it makes dem angry.'

Edie Ochiltree here prepared himself to throw in another groan, but was restrained by Lovel, who began to take a more serious interest as he observed the earnest and almost desperate demeanour of Sir Arthur. Dousterswivel, having at once before his eyes the fear of the foul fiend and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjuror extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, lest it should give offence to the invisible cause of his alarm. However, after rolling his eyes, muttering and sputtering German exorcisms, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditated fraud, he at length proceeded to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a recumbent posture carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, 'Mine patrons, it is here. Got save us all!'

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his superstitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up all his faculties to the pitch of resolution necessary to carry on the adventure, lent the adept his assistance to turn over the stone, which, by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with difficulty effected. No supernatural light burst forth from

below to indicate the subterranean treasury, nor was there any apparition of spirits, earthly or infernal. But when Dousterswivel had, with great trepidation, struck a few strokes with a mattock, and as hastily thrown out a shovelful or two of earth (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging), something was heard to ring like the sound of a falling piece of metal, and Dousterswivel, hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, exclaimed, 'On mine dear wort, mine patrons, dis is all, it is indeed; I mean all we can do to-night, and he gazed round him with a cowering and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the avenger of his imposture was to start forth.

'Let me see it,' said Sir Arthur; and then repeated still more sternly, 'I will be satisfied, I will judge by mine own eyes.' He accordingly held the object to the light of the lantern. It was a small case or casket, for Lovel could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the Baronet's exclamation as he opened it, he concluded was filled with coin. 'Ay,' said the Baronet, 'this is being indeed in good luck! and if it omens proportional success upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six hundred of Goldieword's, added to the other incumbent claims, must have been ruin indeed. If you think we can parry it by repeating this experiment—suppose when the moon next changes—I will hazard the necessary advance, come by it how I may.'

'O, mine goot patrons, do not speak about all dat,' said Dousterswivel, 'as just now, but help me to put de shtone to de rights, and let us begone our own ways.' And accordingly, so soon as the stone was replaced, he hurried Sir Arthur, who was now resigned once more to his guidance, away from a spot where the German's guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented goblins as lurking behind each pillar with the purpose of punishing his treachery.

'Saw ony body e'er the like o' that!,' said Edie, when they had disappeared like shadows through the gate by which they had entered—'saw ony creature living e'er the like o' that! But what can we do for that puir doited deevil of a knight-baronet? Odd, he showed muckle mair spunk, too, than I thought had been in him. I thought he wad hae sent cauld iron through the vagabond. Sir Arthur wasna half sae bauld at Bessie's Apron yon night; but then his blood was up even now, and that makes an unco difference. I hae seen mony a man

wad hae felled another an' anger him that wadna muckle hae liked a clink against Crummie's Horn yon time. But what's to be done?'

'I suppose,' said Lovel, 'his faith in this fellow is entirely restored by this deception, which, unquestionably, he had arranged beforehand.'

'What! the siller? Ay, ay, trust him for that: they that hide ken best where to find. He wants to wile him out o' his last guinea, and then escape to his ain country, the landlouver. I wad likeit weel just to hae come in at the clipping-time and gi'en him a lounder wi' my pike-staff; he wad hae taen it for a bennison frae some o' the auld dead abbots. But it's best no to be rash: sticking disna gang by strength, but by the guiding o' the gully. I'se be upsides wi' him ae day.'

'What if you should inform Mr. Oldbuck?' said Lovel.

'Ou, I dinna ken. Monkbarns and Sir Arthur are like, and yet they're no like neither. Monkbarns has whiles influence wi' him, and whiles Sir Arthur cares as little about him as about the like o' me. Monkbarns is no that ower wise himsell in some things; he wad believe a bodle to be an auld Roman coin, as he ca's it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon ony leasing that idle folk made about it. I hae garr'd him trow mony a queer tale mysell, Gude forgie me. But wi' a' that he has unco little sympathy wi' ither folks; and he's snell and dure eneugh in casting up their nonsense to them, as if he had nane o' his ain. He'll listen the hale day, an ye'll tell him about tales o' Wallace and Blind Harry and Davie Lindsay; but ye maunna speak to him about ghaists or fairies, or spirits walking the earth, or the like o' that; he had amaist flung auld Caxon out o' the window—and he might just as weel hae flung awa his best wig after him—for threeping he had seen a ghaist at the Humlock Knowe. Now, if he was taking it up in this way, he wad set up the tother's birse, and maybe do mair ill nor gude; he's done that twice or thrice about thae mine-warks; ye wad thought Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gaun on wi' them the deeper, the mair he was warn'd against it by Monkbarns.'

'What say you then,' said Lovel, 'to letting Miss Wardour know the circumstance?'

'Ou, puir thing, how could she stop her father doing his pleasure? And, besides, what wad it help? There's a sough in the country about that six hundred pounds, and there's a writer chield in Edinburgh has been driving the spur-rowels o' the law up to the head into Sir Arthur's sides to gar him pay

it, and if he canna he maun gang to jail or flee the country. He's like a desperate man, and just catches at this chance as a' he has left to escape utter perdition; so what signifies plaguing the puir lassie about what canna be helped? And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to tell the secret o' this place. It's unco convenient, ye see yoursell, to hae a hiding-hole o' ane's ain, and though I be out o' the line o' needing ane e'en now, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll ne'er do ony thing to need ane again, yet naebody kens what temptation ane may be gien ower to; and, to be brief, I downa bide the thought of ony body kennin about the place. They say, "Keep a thing seven year, an' ye'll aye find a use for't"; and maybe I may need the cove, either for mysell or for some ither body.'

This argument, in which Edie Ochiltree, notwithstanding his scraps of morality and of divinity, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest, could not be handsomely controverted by Lovel, who was at that moment reaping the benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovel, as diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening, and considerably rousing the energies which had been stupified by the first view of his calamity. He reflected that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one; that he had been hurried from the spot even before the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain McIntyre's situation; and that he had duties on earth to perform, even should the very worst be true, which, if they could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.

Such were Lovel's feelings when the hour arrived when, according to Edie's calculation, who, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or timekeeper, it was fitting they should leave their hiding-place and betake themselves to the sea-shore, in order to meet Lieutenant Taffril's boat according to appointment.

They retreated by the same passage which had admitted them to the prior's secret seat of observation, and when they issued from the grotto into the wood, the birds, which began to chirp, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared

over the sea as soon as their exit from the copse permitted them to view the horizon. Morning, said to be friendly to the muses, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovel, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was therefore with renewed health and vigour that Lovel, guided by the trusty mendicant, brushed away the dew as he traversed the downs which divided the Den of St. Ruth, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore.

The first level beam of the sun, as his brilliant disk began to emerge from the ocean, shot full upon the little gun-brig which was lying to in the offing. Close to the shore the boat was already waiting, Taffril himself, with his naval cloak wrapped about him, seated in the stern. He jumped ashore when he saw the mendicant and Lovel approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, begged him not to be cast down. 'M'Intyre's wound,' he said, 'was doubtful, but far from desperate.' His attention had got Lovel's baggage privately sent on board the brig; 'and,' he said, 'he trusted that, if Lovel chose to stay with the vessel, the penalty of a short cruise would be the only disagreeable consequence of his *rencontre*. As for himself, his time and motions were a good deal at his own disposal,' he said, 'excepting the necessary obligation of remaining on his station.'

'We will talk of our farther motions,' said Lovel, 'as we go on board.'

Then turning to Edie, he endeavoured to put money into his hand. 'I think,' said Edie, as he tendered it back again, 'the hale folk here have either gane daft, or they hae made a vow to ruin my trade, as they say ower muckle water drowns the miller. I hae had mair gowd offered me within this twa or three weeks than I ever saw in my life afore. Keep the siller, lad, ye'll hae need o't, I'se warrant ye, and I hae nane. My claes is nae great things, and I get a blue gown every year, and as mony siller groats as the king, God bless him, is years auld — you and I serve the same master, ye ken, Captain Taffril — there's rigging provided for; and my meat and drink I get for the asking in my rounds, or at an orra time I can gang a day without it, for I make it a rule never to pay for nane. So that a' the siller I need is just to buy tobacco and sneeshin, and maybe a dram at a time in a cauld day, though I am nae dram-

drinker to be a gaberlunzie. Sae take back your gowd and just gie me a lily-white shilling.'

Upon these whims, which he imagined intimately connected with the honour of his vagabond profession, Edie was flint and adamant, not to be moved by rhetoric or entreaty; and therefore Lovel was under the necessity of again pocketing his intended bounty, and taking a friendly leave of the mendicant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of his cordial gratitude for the very important services which he had rendered him, recommending at the same time secrecy as to what they had that night witnessed. 'Ye needna doubt that,' said Ochiltree; 'I never tell'd tales out o' yon cove in my life, though mony a queer thing I hae seen in 't.'

The boat now put off. The old man remained looking after it as it made rapidly towards the brig under the impulse of six stout rowers, and Lovel beheld him again wave his blue bonnet as a token of farewell ere he turned from his fixed posture and began to move slowly along the sands as if resuming his customary perambulations.

CHAPTER XXII

Wiser Raymond, as in his closet pent,
Laughs at such danger and adventurément,
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And now his second hopeful glasse is broke ;
But yet, if haply his third furnace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold.¹

ABOUT a week after the adventures commemorated in our last chapter, Mr. Oldbuck, descending to his breakfast-parlour, found that his womankind were not upon duty, his toast not made, and the silver jug which went to receive his libations of mum not duly aired for its reception.

'This confounded hot-brained boy,' he said to himself, 'now that he begins to get out of danger, I can tolerate this life no longer. All goes to sixes and sevens ; an universal saturnalia seems to be proclaimed in my peaceful and orderly family. I ask for my sister ; no answer. I call, I shout, I invoke my inmates by more names than the Romans gave to their deities ; at length Jenny, whose shrill voice I have heard this half hour lilting in the Tartarean regions of the kitchen, condescends to hear me and reply, but without coming upstairs, so the conversation must be continued at the top of my lungs.' Here he again began to holloo aloud, 'Jenny, where's Miss Oldbuck ?'

'Miss Grizie's in the Captain's room.'

'Umph, I thought so ; and where's my niece ?'

'Miss Mary's making the Captain's tea.'

'Umph, I supposed as much again ; and where's Caxon ?'

'Awa to the town about the Captain's fowling-gun and his setting-dog.'

'And who the devil's to dress my periwig, you silly jade ? When you knew that Miss Wardour and Sir Arthur were com-

¹ The author cannot remember where these lines are to be found ; perhaps in Bishop Hall's *Satires*. — They occur in Book IV. Satire iii. (*Lating*).

ing here early after breakfast, how could you let Caxon go on such a 'Tom Fool's errand?'

'Me! what could I hinder him? Your honour wadna hae us contradict the Captain e'en now, and him maybe deeing?'

'Dying!' said the alarmed Antiquary, 'eh! what? has he been worse?'

'Na, he's no nae waur that I ken of.'

'Then he must be better; and what good is a dog and a gun to do here, but the one to destroy all my furniture, steal from my larder, and perhaps worry the cat, and the other to shoot somebody through the head; he has had gunning and pistolling enough to serve him one while, I should think.'

Here Miss Oldbuck entered the parlour, at the door of which Oldbuck was carrying on this conversation, he bellowing downward to Jenny, and she again screaming upward in reply.

'Dear brother,' said the old lady, 'ye'll cry yoursell as hoarse as a corbie; is that the way to skreigh when there's a sick person in the house?'

'Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the house to himself. I have gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hunger or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman who lies six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and gun, though he knows I detest such implements ever since our elder brother, poor Williewald, marched out of the world on a pair of damp feet caught in the Kittlefitting Moss. But that signifies nothing. I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to carry Squire Hector out upon his litter, while he indulges his sportsman-like propensities by shooting my pigeons or my turkeys. I think any of the *feræ naturæ* are safe from him for one while.'

Miss M'Intyre now entered, and began to her usual morning's task of arranging her uncle's breakfast with the alertness of one who is too late in setting about a task, and is anxious to make up for lost time. But this did not avail her. 'Take care, you silly womankind, that mum's too near the fire, the bottle will burst; and I suppose you intend to reduce the toast to a cinder as a burnt-offering for Juno, or what do you call her—the female dog there, with some such Pantheon kind of a name, that your wise brother has, in his first moments of mature reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house—I thank him—and meet company to aid the rest of the woman-

¹ See Nae Waur. Note 7.

kind of my household in their daily conversation and intercourse with him.

'Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spaniel. She's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fairport, and she's broke her chain twice, and come running down here to him; and you would not have us beat the faithful beast away from the door; it moans as if it had some sense of poor Hector's misfortune, and will hardly stir from the door of his room.'

'Why,' said his uncle, 'they said Caxon had gone to Fairport after his dog and gun.'

'O dear sir, no,' answered Miss M'Intyre, 'it was to fetch some dressings that were wanted, and Hector only wished him to bring out his gun, as he was going to Fairport at any rate.'

'Well, then, it is not altogether so foolish a business, considering what a mess of womankind have been about it. Dressings, quotha! and who is to dress my wig? But I suppose Jenny will undertake,' continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass, 'to make it somewhat decent. And now let us set to breakfast, with what appetite we may. Well may I say to Hector, as Sir Isaac Newton did to his dog Diamond, when the animal — I detest dogs — flung down the taper among calculations which had occupied the philosopher for twenty years, and consumed the whole mass of materials — "Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"'

'I assure you, sir,' replied his niece, 'my brother is quite sensible of the rashness of his own behaviour, and allows that Mr. Lovel behaved very handsomely.'

'And much good that will do, when he has frightened the lad out of the country! I tell thee, Mary, Hector's understanding, and far more that of femininity, is inadequate to comprehend the extent of the loss which he has occasioned to the present age and to posterity — *aureum quidem opus* — a poem on such a subject, with notes illustrative of all that is clear, and all that is dark, and all that is neither dark nor clear, but hovers in dusky twilight in the region of Caledonian antiquities. I would have made the Celtic panegyrists look about them. Fingal, as they conceitedly term Fin MacCoul, should have disappeared before my search, rolling himself in his cloud like the spirit of Loda. Such an opportunity can hardly again occur to an ancient and grey-haired man; and to see it lost by the madcap spleen of a hot-headed boy! But I submit, Heaven's will be done!'

Thus continued the Antiquary to 'maunder,' as his sister expressed it, during the whole time of breakfast, while, despite of sugar and honey and all the comforts of a Scottish morning tea-table, his reflections rendered the meal bitter to all who heard them. But they knew the nature of the man. 'Monkbarns's bark,' said Miss Griselda Oldbuck in confidential intercourse with Miss Rebecca Blattergowl, 'is muckle waur than his bite.'

In fact, Mr. Oldbuck had suffered in mind extremely while his nephew was in actual danger, and now felt himself at liberty, upon his returning health, to indulge in complaints respecting the trouble he had been put to and the interruption of his antiquarian labours. Listened to, therefore, in respectful silence by his niece and sister, he unloaded his discontent in such grumblings as we have rehearsed, venting many a sarcasm against womankind, soldiers, dogs, and guns, all which implements of noise, discord, and tumult, as he called them, he professed to hold in utter abomination.

This expectoration of spleen was suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage without, when, shaking off all sullenness at the sound, Oldbuck ran nimbly upstairs and downstairs, for both operations were necessary ere he could receive Miss Wardour and her father at the door of his mansion.

A cordial greeting passed on both sides. And Sir Arthur, referring to his previous inquiries by letter and message, requested to be particularly informed of Captain M'Intyre's health.

'Better than he deserves,' was the answer — 'better than he deserves, for disturbing us with his vixen brawls, and breaking God's peace and the king's.'

'The young gentleman,' Sir Arthur said, 'had been imprudent; but he understood they were indebted to him for the detection of a suspicious character in the young man Lovel.'

'No more suspicious than his own,' answered the Antiquary, eager in his favourite's defence; 'the young gentleman was a little foolish and headstrong, and refused to answer Hector's impertinent interrogatories — that is all. Lovel, Sir Arthur, knows how to choose his confidants better; ay, Miss Wardour, you may look at me, but it is very true: it was in my bosom that he deposited the secret cause of his residence at Fairport, and no stone should have been left unturned on my part to assist him in the pursuit to which he had dedicated himself.'

On hearing this magnanimous declaration on the part of the old Antiquary, Miss Wardour changed colour more than once, and could hardly trust her own ears. For of all confidants to be selected as the depositary of love affairs — and such she naturally supposed must have been the subject of communication — next to Edie Ochiltree, Oldbuck seemed the most uncouth and extraordinary; nor could she sufficiently admire or fret at the extraordinary combination of circumstances which thus threw a secret of such a delicate nature into the possession of persons so unfitted to be entrusted with it. She had next to fear the mode of Oldbuck's entering upon the affair with her father, for such, she doubted not, was his intention. She well knew that the honest gentleman, however vehement in his prejudices, had no great sympathy with those of others, and she had to fear a most unpleasant explosion upon an *éclaircissement* taking place between them. It was therefore with great anxiety that she heard her father request a private interview, and observed Oldbuck readily arise and show the way to his library. She remained behind, attempting to converse with the ladies of Monkbarns, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to disguise his evil conscience by listening and replying to the observations of the attendant thanes upon the storm of the preceding night, while his whole soul is upon the stretch to listen for the alarm of murder, which he knows must be instantly raised by those who have entered the sleeping apartment of Duncan. But the conversation of the two *virtuosi* turned on a subject very different from that which Miss Wardour apprehended.

‘Mr. Oldbuck,’ said Sir Arthur, when they had, after a due exchange of ceremonies, fairly seated themselves in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Antiquary, ‘you, who know so much of my family matters, may probably be surprised at the question I am about to put to you.’

‘Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry, but —’

‘It does relate to money matters, Mr. Oldbuck.’

‘Really then, Sir Arthur,’ continued the Antiquary, ‘in the present state of the money-market, and stocks being so low —’

‘You mistake my meaning, Mr. Oldbuck,’ said the Baronet; ‘I wished to ask your advice about laying out a large sum of money to advantage.’

‘The devil!’ exclaimed the Antiquary; and, sensible that

his involuntary ejaculation of wonder was not over and above civil, he proceeded to qualify it by expressing his joy that Sir Arthur should have a sum of money to lay out when the commodity was so scarce. 'And as for the mode of employing it,' said he, pausing, 'the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good bargains of land to be had. But had you not better begin by clearing off encumbrances, Sir Arthur? There is the sum in the personal bond, and the three notes of hand,' continued he, taking out of the right-hand drawer of his cabinet a certain red memorandum-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeals to it, abhorred the very sight, 'with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to — let me see —'

'To about a thousand pounds,' said Sir Arthur, hastily; 'you told me the amount the other day.'

'But there's another term's interest due since that, Sir Arthur, and it amounts — errors excepted — to eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pennies, and three-fourths of a penny sterling; but look over the summation yourself.'

'I daresay you are quite right, my dear sir,' said the Baronet, putting away the book with his hand, as one rejects the old-fashioned civility that presses food upon you after you have eaten till you nauseate — 'perfectly right, I dare to say, and in the course of three days or less you shall have the full value; that is, if you choose to accept it in bullion.'

'Bullion! I suppose you mean lead. What the deuce! have we hit on the vein then at last? But what could I do with a thousand pounds worth, and upwards, of lead? The former abbots of Trocosey might have roofed their church and monastery with it indeed, but for me —'

'By bullion,' said the Baronet, 'I mean the precious metals — gold and silver.'

'Ay! indeed? And from what Eldorado is this treasure to be imported?'

'Not far from hence,' said Sir Arthur, significantly; 'and now I think of it, you shall see the whole process on one small condition.'

'And what is that?' craved the Antiquary.

'Why, it will be necessary for you to give me your friendly assistance by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts.'

Mr. Oldbuck, who had already been grasping in idea the sum, principal and interest, of a debt which he had long

regarded as well-nigh desperate, was so much astounded at the tables being so unexpectedly turned upon him, that he could only re-echo in an accent of woe and surprise the words; 'Advance one hundred pounds!'

'Yes, my good sir,' continued Sir Arthur; 'but upon the best possible security of being repaid in the course of two or three days.'

There was a pause: either Oldbuck's nether-jaw had not recovered its position, so as to enable him to utter a negative, or his curiosity kept him silent.

'I would not propose to you,' continued Sir Arthur, 'to oblige me thus far, if I did not possess actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And I assure you, Mr. Oldbuck, that, in entering fully upon this topic, it is my purpose to show my confidence in you, and my sense of your kindness on many former occasions.'

Mr. Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but carefully avoided committing himself by any promise of farther assistance.

'Mr. Dousterswivel,' said Sir Arthur, 'having discovered ——' Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation: 'Sir Arthur, I have so often warned you of the knavery of that rascally quack, that I really wonder you should quote him to me.'

'But listen — listen,' interrupted Sir Arthur in his turn, 'it will do you no harm. In short, Dousterswivel persuaded me to witness an experiment which he had made in the ruins of St. Ruth, and what do you think we found?'

'Another spring of water, I suppose, of which the rogue had beforehand taken care to ascertain the situation and source.'

'No, indeed — a casket of gold and silver coins; here they are.'

With that Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a large ram's-horn, with a copper cover, containing a considerable quantity of coins, chiefly silver, but with a few gold pieces intermixed. The Antiquary's eyes glistened as he eagerly spread them out on the table.

'Upon my word, Scotch, English, and foreign coins, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them *rari, et rariores, etiam rarissimi!* Here is the bonnet-piece of James V., the unicorn of James II., ay, and the gold testoon of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's. And these were really found in the ruins of St. Ruth?'

‘Most assuredly; my own eyes witnessed it.’

‘Well,’ replied Oldbuck, ‘but you must tell me the when, the where, the how.’

‘The when,’ answered Sir Arthur, ‘was at midnight the last full moon; the where, as I have told you, in the ruins of St. Ruth’s priory; the how, was by a nocturnal experiment of Dousterswivel, accompanied only by myself.’

‘Indeed!’ said Oldbuck, ‘and what means of discovery did you employ?’

‘Only a simple suffumigation,’ said the Baronet, ‘accompanied by availing ourselves of the suitable planetary hour.’

‘Simple suffumigation! simple nonsensification; planetary hour! planetary fiddlestick. *Sapiens dominabitur astris.* My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow has made a gull of you above ground and under ground, and he would have made a gull of you in the air too; if he had been by when you was craned up the devil’s turnpike yonder at Halket Head, to be sure, the transformation would have been then peculiarly *apropos.*’

‘Well, Mr. Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for your indifferent opinion of my discernment; but I think you will give me credit for having seen what I *say* I saw.’

‘Certainly, Sir Arthur,’ said the Antiquary, ‘to this extent at least, that I know Sir Arthur Wardour will not say he saw anything but what he *thought* he saw.’

‘Well then,’ replied the Baronet, ‘as there is a heaven above us, Mr. Oldbuck, I saw with my own eyes these coins dug out of the chancel of St. Ruth at midnight. And as to Dousterswivel, although the discovery be owing to his science, yet, to tell the truth, I do not think he would have had firmness of mind to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him.’

‘Ay! indeed?’ said Oldbuck, in the tone used when one wishes to hear the end of a story before making any comment.

‘Yes, truly,’ continued Sir Arthur, ‘I assure you I was upon my guard; we did hear some very uncommon sounds, that is certain, proceeding from among the ruins.’

‘Oh, you did?’ said Oldbuck. ‘An accomplice hid among them, I suppose?’

‘Not a jot,’ said the Baronet. ‘The sounds, though of a hideous and preternatural character, rather resembled those of a man who sneezes violently than any other; one deep groan I certainly heard besides; and Dousterswivel assures me that he beheld the spirit Peolphon, the Great Hunter of the North—

look for him in your Nicolaus Remigius or Petrus Thyraeus, Mr. Oldbuck — who mimicked the motion of snuff-taking and its effects.'

'These indications, however singular as proceeding from such a personage, seem to have been *apropos* to the matter,' said the Antiquary; 'for you see the case which includes these coins has all the appearance of being an old-fashioned Scottish snuff-mill. But you persevered in spite of the terrors of this sneezing goblin?'

'Why, I think it probable that a man of inferior sense or consequence might have given way; but I was jealous of an imposture, conscious of the duty I owed to my family in maintaining my courage under every contingency, and therefore I compelled Dousterswivel, by actual and violent threats, to proceed with what he was about to do; and, sir, the proof of his skill and honesty is this parcel of gold and silver pieces, out of which I beg you to select such coins or medals as will best suit your collection.'

'Why, Sir Arthur, since you are so good, and on condition you will permit me to mark the value, according to Pinkerton's catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book, I will with pleasure select —'

'Nay,' said Sir Arthur Wardour, 'I do not mean you should consider them as anything but a gift of friendship, and least of all would I stand by the valuation of your friend Pinkerton, who has impugned the ancient and trustworthy authorities upon which, as upon venerable and moss-grown pillars, the credit of Scottish antiquities reposed.'

'Ay, ay,' rejoined Oldbuck, 'you mean, I suppose, Mair and Boece, the Jachin and Boaz, not of history but of falsification and forgery. And, notwithstanding of all you have told me, I look on your friend Dousterswivel to be as apocryphal as any of them.'

'Why, then, Mr. Oldbuck,' said Sir Arthur, 'not to awaken old disputes, I suppose you think that, because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither eyes nor ears to ascertain what modern events pass before me?'

'Pardon me, Sir Arthur,' rejoined the Antiquary, 'but I consider all the affectation of terror which this worthy gentleman, your coadjutor, chose to play off as being merely one part of his trick or mystery. And, with respect to the gold or silver coins, they are so mixed and mingled in country and date that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard;

and rather suppose them to be, like the purses upon the table of Hudibras's lawyer—

Money placed for show,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinions pay.

It is the trick of all professions, my dear Sir Arthur. Pray, may I ask you how much this discovery cost you?

'About ten guineas.'

'And you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to such fools as ourselves, who are willing to pay for curiosity. This was allowing you a tempting profit on the first hazard, I must needs admit. And what is the next venture he proposes?'

'An hundred and fifty pounds; I have given him one-third part of the money, and I thought it likely you might assist me with the balance.'

'I should think that this cannot be meant as a parting blow, it is not of weight and importance sufficient; he will probably let us win this hand also, as sharpers manage a raw gamester. Sir Arthur, I hope you believe I would serve you?'

'Certainly, Mr. Oldbuck; I think my confidence in you on these occasions leaves no room to doubt that.'

'Well, then, allow me to speak to Dousterswivel. If the money can be advanced usefully and advantageously for you, why, for old neighbourhood's sake, you shall not want it; but if, as I think, I can recover the treasure for you without making such an advance, you will, I presume, have no objection?'

'Unquestionably, I can have none whatsoever.'

'Then where is Dousterswivel?' continued the Antiquary.

'To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below; but knowing your prejudice against him—'

'I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur: it is systems not individuals that incur my reprobation.' He rang the bell. 'Jenny, Sir Arthur and I offer our compliments to Mr. Dousterswivel, the gentleman in Sir Arthur's carriage, and beg to have the pleasure of speaking with him here.'

Jenny departed and delivered her message. It had been by no means a part of the project of Dousterswivel to let Mr. Oldbuck into his supposed mystery. He had relied upon Sir Arthur's obtaining the necessary accommodation without any

discussion as to the nature of the application, and only waited below for the purpose of possessing himself of the deposit as soon as possible, for he foresaw that his career was drawing to a close. But when summoned to the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr. Oldbuck, he resolved gallantly to put confidence in his powers of impudence, of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

CHAPTER XXIII

And this doctor,
Your sooty smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
And all fly out *in fumo*.

The Alchemist.

‘**H**OW do you do, goot Mr. Oldenbuck? and I do hope your young gentleman, Captain M‘Intyre, is getting better again? Ach! it is a bat business when young gentlemens will put lead balls into each other’s body.’

‘Lead adventures of all kinds are very precarious, Mr. Dousterswivel; but I am happy to learn,’ continued the Antiquary, ‘from my friend Sir Arthur that you have taken up a better trade, and become a discoverer of gold.’

‘Ach, Mr. Oldenbuck, mine goot and honoured patron should not have told a word about dat little matter; for, though I have all reliance — yes, indeed — on goot Mr. Oldenbuck’s prudence and discretion, and his great friendship for Sir Arthur Wardour, yet, my Heavens! it is an great ponderous secret.’

‘More ponderous than any of the metal we shall make by it, I fear,’ answered Oldbuck.

‘Dat is just as you shall have de faith and de patience for de grand experiment. If you join wid Sir Arthur, as he is put one hundred and fifty — see, here is one fifty in your dirty Fairport bank-note — you put one other hundred and fifty in de dirty notes, and you shall have de pure gold and silver, I cannot tell how much.’

‘Nor any one for you, I believe,’ said the Antiquary. ‘But hark you, Mr. Dousterswivel; suppose, without troubling this same sneezing spirit with any farther fumigations, we should go in a body, and, having fair daylight and our good consciences to befriend us, using no other conjuring implements than good

substantial pickaxes and shovels, fairly trench the area of the chancel in the ruins of St. Ruth from one end to the other, and so ascertain the existence of this supposed treasure, without putting ourselves to any farther expense. The ruins belong to Sir Arthur himself, so there can be no objection. Do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter ?

‘Bah ! you will not find one copper thimble. But Sir Arthur will do his pleasure. I have showed him how it is possible, very possible, to have de great sum of money for his occasions ; I have showed him de real experiment. If he likes not to believe, goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is nothing to Herman Dusterswivel ; he only loses de money and de gold and de silvers, dat is all.’

Sir Arthur Wardour cast an intimidated glance at Oldbuck, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, no ordinary influence over his sentiments. In truth, the Baronet felt, what he would not willingly have acknowledged, that his genius stood rebuked before that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a shrewd, penetrating, sarcastic character, feared his satire, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring his leave before indulging his credulity. Dusterswivel saw he was in danger of losing his dupe, unless he could make some favourable impression on the adviser.

‘I know, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is one vanity to speak to you about de spirit and de goblin. But look at this curious horn ; I know you know de curiosity of all de countries, and how de great Oldenburgh horn, as they keep still in the museum at Copenhagen, was given to de Duke of Oldenburgh by one female spirit of de wood. Now I could not put one trick on you if I were willing, you who know all de curiosity so well, and dere it is, de horn full of coins ; if it had been a box or case I would have said nothing.’

‘Being a horn,’ said Oldbuck, ‘does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of nature’s fashioning, and therefore much used among rude nations, although it may be the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilisation. And this present horn,’ he continued, rubbing it upon his sleeve, ‘is a curious and venerable relic, and no doubt was intended to prove a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, to some one or other ; but whether to the adept or his patron may be justly doubted.’

'Well, Mr. Oldenbuck, I find you still hard of belief; but let me assure you de monksh understood de *magisterium*.'

'Let us leave talking of the *magisterium*, Mr. Dousterswivel, and think a little about the magistrate. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of Scotland, and that both Sir Arthur and myself are in the commission of the peace?'

'Mine Heaven! and what is dat to de purpose when I am doing you all de goot I can?'

'Why, you must know, that when the legislature abolished the cruel laws against witchcraft, they had no hope of destroying the superstitious feelings of humanity on which such chimeras had been founded, and to prevent those feelings from being tampered with by artful and designing persons, it is enacted by the Ninth of George the Second, chap. 5, that whosoever shall pretend, by his alleged skill in any occult or crafty science, to discover such goods as are lost, stolen, or concealed, he shall suffer punishment by pillory and imprisonment, as a common cheat and impostor.'

'And is dat de laws?' asked Dousterswivel, with some agitation.

'Thyself shalt see the act,' replied the Antiquary.

'Den, gentlemens, I shall take my leave of you, dat is all; I do not like to stand on your what you call pillory, it is very bad way to take de air, I think; and I do not like your prisons no more, where one cannot take de air at all.'

'If such be your taste, Mr. Dousterswivel,' said the Antiquary, 'I advise you to stay where you are, for I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constable; and, moreover, I expect you will attend us just now to the ruins of St. Ruth, and point out the place where you propose to find this treasure.'

'Mine Heaven, Mr. Oldenbuck! what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you so plain as I can speak dat if you go now you will get not so much treasure as one poor shabby sixpence?'

'I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success — always with Sir Arthur's permission.'

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, had looked extremely embarrassed, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, chop-fallen. Oldbuck's obstinate disbelief led him strongly to suspect the imposture of Dousterswivel, and the adept's mode of

keeping his ground was less resolute than he had expected. Yet he did not entirely give him up.

‘Mr. Oldbuck,’ said the Baronet, ‘you do Mr. Dousterswivel less than justice. He has undertaken to make this discovery by the use of his art, and by applying characters descriptive of the intelligences presiding over the planetary hour in which the experiment is to be made; and you require him to proceed, under pain of punishment, without allowing him the use of any of the preliminaries which he considers as the means of procuring success.’

‘I did not say that exactly: I only required him to be present when we make the search, and not to leave us during the interval. I fear he may have some intelligence with the intelligences you talk of, and that whatever may be now hidden at Saint Ruth may disappear before we get there.’

‘Well, gentlemen,’ said Dousterswivel, sullenly, ‘I will make no objections to go along with you; but I tell you beforehand, you shall not find so much of anything as shall be worth your going twenty yard from your own gate.’

‘We will put that to a fair trial,’ said the Antiquary. And the Baronet’s equipage being ordered, Miss Wardour received an intimation from her father that she was to remain at Monk-barns until his return from an airing. The young lady was somewhat at a loss to reconcile this direction with the communication which she supposed must have passed between Sir Arthur and the Antiquary; but she was compelled for the present to remain in a most unpleasant state of suspense.

The journey of the treasure-seekers was melancholy enough. Dousterswivel maintained a sulkily silence, brooding at once over disappointed expectation and the risk of punishment; Sir Arthur, whose golden dreams had been gradually fading away, surveyed in gloomy prospect the impending difficulties of his situation; and Oldbuck, who perceived that his having so far interfered in his neighbour’s affairs gave the Baronet a right to expect some actual and efficient assistance, sadly pondered to what extent it would be necessary to draw open the strings of his purse. Thus, each being wrapped in his own unpleasant ruminations, there was hardly a word said on either side until they reached the Four Horseshoes, by which sign the little inn was distinguished. They procured at this place the necessary assistance and implements for digging, and while they were busy about these preparations were suddenly joined by the old beggar, Edie Ochiltree.

'The Lord bless your honour,' began the Blue-Gown, with the genuine mendicant whine, 'and long life to you; weel pleased am I to hear that young Captain M'Intyre is like to be on his legs again sune. Think on your poor bedesman the day.'

'Aha, old truepenny!' replied the Antiquary. 'Why, thou hast never come to Monkbarns since thy perils by rock and flood; here's something for thee to buy snuff,' and, fumbling for his purse, he pulled out at the same time the horn which inclosed the coins.

'Ay, and there's something to pit it in,' said the mendicant, eyeing the ram's horn; 'that loom's an auld acquaintance o' mine. I could take my aith to that sneeshing-mull amang a thousand; I carried it for mony a year, till I niffered it for this tin ane wi' auld George Glen, the dammer and sinker, when he took a fancy till 't down at Glen Withershins yonder.'

'Ay! indeed?' said Oldbuck; 'so you exchanged it with a miner? But I presume you never saw it so well filled before?' and, opening it, he showed the coins.

'Troth, ye may swear that, Monkbarns; when it was mine it ne'er had abune the like o' saxpenny worth o' black rappee in 't at ance. But I reckon ye'll be gaun to make an antic o't, as ye hae dune wi' mony an orra thing besides. Odd, I wish ony body wad make an antic o' me; but mony ane will find worth in roused bits o' capper and horn and airn, that care unco little about an auld carle o' their ain country and kind.'

'You may now guess,' said Oldbuck, turning to Sir Arthur, 'to whose good offices you were indebted the other night. To trace this cornucopia of yours to a miner is bringing it pretty near a friend of ours. I hope we shall be as successful this morning without paying for it.'

'And whare is your honours gaun the day,' said the mendicant, 'wi' a' your picks and shules? Odd, this will be some o' your tricks, Monkbarns; ye'll be for whirling some o' the auld monks down by yonder out o' their graves afore they hear the last call; but, wi' your leave, I'se follow ye at ony rate and see what ye make o't.'

The party soon arrived at the ruins of the priory, and, having gained the chancel, stood still to consider what course they were to pursue next.

The Antiquary, meantime, addressed the adept — 'Pray, Mr. Dousterswivel, what is your advice in this matter? Shall we have most likelihood of success if we dig from

east to west, or from west to east? or will you assist us with your triangular vial of May-dew, or with your divining-rod of witches-hazel? Or will you have the goodness to supply us with a few thumping, blustering terms of art, which, if they fail in our present service, may at least be useful to those who have not the happiness to be bachelors, to still their brawling children withal?

‘Mr. Oldenbuck,’ said Dousterswivel, doggedly, ‘I have told you already, you will make no good work at all, and I will find some way of mine own to thank you for your civilities to me; yes, indeed.’

‘If your honours are thinking of tirling the floor,’ said old Edie, ‘and wad but take a puir body’s advice, I would begin below that muckle stane that has the man there streekit out upon his back in the midst o’t.’

‘I have some reason for thinking favourably of that plan myself,’ said the Baronet.

‘And I have nothing to say against it,’ said Oldbuck. ‘It was not unusual to hide treasure in the tombs of the deceased; many instances might be quoted of that from Bartholinus and others.’

The tombstone, the same beneath which the coins had been found by Sir Arthur and the German, was once more forced aside, and the earth gave easy way to the spade.

‘It’s travell’d earth that,’ said Edie, ‘it howks sae eithly. I ken it weel, for ance I wrought a simmer wi’ auld Will Winnet, the bedral, and howkit mair graves than ane in my day. But I left him in winter, for it was unco cald wark; and then it cam a green Yule, and the folk died thick and fast, for ye ken a green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard; and I never dowed to bide a hard turn o’ wark in my life, sae aff I gaed, and left Will to delve his last dwellings by himsell for Edie.’

The diggers were now so far advanced in their labours as to discover that the sides of the grave which they were clearing out had been originally secured by four walls of freestone, forming a parallelogram, for the reception, probably, of the coffin.

‘It is worth while proceeding in our labours,’ said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, ‘were it but for curiosity’s sake. I wonder on whose sepulchre they have bestowed such uncommon pains.’

‘The arms on the shield,’ said Sir Arthur, and sighed as he spoke it, ‘are the same with those on Misticot’s Tower, sup-

posed to have been built by Malcolm the Usurper. No man knew where he was buried, and there is an old prophecy in our family that bodes us no good when his grave shall be discovered.'

'I wot,' said the beggar, 'I have often heard that when I was a bairn,

If Malcolm the Misticot's grave were fun',
The lands of Knockwinnock are lost and won.'

Oldbuck, with his spectacles on his nose, had already knelt down on the monument, and was tracing, partly with his eye, partly with his finger, the mouldered devices upon the effigy of the deceased warrior. 'It is the Knockwinnock arms sure enough,' he exclaimed, 'quarterly with the coat of Wardour.'

'Richard, called the Red-handed Wardour, married Sybil Knockwinnock, the heiress of the Saxon family, and by that alliance,' said Sir Arthur, 'brought the castle and estate into the name of Wardour, in the year of God 1150.'

'Very true, Sir Arthur, and here is the baton-sinister, the mark of illegitimacy, extending diagonally through both coats upon the shield. Where can our eyes have been that they did not see this curious monument before?'

'Na, whare was the through-stane that it didna come before our een till e'now?' said Ochiltree; 'for I hae kend this auld kirk, man and bairn, for saxty lang years, and I ne'er noticed it afore, and it's nae sic mote neither but what ane might see it in their parritch.'

All were now induced to tax their memory as to the former state of the ruins in that corner of the chancel, and all agreed in recollecting a considerable pile of rubbish which must have been removed and spread abroad in order to make the tomb visible. Sir Arthur might, indeed, have remembered seeing the monument on the former occasion; but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstance as a novelty.

While the assistants were engaged in these recollections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labour. They had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flinging out the soil became more and more difficult, they began at length to tire of the job.

'We're down to the till now,' said one of them, 'and the ne'er a coffin or ony thing else is here; some cunninger chiel's been afore us, I reckon'; and the labourer scrambled out of the grave.

‘Hout, lad,’ said Edie, getting down in his room, ‘let me try my hand for an auld bedral; ye’re gude seekers but ill finders.’

So soon as he got into the grave, he struck his pike-staff forcibly down: it encountered resistance in its descent, and the beggar exclaimed, like a Scotch schoolboy when he finds anything, ‘Nae halvers and quarters! hale o’ mine ain and nane o’ my neighbour’s.’

Everybody, from the dejected Baronet to the sullen adept, now caught the spirit of curiosity, crowded round the grave, and would have jumped into it could its space have contained them. The labourers, who had begun to flag in their monotonous and apparently hopeless task, now resumed their tools, and plied them with all the ardour of expectation. Their shovels soon grated upon a hard wooden surface, which, as the earth was cleared away, assumed the distinct form of a chest, but greatly smaller than that of a coffin. Now all hands were at work to heave it out of the grave, and all voices, as it was raised, proclaimed its weight and augured its value. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surface, and the lid forced up by a pickaxe, there was displayed first a coarse canvas cover, then a quantity of oakum, and beneath that a number of ingots of silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The Baronet threw his hands and eyes up to heaven, with the silent rapture of one who is delivered from inexpressible distress of mind. Oldbuck, almost unable to credit his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them, excepting one, which seemed to be Spanish. He could have no doubt of the purity and great value of the treasure before him. Still, however, removing piece by piece, he examined row by row, expecting to discover that the lower layers were of inferior value; but he could perceive no difference in this respect, and found himself compelled to admit that Sir Arthur had possessed himself of bullion to the value perhaps of a thousand pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now promised the assistants a handsome recompense for their trouble, and began to busy himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfall to the Castle of Knockwinnock, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had equalled that exhibited by any other individual of the party, twitched his sleeve, and, having offered his humble congratulations, turned next to Oldbuck with an air of triumph.

'I did tell you, my goot friend Mr. Oldenbuck, dat I was to seek opportunity to thank you for your civility; now do you not think I have found out vary goot way to return thank?'

'Why, Mr. Dousterswivel, do you pretend to have had any hand in our good success? You forget you refused us all aid of your science, man. And you are here without your weapons that should have fought the battle which you pretend to have gained in our behalf. You have used neither charm, lamen, sigil, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, nor geomantic figure. Where be your periapts and your abracadabras, man? your May-fern, your vervain,

Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
Your lato, azoch, zernichi, chibrit, heautarit,
With all your broths, your menstrues, your materials,
Would burst a man to name?

Ah! rare Ben Jonson! long peace to thy ashes for a scourge of the quacks of thy day! Who expected to see them revive in our own?'

The answer of the adept to the Antiquary's tirade we must defer to our next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV

Clause. You now shall know the king o' the beggars' treasure.
Yes, ere to-morrow you shall find your harbour
Here; fail me not, for if I live I'll fit you.

The Beggar's Bush.

THE German, determined, it would seem, to assert the vantage-ground on which the discovery had placed him, replied with great pomp and stateliness to the attack of the Antiquary: 'Maister Oldenbuck, all dis may be very witty and comedy, but I have nothing to say — nothing at all — to people dat will not believe deir own eyesights. It is vary true dat I ave not any of de things of de art, and it makes de more wonder what I has done dis day. But I would ask of you, mine honoured and goot and generous patron, to put your hand into your right-hand waistcoat pocket and show me what you shall find dere.'

Sir Arthur obeyed his direction, and pulled out the small plate of silver which he had used under the adept's auspices upon the former occasion. 'It is very true,' said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary; 'this is the graduated and calculated sigil by which Mr. Dousterswivel and I regulated our first discovery.'

'Pshaw! pshaw! my dear friend,' said Oldbuck, 'you are too wise to believe in the influence of a trumpery crown-piece beat out thin, and a parcel of scratches upon it. I tell thee, Sir Arthur, that if Dousterswivel had known where to get this treasure himself, you would not have been lord of the least share of it.'

'In troth, please your honour,' said Edie, who put in his word on all occasions, 'I think, since Mr. Dunkerswivel has had sae muckle merit in discovering a' the gear, the least ye can do is to gie him that o't that's left behind for his labour, for doubtless he that kend where to find sae muckle will hae nae difficulty to find mair.'

Dousterswivel's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his 'ain purchase,' as Ochiltree expressed it; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whispered a word or two in his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur, his heart warm with his good fortune, said aloud, 'Never mind our friend Monkbarns, Mr. Dousterswivel, but come to the Castle to-morrow and I'll convince you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter, and the fifty Fairport dirty notes, as you call them, are heartily at your service. Come, my lads, get the cover of this precious chest fastened up again.'

But the cover had in the confusion fallen aside among the rubbish or the loose earth which had been removed from the grave; in short, it was not to be seen.

'Never mind, my good lads, tie the tarpaulin over it and get it away to the carriage. Monkbarns, will you walk? I must go back your way to take up Miss Wardour.'

And, I hope, to take up your dinner also, Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure. Besides, you should write about the business to the Exchequer, in case of any interference on the part of the Crown. As you are lord of the manor, it will be easy to get a deed of gift should they make any claim. We must talk about it though.'

'And I particularly recommend silence to all who are present,' said Sir Arthur, looking round. All bowed and professed themselves dumb.

'Why, as to that,' said Monkbarns, 'recommending secrecy where a dozen of people are acquainted with the circumstance to be concealed is only putting the truth in masquerade, for the story will be circulated under twenty different shapes. But never mind; we will state the true one to the Barons, and that is all that is necessary.'

'I incline to send off an express to-night,' said the Baronet.

'I can recommend your honour to a sure hand,' said Ochiltree, 'little Davie Mailsetter and the butcher's reisting powny.'

'We will talk over the matter as we go to Monkbarns,' said Sir Arthur. 'My lads (to the work-people), come with me to the Four Horseshoes, that I may take down all your names. Dousterswivel, I won't ask you to go down to Monkbarns, as the Laird and you differ so widely in opinion; but do not fail to come to see me to-morrow.'

Dousterswivel growled out an answer, in which the words,

'duty,' 'mine honoured patron,' and 'wait upon Sir Arthurs,' were alone distinguishable; and after the Baronet and his friend had left the ruins, followed by the servants and workmen, who, in hope of reward and whisky, joyfully attended their leader, the adept remained in a brown study by the side of the open grave.

'Who was it as could have thought this?' he ejaculated unconsciously. 'Mine *heiligkeit*! I have heard of such things, and often spoken of such things; but, sapperment! I never thought to see them! And if I had gone but two or drie feet deeper down in the earth, *mein himmel*! it had been all mine own; so much more as I have been muddling about to get from this fool's man.'

Here the German ceased his soliloquy, for, raising his eyes, he encountered those of Edie Ochiltree, who had not followed the rest of the company, but, resting as usual on his pike-staff, had planted himself on the other side of the grave. The features of the old man, naturally shrewd and expressive almost to an appearance of knavery, seemed in this instant so keenly knowing that even the assurance of Dousterswivel, though a professed adventurer, sunk beneath their glances. But he saw the necessity of an *éclaircissement*, and, rallying his spirits, instantly began to sound the mendicant on the occurrences of the day. 'Goot Maister Edies Ochiltrees —'

'Edie Ochiltree, nae maister; your puir bédiesman and the king's,' answered the Blue-Gown.

'Awell den, goot Edie, what do you think of all dis?'

'I was just thinking it was very kind — for I darena say very simple — o' your honour to gie thae twa rich gentles, wha hae lands and lairdships, and siller without end, this grand pose o' silver and treasure — three times tried in the fire, as the Scripture expresses it — that might hae made yoursell, and ony twa or three honest bodies beside, as happy and content as the day was lang.'

'Indeed, Edie, mine honest friends, dat is very true; only I did not know — dat is, I was not sure — where to find de gelt myself.'

'What! was it not by your honour's advice and counsel that Monkbarms and the Knight of Knockwinnock came here then?'

'Aha, yes, but it was by another circumstance; I did not know dat dey would have found de treasure, mein friend; though I did guess, by such a tintamarre, and cough, and sneeze, and groan among de spirit one other night here, dat there

might be treasure and bullion hereabout. *Ach, mein himmel!* the spirit will hone and groan over his gelt as if he were a Dutch burgomaster counting his dollars after a great dinner at the *stadthaus*.

‘And do you really believe the like o’ that, Mr. Dusterdeevil? a skeelfu’ man like you; hout fie!’

‘Mein friend,’ answered the adept, forced by circumstances to speak something nearer the truth than he generally used to do, ‘I believed it no more than you and no man at all, till I did hear them hone and moan and groan myself on de oder night, and till I did this day see de cause, which was an great chest all full of de pure silver from Mexico; and what would you ave me think den?’

‘And what wad ye gie to ony ane,’ said Edie, ‘that wad help ye to sic another kistfu’ o’ silver?’

‘Give? *mein himmel!* one great big quarter of it.’

‘Now, if the secret were mine,’ said the mendicant, ‘I wad stand out for a half; for you see, though I am but a puir ragged body, and couldna carry silver or gowd to sell for fear o’ being taen up, yet I could find mony folk would pass it awa for me at unco muckle easier profit than ye’re thinking on.’

‘*Ach, himmel!* Mein goot friend, what was it I said? I did mean to say you should have de tree-quarter for your half, and de one quarter to be my fair half.’

‘No, no, Mr. Dusterdeevil, we will divide equally what we find, like brother and brother. Now look at this board that I just flung into the dark aisle out o’ the way, while Monkbarns was glowering ower a’ the silver yonder. He’s a sharp chiel Monkbarns. I was glad to keep the like o’ this out o’ his sight. Ye’ll maybe can read the character better than me; I am nae that book-learned, at least I’m no that muckle in practice.’

With this modest declaration of ignorance, Ochiltree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of the box or chest of treasure, which, when forced from its hinges, had been carelessly flung aside during the ardour of curiosity to ascertain the contents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, as it seems, secreted by the mendicant. There was a word and a number upon the plank, and the beggar made them more distinct by spitting upon his ragged blue handkerchief and rubbing off the clay by which the inscription was obscured. It was in the ordinary black letter.

‘Can ye mak ought o’ it?’ said Edie to the adept.

‘S,’ said the philosopher, like a child getting his lesson in

the primer — ‘S, T, A, R, C, H — starch; dat is what the women-washers put in to de neckerchers and de shirt collar.’

‘Starch!’ echoed Ochiltree; ‘na, na, Mr. Dusterdeevil; ye are mair of a conjuror than a clerk; it’s “search,” man, “search.” See, there’s the “Ye” clear and distinct.’

‘Aha! I see it now; it is “search, number one.” *Mein himmel!* then there must be a “number two,” mein goot friend; for “search” is what you call to seek and dig, and this is but “number one!” Mine wort, there is one great big prize in de wheel for us; goot Maister Ochiltree.’

‘Aweel, it may be sae; but we canna howk for’t enow. We hae nae shules, for they hae taen them a’ awa; and it’s like some o’ them will be sent back to fling the earth into the hole, and mak a’ things trig again. But an ye’ll sit down wi’ me a while in the wood, I’ll satisfy your honour that ye hae just lighted on the only man in the country that could hae tauld about Malcolm Misticot and his hidden treasure. But first we’ll rub out the letters on this board for fear it tell tales.’

And, by the assistance of his knife, the beggar erased and defaced the characters so as to make them quite unintelligible, and then daubed the board with clay so as to obliterate all traces of the erasure.

Dousterswivel stared at him in ambiguous silence. There was an intelligence and alacrity about all the old man’s movements which indicated a person that could not be easily overreached, and yet (for even rogues acknowledge in some degree the spirit of precedence) our adept felt the disgrace of playing a secondary part, and dividing winnings with so mean an associate. His appetite for gain, however, was sufficiently sharp to overpower his offended pride, and, though far more an impostor than a dupe, he was not without a certain degree of personal faith even in the gross superstitions by means of which he imposed upon others. Still, being accustomed to act as a leader on such occasions, he felt humiliated at feeling himself in the situation of a vulture marshalled to his prey by a carrion-crow. ‘Let me, however, hear his story to an end,’ thought Dousterswivel, ‘and it will be hard if I do not make mine account in it better, as Maister Edie Ochiltrees makes proposes.’

The adept, thus transformed into a pupil from a teacher of the mystic art, followed Ochiltree in passive acquiescence to the Prior’s Oak — a spot, as the reader may remember, at a short distance from the ruins — where the German sat down and in silence waited the old man’s communication.

'Ach, mine goot old friend, Maister Edie, and dat is not so very unlikely, if Sir Arthurs will quarrel wit his goot friends to please Mr. Oldenbuck. And so you do tink dat dis golds and silvers belonged to goot Mr. Malcolin Mishdigoat?'

'Troth do I, Mr. Dousterdeevil.'

'And you do believe dat dere is more of dat sorts behind?'

'By my certie do I. How can it be otherwise? "Search. No. I."; that is as muckle as to say, search and ye'll find number twa; besides, yon kist is only silver, and I aye heard that Misticot's pose had muckle yellow gowd in't.'

'Den, mine goot friends,' said the adept, jumping up hastily, 'why do we not set about our little job directly?'

'For twa gude reasons,' answered the beggar, who quietly kept his sitting posture; 'first, because, as I said before, we have naething to dig wi', for they hae taen awa the picks and shules; and, secondly, because there will be a wheen idle gowks coming to glower at the hole as lang as it is daylight, and maybe the Laird may send somebody to fill it up; and ony way we wad be catched. But if you will meet me on this place at twal o'clock wi' a dark lantern, I'll hae tools ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job our twa sells, and naebody the wiser for't.'

'Be—be—but, mine goot friend,' said Dousterswivel, from whose recollection his former nocturnal adventure was not to be altogether erased, even by the splendid hopes which Edie's narrative held forth, 'it is not so goot or so safe to be about goot Maister Mishdigoat's grave at dat time of night; you have forgot how I told you de spirits did hone and mone dere. I do assure you dere is disturbance dere.'

'If ye're afraid of ghaists,' answered the mendicant, coolly, 'I'll do the job mysell, and bring your share o' the siller to ony place ye like to appoint.'

'No—no, mine excellent old Mr. Edie, too much trouble for you; I will not have dat; I will come mysell, and it will be bettermost; for, mine old friend, it was I, Herman Dousterswivel, discovered Maister Mishdigoat's grave when I was looking for a place as to put away some little trumpery coins, just to play one little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur, for a little sport and pleasures; yes, I did take some what you call rubbish, and did discover Maister Mishdigoat's own monumentsh. It is like dat he meant I should be his heirs, so it would not be civility in me not to come mineself for mine inheritance.'

'At twal o'clock, then,' said the mendicant, 'we meet under this tree. I'll watch for a while, and see that naebody meddles wi' the grave—it's only saying the Laird's forbade it—then get my bit supper frae Ringan the poinder up by, and leave to sleep in his barn, and I'll slip out at night and ne'er be mist.'

'Do so, mine goot Maister Edie, and I will meet you here on this very place, though all de spirits should moan and sneeze deir very brains out.'

So saying, he shook hands with the old man, and, with this mutual pledge of fidelity to their appointment, they separated for the present.

‘Maister Dustandsnível,’ said the narrator, ‘it’s an unco while since I heard this business treated anent; for the Lairds of Knockwinnock, neither Sir Arthur, nor his father, nor his grandfather — and I mind a wee bit about them a’ — liked to hear it spoken about; nor they dinna like it yet. But nae matter: ye may be sure it was clattered about in the kitchen, like ony thing else in a great house, though it were forbidden in the ha’, and sae I hae heard the circumstance rehearsed by auld servants in the family; and in thir present days, when things o’ that auld-warld sort arena keepit in mind round winter firesides as they used to be, I question if there’s ony body in the country can tell the tale but mysell; aye out-taken the Laird though; for there’s a parchment book about it, as I have heard, in the charter-room at Knockwinnock Castle.’

‘Well, all dat is vary well; but get you on with your stories, mine goot friend,’ said Dousterswivel.

‘Aweel, ye see,’ continued the mendicant, ‘this was a job in the auld times o’ rugging and riving through the hale country; when it was ilka ane for himsell, and God for us a’; when nae man wanted property if he had strength to take it, or had it langer than he had power to keep it. It was just he ower her and she ower him, whichever could win upmost, a’ through the east country here, and nae doubt through the rest o’ Scotland in the self and same manner.

‘Sae, in these days Sir Richard Wardour came into the land, and that was the first o’ the name ever was in this country. There’s been mony of them sin’ syne; and the maist, like him they ca’d Hell-in-Harness, and the rest o’ them, are sleeping down in yon ruins. They were a proud dour set o’ men, but unco brave, and aye stood up for the weel o’ the country, God sain them a’ — there’s no muckle popery in that wish. They ca’d them the Norman Wardours, though they cam frae the south to this country. So this Sir Richard, that they ca’d Red-hand, drew up wi’ the auld Knockwinnock o’ that day, for then they were Knockwinnocks of that ilk, and wad fain marry his only daughter, that was to have the castle and the land. Laith, laith was the lass — Sybil Knockwinnock they ca’d her that tauld me the tale — laith, laith was she to gae into the match, for she had fa’en a wee ower-thick wi’ a cousin o’ her ain that her father had some ill-will to; and sae it was that after she had been married to Sir Richard jimp four months — for marry him she maun it’s like — ye’ll no hinder her gieing them a present o’ a bonny knave bairn. Then there was siccan

a ca'-thro' as the like was never seen; and she's be burnt and he's be slain was the best words o' their mouths. But it was a' sowdered up again some gait, and the bairn was sent awa, and bred up near the Highlands, and grew up to be a fine wanle fallow, like mony ane that comes o' the wrang side o' the blanket; and Sir Richard wi' the Red hand, he had a fair offspring o' his ain, and a' was lound and quiet till his head was laid in the ground. But then down came Malcolm Misticot — Sir Arthur says it should be Misbegot, but they aye ca'd him Misticot that spoke o't lang syne — down came this Malcolm, the love-begot, frae Glen Isla, wi' a string o' lang-legged Highlanders at his heels, that's aye ready for ony body's mischief, and he threeps the castle and lands are his ain as his mother's eldest son, and turns a' the Wardours out to the hill. There was a sort o' fighting and blude-spilling about it, for the gentles took different sides; but Malcolm had the uppermost for a lang time, and keepit the Castle of Knockwinnock, and strengthened it, and built that muckle tower that they ca' Misticot's Tower to this day.

'Mine goot friend, old Mr. Edie Ochiltree,' interrupted the German, 'this is all as one like de long histories of a baron of sixteen quarters in mine countries; but I would as rather hear of de silver and gold.'

'Why, ye see,' continued the mendicant, 'this Malcolm was weel helped by an uncle, a brother o' his father's, that was prior o' St. Ruth here, and muckle treasure they gathered between them, to secure the succession of their house in the lands of Knockwinnock. Folk said that the monks in thae days had the art of multiplying metals; at ony rate they were very rich. At last it came to this, that the young Wardour, that was Red-hand's son, challenged Misticot to fight with him in the lists, as they ca'd them; that's no lists or tailor's runds and selvages o' claith, but a palin'-thing they set up for them to fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Misticot was beaten, and at his brother's mercy; but he wadna touch his life, for the blood of Knockwinnock that was in baith their veins. So Malcolm was compelled to turn a monk, and he died soon after in the priory, of pure despite and vexation. Naebody ever kend whare his uncle the prior earded him, or what he did wi' his gowd and silver, for he stood on the right o' halie kirk, and wad gie nae account to ony body. But the prophecy gat abroad in the country, that whenever Misticot's grave was fund out the estate of Knockwinnock should be lost and won.'

CHAPTER XXV

See thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty.
Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
If gold and silver beckon to come on.

King John.

THE night set in stormy, with wind and occasional showers of rain. 'Eh, sirs,' said the old mendicant, as he took his place on the sheltered side of the large oak-tree to wait for his associate — 'eh, sirs, but human nature's a wilful and wilyard thing! Is it not an unco lucre o' gain wad bring this Dousterdivel out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at night, to thir wild gousty wa's? and amna I a bigger fule than himsell to bide here waiting for him?'

Having made these sage reflections, he wrapped himself close in his cloak and fixed his eye on the moon as she waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind from time to time drove across her surface. The melancholy and uncertain gleams that she shot from between the passing shadows fell full upon the rifted arches and shafted windows of the old building, which were thus for an instant made distinctly visible in their ruinous state, and anon became again a dark, undistinguished, and shadowy mass. The little lake had its share of these transient beams of light, and showed its waters broken, whitened, and agitated under the passing storm, which, when the clouds swept over the moon, were only distinguished by their sullen and murmuring plash against the beach. The wooded glen repeated, to every successive gust that hurried through its narrow trough, the deep and various groan with which the trees replied to the whirlwind, and the sound sunk again, as the blast passed away, into a faint and passing murmur, resembling the sighs of an exhausted criminal after the first pangs of his torture are over. In these sounds superstition might have

found ample gratification for that state of excited terror which she fears and yet loves. But such feelings made no part of Ochiltree's composition. His mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth.

'I have kept guard on the outposts baith in Germany and America,' he said to himself, 'in mony a waur night than this, and when I kend there was maybe a dozen o' their riflemen in the thicket before me.' But I was aye gleg at my duty : naeboddy ever caught Edie sleeping.

As he muttered thus to himself, he instinctively shouldered his trusty pike-staff, assumed the port of a sentinel on duty, and, as a step advanced towards the tree, called, with a tone assorting better with his military reminiscences than his present state — 'Stand ; who goes there ?'

'De devil, goot Edie,' answered Dousterswivel, 'why does you speak so loud as a baarenhafter, or what you call a factionary — I mean a sentinel ?'

'Just because I thought I was a sentinel at that moment,' answered the mendicant. 'Here's an awsome night ; hae ye brought the lantern and a pock for the siller ?'

'Ay, ay, mine goot friend,' said the German, 'here it is : my pair of what you call saddlebag ; one side will be for you, one side for me. I will put dem on my horse to save you de trouble, as you are old man.'

'Have you a horse here, then ?' asked Edie Ochiltree.

'O yes, mine friend, tied yonder by de stile,' responded the adept.

'Weel, I hae just ae word to the bargain : there sall nane o' my gear gang on your beast's back.'

'What was it as you would be afraid of ?' said the foreigner.

'Only of losing sight of horse, man, and money,' again replied the gaberlunzie.

'Does you know dat you make one gentlemans out to be one great rogue ?'

'Mony gentlemen,' replied Ochiltree, 'can make that out for themselves ; but what's the sense of quarrelling ? If ye want to gang on, gang on. If no, I'll gae back to the gude ait-straw in Ringan Aikwood's barn that I left wi' right ill-will e'now, and I'll pit back the pick and shule whar I got them.'

Dousterswivel deliberated a moment whether, by suffering Edie to depart, he might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use. But the want of digging implements, the uncertainty whether, if he had them, he could

clear out the grave to a sufficient depth without assistance, and, above all, the reluctance which he felt, owing to the experience of the former night, to venture alone on the terrors of Misticot's grave, satisfied him the attempt would be hazardous. Endeavouring, therefore, to assume his usual cajoling tone, though internally incensed, he begged 'his goot friend Maister Edie Ochiltrees would lead the way, and assured him of his acquiescence in all such an excellent friend could propose.'

'Aweel, aweel, then,' said Edie, 'tak gude care o' your feet amang the lang grass and the loose stanes. I wish we may get the light keepit in neist, wi' this fearsome wind; but there's a blink o' moonlight at times.'

Thus saying, old Edie, closely accompanied by the adept, led the way towards the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them.

'Ye're a learned man, Mr. Dousterdeevil, and ken muckle o' the marvellous works o' nature; now, will ye tell me ae thing? D'ye believe in ghaists and spirits that walk the earth? d'ye believe in them, ay or no?'

'Now, goot Mr. Edie,' whispered Dousterswivel, in an expostulatory tone of voice, 'is this a times or a places for such a questions?'

'Indeed is it, baith the tane and the tother, Mr. Dustan-shovel; for I maun fairly tell ye there's reports that auld Misticot walks. Now this wad be an uncanny night to meet him in, and wha kens if he wad be ower weel pleased wi' our purpose of visiting his pose?'

'*Alle guten Geister*,' muttered the adept, the rest of the conjuration being lost in a tremulous warble of his voice. 'I do desires you not to speak so, Mr. Edie, for, from all I heard dat one other night, I do much believes —'

'Now I,' said Ochiltree, entering the chancel, and flinging abroad his arm with an air of defiance — 'I wadna gie the crack o' my thumb for him were he to appear at this moment; he's but a disembodied spirit as we are embodied anes.'

'For the lofe of heavens,' said Dousterswivel, 'say nothing at all neither about somebodies or nobodies!'

'Aweel,' said the beggar, expanding the shade of the lantern, 'here's the stane, and, spirit or no spirit, I'se be a wee bit deeper in the grave'; and he jumped into the place from which the precious chest had that morning been removed. After striking a few strokes he tired, or affected to tire, and

said to his companion, 'I'm auld and failed now, and canna keep at it. Time about's fair play, neighbour; ye maun get in and tak the shule a bit, and shule out the loose earth, and then I'll tak turn about wi' you.'

Dousterswivel accordingly took the place which the beggar had evacuated, and toiled with all the zeal that awakened avarice, mingled with the anxious wish to finish the undertaking and leave the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a mind at once greedy, suspicious, and timorous.

Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labour hard. 'My certie! few ever wrought for siccan a day's wage; an it be but—say the tenth part o' the size o' the kist No. I., it will double its value, being filled wi' gowd instead of silver. Odd, ye work as if ye had been bred to pick and shule; ye could win your round half-crown ilka day. Tak care o' your taes wi' that stane!' giving a kick to a large one which the adept had heaved out with difficulty, and which Edie pushed back again, to the great annoyance of his associate's shins.

Thus exhorted by the mendicant, Dousterswivel struggled and laboured among the stones and stiff clay, toiling like a horse, and internally blaspheming in German. When such an unhallowed syllable escaped his lips, Edie changed his battery upon him.

'O dinna swear, dinna swear! wha kens wha's listening! Eh! Gude guide us, what's yon! Hout, it's just a branch of ivy flightering awa frae the wa'; when the moon was in it lookit unco like a dead man's arm wi' a taper in't; I thought it was Misticot himsell. But never mind, work you away, fling the earth weel up bye out o' the gate; odd, if ye're no as clean a worker at a grave as Will Winnet himsell! What gars ye stop now? ye're just at the very bit for a chance.'

'Stop!' said the German, in a tone of anger and disappointment, 'why, I am down at de rocks dat de cursed ruins—God forgife me!—is founded upon.'

'Weel,' said the beggar, 'that's the likeliest bit of ony: it will be but a muckle through-stane laid down to kiver the gowd; tak the pick till't, and pit mair strength, man; ae gude downright devvel will split it, I se warrant ye. Ay, that will do. Odd, he comes on wi' Wallace's straits!'

In fact, the adept, moved by Edie's exhortations, fetched two or three desperate blows, and succeeded in breaking, not indeed that against which he struck, which, as he had already con-

jectured, was the solid rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

‘Hurra, boys! there goes Ringan’s pickaxe!’ cried Edie; ‘it’s a shame o’ the Fairport folk to sell siccan frail gear. Try the shule; at it again, Mr. Dusterdeevil.’

The adept, without reply, scrambled out of the pit, which was now about six feet deep, and addressed his associate in a voice that trembled with anger. ‘Does you know, Mr. Edies Ochiltrees, who it is you put off your gibes and your jests upon?’

‘Brawly, Mr. Dusterdeevil — brawly do I ken ye, and has done mony a day; but there’s nae jesting in the case, for I am wearying to see a’ our treasures; we should hae had baith ends o’ the pockmanky filled by this time. I hope it’s bowk enough to haud a’ the gear?’

‘Look you, you base old person,’ said the incensed philosopher, ‘if you do put another jest upon me, I will cleave your skull-piece with this shovels!’

‘And whare wad my hands and my pike-staff be a’ the time?’ replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. ‘Hout, tout, Maister Dusterdeevil, I haena lived sae lang in the world neither, to be shuled out o’t that gate. What ails ye to be cankered, man, wi’ your friends? I’ll wager I’ll find out the treasure in a minute’; and he jumped into the pit and took up the spade.

‘I do swear to you,’ said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awake, ‘that if you have played me one big trick I will give you one big beating, Mr. Edies.’

‘Hear till him now,’ said Ochiltree; ‘he kens how to gar folk find out the gear. Odd, I’m thinking he’s been drilled that way himsell some day.’

At this insinuation, which alluded obviously to the former scene betwixt himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher lost the slender remnant of patience he had left, and, being of violent passions, heaved up the truncheon of the broken mattock to discharge it upon the old man’s head. The blow would in all probability have been fatal had not he at whom it was aimed exclaimed in a stern and firm voice, ‘Shame to ye, man! Do ye think Heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an auld man that might be your father? Look behind ye, man.’

Dousterswivel turned instinctively, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, a tall dark figure standing close behind him. The apparition gave him no time to proceed by exorcism or other-

wise, but, having instantly recourse to the *voie de fait*, took measure of the adept's shoulders three or four times with blows so substantial that he fell under the weight of them, and remained senseless for some minutes between fear and stupefaction. When he came to himself he was alone in the ruined chancel, lying upon the soft and damp earth which had been thrown out of Misticot's grave. He raised himself with a confused sensation of anger, pain, and terror, and it was not until he had sat upright for some minutes that he could arrange his ideas sufficiently to recollect how he came there, or with what purpose. As his recollection returned, he could have little doubt that the bait held out to him by Ochiltree to bring him to that solitary spot, the sarcasms by which he had provoked him into a quarrel, and the ready assistance which he had at hand for terminating it in the manner in which it had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to bring disgrace and damage on Herman Dousterswivel. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue, anxiety, and beating which he had undergone purely to the malice of Edie Ochiltree singly, but concluded that the mendicant had acted a part assigned to him by some person of greater importance. His suspicions hesitated between Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour. The former had been at no pains to conceal a marked dislike of him, but the latter he had deeply injured; and although he judged that Sir Arthur did not know the extent of his wrongs towards him, yet it was easy to suppose he had gathered enough of the truth to make him desirous of revenge. Ochiltree had alluded to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself, and therefore must have been learned from the former. The language of Oldbuck also intimated a conviction of his knavery, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animated defence. Lastly, the way in which Dousterswivel supposed the Baronet to have exercised his revenge was not inconsistent with the practice of other countries with which the adept was better acquainted than with those of North Britain. With him, as with many bad men, to suspect an injury and to nourish the purpose of revenge was one and the same movement. And before Dousterswivel had fairly recovered his legs he had mentally sworn the ruin of his benefactor, which, unfortunately, he possessed too much the power of accelerating.

But, although a purpose of revenge floated through his brain, it was no time to indulge such speculations. The hour, the

place, his own situation, and perhaps the presence or near neighbourhood of his assailants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. The lantern had been thrown down and extinguished in the scuffle. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the aisles of the ruin, had now greatly fallen, lulled by the rain, which was descending very fast. The moon, from the same cause, was totally obscured, and though Dousterswivel had some experience of the ruins, and knew that he must endeavour to regain the eastern door of the chancel, yet the confusion of his ideas was such that he hesitated for some time ere he could ascertain in what direction he was to seek it. In this perplexity the suggestions of superstition, taking the advantage of darkness and his evil conscience, began again to present themselves to his disturbed imagination. 'But bah!' quoth he valiantly to himself, 'it is all nonsense — all one part of de damn big trick and imposture. Devil! that one thick-skulled Scotch Baronet, as I have led by the nose for five year, should cheat Herman Dousterswivel!'

As he had come to this conclusion an incident occurred which tended greatly to shake the grounds on which he had adopted it. Amid the melancholy sough of the dying wind and the plash of the raindrops on leaves and stones, arose, and apparently at no great distance from the listener, a strain of vocal music, so sad and solemn as if the departed spirits of the churchmen, who had once inhabited these deserted ruins, were mourning the solitude and desolation to which their hallowed precincts had been abandoned. Dousterswivel, who had now got upon his feet and was groping around the wall of the chancel, stood rooted to the ground on the occurrence of this new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentrated in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unanimous information that the deep, wild, and prolonged chant which he now heard was the appropriate music of one of the most solemn dirges of the Church of Rome. Why performed in such a solitude, and by what class of choristers, were questions which the terrified imagination of the adept, stirred with all the German superstitions of nixies, oak-kings, werwolves, hobgoblins, black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, durst not even attempt to solve.

Another of his senses was soon engaged in the investigation. At the extremity of one of the transepts of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he recollected, to a sort of low vault or

sacristy. As he cast his eye in the direction of the sound, he observed a strong reflection of red light glimmering through these bars, and against the steps which descended to them. Dousterswivel stood a moment uncertain what to do; then, suddenly forming a desperate resolution, he moved down the aisle to the place from which the light proceeded.

Fortified with the sign of the cross and as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate, from which, unseen, he could see what passed in the interior of the vault. As he approached with timid and uncertain steps, the chant, after one or two wild and prolonged cadences, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he reached it, presented a singular spectacle in the interior of the sacristy. An open grave, with four tall flambeaus, each about six feet high, placed at the four corners; a bier, having a corpse in its shroud, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon tressels at one side of the grave, as if ready to be interred. A priest, dressed in his cope and stole, held open the service-book; another churchman in his vestments bore a holy-water sprinkler; and two boys in white surplices held censers with incense; a man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or infirmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, attired in deep mourning — such were the most prominent figures of the group. At a little distance were two or three persons of both sexes, attired in long mourning hoods and cloaks; and five or six others in the same lugubrious dress, still farther removed from the body, around the walls of the vault stood ranged in motionless order, each bearing in his hand a huge torch of black wax. The smoky light from so many flambeaus, by the red and indistinct atmosphere which it spread around, gave a hazy, dubious, and, as it were, phantom-like appearance to the outlines of this singular apparition. The voice of the priest — loud, clear, and sonorous — now recited, from the breviary which he held in his hand, those solemn words which the ritual of the Catholic Church has consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust. Meanwhile Dousterswivel, the place, the hour, and the surprise considered, still remained uncertain whether what he saw was substantial, or an unearthly representation of the rites to which in former times these walls were familiar, but which are now rarely practised in Protestant countries, and almost never in Scotland. He was uncertain whether to abide the conclusion of the ceremony or to endeavour to regain the chancel, when a change in his position made him visible through the grate to

one of the attendant mourners. The person who first espied him indicated his discovery to the individual who stood apart and nearest to the coffin by a sign, and, upon his making a sign in reply, two of the group detached themselves, and, gliding along with noiseless steps, as if fearing to disturb the service, unlocked and opened the grate which separated them from the adept. Each took him by an arm, and, exerting a degree of force which he would have been incapable of resisting had his fear permitted him to attempt opposition, they placed him on the ground in the chancel and sat down, one on each side of him, as if to detain him. Satisfied he was in the power of mortals like himself, the adept would have put some questions to them; but while one pointed to the vault, from which the sound of the priest's voice was distinctly heard, the other placed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, a hint which the German thought it most prudent to obey. And thus they detained him until a loud Alleluia, pealing through the deserted arches of St. Ruth, closed the singular ceremony which it had been his fortune to witness.

When the hymn had died away with all its echoes, the voice of one of the sable personages under whose guard the adept had remained, said, in a familiar tone and dialect, 'Dear sirs, Mr. Dousterswivel, is this you? could not ye have let us ken an ye had wussed till hae been present at the ceremony? My lord couldna tak it weel your coming blinking and jinking in, in that fashion.'

'In de name of all dat is gootness, tell me what you are?' interrupted the German in his turn.

'What I am? why, wha should I be but Ringan Aikwood, the Knockwinnock poinder? And what are ye doing here at this time o' night, unless ye were come to attend the leddy's burial?'

'I do declare to you, mine goot Poinder Aikwood,' said the German, raising himself up, 'that I have been this vary nights murdered, robbed, and put in fears of my life.'

'Robbed! wha wad do sic a deed here? Murdered! odd, ye speak pretty blythe for a murdered man. Put in fear! what put you in fear, Mr. Dousterswivel?'

'I will tell you, Maister Poinder Aikwood Ringan, just dat old miscreant dog villain Blue-Gown as you call Edie Ochiltrees.'

'I'll ne'er believe that,' answered Ringan; 'Edie was kend to me, and my fathier before me, for a true, loyal, and sooth-

fast man ; and, mair by token, he 's sleeping up yonder in our barn, and has been since ten at e'en. Sae touch ye wha liket, Mr. Dousterswivel, and whether ony body touched ye or no, I'm sure Edie's sackless.'

'Maister Ringan Aikwood Poinders, I do not know what you call sackless, but let alone all de oils and de soot dat you say he has, and I will tell you I was dis night robbed of fifty pounds by your oil and sooty friend, Edies Ochiltree ; and he is no more in your barn even now dan I ever shall be in de kingdom of heafen.'

'Weel, sir, if ye will gae up wi' me, as the burial company has dispersed, we'se mak ye down a bed at the lodge, and we'se see if Edie's at the barn. There were twa wild-looking chaps left the auld kirk when we were coming up wi' the corpse, that's certain ; and the priest, wha likes ill that ony heretics should look on at our church ceremonies, sent twa o' the riding saulies after them ; sae we'll hear a' about it frae them.'

Thus speaking, the kindly apparition, with the assistance of the muté personage, who was his son, disencumbered himself of his cloak, and prepared to escort Dousterswivel to the place of that rest which the adept so much needed.

'I will apply to the magistrates to-morrow,' said the adept ; 'oder, I will have de law put in force against all the peoples.'

While he thus muttered vengeance against the cause of his injury, he tottered from among the ruins, supporting himself on Ringan and his son, whose assistance his state of weakness rendered very necessary.

When they were clear of the priory, and had gained the little meadow in which it stands, Dousterswivel could perceive the torches which had caused him so much alarm issuing in irregular procession from the ruins, and glancing their light, like that of the *ignis fatuus*, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with a fluctuating and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

'We aye put out the torches at the Halie Cross Well on sic occasions,' said the forester to his guest ; and accordingly no farther visible sign of the procession offered itself to Dousterswivel, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing echo of horses' hoofs in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course.

CHAPTER XXVI

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed,
And weel may the boatie row
That earns the bairnies' bread !
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows weel,
And lightsome be their life that bear
The merlin and the creel !

Old Ballad.

WE must now introduce our reader to the interior of the fisher's cottage mentioned in chapter eleventh of this edifying history. I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. On the contrary, I am compelled to admit, there was confusion, there was dilapidation, there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the inmates, Luckie Mucklebackit and her family, an appearance of ease, plenty, and comfort that seemed to warrant their old sluttish proverb, 'The clartier the cosier.' A huge fire, though the season was summer, occupied the hearth, and served at once for affording light, heat, and the means of preparing food. The fishing had been successful, and the family, with customary improvidence, had, since unlading the cargo, continued an unremitting operation of broiling and frying that part of the produce reserved for home consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wooden trenches, mingled with morsels of broken bannocks and shattered mugs of half-drunk beer. The stout and athletic form of Maggie herself, bustling here and there among a pack of half-grown girls and younger children, of whom she chucked one now here and another now there, with an exclamation of 'Get out o' the gate, ye little sorrow !' was strongly contrasted with the passive and half-stupified look and manner of her husband's mother, a woman advanced to the last stage of human life, who was seated in her wonted chair close by the fire, the warmth of which she coveted, yet

hardly seemed to be sensible of, now muttering to herself, now smiling vacantly to the children as they pulled the strings of her 'toy' or close cap, or twitched her blue-checked apron. With her distaff in her bosom and her spindle in her hand, she plied lazily and mechanically the old-fashioned Scottish thrift, according to the old-fashioned Scottish manner. The younger children, crawling among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of grannie's spindle as it twisted, and now and then ventured to interrupt its progress as it danced upon the floor in those vagaries which the more regulated spinning-wheel has now so universally superseded that even the fated Princess of the fairy tale might roam through all Scotland without the risk of piercing her hand with a spindle and dying of the wound. Late as the hour was (and it was long past midnight), the whole family were still on foot, and far from proposing to go to bed; the dame was still busy broiling car-cakes on the girdle, and the elder girl, the half-naked mermaid elsewhere commemorated, was preparing a pile of Findhorn haddocks (that is, haddocks smoked with green wood), to be eaten along with these relishing provisions.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the door, accompanied with the question, 'Are ye up yet, sirs?' announced a visitor. The answer, 'Ay, ay, come your ways ben, hinny,' occasioned the lifting of the latch, and Jenny Rintherout, the female domestic of our Antiquary, made her appearance.

'Ay, ay,' exclaimed the mistress of the family. 'Heh, sirs! can this be you, Jenny? a sight o' you's gude for sair een, lass.'

'O, woman, we've been sae taen up wi' Captain Hector's wound up by that I havena had my fit out ower the door this fortnight; but he's better now, and auld Caxon sleeps in his room in case he wanted ony thing. Sae, as soon as our auld folk gaed to bed, I e'en snooded my head up a bit, and left the house-door on the latch, in case ony body should be wanting in or out while I was awa, and just cam down the gate to see an there was ony cracks amang ye.'

'Ay, ay,' answered Luckie Mucklebackit, 'I see ye hae gotten a' your brows on. Ye're looking about for Steenie now; but he's no at hame the night, and ye'll no do for Steenie, lass: a feckless thing like you's no fit to mainteen a man.'

'Steenie will no do for me,' retorted Jenny, with a toss of her head that might have become a higher-born damsel; 'I maun hae a man that can mainteen his wife.'

'Ou ay, hinny, thae's your landward and burrows-town notions. My certie! fisher-wives ken better; they keep the man, and keep the house, and keep the siller too, lass.'

'A when poor drudges ye are,' answered the nymph of the land to the nymph of the sea. 'As sune as the keel o' the coble touches the sand, deil a bit mair will the lazy fisher loons work, but the wives maun kilt their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore. And then the man casts aff the wat and puts on the dry, and sits down wi' his pipe and his gill-stoup ahint the ingle, like ony auld houndie, and ne'er a turn will he do till the coble's afloat again! And the wife, she maun get the scull on her back and awa wi' the fish to the next burrows-town, and scauld and ban wi' ilka wife that will scauld and ban wi' her till it's sauld; and that's the gait fisher-wives live, puir slaving bodies.'

'Slaves! gae wa', lass! Ca' the head o' the house slaves? little ye ken about it, lass. Show me a word my Saunders daur speak, or a turn he daur do about the house, without it be just to tak his meat and his drink and his diversion, like ony o' the weans. He has mair sense than to ca' onything about the bigging his ain, frae the roof-tree down to a crackit trencher on the bink. He kens weel enough wha feeds him and cleeds him, and keeps a' tight, thack and rape, when his coble is jowing awa in the Firth, puir fallow. Na, na, lass; them that sell the goods guide the purse; them that guide the purse rule the house. Show me ane o' your bits o' farmer-bodies that wad let their wife drive the stock to the market and ca' in the debts. Na, na.'

'Aweel, aweel, Maggie, ilka land has its ain lauch. But where's Steenie the night, when a's come and gane? And where's the gudeman?'

'I hae puttin' the gudeman to his bed, for he was e'en sair forfain; and Steenie's awa out about some barns-breaking wi' the auld gaberlunzie, Edie Ochiltree; they'll be in sune, and ye can sit down.'

'Troth, gudewife (taking a seat), I haena that muckle time to stop; but I maun tell ye about the news. Ye'll hae heard o' the muckle kist o' gowd that Sir Arthur has fund down bye at St. Ruth? He'll be grander than ever now; he'll no can laud down his head to sneeze, for fear o' seeing his shoon.'

'Ou ay, a' the country's heard o' that; but auld Edie says they ca' it ten times mair than ever was o't, and he saw them

* See Scottish Fisher-Women. Note 8.

howk it up. Odd, it would be lang or a puir body that needed it got sic a windfa.'

'Na, that's sure eneugh. And ye'll hae heard o' the Countess o' Glenallan being dead and lying in state, and how she's to be buried at St. Ruth's as this night fa's, wi' torch-light; and a' the papist servants, and Ringan Aikwood, that's a papist too, are to be there, and it will be the grandest show ever was seen.'

'Troth, hinny,' answered the Nereid, 'if they let naeboddy but papists come there it'll no be muckle o' a show in this country; for the auld harlot, as honest Mr. Blattergowl ca's her, has few that drink o' her cup of enchantments in this corner of our chosen lands. But what can ail them to bury the auld carlin—a rudas wife she was—in the night time? I daresay our gudemither will ken.'

Here she exalted her voice and exclaimed twice or thrice, 'Gudemither! gudemither!' but, lost in the apathy of age and deafness, the aged sibyl she addressed continued plying her spindle without understanding the appeal made to her.

'Speak to your grandmither, Jenny; odd, I wad rather hail the coble half a mile aff, and the norwest wind whistling again in my teeth.'

'Grannie,' said the little mermaid, in a voice to which the old woman was better accustomed, 'minnie wants to ken what for the Glenallan folk aye bury by candle-light in the ruins of St. Ruth?'

The old woman paused in the act of twirling the spindle, turned round to the rest of the party, lifted her withered, trembling, and clay-coloured hand, raised up her ashen-hued and wrinkled face, which the quick motion of two light-blue eyes chiefly distinguished from the visage of a corpse, and, as if catching at any touch of association with the living world, answered, 'What gars the Glenallan family inter their dead by torch-light, said the lassie? Is there a Glenallan dead e'en now?'

'We might be a' dead and buried too,' said Maggie, 'for ony thing ye wad ken about it'; and then, raising her voice to the stretch of her mother-in-law's comprehension, she added, 'It's the auld Countess, gudemither.'

'And is she ca'd hame then at last?' said the old woman, in a voice that seemed to be agitated with much more feeling than belonged to her extreme old age, and the general indifference and apathy of her manner—'is she then called to her last

account after her lang race o' pride and power? O God forgie her!

'But minnie was asking ye,' resumed the lesser querist, 'what for the Glenallan family aye bury their dead by torch-light?'

'They hae aye dune sae,' said the grandmother, 'since the time the Great Earl fell in the sair battle o' the Harlaw, when they say the coronach was cried in ae day from the mouth o' the Tay to the Buck of the Cabrach, that ye wad hae heard nae other sound but that of lamentation for the great folks that had fa'en fighting against Donald of the Isles. But the Great Earl's mither was living — they were a doughty and a dour race the women o' the house o' Glenallan — and she wad hae nae coronach cried for her son, but had him laid in the silence o' midnight in his place o' rest, without either drinking the dirge or crying the lament. She said he had killed enow that day he died for the widows and daughters o' the Highlanders he had slain to cry the coronach for them they had lost and for her son too; and sae she laid him in his grave wi' dry eyes, and without a groan or a wail. And it was thought a proud word o' the family, and they aye stickit by it; and the mair in the latter times, because in the night-time they had mair freedom to perform their popish ceremonies by darkness and in secrecy than in the daylight; at least that was the case in my time. They wad hae been disturbed in the day-time baith by the law and the commons of Fairport. They may be owerlooked now, as I have heard; the warld's changed; I whiles hardly ken whether I am standing or sitting, or dead or living.'

And looking round the fire, as if in the state of unconscious uncertainty of which she complained, old Elspeth relapsed into her habitual and mechanical occupation of twirling the spindle.

'Eh, sirs!' said Jenny Rintherout, under her breath to her gossip, 'it's awsome to hear your gudemither break out in that gait; it's like the dead speaking to the living.'

'Ye're no that far wrang, lass; she minds naething o' what passes the day, but set her on auld tales, and she can speak like a prent buke. She kens mair about the Glenallan family than maist folk; the gudeman's father was their fisher mony a day. Ye maun ken the papists make a great point o' eating fish; it's nae bad part o' their religion that, whatever the rest is. I could aye sell the best o' fish at the best o' prices for the Countess's ain table, grace be wi' her! especially on a Friday. But see as our gudemither's hands and lips are ganging; now

it's working in her head like barm. She'll speak eneugh the night; whiles she'll no speak a word in a week, unless it be to the bits o' bairns.'

'Hegh, Mrs. Mucklebackit, she's an awsome wife!' said Jenny in reply. 'D'ye think she's a'thegither right? Folk says she downa gang to the kirk or speak to the minister, and that she was ance a papist; but since her gudeman's been dead naebody kens what she is. D'ye think yoursell that she's no uncanny?'

'Canny, ye silly tawpie! think ye ae auld wife's less canny than anither? unless it be Ailison Breck; I really couldna in conscience swear for her; I have kent the boxes she set fill'd wi' partans; when ——'

'Whisht, whisht, Maggie,' whispered Jenny, 'your gudemither's gaun to speak again.'

'Wasna there some ane o' ye said,' asked the old sibyl, 'or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that Joscelind, Lady Glenallan, is dead, an buried this night?'

'Yes, gudemither,' screamed the daughter-in-law, 'it's e'en sae.'

'And e'en sae let it be,' said old Elspeth; 'she's made mony a sair heart in her day; ay, e'en her ain son's. Is he living yet?'

'Ay, he's living yet, but how lang he'll live — however, dinna ye mind his coming and asking after you in the spring, and leaving siller?'

'It may be sae, Maggie, I dinna mind it; but a handsome gentleman he was; and his father before him. Eh! if his father had lived they might hae been happy folk! But he was gane, and the lady carried it in-ower and out-ower wi' her son, and garr'd him trow the thing he never suld hae trowed, and do the thing he has repented a' his life, and will repent still, were his life as lang as this lang and wearisome ane o' mine.'

'O what was it, grannie?' and 'What was it, gudemither?' and 'What was it, Luckie Elspeth?' asked the children, the mother, and the visitor in one breath.

'Never ask what it was,' answered the old sibyl, 'but pray to God that ye arena left to the pride and wilfu'ness o' your ain hearts. They may be as powerful in a cabin as in a castle; I can bear a sad witness to that. O that weary and fearfu' night! will it never gang out o' my auld head? Eh! to see her lying on the floor wi' her lang hair dreeping wi' the salt water! Heaven will avenge on a' that had to do wi't. Sirs! is my son out wi' the coble this windy e'en?'

'Na, na, mither; nae coble can keep the sea this wind; he's sleeping in his bed out-ower yonder ahint the hallan.'

'Is Steenie out at sea then?'

'Na, grannie, Steenie's awa out wi' auld Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie; maybe they'll be gaun to see the burial.'

'That canna be,' said the mother of the family. 'We kent naething o't till Jock Rand cam in, and tauld us the Aikwoods had warning to attend; they keep thae things unco private, and they were to bring the corpse a' the way frae the castle, ten miles off, under cloud o' night. She has lain in state this ten days at Glenallan House, in a grand chamber, a' hung wi' black and lighted wi' wax cannle.'

'God assoilzie her!' ejaculated old Elspeth, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death; 'she was a hard-hearted woman, but she's gaen to account for it a', and His mercy is infinite. God grant she may find it sae!' And she relapsed into silence, which she did not break again during the rest of the evening.

'I wonder what that auld daft beggar-carle and our son Steenie can be doing out in sic a night as this,' said Maggie Mucklebackit, and her expression of surprise was echoed by her visitor. 'Gang awa, ane o' ye, hinnies, up to the heugh head, and gie them a cry in case they're within hearing; the car-cakes will be burnt to a cinder.'

The little emissary departed, but in a few minutes came running back with a loud exclamation, 'Eh, minnie! eh, grannie! there's a white bogle chasing twa black anes down the heugh.'

A noise of footsteps followed this singular annunciation, and young Steenie Mucklebackit, closely followed by Edie Ochiltree, bounced into the hut. They were panting and out of breath. The first thing Steenie did was to look for the bar of the door, which his mother reminded him had been broken up for firewood in the hard winter three years ago; 'for what use,' she said, 'had the like o' them for bars?'

'There's naeboddy chasing us,' said the beggar, after he had taken his breath; 'we're e'en like the wicked, that flee when no one pursueth.'

'Troth, but we were chased,' said Steenie, 'by a spirit, or something little better.'

'It was a man in white on horseback,' said Edie, 'for the saft grund, that wadna bear the beast, flung him about, I wot that weel; but I didna think my auld legs could have

brought me aff as fast; I ran amaisht as fast as if I had been at Prestonpans.¹

'Hout, ye daft gowks,' said Luckie Mucklebackit, 'it will hae been some o' the riders at the Countess's burial.'

'What!' said Edie, 'is the auld Countess buried the night at St. Ruth's? Ou, that wad be the lights and the noise that scarr'd us awa. I wish I had kend, I wad hae stude them, and no left the man yonder; but they'll take care o' him. Ye strake ower hard, Steenie; I doubt ye foundered the chield.'

'Ne'er a bit,' said Steenie, laughing; 'he has braw broad shouthers, and I just took the measure o' them wi' the stang. Odd, if I hadna been something short wi' him he wad hae knockit your auld harns out, lad.'

'Weel, an I win clear o' this scrape,' said Edie, 'I'se tempt Providence nae mair. But I canna think it an unlawfu' thing to pit a bit trick on sic a landlouping scoundrel that just lives by tricking honest folk.'

'But what are we to do with this?' said Steenie, producing a pocket-book.

'Odd guide us, man,' said Edie, in great alarm, 'what gar'd ye touch the gear? a very leaf o' that pocket-book wad be eneugh to hang us baith.'

'I dinna ken,' said Steenie; 'the book had fa'en out o' his pocket, I fancy, for I fand it amang my feet when I was graping about to set him on his legs again, and I just pat it in my pouch to keep it safe; and then came the tramp of horse, and you cried, "Rin, rin," and I had nae mair thought o' the book.'

'We maun get it back to the loon some gait or other; ye had better take it yoursell, I think, wi' peep o' light, up to Ringan Aikwood's. I wadna for a hundred pounds it was fund in our hands.'

Steenie undertook to do as he was directed.

'A bonny night ye hae made o't, Mr. Steenie,' said Jenny Rintherout, who, impatient of remaining so long unnoticed, now presented herself to the young fisherman — 'a bonny night ye hae made o't, tramping about wi' gaberlunzies, and getting yoursell hunted wi' worriecows, when ye suld be sleeping in your bed like your father, honest man.'

This attack called forth a suitable response of rustic raillery

¹ Referring to the flight of the Government forces at the battle of Prestonpans, 1745 (*Laing*).

from the young fisherman. An attack was now commenced upon the car-cakes and smoked fish, and sustained with great perseverance by assistance of a bicker or two of twopenny ale and a bottle of gin. The mendicant then retired to the straw of an out-house adjoining; the children had one by one crept into their nests; the old grandmother was deposited in her flock-bed; Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany Miss Rintherout to her own mansion, and at what hour he returned the story saith not; and the matron of the family, having laid the gathering-coal upon the fire and put things in some sort of order, retired to rest the last of the family.

CHAPTER XXVII

Many great ones
Would part with half their states to have the plan
And credit to beg in the first style.

Beggar's Bush.

OLD Edie was stirring with the lark, and his first inquiry was after Steenie and the pocket-book. The young fisherman had been under the necessity of attending his father before daybreak to avail themselves of the tide, but he had promised that, immediately on his return, the pocket-book, with all its contents, carefully wrapped up in a piece of sail-cloth, should be delivered by him to Ringan Aikwood, for Dousterswivel, the owner.

The matron had prepared the morning meal for the family, and, shouldering her basket of fish, tramped sturdily away towards Fairport. The children were idling round the door, for the day was fair and sunshiny. The ancient grandame, again seated on her wicker-chair by the fire, had resumed her eternal spindle, wholly unmoved by the yelling and screaming of the children, and the scolding of the mother, which had preceded the dispersion of the family. Edie had arranged his various bags, and was bound for the renewal of his wandering life, but first advanced with due courtesy to take his leave of the ancient crone.

'Gude day to ye, cummer, and mony ane o' them. I will be back about the fore-end o' har'st, and I trust to find ye baith hail and fere.'

'Pray that ye may find me in my quiet grave,' said the old woman, in a hollow and sepulchral voice, but without the agitation of a single feature.

'Ye're auld, cummer, and sae am I mysell; but we maun abide His will; we'll no be forgotten in His good time.'

'Nor our deeds neither,' said the crone; 'what's dune in the body maun be answered in the spirit.'

'I wot that's true; and I may weel tak the tale hame to mysell, that hae led a misruled and roving life. But ye were aye a canny wife. We're a' frail, but ye canna hae sae muckle to bow ye down.'

'Less than I might have had; but mair, O far mair, than wad sink the stoutest brig e'er sailed out o' Fairport harbour! Didna somebody say yestreen — at least sae it is borne in on my mind, but auld folk hae weak fancies — did not somebody say that Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, was departed frae life?'

'They said the truth whaever said it,' answered old Edie; 'she was buried yestreen by torch-light at St. Ruth's, and I, like a fule, gat a gliff wi' seeing the lights and the riders.'

'It was their fashion since the days of the Great Earl that was killed at Harlaw. They did it to show scorn that they should die and be buried like other mortals. The wives o' the house of Glenallan wailed nae wail for the husband, nor the sister for the brother. But is she e'en ca'd to the lang account?'

'As sure,' answered Edie, 'as we maun a' abide it.'

'Then I'll unlade my mind, come o't what will.'

This she spoke with more alacrity than usually attended her expressions, and accompanied her words with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing something from her. She then raised up her form, once tall, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and rheumatism, and stood before the beggar like a mummy animated by some wandering spirit into a temporary resurrection. Her light-blue eyes wandered to and fro, as if she occasionally forgot and again remembered the purpose for which her long and withered hand was searching among the miscellaneous contents of an ample old-fashioned pocket. At length she pulled out a small chip-box, and, opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a braid of hair, composed of two different colours, black and light brown, twined together, encircled with brilliants of considerable value.

'Gudeman,' she said to Ochiltree, 'as ye wad e'er deserve mercy, ye maun gang my errand to the house of Glenallan and ask for the Earl.'

'The Earl of Glenallan, cummer! ou, he winna see ony o' the gentles o' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wad see the like o' an auld gaberlunzie?'

'Gang your ways and try, and tell him that Elspeth o' the Craighburnfoot — he'll mind me best by that name — maun see him or she be relieved frae her lang pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token of the business she wad speak o'.'

Ochiltree looked on the ring with some admiration of its apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wrapping it in an old ragged handkerchief, he deposited the token in his bosom.

'Weel, gudewife,' he said, 'I'se do your bidding, or it's no be my fault. But surely there was never sic a braw propine as this sent to a yerl by an auld fish-wife, and through the hands of a gaberlunzie beggar.'

With this reflection Edie took up his pike-staff, put on his broad-brimmed bonnet, and set forth upon his pilgrimage. The old woman remained for some time standing in a fixed posture, her eyes directed to the door through which her ambassador had departed. The appearance of excitation which the conversation had occasioned gradually left her features, she sunk down upon her accustomed seat, and resumed her mechanical labour of the distaff and spindle with her wonted air of apathy.

Edie Ochiltree meanwhile advanced on his journey. The distance to Glenallan was ten miles, a march which the old soldier accomplished in about four hours. With the curiosity belonging to his idle trade and animated character, he tortured himself the whole way to consider what could be the meaning of this mysterious errand with which he was entrusted, or what connexion the proud, wealthy, and powerful Earl of Glenallan could have with the crimes or penitence of an old doting woman, whose rank in life did not greatly exceed that of her messenger. He endeavoured to call to memory all that he had ever known or heard of the Glenallan family, yet, having done so, remained altogether unable to form a conjecture on the subject. He knew that the whole extensive estate of this ancient and powerful family had descended to the Countess lately deceased, who inherited in a most remarkable degree the stern, fierce, and unbending character which had distinguished the house of Glenallan since they first figured in Scottish annals. Like the rest of her ancestors, she adhered zealously to the Roman Catholic faith, and was married to an English gentleman of the same communion, and of large fortune, who did not survive their union two years. The Countess was therefore left an early widow, with the uncontrolled management of the large estates of her two sons. The elder, Lord Geraldin, who was to succeed to the title and fortune of Glenallan, was totally dependent on his mother during her life. The second, when he came of age, assumed the name and arms of his father, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of the

Countess's marriage settlement. After this period he chiefly resided in England, and paid very few and brief visits to his mother and brother; and these at length were altogether dispensed with, in consequence of his becoming a convert to the reformed religion.

But even before this mortal offence was given to its mistress, his residence at Glenallan offered few inducements to a gay young man like Edward Geraldin Neville, though its gloom and seclusion seemed to suit the retired and melancholy habits of his elder brother. Lord Geraldin in the outset of life had been a young man of accomplishment and hopes. Those who knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such fair dawns are often strangely overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and, after living about a year in his mother's society at Glenallan House, he seemed to have adopted all the stern gloom and melancholy of her character. Excluded from politics by the incapacities attached to those of his religion, and from all lighter avocations by choice, Lord Geraldin led a life of the strictest retirement. His ordinary society was composed of the clergymen of his communion, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely, upon stated occasions of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenallan House. But this was all. Their heretic neighbours knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little more than the sumptuous entertainment and solemn parade which was exhibited on those formal occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether most to wonder at the stern and stately demeanour of the Countess, or the deep and gloomy dejection which never ceased for a moment to cloud the features of her son. The late event had put him in possession of his fortune and title, and the neighbourhood had already begun to conjecture whether gaiety would revive with independence, when those who had some occasional acquaintance with the interior of the family spread abroad a report that the Earl's constitution was undermined by religious austerities, and that in all probability he would soon follow his mother to the grave. This event was the more probable, as his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which in the latter years of his life had affected at once his frame and his spirits; so that heralds and genealogists were already looking back into their records to discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and lawyers were talking with

gleesome anticipation of the probability of a 'great Glenallan cause.'

As Edie Ochiltree approached the front of Glenallan House,¹ an ancient building of great extent, the most modern part of which had been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones, he began to consider in what way he should be most likely to gain access for delivery of his message; and, after much consideration, resolved to send the token to the Earl by one of the domestics. With this purpose he stopped at a cottage, where he obtained the means of making up the ring in a sealed packet like a petition, addressed, *Forr his Hounor the Yerl of Glenallan—These*. But, being aware that missives delivered at the doors of great houses by such persons as himself do not always make their way according to address, Edie determined, like an old soldier, to reconnoitre the ground before he made his final attack. As he approached the porter's lodge he discovered, by the number of poor ranked before it—some of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, and others itinerants of his own begging profession—that there was about to be a general dole or distribution of charity.

'A good turn,' said Edie to himself, 'never goes unrewarded; I'll maybe get a good awmous that I wad hae missed but for trotting on this auld wife's errand.'

Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of this ragged regiment, assuming a station as near the front as possible—a distinction due, as he conceived, to his blue gown and badge, no less than to his years and experience; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in this assembly to which he had not adverted.

'Are ye a triple man, friend, that ye press forward sae bauldly? I'm thinking no, for there's nae Catholics wear that badge.'

'Na, na, I am no a Roman,' said Edie.

'Then shank yoursell awa to the double folk, or single folk, that's the Episcopal or Presbyterians yonder; it's a shame to see a heretic hae sic a lang white beard, that would do credit to a hermit.'

Ochiltree, thus rejected from the society of the Catholic mendicants, or those who called themselves such, went to station himself with the paupers of the communion of the Church of England, to whom the noble donor allotted a double portion of his charity. But never was a poor occasional con-

¹ Supposed to represent Glamis Castle in Forfarshire (*Laing*).

formist more roughly rejected by a High Church congregation, even when that matter was furiously agitated in the days of good Queen Anne.

'See to him wi' his badge!' they said; 'he hears ane o' the king's Presbyterian chaplains sough out a sermon on the morning of every birthday, and now he would pass himsell for ane o' the Episcopal Church? Na, na! we'll take care o' that.'

Edie, thus rejected by Rome and prelacy, was fain to shelter himself from the laughter of his brethren among the thin group of Presbyterians, who had either disdained to disguise their religious opinions for the sake of an augmented dole, or perhaps knew they could not attempt the imposition without a certainty of detection.

The same degree of precedence was observed in the mode of distributing the charity, which consisted in bread, beef, and a piece of money to each individual of all the three classes. The almoner, an ecclesiastic of grave appearance and demeanour, superintended in person the accommodation of the Catholic mendicants, asking a question or two of each as he delivered the charity, and recommending to their prayers the soul of Joscelind, late Countess of Glenallan, mother of their benefactor. The porter, distinguished by his long staff headed with silver, and by the black gown tufted with lace of the same colour, which he had assumed upon the general mourning in the family, overlooked the distribution of the dole among the prelatists. The less-favoured kirk-folk were committed to the charge of an aged domestic.

As this last discussed some disputed point with the porter, his name, as it chanced to be occasionally mentioned, and then his features, struck Ochiltree, and awakened recollections of former times. The rest of the assembly were now retiring, when the domestic, again approaching the place where Edie still lingered, said, in a strong Aberdeenshire accent, 'Fat is the auld feel-body deeing that he canna gang away, now that he's góttén baith meat and siller?'

'Francie Macraw,' answered Edie Ochiltree, 'd'ye no mind Fontenoy, and "Keep thegither, front and rear!"'

'Ohon, ohon!' cried Francie, with a true north country yell of recognition, 'naebody could hae said that word but my auld front-rank man, Edie Ochiltree! But I'm sorry to see ye in sic a peer state, man.'

'No, sae ill aff as ye may think, Francie. But I'm laith to

leave this place without a crack wi' you, and I kenna when I may see you again, for your folk dinna mak Protestants welcome, and that's ae reason that I hae never been here before.'

'Fusht, fusht,' said Francie, 'let that flee stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out—and come you awa wi' me, and I'll gie ye something better than that beef bane, man.'

Having then spoke a confidential word with the porter (probably to request his connivance), and having waited until the almoner had returned into the house with slow and solemn steps, Francie Macraw introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenallan House, the gloomy gateway of which was surmounted by a huge scutcheon, in which the herald and undertaker had mingled, as usual, the emblems of human pride and of human nothingness: the Countess's hereditary coat-of-arms, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a lozenge, and surrounded by the separate shields of her paternal and maternal ancestry, intermingled with scythes, hour-glasses, skulls, and other symbols of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Conducting his friend as speedily as possible along the large paved court, Macraw led the way through a side-door to a small apartment near the servants'-hall, which, in virtue of his personal attendance upon the Earl of Glenallan, he was entitled to call his own. To produce cold meat of various kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of Francie's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of conscious dignity, the keen northern prudence which recommended a good understanding with the butler. Our mendicant envoy drank ale and talked over old stories with his comrade, until, no other topic of conversation occurring, he resolved to take up the theme of his embassy, which had for some time escaped his memory.

'He had a petition to present to the Earl,' he said; for he judged it prudent to say nothing of the ring, not knowing, as he afterwards observed, how far the manners of a single soldier might have been corrupted by service in a great house.

'Hout, tout, man,' said Francie, 'the Earl will look at nae petitions; but I can gie 't to the almoner.'

'But it relates to some secret, that maybe my lord wad like best to see 't himsell.'

'I'm jeedging that's the very reason that the almoner will be for seeing it the first and foremost.'

'But I hae come a' this way on purpose to deliver it, Francie, and ye really maun help me at a pinch.'

'Ne'er speed then if I dinna,' answered the Aberdeenshire man; 'let them be as cankered as they like, they can but turn me awa, and I was just thinking to ask my discharge and gang down to end my days at Inverurie.'

With this doughty resolution of serving his friend at all ventures, since none was to be encountered which could much inconvenience himself, Francie Macraw left the apartment. It was long before he returned, and when he did his manner indicated wonder and agitation.

'I am nae seere gin ye be Edie Ochiltree o' Carrick's company in the Forty-twa, or gin ye be the deil in his likeness!'

'And what makes ye speak in that gait?' demanded the astonished merdiant.

'Because my lord has been in sic a distress and seerpreese as I ne'er saw a man in my life. But he'll see you; I got that job cookit. He was like a man awa frae himsell for mony minutes, and I thought he wad hae swarv't a'thegither; and fan he cam' to himsell he asked fae brought the packet, and fat trow ye I said?'

'An auld soger,' says Edie; 'that does likeliest at a gentle's door; at a farmer's it's best to say ye're an auld tinkler, if ye need ony quarters, for maybe the gudewife will hae something to souther.'

'But I said ne'er ane o' the twa,' answered Francie; 'my lord cares as little about the tane as the tother, for he's best to them that can souther up our sins. Sae I e'en said the bit paper was brought by an auld man wi' a lang fite beard; he might be a capeechin freer for fat I kend, for he was dressed like an auld palmer. Sae ye'll be sent for up fanever he can find mettle to face ye.'

'I wish I was weel through this business,' thought Edie to himself; 'mony folk surmise that the Earl's no very right in the judgment, and wha can say how far he may be offended wi' me for taking upon me sae muckle?'

But there was now no room for retreat: a bell sounded from a distant part of the mansion, and Macraw said, with a smothered accent, as if already in his master's presence, 'That's my lord's bell! follow me, and step lightly and cannily, Edie.'

Edie followed his guide, who seemed to tread as if afraid of

being overheard, through a long passage and up a backstair, which admitted them into the family apartments. They were ample and extensive; furnished at such cost as showed the ancient importance and splendour of the family. But all the ornaments were in the taste of a former and distant period, and one would have almost supposed himself traversing the halls of a Scottish nobleman before the union of the crowns. The late Countess, partly from a haughty contempt of the times in which she lived, partly from her sense of family pride, had not permitted the furniture to be altered or modernised during her residence at Glenallan House. The most magnificent part of the decorations was a valuable collection of pictures by the best masters, whose massive frames were somewhat tarnished by time. In this particular also the gloomy taste of the family seemed to predominate. There were some fine family portraits by Vandyke and other masters of eminence; but the collection was richest in the Saints and Martyrdoms of Domenichino, Velasquez, and Murillo, and other subjects of the same kind, which had been selected in preference to landscapes or historical pieces. The manner in which these awful, and sometimes disgusting, subjects were represented harmonised with the gloomy state of the apartments; a circumstance which was not altogether lost on the old man, as he traversed them under the guidance of his quondam fellow-soldier. He was about to express some sentiment of this kind, but Francie imposed silence on him by signs, and, opening a door at the end of the long picture-gallery, ushered him into a small antechamber hung with black. Here they found the almoner, with his ear turned to a door opposite that by which they entered, in the attitude of one who listens with attention, but is at the same time afraid of being detected in the act.

The old domestic and churchman started when they perceived each other. But the almoner first recovered his recollection, and, advancing towards Macraw, said under his breath, but with an authoritative tone, 'How dare you approach the Earl's apartment without knocking? and who is this stranger, or what has he to do here? Retire to the gallery, and wait for me there.'

'It's impossible just now to attend your reverence,' answered Macraw, raising his voice so as to be heard in the next room, being conscious that the priest would not maintain the altercation within hearing of his patron; 'the Earl's bell has rung.'

He had scarce uttered the words when it was rung again

with greater violence than before ; and the ecclesiastic, perceiving further expostulation impossible, lifted his finger at Macraw with a menacing attitude, as he left the apartment.

‘I tell’d ye sae,’ said the Aberdeen man in a whisper to Edie, and then proceeded to open the door near which they had observed the chaplain stationed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

This ring —
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of Pleasure to my fears,
Conjured the sense of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself.

The Fatal Marriage.

THE ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glenallan House, notwithstanding the obduracy with which the members of the family were popularly supposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the fatal letter announcing the death of her second, and, as was once believed, her favourite son, the hand of the Countess did not shake nor her eyelid twinkle, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business. Heaven only knows whether the suppression of maternal sorrow which her pride commanded might not have some effect in hastening her own death. It was at least generally supposed that the apoplectic stroke which so soon afterwards terminated her existence was, as it were, the vengeance of outraged nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. But, although Lady Glenallan forbore the usual external signs of grief, she had caused many of the apartments, amongst others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the exterior trappings of woe.

The Earl of Glenallan was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black baize, placed towards the high and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, that represented, with such skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and sorrows of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light

which arises from the mingling of artificial lustre with that of general daylight. The same table displayed a silver crucifix and one or two clasped parchment books. A large picture, exquisitely painted by Spagnoletto, represented the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

The inhabitant and lord of this disconsolate chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of manhood; and when he hastily arose and advanced towards his visitor the exertion seemed almost to overpower his emaciated frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was very striking. The hale cheek, firm step, erect stature, and undaunted presence and bearing of the old mendicant, indicated patience and content in the extremity of age, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and tottering form of the nobleman with whom he was confronted, showed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that which gives repose to the mind and firmness to the frame.

The Earl met the old man in the middle of the room, and, having commanded his attendant to withdraw into the gallery, and suffer no one to enter the antechamber till he rung the bell, awaited, with hurried yet fearful impatience, until he heard first the door of his apartment and then that of the antechamber shut and fastened by the spring-bolt. When he was satisfied with this security against being overheard, Lord Glenallan came close up to the mendicant, whom he probably mistook for some person of a religious order in disguise, and said, in a hasty yet faltering tone, 'In the name of all our religion holds most holy, tell me, reverend father, what I am to expect from a communication opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections?'

The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to undeceive him. 'Tell me,' continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing trepidation and agony — 'tell me, do you come to say that all that has been done to expiate guilt so horrible has been too little and too trivial for the offence, and to point out new and more efficacious modes of severe penance? I will not blench from it, father; let me suffer the pains of my crime here in the body, rather than hereafter in the spirit!'

Edie had now recollection enough to perceive that, if he did not interrupt the frankness of Lord Glenallan's admissions, he was likely to become the confidant of more than might be safe for him to know. He therefore uttered with a hasty and trembling voice — 'Your lordship's honour is mistaken: I am not of your persuasion nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, only puir Edie Ochiltree, the king's bedesman and your honour's.'

This explanation he accompanied by a profound bow after his manner, and then, drawing himself up erect, rested his arm on his staff, threw back his long white hair, and fixed his eyes upon the Earl, as he waited for an answer.

'And you are not, then,' said Lord Glenallan, after a pause of surprise — 'you are not then a Catholic priest?'

'God forbid!' said Edie, forgetting in his confusion to whom he was speaking; 'I am only the king's bedesman and your honour's, as I said before.'

The Earl turned hastily away and paced the room twice or thrice, as if to recover the effects of his mistake, and then, coming close up to the mendicant, he demanded, in a stern and commanding tone, what he meant by intruding himself on his privacy, and from whence he had got the ring which he had thought proper to send him. Edie, a man of much spirit, was less daunted at this mode of interrogation than he had been confused by the tone of confidence in which the Earl had opened their conversation. To the reiterated question from whom he had obtained the ring, he answered composedly, 'From one who was better known to the Earl than to him.'

'Better known to me, fellow?' said Lord Glenallan; 'what is your meaning? Explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequence of breaking in upon the hours of family distress.'

'It was auld Elspeth Mucklebackit that sent me here,' said the beggar, 'in order to say —'

'You dote, old man!' said the Earl; 'I never heard the name; but this dreadful token reminds me —'

'I mind now, my lord,' said Ochiltree; 'she tauld me your lordship would be mair familiar wi' her if I ca'd her Elspeth o' the Craighburnfoot. She had that name when she lived on your honour's land, that is, your honour's worshipful mother's that was then. Grace be wi' her!'

'Ay,' said the appalled nobleman, as his countenance sunk, and his cheek assumed a hue yet more cadaverous, 'that name

is indeed written in the most tragic page of a deplorable history. But what can she desire of me? Is she dead or living?’

‘Living, my lord; and entreats to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon her very soul, and she says she canna flit in peace until she sees you.’

‘Not until she sees me! what can that mean? but she is doting with age and infirmity. I tell thee, friend, I called at her cottage myself, not a twelvemonth since, from a report that she was in distress, and she did not even know my face or voice.’

‘If your honour wad permit me,’ said Edie, to whom the length of the conference restored a part of his professional audacity and native talkativeness — ‘if your honour wad but permit me, I wad say, under correction of your lordship’s better judgment, that auld Elspeth’s like some of the ancient ruined strengths and castles that ane sees amang the hills. There are mony parts of her mind that appear, as I may say, laid waste and decayed, but then there’s parts that look the steever and the stronger and the grander because they are rising just like to fragments amang the ruins o’ the rest. She’s an awful woman.’

‘She always was so,’ said the Earl, almost unconsciously echoing the observation of the mendicant — ‘she always was different from other women, likest perhaps to her who is now no more in her temper and turn of mind. She wishes to see me, then?’

‘Before she dies,’ said Edie, ‘she earnestly entreats that pleasure.’

‘It will be a pleasure to neither of us,’ said the Earl, sternly, ‘yet she shall be gratified. She lives, I think, on the seashore to the southward of Fairport?’

‘Just between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock Castle, but nearer to Monkbarns. Your lordship’s honour will ken the Laird and Sir Arthur, doubtless?’

A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenallan’s answer. Edie saw his mind was elsewhere, and did not venture to repeat a query which was so little germane to the matter.

‘Are you a Catholic, old man?’ demanded the Earl.

‘No, my lord,’ said Ochiltree, stoutly, for the remembrance of the unequal division of the dole rose in his mind at the moment; ‘I thank Heaven I am a good Protestant.’

'He who can conscientiously call himself *good* has indeed reason to thank Heaven, be his form of Christianity what it will. But who is he that shall dare to do so?'

'Not I,' said Edie; 'I trust to beware of the sin of presumption.'

'What was your trade in your youth?' continued the Earl.

'A soldier, my lord; and mony a sair day's kemping I've seen. I was to have been made a sergeant, but——'

'A soldier! then you have slain and burnt, and sacked and spoiled?'

'I winna say,' replied Edie, 'that I have been better than my neighbours: it's a rough trade; war's sweet to them that never tried it.'

'And you are now old and miserable, asking from precarious charity the food which in your youth you tore from the hand of the poor peasant?'

'I am a beggar, it is true, my lord; but I am nae just sae miserable neither. For my sins, I hae had grace to repent of them, if I might say sae, and to lay them where they may be better borne than by me; and for my food, naebody grudges an auld man a bit and a drink. Sae I live as I can, and am contented to die when I am ca'd upon.'

'And thus, then, with little to look back upon that is pleasant or praiseworthy in your past life, with less to look forward to on this side of eternity, you are contented to drag out the rest of your existence. Go, begone; and, in your age and poverty and weariness, never envy the lord of such a mansion as this, either in his sleeping or waking moments. Here is something for thee.'

The Earl put into the old man's hand five or six guineas. Edie would, perhaps, have stated his scruples, as upon other occasions, to the amount of the benefaction; but the tone of Lord Glenallan was too absolute to admit of either answer or dispute. The Earl then called his servant—'See this old man safe from the castle, let no one ask him any questions; and you, friend, begone, and forget the road that leads to my house.'

'That would be difficult for me,' said Edie, looking at the gold which he still held in his hand—'that would be e'en difficult, since your honour has gien me such gude cause to remember it.'

Lord Glenallan stared, as hardly comprehending the old man's boldness in daring to bandy words with him, and with his hand made him another signal of departure, which the mendicant instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER XXIX

For he was one in all their idle sport,
And, like a monarch, ruled their little court ;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all.

CRABBE'S *Village*.

FRANCIS MACRAW, agreeably to the commands of his master, attended the mendicant, in order to see him fairly out of the estate without permitting him to have conversation or intercourse with any of the Earl's dependents or domestics. But, judiciously considering that the restriction did not extend to himself, who was the person entrusted with the convoy, he used every measure in his power to extort from Edie the nature of his confidential and secret interview with Lord Glenallan. But Edie had been in his time accustomed to cross-examinations, and easily evaded those of his quondam comrade. 'The secrets of grit folk,' said Ochiltree within himself, 'are just like the wild beasts that are shut up in cages. Keep them hard and fast sneeked up, and it's a' very weel or better; but anes let them out, they will turn and rend you. I mind how ill Dugald Gunn cam aff for letting loose his tongue about the Major's leddy and Captain Bandilier.'

Francie was therefore foiled in his assaults upon the fidelity of the mendicant, and, like an indifferent chess-player, became at every unsuccessful movement more liable to the counter-checks of his opponent.

'Sae ye uphould ye had nae particulars to say to my lord but about your ain matters?'

'Ay, and about the wee bits o' things I had brought frae abroad,' said Edie. 'I kend you papist folk are unco set on the relics that are fetched frae far — kirks and sae forth.'

'Troth, my lord maun be turned feel outright,' said the domestic, 'an he puts himsell into sic a cürfuffle for ony thing ye could bring him, Edie.'

'I doubtna ye may say true in the main, neighbour,' replied the beggar; 'but maybe he's had some hard play in his younger days, Francie, and that whiles unsettles folk sair.'

'Troth, Edie, and ye may say that; and since it's like ye'll ne'er come back to the estate, or, if ye dee, that ye'll no find me there, I'se e'en tell you he had a heart in his young time sae wrecked and rent that it's a wonder it hasna broken out-right lang afore this day.'

'Ay, say ye sae?' said Ochiltree; 'that maun hae been about a woman, I reckon?'

'Troth, and ye hae guessed it,' said Francie, 'jeest a cusin o' his nain, Miss Eveline Neville, as they suld hae ca'd her; there was a sough in the country about it, but it was hushed up, as the grandees were concerned. It's mair than twenty years syne; ay, it will be three-and-twenty.'

'Ay, I was in America then,' said the mendicant, 'and no in the way to hear the country clashes.'

'There was little clash about it, man,' replied Macraw; 'he liked this young leddy, and suld hae married her, but his mother fand it out, and then the deil gaed o'er Jock Wabster. At last the peer lass cloddied hersell o'er the scaur at the Craighburnfoot into the sea, and there was an end o't.'

'An end o't wi' the puir leddy,' said the mendicant, 'but, as I rackon, nae end o't wi' the yerl.'

'Nae end o't till his life makes an end,' answered the Aberdonian.

'But what for did the auld Countess forbid the marriage?' continued the persevering querist.

'Fat for? she maybe didna weel ken for fat hersell, for she gar'd a' bow to her bidding, right or wrang. But it was kend the young leddy was inclined to some o' the heresies of the country; mair by token, she was sib to him nearer than our Church's rule admits of. Sae the leddy was driven to the desperate act, and the yerl has never since held his head up like a man.'

'Weel away!' replied Ochiltree; 'it's e'en queer I ne'er heard this tale afore.'

'It's e'en queer that ye hear it now, for deil ane o' the servants durst hae spoken o't had the auld Countess been living. Eh! man, Edie, but she was a trimmer, it wad hae taen a skeely man to hae squared wi' her! But she's in her grave, and we may loose our tongues a bit fan we meet a friend. But fare ye weel, Edie, I maun be back to the evening

service. An ye come to Inverurie maybe sax months awa, dinna forget to ask after Francie Macraw.'

What one kindly pressed the other as firmly promised; and the friends having thus parted with every testimony of mutual regard, the domestic of Lord Glenallan took his road back to the seat of his master, leaving Ochiltree to trace onward his habitual pilgrimage.

It was a fine summer evening, and the world, that is, the little circle which was all in all to the individual by whom it was trodden, lay before Edie Ochiltree, for the choosing of his night's quarters. When he had passed the less hospitable domains of Glenallan, he had in his option so many places of refuge for the evening that he was nice and even fastidious in the choice. Ailie Sim's public was on the roadside about a mile before him; but there would be a parcel of young fellows there on the Saturday night, and that was a bar to civil conversation. Other 'gudemen' and 'gudewives,' as the farmers and their dames are termed in Scotland, successively presented themselves to his imagination. But one was deaf, and could not hear him; another toothless, and could not make him hear; a third had a cross temper; and a fourth an ill-natured house-dog. At Monkbarns or Knockwinnock he was sure of a favourable and hospitable reception; but they lay too distant to be conveniently reached that night.

'I dinna ken how it is,' said the old man, 'but I am nicer about my quarters this night than ever I mind having been in my life. I think having seen a' the brows yonder, and finding out ane may be happier without them, has made me proud o' my ain lot; but I wuss it bode me gude, for pride goeth before destruction. At ony rate, the warst barn e'er man lay in wad be a pleasanter abode than Glenallan House, wi' a' the pictures and black velvet and silver bonnie wawlies belanging to it. Sae I'll e'en settle at ance and put in for Ailie Sim's.'

As the old man descended the hill above the little hamlet to which he was bending his course, the setting sun had relieved its inmates from their labour, and the young men, availing themselves of the fine evening, were engaged in the sport of long-bowls on a patch of common, while the women and elders looked on. The shout, the laugh, the exclamations of winners and losers came in blended chorus up the path which Ochiltree was descending, and awakened in his recollection the days when he himself had been a keen competitor, and frequently victor,

in games of strength and agility. These remembrances seldom fail to excite a sigh, even when the evening of life is cheered by brighter prospects than those of our poor mendicant. 'At that time of day,' was his natural reflection, 'I would have thought as little about ony auld palmering body that was coming down the edge of Kinblythemont as ony o' thae stalwart young chieils does e'enow about auld Edie Ochiltree.'

He was, however, presently cheered by finding that more importance was attached to his arrival than his modesty had anticipated. A disputed cast had occurred between the bands of players, and, as the gauger favoured the one party and the schoolmaster the other, the matter might be said to be taken up by the higher powers. The miller and smith also had espoused different sides, and, considering the vivacity of two such disputants, there was reason to doubt whether the strife might be amicably terminated. But the first person who caught a sight of the mendicant exclaimed, 'Ah! here comes auld Edie, that ken's the rules of a' country games better than ony man that ever drave a bowl or threw an axle-tree, or putted a stané either. Let's hae nae quarrelling, callants; we'll stand by auld Edie's judgment.'

Edie was accordingly welcomed and installed as umpire with a general shout of gratulation. With all the modesty of a bishop to whom the mitre is proffered, or of a new Speaker called to the chair, the old man declined the high trust and responsibility with which it was proposed to invest him, and in requital for his self-denial and humility had the pleasure of receiving the reiterated assurances of young, old, and middle-aged that he was simply the best qualified person for the office of arbiter 'in the haill country-side.' Thus encouraged, he proceeded gravely to the execution of his duty, and, strictly forbidding all aggravating expressions on either side, he heard the smith and gauger on one side, the miller and schoolmaster on the other, as junior and senior counsel. Edie's mind, however, was fully made up on the subject before the pleading began, like that of many a judge, who must nevertheless go through all the forms, and endure in its full extent the eloquence and argumentation of the bar. For when all had been said on both sides, and much of it said over oftener than once, our senior, being well and ripely advised, pronounced the moderate and healing judgment that the disputed cast was a drawn one, and should therefore count to neither party. This judicious decision restored concord to the field of players; they began

anew to arrange their match and their bets, with the clamorous mirth usual on such occasions of village sport, and the more eager were already stripping their jackets and committing them, with their coloured handkerchiefs, to the care of wives, sisters, and mistresses. But their mirth was singularly interrupted.

On the outside of the group of players began to arise sounds of a description very different from those of sport; that sort of suppressed sigh and exclamation with which the first news of calamity is received by the hearers began to be heard indistinctly. A buzz went about among the women of 'Eh, sirs! sae young and sae suddenly summoned!' It then extended itself among the men, and silenced the sounds of sportive mirth. All understood at once that some disaster had happened in the country, and each inquired the cause at his neighbour, who knew as little as the querist. At length the rumour reached in a distinct shape the ears of Edie Ochiltree, who was in the very centre of the assembly. The boat of Mucklebackit, the fisherman whom we have so often mentioned, had been swamped at sea, and four men had perished, it was affirmed, including Mucklebackit and his son. Rumour had in this, however, as in other cases, gone beyond the truth. The boat had indeed been upset; but Stephen, or, as he was called, Steenie Mucklebackit, was the only man who had been drowned. Although the place of his residence and his mode of life removed the young man from the society of the country folks, yet they failed not to pause in their rustic mirth to pay that tribute to sudden calamity which it seldom fails to receive in cases of infrequent occurrence. To Ochiltree, in particular, the news came like a knell, the rather that he had so lately engaged this young man's assistance in an affair of sportive mischief; and, though neither loss nor injury was designed to the German adept, yet the work was not precisely one in which the latter hours of life ought to be occupied.

Misfortunes never come alone. While Ochiltree, pensively leaning upon his staff, added his regrets to those of the hamlet which bewailed the young man's sudden death, and internally blamed himself for the transaction in which he had so lately engaged him, the old man's collar was seized by a peace-officer, who displayed his baton in his right hand and exclaimed, 'In the king's name.'

The gauger and schoolmaster united their rhetoric to prove to the constable and his assistant that he had no right to arrest the king's bedesman as a vagrant; and the mute elo-

quence of the miller and smith, which was vested in their clenched fists, was prepared to give Highland bail for their arbiter; 'his blue gown,' they said, 'was his warrant for travelling the country.'

'But his blue gown,' answered the officer, 'is nae protection for assault, robbery, and murder; and my warrant is against him for these crimes.'

'Murder!' said Edie — 'murder! wha did I e'er murder?'

'Mr. German Doustercivil, the agent at Glen Withershins mining-works.'

'Murder Dustersnível! hout, he's living and life-like, man.'

'Nae thanks to you if he be; he had a sair struggle for his life, if a' be true he tells, and ye maun answer for 't at the bidding of the law.'

The defenders of the mendicant shrunk back at hearing the atrocity of the charges against him, but more than one kind hand thrust meat and bread and pence upon Edie, to maintain him in the prison to which the officers were about to conduct him.

'Thanks to ye, God bless ye a', bairns! I've gotten out o' mony a snare when I was waur deserving o' deliverance; I shall escape like a bird from the fowler. Play out your play and never mind me. I am mair grieved for the puir lad, that's gane than for aught they can do to me.'

Accordingly, the unresisting prisoner was led off, while he mechanically accepted and stored in his wallets the alms which poured in on every hand, and ere he left the hamlet was as deep-laden as a government victualler. The labour of bearing this accumulating burden was, however, abridged by the officer, procuring a cart and horse to convey the old man to a magistrate, in order to his examination and committal.

The disaster of Steenie and the arrest of Edie put a stop to the sports of the village, the pensive inhabitants of which began to speculate upon the vicissitudes of human affairs, which had so suddenly consigned one of their comrades to the grave and placed their master of the revels in some danger of being hanged. The character of Dousterswivel being pretty generally known, which was in his case equivalent to being pretty generally detested, there were many speculations upon the probability of the accusation being malicious. But all agreed that, if Edie Ochiltree behaved in all events to suffer upon this occasion, it was a great pity he had not better merited his fate by killing Dousterswivel outright.

CHAPTER XXX

Who is he? One that for the lack of land
Shall fight upon the water: he hath challenged
Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles
Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth.
He tilted with a sword-fish. Marry, sir,
Th' aquatic had the best: the argument
Still galls our champion's breech.

Old Play.

AND the poor young fellow, Steenie Mucklebackit, is to be buried this morning,' said our old friend the Anti-quary, as he exchanged his quilted nightgown for an old-fashioned black coat in lieu of the snuff-colored vestment which he ordinarily wore; 'and I presume it is expected that I should attend the funeral?'

'Ou ay,' answered the faithful Caxon, officiously brushing the white threads and specks from his patron's habit; 'the body, God help us, was sae broken against the rocks that they're fain to hurry the burial. The sea's a kittle cast, as I tell my daughter, puir thing, when I want her to get up her spirits: "The sea," says I, "Jenny, is as uncertain a calling——"'

'As the calling of an old periwig-maker, that's robbed of his business by crops and the powder-tax. Caxon, thy topics of consolation are as ill chosen as they are foreign to the present purpose. *Quid mihi cum fœmina?* What have I to do with thy womankind, who have enough and to spare of mine own? I pray of you again, am I expected by these poor people to attend the funeral of their son?'

'Ou, doubtless your honour is expected,' answered Caxon; 'weel I wot ye are expected. Ye ken in this country ilka gentleman is wussed to be sae civil as to see the corpse aff his grounds. Ye needna gang higher than the loan head; it's no expected your honour suld leave the land; it's just a Kelso convoy, a step and a half ower the door-stane.'

'A Kelso convoy!' echoed the inquisitive Antiquary; 'and why a Kelso convoy more than any other?'

'Dear sir,' answered Caxon, 'how should I ken? it's just a bye-word.'

'Caxon,' answered Oldbuck, 'thou art a mere periwig-maker. Had I asked Ochiltree the question, he would have had a legend ready made to my hand.'

'My business,' replied Caxon, with more animation than he commonly displayed, 'is with the outside of your honour's head, as ye are accustomed to say.'

'True Caxon, true; and it is no reproach to a thatcher that he is not an upholsterer.'

He then took out his memorandum-book and wrote down: 'Kelso convoy, said to be a step and a half ower the threshold. Authority, Caxon. *Quære*, Whence derived? *Mem.* To write to Dr. Graysteel upon the subject.'

Having made this entry, he resumed — 'And truly, as to this custom of the landlord attending the body of the peasant, I approve it, Caxon. It comes from ancient times, and was founded deep in the notions of mutual aid and dependence between the lord and cultivator of the soil. And herein, I must say, the feudal system — as also in its courtesy towards woman-kind, in which it exceeded — herein, I say, the feudal usages mitigated and softened the sternness of classical times. No man, Caxon, ever heard of a Spartan attending the funeral of a helot; yet I dare be sworn that John of the Girnell — ye have heard of him, Caxon?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' answered Caxon; 'naebody can hae been lang in your honour's company without hearing of that gentleman.'

'Well,' continued the Antiquary, 'I would bet a trifle there was not a *kolb kerl*, or bondsman, or peasant, *ascriptus glebae*, died upon the monks' territories down here but John of the Girnell saw them fairly and decently interred.'

'Ay, but if it like your honour, they say he had mair to do wi' the births than the burials. Ha! ha! ha!' with a gleeful chuckle.

'Good, Caxon! very good! why, you shine this morning.'

'And besides,' added Caxon, silyly, encouraged by his patron's approbation, 'they say too that the Catholic priests in thae times gat something for ganging about to burials.'

'Right, Caxon, right as my glove — by the by, I fancy that phrase comes from the custom of pledging a glove as the signal of irrefragable faith — right, I say, as my glove, Caxon; but

we of the Protestant ascendancy hate the more craft it doing that duty for nothing which cost money in the reign of that empress of superstition whom Spenser, O'Connell, terms in his allegorical phrase,

The daughter of that power blind,
Alone, daughter of Cloven-shoe.

But why talk I of these things to thee? My poor Laurel has spoiled me, and taught me to speak aloud when it is much the same as speaking to myself. Where's my nephew, Hector McIntyre?

'He's in the parlour, sir, wi' the ladies.'

'Very well,' said the Antiquary, 'I will take me thither.'

'Now, Monkbarrow,' said his sister, on his entering the parlour, 'ye maunna be angry.'

'My dear uncle!' began Miss McIntyre.

'What's the meaning of all this?' said Oldbuck, in alarm of some impending bad news, and arguing up in the supplicating tone of the ladies, as a fortress apprehends an attack from the very first flourish of the trumpet which announces the commons — 'what's all this? What do you bespeak my patience for?'

'No particular matter, I should hope, sir,' said Hector, who, with his arm in a sling, was seated at the breakfast-table; 'however, whatever it may amount to, I am answerable for it, as I am for much more trouble that I have occasioned, and for which I have little more than thanks to offer.'

'No, no! heartily welcome, heartily welcome; only let it be a warning to you,' said the Antiquary, 'against your fits of anger, which is a short madness — *Ira furor brevis*. But what is this new disaster?'

'My dog, sir, has unfortunately thrown down ——'

'If it please Heaven, not the lachrymatory from Clochnabhen!' interjected Oldbuck.

'Indeed, uncle,' said the young lady, 'I am afraid — it was that which stood upon the sideboard; the poor thing only meant to eat the pat of fresh butter.'

'In which she has fully succeeded, I presume, for I see that on the table is salted. But that is nothing; my lachrymatory, the main pillar of my theory, on which I rested to show, in despite of the ignorant obstinacy of Mac-Cribb, that the Romans had passed the defiles of these mountains, and left behind them traces of their arts and arms, is gone — annihilated

—reduced to such fragments as might be the shreds of a broken — flowerpot !

Hector, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.'

'Why, really, sir, I am afraid I should make a bad figure in a regiment of your raising.'

'At least, Hector, I would have you despatch your camp train, and travel *expeditus* or *relictis impedimentis*. You cannot conceive how I am annoyed by this beast. She commits burglary, I believe, for I heard her charged with breaking into the kitchen after all the doors were locked, and eating up a shoulder of mutton.' (Our readers, if they chauce to remember Jenny Rintherout's precaution of leaving the door open when she went down to the fisher's cottage, will probably acquit poor Juno of that aggravation of guilt which the lawyers call a *claustrum fregit*, and which makes the distinction between burglary and privately stealing.)

'I am truly sorry, sir,' said Hector, 'that Juno has committed so much disorder; but Jack Muirhead, the breaker, was never able to bring her under command. She has more travel than any bitch I ever knew, but ——'

'Then, Hector, I wish the bitch would travel herself out of my grounds.'

'We will both of us retreat to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in unkindness about a paltry pipkin.'

'O brother, brother!' ejaculated Miss M'Intyre, in utter despair at this vituperative epithet.

'Why, what would you have me call it?' continued Hector; 'it was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wine or sherbert or water. I brought home a pair of them; I might have brought home twenty.'

'What!' said Oldbuck, 'shaped such as that your dog threw down?'

'Yes, sir, much such a sort of earthen jar as that which was on the sideboard. They are in my lodgings at Fairport; we brought a parcel of them to cool our wine on the passage; they answer wonderfully well. If I could think they would in any degree repay your loss, or rather that they could afford you pleasure, I am sure I should be much honored by your accepting them.'

'Indeed, my dear boy, I should be highly gratified by posses-

sing them. To trace the connexion of nations by their usages, and the similarity of the implements which they employ, has been long my favourite study. Everything that can illustrate such connexions is most valuable to me.'

'Well, sir, I shall be much gratified by your acceptance of them, and a few trifles of the same kind. And now, am I to hope you have forgiven me?'

'O, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish.'

'But Juno, she is only thoughtless too, I assure you; the breaker tells me she has no vice or stubbornness.'

'Well, I grant Juno also a free pardon — conditioned, that you will imitate her in avoiding vice and stubbornness, and that henceforward she banish herself forth of Monkarns parlour.'

'Then, uncle,' said the soldier, 'I should have been very sorry and ashamed to propose to you anything in the way of expiation of my own sins, or those of my follower, that I thought *worth* your acceptance; but now, as all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan nephew, to whom you have been a father, to offer you a trifle, which I have been assured is really curious, and which only the cross accident of my wound has prevented my delivering to you before? I got it from a French savant, to whom I rendered some service after the Alexandria affair.'

The captain put a small ring-case into the Antiquary's hands, which, when opened, was found to contain an antique ring of massive gold, with a cameo, most beautifully executed, bearing a head of Cleopatra. The Antiquary broke forth into unrepressed ecstasy, shook his nephew cordially by the hand, thanked him an hundred times, and showed the ring to his sister and niece, the latter of whom had the tact to give it sufficient admiration; but Miss Griselda (though she had the same affection for her nephew) had not address enough to follow the lead.

'It's a bonny thing,' she said, 'Monkbarns, and, I daresay, a valuable; but it's out o' my way. Ye ken I am nae judge o' sic matters.'

'There spoke all Fairport in one voice!' exclaimed Oldbuck; 'it is the very spirit of the borough has infected us all: I think I have smelled the smoke these two days that the wind has stuck, like a *remora*, in the north-east, and its prejudices fly farther than its vapours. Believe me, my dear Hector, were I to walk up the High Street of Fairport, displaying this

inestimable gem in the eyes of each one I met, no human creature, from the provost to the town-crier, would stop to ask me its history. But if I carried a bale of linen cloth under my arm, I could not penetrate to the Horsemarket ere I should be overwhelmed with queries about its precise texture and price. O, one might parody their brutal ignorance in the words of Gray :

Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of wit and sense,
Dull garment of defensive proof
'Gainst all that doth not gather pence.'

The most remarkable proof of this peace-offering being quite acceptable was that, while the Antiquary was in full declamation, Juno, who held him in awe, according to the remarkable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, had peeped several times into the room, and, encountering nothing very forbidding in his aspect, had at length presumed to introduce her full person, and finally, becoming bold by impunity, she actually ate up Mr. Oldbuck's toast, as, looking first at one then at another of his audience, he repeated with self-complacency,

'Weave the warp and weave the woof, —

You remember the passage in the *Fatal Sisters*, which, by the way, is not so fine as in the original. But, hey-day! my toast has vanished! I see which way. Ah, thou type of womankind, no wonder they take offence at thy generic appellation!' (So saying, he shook his fist at Juno, who scoured out of the parlour.) 'However, as Jupiter, according to Homer, could not rule Juno in heaven, and as Jack Muirhead, according to Hector M'Intyre, has been equally unsuccessful on earth, I suppose she must have her own way.' And this mild censure the brother and sister justly accounted a full pardon for Juno's offences, and sate down well pleased to the morning meal.

When breakfast was over the Antiquary proposed to his nephew to go down with him to attend the funeral. The soldier pleaded the want of a mourning habit.

'O that does not signify; your presence is all that is requisite. I assure you, you will see something that will entertain — no, that's an improper phrase — but that will interest you, from the resemblances which I will point out betwixt popular customs on such occasions and those of the ancients.'

'Heaven forgive me!' thought M'Intyre; 'I shall certainly misbehave, and lose all the credit I have so lately and accidentally gained.'

When they set out, schooled as he was by the warning and entreating looks of his sister, the soldier made his resolution strong to give no offence by evincing inattention or impatience. But our best resolutions are frail when opposed to our predominant inclinations. Our Antiquary, to leave nothing unexplained, had commenced with the funeral rites of the ancient Scandinavians, when his nephew interrupted him in a discussion upon the 'age of hills,' to remark that a large sea-gull which flitted around them had come twice within shot. This error being acknowledged and pardoned, Oldbuck resumed his disquisition.

'These are circumstances you ought to attend to and be familiar with, my dear Hector; for, in the strange contingencies of the present war which agitates every corner of Europe, there is no knowing where you may be called upon to serve. If in Norway, for example, or Denmark, or any part of the ancient Scania, or Scandinavia, as we term it, what could be more convenient than to have at your fingers' ends the history and antiquities of that ancient country, the *officina gentium*, the mother of modern Europe, the nursery of those heroes,

Stern to inflict and stubborn to endure,
Who smiled in death?

How animating, for example, at the conclusion of a weary march, to find yourself in the vicinity of a Runie monument, and discover that you had pitched your tent beside the tomb of a hero!

'I am afraid, sir, our mess would be better supplied if it chanced to be in the neighbourhood of a good poultry-yard.'

'Alas, that you should say so! No wonder the days of Cressy and Agincourt are no more, when respect for ancient valour has died away in the breasts of the British soldiery.'

'By no means, sir — by no manner of means. I daresay that Edward and Henry, and the rest of these heroes, thought of their dinner, however, before they thought of examining an old tombstone. But I assure you we are by no means insensible to the memory of our fathers' fame; I used often of an evening to get old Rory M'Alpin to sing us songs out of Ossian about the battles of Fingal and Lamon Mor, and Magnus and the spirit of Muirartach.'

‘And did you believe,’ asked the aroused Antiquary — ‘did you absolutely believe that stuff of Macpherson’s to be really ancient, you simple boy?’

‘Believe it, sir? how could I but believe it, when I have heard the songs sung from my infancy?’

‘But not the same as Macpherson’s English Ossian; you’re not absurd enough to say that, I hope?’ said the Antiquary, his brow darkening with wrath.

But Hector stoutly abode the storm; like many a sturdy Celt, he imagined the honour of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of these popular poems, and would have fought knee-deep, or forfeited life and land, rather than have given up a line of them. He therefore undauntedly maintained that Rory M’Alpin could repeat the whole book from one end to another; and it was only upon cross-examination that he explained an assertion so general by adding, ‘At least, if he was allowed whisky enough, he could repeat as long as anybody would hearken to him.’

‘Ay, ay,’ said the Antiquary; ‘and that, I suppose, was not very long.’

‘Why, we had our duty, sir, to attend to, and could not sit listening all night to a piper.’

‘But do you recollect, now,’ said Oldbuck, setting his teeth firmly together, and speaking without opening them, which was his custom when contradicted — ‘do you recollect, now, any of these verses you thought so beautiful and interesting, being a capital judge, no doubt, of such things?’

‘I don’t pretend to much skill, uncle; but it’s not very reasonable to be angry with me for admiring the antiquities of my own country more than those of the Harolds, Harfagers, and Hacos you are so fond of.’

‘Why, these, sir — these mighty and unconquered Goths — were your ancestors! The bare-breeched Celts whom they subdued, and suffered only to exist, like a fearful people, in the crevices of the rocks, were but their *mancipia* and serfs!’

Hector’s brow now grew red in his turn. ‘Sir,’ he said, ‘I don’t understand the meaning of *mancipia* and serfs, but I conceive such names are very improperly applied to Scotch Highlanders. No man but my mother’s brother dared to have used such language in my presence; and I pray you will observe that I consider it as neither hospitable, handsome, kind, nor generous usage towards your guest and your kinsman. My ancestors, Mr. Oldbuck —’

'Were great and gallant chiefs, I daresay, Hector ; and really I did not mean to give you such immense offence in treating a point of remote antiquity, a subject on which I always am myself cool, deliberate, and unimpassioned. But you are as hot and hasty as if you were Hector and Achilles and Agamemnon to boot.'

'I am sorry I expressed myself so hastily, uncle, especially to you, who have been so generous and good. But my ancestors ——'

'No more about it, lad ; I meant them no affront, none.'

'I am glad of it, sir ; for the house of M'Intyre ——'

'Peace be with them all, every man of them,' said the Antiquary. 'But to return to our subject. Do you recollect, I say, any of those poems which afforded you such amusement ?'

'Very hard this,' thought M'Intyre, 'that he will speak with such glee of everything which is ancient excepting my family.' Then, after some efforts at recollection, he added aloud, 'Yes, sir, I think I do remember some lines ; but you do not understand the Gaelic language.'

'And will readily excuse hearing it. But you can give me some idea of the sense in our own vernacular idiom ?'

'I shall prove a wretched interpreter,' said M'Intyre, running over the original, well garnished with 'agues,' 'aughes,' and 'oughs,' and similar gutturals, and then coughing and hawking as if the translation stuck in his throat. At length, having premised that the poem was a dialogue between the poet Oisín, or Ossian, and Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland, and that it was difficult, if not impossible, to render the exquisite felicity of the first two or three lines, he said the sense was to this purpose :

'Patrick the psalm-singer,
Since you will not listen to one of my stories,
Though you never heard it before,
I am sorry to tell you
You are little better than an ass ——'

'Good ! good !' exclaimed the Antiquary ; 'but go on. Why, this is, after all, the most admirable fooling ; I daresay the poet was very right. What says the saint ?'

'He replies in character,' said M'Intyre ; 'but you should hear M'Alpin sing the original. The speeches of Ossian come in upon a strong deep bass ; those of Patrick are upon a tenor key.'

'Like M'Alpin's drone and small pipes, I suppose,' said Oldbuck. 'Well ? Pray, go on.'

'Well then, Patrick replies to Ossian :

Upon my word, son of Fingal,
While I am warbling the psalms,
The clamour of your old women's tales
Disturbs my devotional exercises.'

'Excellent! why, this is better and better. I hope Saint Patrick sung better than Blattergowl's precentor, or it would be hang-choice between the poet and psalmist. But what I admire is the courtesy of these two eminent persons towards each other. It is a pity there should not be a word of this in Macpherson's translation.'

'If you are sure of that,' said M'Intyre, gravely, 'he must have taken very unwarrantable liberties with his original.'

'It will go near to be thought so shortly; but pray proceed.'

'Then,' said M'Intyre, 'this is the answer of Ossian :

Dare you compare your psalms,
You son of a ———

'Son of a what!' exclaimed Oldbuck.

'It means, I think,' said the young soldier, with some reluctance, 'son of a female dog :

Do you compare your psalms
To the tales of the bare-arm'd Fenians?'

'Are you sure you are translating that last epithet correctly, Hector?'

'Quite sure, sir,' answered Hector, doggedly.

'Because I should have thought the nudity might have been quoted as existing in a different part of the body.'

Disdaining to reply to this insinuation, Hector proceeded in his recitation :

'I shall think it no great harm
To wring your bald head from your shoulders ———

But what is that yonder?' exclaimed Hector, interrupting himself.

'One of the herd of Proteus,' said the Antiquary, 'a *phoca* or seal lying asleep on the beach.'

Upon which M'Intyre, with the eagerness of a young sportsman, totally forgot both Ossian, Patrick, his uncle, and his wound, and exclaiming, 'I shall have her! I shall have her!' snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished

Antiquary, at some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, to which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly retreating.

Not Sancho, when his master interrupted his account of the combatants of Pentapolin with the naked arm to advance in person to the charge of the flock of sheep, stood more confounded than Oldbuck at this sudden escapade of his nephew.

'Is the devil in him,' was his first exclamation, 'to go to disturb the brute that was never thinking of him?' Then elevating his voice, 'Hector, nephew, fool, let alone the *phoca* — let alone the *phoca*; they bite, I tell you, like furies. He minds me no more than a post; there — there they are at it. Gad, the *phoca* has the best of it! I am glad to see it,' said he, in the bitterness of his heart, though really alarmed for his nephew's safety — 'I am glad to see it, with all my heart and spirit.'

In truth the seal, finding her retreat intercepted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and having sustained a heavy blow without injury, she knitted her brows, as is the fashion of the animal when incensed, and, making use at once of her fore paws and her unwieldy strength, wrenched the weapon out of the assailant's hand, overturned him on the sands, and scuttled away into the sea without doing him any farther injury. Captain M'Intyre, a good deal out of countenance at the issue of his exploit, just rose in time to receive the ironical congratulations of his uncle upon a single combat worthy to be commemorated by Ossian himself, 'since,' said the Antiquary, 'your magnanimous opponent hath fled, though not upon eagle's wings, from the foe that was low. Egad, she walloped away with all the grace of triumph, and has carried my stick off also, by way of *spolia opima*.'

M'Intyre had little to answer for himself, except that a Highlander could never pass a deer, a seal, or a salmon where there was a possibility of having a trial of skill with them, and that he had forgot one of his arms was in a sling. He also made his fall an apology for returning back to Monkbarns, and thus escaped the farther raillery of his uncle, as well as his lamentations for his walking-stick.

'I cut it,' he said, 'in the classic woods of Hawthornden, when I did not expect always to have been a bachelor. I would not have given it for an ocean of seals. O Hector, Hector! thy namesake was born to be the prop of Troy, and thou to be the plague of Monkbarns!'

CHAPTER XXXI

Tell me not of it, friend. When the young weep,
Their tears are lukewarm brine ; from our old eyes
Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North,
Chilling the furrows of our wither'd cheeks,
Cold as our hopes, and harden'd as our feeling.
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless ; ours recoil,
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

Old Play.

THE Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions and the *rencontre* which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach ; and, though the day was fine and the season favourable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till 'the body was lifted.' As the Laird of Monkbarns approached they made way for him, to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterises his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten counte-

nance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was by this great loss terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. 'Ye'll be a bra' fallow, an' ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never — never can be — what he was to me! He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan Ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try.'

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle, then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded; then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced, with a hollow and tremulous voice, 'Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we hae such merry meetings!'

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still

common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, 'What's this? this is wine; how should there be wine in my son's house? Ay,' she continued with a suppressed groan, 'I mind the sorrowful cause now,' and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then, sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful proser, particularly on the subject of augmentations, localities, teinds, and overtures in that session of the General Assembly to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he chanced one year to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish Presbyterian phrase, God-ward and man-ward. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechising the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. And hence, notwithstanding impatience of his prolixity and prejudices, personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffuse, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or *belles lettres*—notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by these circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be 'hounded out,' as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took shame to himself for his absence when Blattergowl came to Monkbarns to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, a mode of testifying his respect which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good

intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech, 'Yes, sir, yes! Ye're very gude! ye're very gude! Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, O dear, my poor Steenie, the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn, my bairn, my bairn! what for is thou lying there, and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye?'

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman meantime addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterised her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn, of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathised, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror.

In the meantime the funeral company was completed by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandamie a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed, with a sort of laugh — ‘Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day. Whan did I that before, think ye, cummers? Never since ——’ And the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish Kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves; and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or at least Mr. Blattergowl did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall and supported upon hand-spikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With

better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors; and informed them that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, 'would carry his head to the grave.' In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Ailison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, 'His honour Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season (of which fish he was understood to be fond), if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersell in the foulest wind that ever blew.' And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons — miserable-looking old men tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense had he been consulted; but in doing so he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom, so much that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these

occasions, the body was consigned to its parent earth, and, when the labour of the gravediggers had filled up the trench and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

The clergyman offered our Antiquary his company to walk homeward ; but Mr. Oldbuck had been so much struck with the deportment of the fisherman and his mother that, moved by compassion, and perhaps also, in some degree, by that curiosity which induces us to seek out even what gives us pain to witness, he preferred a solitary walk by the coast, for the purpose of again visiting the cottage as he passed.

CHAPTER XXXII

What is this secret sin, this untold tale,
That art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse?

. . . Her museles hold their place,
Nor discomposed, nor form'd to steadiness,
No sudden flushing, and no faltering lip.

Mysterious Mother.

THE coffin had been borne from the place where it rested. The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other, and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent impatience of grief, half rushed, half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and, smothering, as it were, his head among the bed-clothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction — affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame — suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early

a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.'

'O, what a day is this! what a day is this!' said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband — 'O, what an hour is this! and naeboddy to help a poor lone woman. O, gudemither, could ye but speak a word to him! wad ye but bid him be comforted!'

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent feebleness, and, standing by the bed on which her son had extended himself, she said, 'Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation. Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness. I, wha dinna sorrow, and wha canna sorrow for ony ane, hae maist need that ye should a' sorrow for me.'

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grandmother retired to her nook, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

They were thus occupied when a loud knock was heard at the door.

'Hegh, sirs!' said the poor mother, 'wha is it that can be coming in that gait e'enow? They canna hae heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure.'

The knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door, saying querulously, 'Whatna gait's that to disturb a sorrowfu' house?'

A tall man in black stood before her, whom she instantly recognised to be Lord Glenallan.

'Is there not,' he said, 'an old woman lodging in this or one of the neighbouring cottages, called Elspeth, who was long resident at Craighburnfoot of Glenallan?'

'It's my gudemither, my lord,' said Margaret; 'but she

canna see ony body e'enow. Ohon! we're dreeing a sair weird; we hae had a heavy dispensation!

'God forbid,' said Lord Glenallan, 'that I should on light occasion disturb your sorrow; but my days are numbered, your mother-in-law is in the extremity of age, and, if I see her not to-day, we may never meet on this side of time.'

'And what,' answered the desolate mother, 'wad ye see at an auld woman, broken down wi' age and sorrow and heart-break? Gentle or semple shall not darken my doors the day my bairn's been carried out a corpse.'

While she spoke thus, indulging the natural irritability of disposition and profession, which began to mingle itself in some degree with her grief when its first uncontrolled bursts were gone by, she held the door about one-third part open, and placed herself in the gap, as if to render the visitor's entrance impossible. But the voice of her husband was heard from within — 'Wha's that, Maggie? what for are ye steeking them out? Let them come in; it doesna signify an auld rope's end wha comes in or wha gaes out o' this house frae this time forward.'

The woman stood aside at her husband's command, and permitted Lord Glenallan to enter the hut. The dejection exhibited in his broken frame and emaciated countenance formed a strong contrast with the effects of grief as they were displayed in the rude and weatherbeaten visage of the fisherman and the masculine features of his wife. He approached the old woman as she was seated on her usual settle, and asked her, in a tone as audible as his voice could make it, 'Are you Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot of Glenallan?'

'Wha is it that asks about the unhallowed residence of that evil woman?' was the answer returned to his query.

'The unhappy Earl of Glenallan.'

'Earl — Earl of Glenallan!'

'He who was called William Lord Geraldin,' said the Earl, 'and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenallan.'

'Open the bole,' said the old woman firmly and hastily to her daughter-in-law — 'open the bole wi' speed, that I may see if this be the right Lord Geraldin, the son of my mistress, him that I received in my arms within the hour after he was born, him that has reason to curse me that I didna smother him before the hour was past!'

The window, which had been shut in order that a gloomy twilight might add to the solemnity of the funeral meeting, was opened as she commanded, and threw a sudden and strong

light through the smoky and misty atmosphere of the stifling cabin. Falling in a stream upon the chimney, the rays illuminated, in the way that Rembrandt would have chosen, the features of the unfortunate nobleman and those of the old sibyl, who now, standing upon her feet and holding him by one hand, peered anxiously in his features with her light blue eyes, and, holding her long and withered forefinger within a small distance of his face, moved it slowly as if to trace the outlines, and reconcile what she recollected with that she now beheld. As she finished her scrutiny, she said, with a deep sigh, 'It's a sair, sair change; and wha's fault is it? but that's written down where it will be remembered—it's written on tablets of brass with a pen of steel, where all is recorded that is done in the flesh. And what,' she said, after a pause—'what is Lord Geraldin seeking from a puir auld creature like me, that's dead already, and only belongs sae far to the living that she isna yet laid in the moulds?'

'Nay,' answered Lord Glenallan, 'in the name of Heaven, why was it that you requested so urgently to see me? and why did you back your request by sending a token which you knew well I dared not refuse?'

As he spoke thus, he took from his purse the ring which Edie Ochiltree had delivered to him at Glenallan House. The sight of this token produced a strange and instantaneous effect upon the old woman. The palsy of fear was immediately added to that of age, and she began instantly to search her pockets with the tremulous and hasty agitation of one who becomes first apprehensive of having lost something of great importance; then, as if convinced of the reality of her fears, she turned to the Earl, and demanded, 'And how came ye by it then? how came ye by it? I thought I had kept it sae securely. What will the Countess say?'

'You know,' said the Earl—'at least you must have heard, that my mother is dead.'

'Dead! are ye no imposing upon me? Has she left a' at last—lands and lordship and lineages?'

'All, all,' said the Earl, 'as mortals must leave all human vanities.'

'I mind now,' answered Elspeth, 'I heard of it before; but there has been sic distress in our house since, and my memory is sae muckle impaired. But ye are sure your mother, the Lady Countess, is gane hame?'

The Earl again assured her that her former mistress was no more.

'Then,' said Elspeth, 'it shall burden my mind nae langer! When she lived, wha dared to speak what it would hae displeased her to hae had noised abroad? But she's gane, and I will confess all.'

Then, turning to her son and daughter-in-law, she commanded them imperatively to quit the house, and leave Lord Geraldin (for so she still called him) alone with her. But Maggie Mucklebackit, her first burst of grief being over, was by no means disposed in her own house to pay passive obedience to the commands of her mother-in-law, an authority which is peculiarly obnoxious to persons in her rank of life, and which she was the more astonished at hearing revived, when it seemed to have been so long relinquished and forgotten.

'It was an unco thing,' she said, in a grumbling tone of voice, for the rank of Lord Glenallan was somewhat imposing — 'it was an unco thing to bid a mother leave her ain house wi' the tear in her ee, the moment her eldest son had been carried a corpse out at the door o't.'

The fisherman, in a stubborn and sullen tone, added to the same purpose — 'This is nae day for your auld-warld stories, mother. My lord, if he be a lord, may ca' some other day, or he may speak out what he has gotten to say if he likes it. There's nane here will think it worth their while to listen to him or you either. But neither for laird or loon, gentle or semple, will I leave my ain house to pleasure ony body on the very day my poor —'

Here his voice choked and he could proceed no farther; but as he had risen when Lord Glenallan came in, and had since remained standing, he now threw himself doggedly upon a seat, and remained in the sullen posture of one who was determined to keep his word.

But the old woman, whom this crisis seemed to repossess in all those powers of mental superiority with which she had once been eminently gifted, arose, and, advancing towards him, said with a solemn voice, 'My son, as ye wad shun hearing of your mother's shame, as ye wad not willingly be a witness of her guilt, as ye wad deserve her blessing and avoid her curse; I charge ye, by the body that bore and that nursed ye, to leave me at freedom to speak with Lord Geraldin what nae mortal ears but his ain maun listen to. Obey my words, that when ye lay the moulds on my head — and O, that the day were come!

—ye may remember this hour without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ever your mother wared on you.'

The terms of this solemn charge revived in the fisherman's heart the habit of instinctive obedience in which his mother had trained him up, and to which he had submitted implicitly while her powers of exacting it remained entire. The recollection mingled also with the prevailing passion of the moment; for, glancing his eye at the bed on which the dead body had been laid, he muttered to himself, '*He* never disobeyed *me*, in reason or out o' reason, and what for should I vex *her*?' Then taking his reluctant spouse by the arm, he led her gently out of the cottage and latched the door behind them as he left it.

As the unhappy parents withdrew, Lord Glenallan, to prevent the old woman from relapsing into her lethargy, again pressed her on the subject of the communication which she proposed to make to him.

'Ye will have it sune enough,' she replied; 'my mind's clear enough now, and there is not—I think there is not—a chance of my forgetting what I have to say. My dwelling at Craighburnfoot is before my een, as it were present in reality—the green bank, with its selvidge, just where the burn met wi' the sea; the twa little barks, wi' their sails furled, lying in the natural cove which it formed; the high cliff that joined it with the pleasure-grounds of the house of Glenallan, and hung right over the stream. Ah! yes, I may forget that I had a husband and have lost him, that I hae but ane alive of our four fair sons, that misfortune upon misfortune has devoured our ill-gotten wealth, that they carried the corpse of my son's eldest-born frae the house this morning; but I never can forget the days I spent at bonny Craighburnfoot!'

'You were a favourite of my mother,' said Lord Glenallan, desirous to bring her back to the point, from which she was wandering.

'I was—I was; ye needna mind me o' that. She brought me up abune my station, and wi' knowledge mair than my fellows; but, like the tempter of auld, wi' the knowledge of gude she taught me the knowledge of evil.'

'For God's sake, Elspeth,' said the astonished Earl, 'proceed, if you can, to explain the dreadful hints you have thrown out! I well know you are confidant to one dreadful secret, which should split this roof even to hear it named; but speak on farther.'

'I will,' she said — 'I will; just bear wi' me for a little'; and again she seemed lost in recollection, but it was no longer tinged with imbecility or apathy. She was now entering upon the topic which had long loaded her mind, and which doubtless often occupied her whole soul at times when she seemed dead to all around her. And I may add as a remarkable fact, that such was the intense operation of mental energy upon her physical powers and nervous system, that, notwithstanding her infirmity of deafness, each word that Lord Glenallan spoke during this remarkable conference, although in the lowest tone of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elspeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke also herself clearly, distinctly, and slowly, as if anxious that the intelligence she communicated should be fully understood — concisely at the same time, and with none of the verbiage or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition. In short, her language bespoke a better education, as well as an uncommonly firm and resolved mind, and a character of that sort from which great virtues or great crimes may be naturally expected. The tenor of her communication is disclosed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Remorse — she ne'er forsakes us.

A bloodhound stanch, she tracks our rapid step

Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,

Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us ;

Then in our lair, when Time hath chill'd our joints,

And maim'd our hope of combat, or of flight,

We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing all

Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us.

Old Play.

I NEED not tell you,' said the old woman, addressing the Earl of Glenallan, 'that I was the favourite and confidential attendant of Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, whom God assoilzie! (here she crossed herself) and I think, farther, ye may not have forgotten that I shared her regard for many years. I returned it by the maist sincere attachment, but I fell into disgrace frae a trifling act of disobedience, reported to your mother by ane that thought—and she wasna wrang—that I was a spy upon her actions and yours.'

'I charge thee, woman,' said the Earl, in a voice trembling with passion, 'name not her name in my hearing!'

'I must,' returned the penitent firmly and calmly, 'or how can you understand me?'

The Earl leaned upon one of the wooden chairs of the hut, drew his hat over his face, clenched his hands together, set his teeth like one who summons up courage to undergo a painful operation, and made a signal to her to proceed.

'I say then,' she resumed, 'that my disgrace with my mistress was chiefly owing to Miss Eveline Neville, then bred up in Glenallan House as the daughter of a cousin-german and intimate friend of your father that was gane. There was muckle mystery in her history, but wha dared to inquire farther than the Countess liked to tell? All in Glenallan House loved Miss Neville—all but twa, your mother and myself: we baith hated her.'

‘God! for what reason, since a creature so mild, so gentle, so formed to inspire affection never walked on this wretched world?’

‘It may hae been sae,’ rejoined Elspeth, ‘but your mother hated a’ that cam of your father’s family — a’ but himsell. Her reasons related to strife which fell between them soon after her marriage; the particulars are naething to this purpose. But O, doubly did she hate Eveline Neville when she perceived that there was a growing kindness atween you and that unfortunate young leddy! Ye may mind that the Countess’s dislike didna gang farther at first than just showing o’ the cauld shouter — at least it wasna seen farther; but at the lang run it brak out into such downright violence that Miss Neville was even fain to seek refuge at Knockwinnock Castle with Sir Arthur’s leddy, wha — God sain her! — was then wi’ the living.’

‘You rend my heart by recalling these particulars. But go on, and may my present agony be accepted as additional penance for the involuntary crime!’

‘She had been absent some months,’ continued Elspeth, ‘when I was ae night watching in my hut the return of my husband from fishing, and shedding in private those bitter tears that my proud spirit wrung frae me whenever I thought on my disgrace. The sneek was drawn, and the Countess, your mother, entered my dwelling. I thought I had seen a spectre, for, even in the height of my favour, this was an honour she had never done me, and she looked as pale and ghastly as if she had risen from the grave. She sate down and wrung the draps from her hair and cloak, for the night was drizzling, and her walk had been through the plantations, that were a’ loaded with dew. I only mention these things that you may understand how weel that night lives in my memory, — and weel it may. I was surprised to see her, but I durstna speak first, mair than if I had seen a phantom. Na, I durst not, my lord, I that hae seen mony sights of terror, and never shook at them. Sae, after a silence, she said, “Elspeth Cheyne.” — for she always gave me my maiden name — “are not ye the daughter of that Reginald Cheyne who died to save his master, Lord Glenallan, on the field of Sherrifmuir?” And I answered her as proudly as hersell nearly — “As sure as you are the daughter of that Earl of Glenallan whom my father saved that day by his own death.”’

Here she made a deep pause.

‘And what followed? what followed? For Heaven’s sake,

good woman — But why should I use that word? Yet, good or bad, I command you to tell me.'

'And little I should value earthly command,' answered Elspeth, 'were there not a voice that has spoken to me sleeping and waking, that drives me forward to tell this sad tale. Aweel, my lord, the Countess said to me, "My son loves Eveline Neville; they are agreed, they are plighted. Should they have a son my right over Glenallan merges: I sink from that moment from a Countess into a miserable stipendiary dowager; I, who brought lands and vassals, and high blood and ancient fame to my husband, I must cease to be mistress when my son has an heir-male." But I care not for that; had he married any but one of the hated Nevilles, I had been patient. But for them—that they and their descendants should enjoy the right and honours of my ancestors goes through my heart like a two-edged dirk. And this girl—I detest her!" And I answered, for my heart kindled at her words, that her hate was equalled by mine.'

'Wretch!' exclaimed the Earl, in spite of his determination to preserve silence—'wretched woman! what cause of hate could have arisen from a being so innocent and gentle?'

'I hated what my mistress hated, as was the use with the liege vassals of the house of Glenallan; for though, my lord, I married under my degree, yet an ancestor of yours never went to the field of battle but an ancestor of the frail, demented, auld, useless wretch wha now speaks with you carried his shield before him. But that was not a', continued the beldam, her earthly and evil passions rekindling as she became heated in her narration—'that was not a'; I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake. I brought her frae England, and during our whole journey she gecked and scorned at my northern speech and habit, as her southland leddies and kimmers had done at the boarding-school, as they ca'd it' (and, strange as it may seem, she spoke of an affront offered by a heedless school-girl without intention with a degree of inveteracy which, at such a distance of time, a mortal offence would neither have authorised or excited in any well-constituted mind). 'Yes, she scorned and jested at me; but let them that scorn the tartan fear the dirk!'

She paused, and then went on. 'But I deny not that I hated her mair than she deserved. My mistress, the Countess, persevered and said, "Elspeth Cheyne, this unruly boy will marry with the false English blood. Were days as they have been,

I could throw her into the massymore of Glenallan, and fetter him in the keep of Strathbonnel. But these times are past, and the authority which the nobles of the land should exercise is delegated to quibbling lawyers and their baser dependents. Hear me, Elspeth Cheyne! If you are your father's daughter as I am mine, I will find means that they shall not marry. She walks often to that cliff that overhangs your dwelling to look for her lover's boat" — ye may remember the pleasure ye then took on the sea, my lord — "let him find her forty fathom lower than he expects!" Yes! ye may stare and frown and clench your hand, but, as sure as I am to face the only Being I ever feared — and O that I had feared Him mair! — these were your mother's words. What avails it to me to lie to you? But I wadna consent to stain my hand with blood. Then she said, "By the religion of our holy Church they are ower sib thegither. But I expect nothing but that both will become heretics as well as disobedient reprobates," that was her addition to that argument. And then, as the fiend is ever ower busy wi' brains like mine, that are subtle beyond their use and station, I was unhappily permitted to add — "But they might be brought to think themselves sae sib as no Christian law will permit their wedlock."

Here the Earl of Glenallan echoed her words with a shriek so piercing as almost to rend the roof of the cottage — 'Ah! then Eveline Neville was not the — the —'

'The daughter, ye would say, of your father?' continued Elspeth. 'No; be it a torment or be it a comfort to you, ken the truth, she was nae mair a daughter of your father's house than I am.'

'Woman, deceive me not; make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid in the grave, for sharing in a plot the most cruel, the most infernal —'

'Bethink ye, my Lord Geraldin, ere ye curse the memory of a parent that's ganè, is there none of the blood of Glenallan living whose faults have led to this dreadful catastrophe?'

'Mean you my brother? he too is gone,' said the Earl.

'No,' replied the sibyl, 'I mean yoursell, Lord Geraldin. Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Eveline Neville in secret while a guest at Knockwinnock, our plot might have separated you for a time, but would have left at least your sorrows without remorse to canker them. But your ain conduct had put poison in the weapon that we threw, and it pierced you with the mair force because ye cam rushing

to meet it. Had your marriage been a proclaimed and acknowledged action, our stratagem to throw an obstacle into your way that couldna be got ower neither wad nor could hae been practised against ye.'

'Great Heaven!' said the unfortunate nobleman, 'it is as if a film fell from my obscured eyes! Yes, I now well understand the doubtful hints of consolation thrown out by my wretched mother, tending indirectly to impeach the evidence of the horrors of which her arts had led me to believe myself guilty.'

'She could not speak mair plainly,' answered Elspeth, 'without confessing her ain fraud, and she would have submitted to be torn by wild horses rather than unfold what she had done; and, if she had still lived, so would I for her sake. They were stout hearts the race of Glenallan, male and female, and sae were a' that in auld times cried their gathering-word of "Cloch-naben"; they stood shouter to shouter. Nae man parted frae his chief for love of gold or of gain, or of right or of wrang. The times are changed, I hear, now.'

The unfortunate nobleman was too much wrapped up in his own confused and distracting reflections to notice the rude expressions of savage fidelity, in which, even in the latest ebb of life, the unhappy author of his misfortunes seemed to find a stern and stubborn source of consolation.

'Great Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'I am then free from a guilt the most horrible with which man can be stained, and the sense of which, however involuntary, has wrecked my peace, destroyed my health, and bowed me down to an untimely grave. Accept,' he fervently uttered, lifting his eyes upwards — 'accept my humble thanks! If I live miserable, at least I shall not die stained with that unnatural guilt! And thou, proceed, if thou hast more to tell — proceed, while thou hast voice to speak it and I have powers to listen.'

'Yes,' answered the beldam, 'the hour when you shall hear and I shall speak is indeed passing rapidly away. Death has crossed your brow with his finger, and I find his grasp turning every day cauldier at my heart. Interrupt me nae mair with exclamations and groans and accusations, but hear my tale to an end! And then — if ye be indeed sic a Lord of Glenallan as I hae heard of in *my* day — make your merrymen gather the thorn, and the brier, and the green hollin, till they heap them as high as the house-riggin', and burn — burn — burn the auld witch Elspeth, and a' that can put ye in mind that sic a creature ever crawled upon the land!'

‘Go on,’ said the Earl — ‘go on; I will not again interrupt you.’

He spoke in a half-suffocated yet determined voice, resolved that no irritability on his part should deprive him of this opportunity of acquiring proofs of the wonderful tale he then heard. But Elspeth had become exhausted by a continuous narration of such unusual length; the subsequent part of her story was more broken, and, though still distinctly intelligible in most parts, had no longer the lucid conciseness which the first part of her narrative had displayed to such an astonishing degree. Lord Glenallan found it necessary, when she had made some attempts to continue her narrative without success, to prompt her memory, by demanding what proofs she could propose to bring of the truth of a narrative so different from that which she had originally told.

‘The evidence,’ she replied, ‘of Eveline Neville’s real birth was in the Countess’s possession, with reasons for its being for some time kept private. They may yet be found, if she has not destroyed them, in the left-hand drawer of the ebony cabinet that stood in the dressing-room; these she meant to suppress for the time, until you went abroad again, when she trusted, before your return, to send Miss Neville back to her ain country or to get her settled in marriage.’

‘But did you not show me letters of my father’s which seemed to me, unless my senses altogether failed me in that horrible moment, to avow his relationship to — to the unhappy —’

‘We did; and, with my testimony, how could you doubt the fact, or her either? But we suppressed the true explanation of these letters, and that was, that your father thought it right the young leddy should pass for his daughter for a while, on account o’ some family reasons that were amang them.’

‘But wherefore, when you learned our union, was this dreadful artifice persisted in?’

‘It wasna,’ she replied, ‘till Lady Glenallan had communicated this fause tale that she suspected ye had actually made a marriage; nor even then did you avow it sae as to satisfy her whether the ceremony had in verity passed atween ye or no. But ye remember — O ye canna but remember — weel what passed in that awfu’ meeting!’

‘Woman! you swore upon the Gospels to the fact which you now disavow.’

‘I did, and I wad hae taen a yet mair holy pledge on it,

if their had been ane; I wad not hae spared the blood of my body or the guilt of my soul to serve the house of Glenallan.'

'Wretch! do you call that horrid perjury, attended with consequences yet more dreadful — do you esteem that a service to the house of your benefactors?'

'I served her wha was then the head of Glenallan as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and her conscience, the manner between God and mine. She is gane to her account, and I maun follow. Have I tauld ye a'?''

'No,' answered Lord Glenallan; 'you have yet more to tell: you have to tell me of the death of the angel whom your perjury drove to despair, stained, as she thought herself, with a crime so horrible. Speak truth: was that dreadful — was that horrible incident,' he could scarcely articulate the words — 'was it as reported? or was it an act of yet further, though not more atrocious, cruelty inflicted by others?'

'I understand you,' said Elspeth; 'but report spoke truth: our false witness was indeed the cause, but the deed was her ain distracted act. On that fearfu' disclosure, when ye rushed frae the Countess's presence and saddled your horse and left the castle like a fire-flaught, the Countess hadna yet discovered your private marriage; she hadna fund out that the union, which she had framed this awfu' tale to prevent, had e'en taen place. Ye fled from the house as if the fire o' Heaven was about to fa' upon it, and Miss Neville, atween reason and the want o't, was put under sure ward. But the ward sleep't and the prisoner waked, the window was open, the way was before her, there was the cliff, and there was the sea! O, when will I forget that!'

'And thus died,' said the Earl, 'even so as was reported?'

'No, my lord. I had gane out to the cove; the tide was in, and it flowed, as ye'll remember, to the foot of that cliff; it was a great convenience that for my husband's trade. Where am I wandering? I saw a white object dart frae the tap o' the cliff like a sea-maw through the mist, and then a heavy flash and sparkle of the waters showed me it was a human creature that had fa'en into the waves. I was bold and strong, and familiar with the tide. I rushed in and grasped her gown, and drew her out and carried her on my shouthers — I could hae carried twa sic then — carried her to my hut, and laid her on my bed. Neighbours cam and brought help; but the words she uttered in her ravings, when she got back the use of speech, were such that I was fain to send them awa, and get up word to Glenallan House. The Countess sent down her

Spanish servant Teresa — if ever there was a fiend on earth in human form that woman was ane. She and I were to watch the unhappy leddy, and let no other person approach. God knows what Teresa's part was to hae been : she tauld it not to me ; but Heaven took the conclusion in its ain hand. The poor leddy ! she took the pangs of travail before her time, bore a male child, and died in the arms of me — of her mortal enemy ! Ay, *ye* may weep ! She was a sightly creature to see to ; but think ye, if I didna mourn her then, that I can mourn her now ? Na, na ! I left Teresa wi' the dead corpse and new-born babe till I gaed up to take the Countess's commands what was to be done. Late as it was, I ca'd her up, and she gar'd me ca' up your brother——'

'My brother ?'

'Yes, Lord Geraldin, e'en your brother, that some said she aye wished to be her heir. At ony rate, he was the person maist concerned in the succession and heritance of the house of Glenallan.'

'And is it possible to believe, then, that my brother, out of avarice to grasp at my inheritance, would lend himself to such a base and dreadful stratagem ?'

'Your mother believed it,' said the old beldam with a fiendish laugh ; 'it was nae plot of my making, but what they did or said I will not say, because I did not hear. Lang and sair they consulted in the black wainscot dressing-room ; and when your brother passed through the room where I was waiting it seemed to me — and I have often thought sae since syne — that the fire of hell was in his cheek and een. But he had left some of it with his mother at ony rate. She entered the room like a woman demented, and the first words she spoke were, "Elsbeth Cheyne, did ye ever pull a new-budded flower ?" I answered, as ye may believe, that I often had. "Then," said she, "ye will ken the better how to blight the spurious and heretical blossom that has sprung forth this night to disgrace my father's noble house. See here — and she gave me a golden bodkin — nothing but gold must shed the blood of Glenallan. This child is already as one of the dead, and since thou and Teresa alone ken that it lives, let it be dealt upon as ye will answer to me !" and she turned away in her fury, and left me with the bodkin in my hand. Here it is : that and the ring of Miss Neville are a' I hae preserved of my ill-gotten gear, for muckle was the gear I got. And weel hae I keepit the secret, but no for the gowd or gear either.'

Her long and bony hand held out to Lord Glenallan a gold bodkin, down which in fancy he saw the blood of his infant trickling.

'Wretch! had you the heart?'

'I kenna if I could hae had it or no. I returned to my cottage without feeling the ground that I trode on; but Teresa and the child were gane, a' that was alive was gane — naething left but the lifeless corpse.'

'And did you never learn my infant's fate?'

'I could but guess. I have tauld ye your mother's purpose, and I ken Teresa was a fiend. She was never mair seen in Scotland, and I have heard that she returned to her ain land. A dark curtain has fa'en ower the past, and the few that witnessed any part of it could only surmise something of seduction and suicide. You yourself——'

'I know — I know it all,' answered the Earl.

'You indeed know all that I can say. And now, heir of Glenallan, can you forgive me?'

'Ask forgiveness of God, and not of man,' said the Earl, turning away.

'And how shall I ask of the pure and unstained what is denied to me by a sinner like mysell? If I hae sinned, hae I not suffered? Hae I had a day's peace or an hour's rest since these lang wet locks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Craighburnfoot? Has not my house been burned, wi' my bairn in the cradle? Have not my boats been wrecked, when a' others weathered the gale? Have not a' that were near and dear to me dree'd penance for my sin? Has not the fire had its share o' them, the winds had their part, the sea had her part? And oh!' she added, with a lengthened groan, looking first upwards towards heaven, and then bending her eyes on the floor — 'oh! that the earth would take her part that's been lang, lang wearying to be joined to it!'

Lord Glenallan had reached the door of the cottage, but the generosity of his nature did not permit him to leave the unhappy woman in this state of desperate reprobation. 'May God forgive thee, wretched woman,' he said, 'as sincerely as I do! Turn for mercy to Him who can alone grant mercy, and may your prayers be heard as if they were mine own! I will send a religious man.'

'Na, na, nae priest! nae priest!' she ejaculated; and the door of the cottage opening as she spoke prevented her from proceeding.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Still in his dead hand clench'd remain the strings
That thrill his father's heart, e'en as the limb,
Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains, they tell us,
Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,
Whose nerves are twinging still in maim'd existence.

Old Play.

THE Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty-first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr. Blattergowl, although he offered to entertain him with an abstract of the ablest speech he had ever known in the teind court, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Gatherem. Resisting this temptation, our senior preferred a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackit. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and, going up to him, was surprised to find it was Mucklebackit himself. 'I am glad,' he said, in a tone of sympathy — 'I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this exertion.' 'And what would ye have me to do,' answered the fisher, gruffly, 'unless I wanted to see four children starve, because ane is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

Without taking more notice of Oldbuck, he proceeded in his labour; and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agitating passions was never indifferent, stood beside him in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune hummed or whistled, and as often a

slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that ere the sound was uttered a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long ; then he sawed it off too short ; then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, 'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, an' be d—d to her !' and he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then recollecting himself, he added, 'Yet what needs ane be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense ? though I am no that muckle better mysell. She's but a rickle o' auld rotten deals nailed thegither, and warped wi' the wind and the sea ; and I am a dour carle, battered by foul weather at sea and land till I am maist as senseless as hersell. She maun be mended though again' the morning tide ; that's a thing o' necessity.'

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments and attempt to resume his labour, but Oldbuck took him kindly by the arm. 'Come, come,' he said, 'Saunders, there is no work for you this day ; I'll send down Shavings, the carpenter, to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account ; and you had better not come out to-morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meal from Monkbarns.'

'I thank ye, Monkbarns,' answered the poor fisher ; 'I am a plain-spoken man, and hae little to say for mysell ; I might hae learned fairer fashions frae my mither lang syne, but I never saw muckle gude they did her ; however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighbourly, whatever folk says o' your being near and close ; and I hae often said in thae times when they were ganging to raise up the puir folk against the gentles — I hae often said, ne'er a man should steer a hair touching to Monkbarns while Steenie and I could wag a finger ; and so said Steenie too. And, Monkbarns, when ye laid his head in the grave — and mony thanks for the respect — ye saw the moults laid on an honest lad that likit you weel, though he made little phrase about it.'

Oldbuck, beaten from the pride of his affected cynicism, would not willingly have had any one by upon that occasion to quote to him his favourite maxims of the Stoic philosophy. The large drops fell fast from his own eyes as he begged the father, who was now melted at recollecting the bravery and generous sentiments of his son, to forbear useless sorrow, and led him by the arm towards his own home, where another scene awaited our Antiquary. As he entered, the first person whom he beheld was Lord Glenallan.

Mutual surprise was in their countenances as they saluted each other, with haughty reserve on the part of Mr. Oldbuck and embarrassment on that of the Earl.

‘My Lord Glenallan, I think?’ said Mr. Oldbuck.

‘Yes, much changed from what he was when he knew Mr. Oldbuck.’

‘I do not mean,’ said the Antiquary, ‘to intrude upon your lordship; I only came to see this distressed family.’

‘And you have found one, sir, who has still greater claims on your compassion.’

‘My compassion! Lord Glenallan cannot need *my* compassion; if Lord Glenallan could need it, I think he would hardly ask it.’

‘Our former acquaintance,’ said the Earl —

‘Is of such ancient date, my lord, was of such short duration, and was connected with circumstances so exquisitely painful, that I think we may dispense with renewing it.’

So saying, the Antiquary turned away and left the hut; but Lord Glenallan followed him into the open air, and, in spite of a hasty ‘Good morning, my lord,’ requested a few minutes’ conversation, and the favour of his advice in an important matter.

‘Your lordship will find many more capable to advise you, my lord, and by whom your intercourse will be deemed an honour. For me, I am a man retired from business and the world, and not very fond of raking up the past events of my useless life; and forgive me if I say I have particular pain in reverting to that period of it when I acted like a fool, and your lordship like —’ He stopped short.

‘Like a villain, you would say,’ said Lord Glenallan; ‘for such I must have appeared to you.’

‘My lord, my lord, I have no desire to hear your shrift,’ said the Antiquary.

‘But, sir, if I can show you that I am more sinned against than sinning, that I have been a man miserable beyond the power

of description, and who looks forward at this moment to an untimely grave as to a haven of rest, you will not refuse the confidence which, accepting your appearance at this critical moment as a hint from Heaven, I venture thus to press on you.'

'Assuredly, my lord, I shall shun no longer the continuation of this extraordinary interview.'

'I must then recall to you our occasional meetings upwards of twenty years since at Knockwinnock Castle, and I need not remind you of a lady who was then a member of that family.'

'The unfortunate Miss Eveline Neville, my lord, I remember it well.'

'Towards whom you entertained sentiments ——'

'Very different from those with which I before and since have regarded her sex; her gentleness, her docility, her pleasure in the studies which I pointed out to her, attached my affections more than became my age — though that was not then much advanced — or the solidity of my character. But I need not remind your lordship of the various modes in which you indulged your gaiety at the expense of an awkward and retired student, embarrassed by the expression of feelings so new to him, and I have no doubt that the young lady joined you in the well-deserved ridicule. It is the way of womankind. I have spoken at once to the painful circumstances of my addresses and their rejection, that your lordship may be satisfied everything is full in my memory, and may, so far as I am concerned, tell your story without scruple or needless delicacy.'

'I will,' said Lord Glenallan; 'but first let me say, you do injustice to the memory of the gentlest and kindest, as well as to the most unhappy, of women to suppose she could make a jest of the honest affection of a man like you. Frequently did she blame me, Mr. Oldbuck, for indulging my levity at your expense. May I now presume you will excuse the gay freedoms which then offended you? My state of mind has never since laid me under the necessity of apologising for the inadvertencies of a light and happy temper.'

'My lord, you are fully pardoned,' said Mr. Oldbuck. 'You should be aware that, like all others, I was ignorant at the time that I placed myself in competition with your lordship, and understood that Miss Neville was in a state of dependence which might make her prefer a competent independence and the hand of an honest man. But I am wasting time; I would I could believe that the views entertained towards her by others were as fair and honest as mine!'

‘Mr. Oldbuck, you judge harshly.’

‘Not without cause, my lord. When I only, of all the magistrates of this county, having neither, like some of them, the honour to be connected with your powerful family, nor, like others, the meanness to fear it—when I made some inquiry into the manner of Miss Neville’s death—I shake you, my lord; but I must be plain—I do own I had every reason to believe that she had met most unfair dealing, and had either been imposed upon by a counterfeit marriage, or that very strong measures had been adopted to stifle and destroy the evidence of a real union. And I cannot doubt in my own mind that this cruelty on your lordship’s part, whether coming of your own free will or proceeding from the influence of the late Countess, hurried the unfortunate young lady to the desperate act by which her life was terminated.’

‘You are deceived, Mr. Oldbuck, into conclusions which are not just, however naturally they flow from the circumstances. Believe me, I respected you even when I was most embarrassed by your active attempts to investigate our family misfortunes. You showed yourself more worthy of Miss Neville than I by the spirit with which you persisted in vindicating her reputation even after her death. But the firm belief, that your well-meant efforts could only serve to bring to light a story too horrible to be detailed, induced me to join my unhappy mother in schemes to remove or destroy all evidence of the legal union which had taken place between Eveline and myself. And now let us sit down on this bank; for I feel unable to remain longer standing, and have the goodness to listen to the extraordinary discovery which I have this day made.’

They sat down accordingly; and Lord Glenallan briefly narrated his unhappy family history—his concealed marriage, the horrible invention by which his mother had designed to render impossible that union which had already taken place. He detailed the arts by which the Countess, having all the documents relative to Miss Neville’s birth in her hands, had produced those only relating to a period during which, for family reasons, his father had consented to own that young lady as his natural daughter, and showed how impossible it was that he could either suspect or detect the fraud put upon him by his mother, and vouched by the oaths of her attendants, Teresa and Elspeth. ‘I left my paternal mansion,’ he concluded, ‘as if the furies of hell had driven me forth, and travelled with frantic velocity I knew not whither. Nor have I the

slightest recollection of what I did or whither I went, until I was discovered by my brother. I will not trouble you with an account of my sick-bed and recovery, or how, long afterwards, I ventured to inquire after the sharer of my misfortunes, and heard that her despair had found a dreadful remedy for all the ills of life. The first thing that roused me to thought was hearing of your inquiries into this cruel business ; and you will hardly wonder that, believing what I did believe, I should join in those expedients to stop your investigation which my brother and mother had actively commenced. The information which I gave them concerning the circumstances and witnesses of our private marriage enabled them to baffle your zeal. The clergyman, therefore, and witnesses, as persons who had acted in the matter only to please the powerful heir of Glenallan, were accessible to his promises and threats, and were so provided for that they had no objections to leave this country for another. For myself, Mr. Oldbuck, pursued this unhappy man, 'from that moment I considered myself as blotted out of the book of the living, and as having nothing left to do with this world. My mother tried to reconcile me to life by every art, even by intimations which I can now interpret as calculated to produce a doubt of the horrible tale she herself had fabricated. But I construed all she said as the fictions of maternal affection. I will forbear all reproach ; she is no more, and, as her wretched associate said, she knew not how the dart was poisoned, or how deep it must sink, when she threw it from her hand. But, Mr. Oldbuck, if ever during these twenty years there crawled upon earth a living being deserving of your pity, I have been that man. My food has not nourished me, my sleep has not refreshed me, my devotions have not comforted me, all that is cheering and necessary to man has been to me converted into poison. The rare and limited intercourse which I have held with others has been most odious to me. I felt as if I were bringing the contamination of unnatural and inexpressible guilt among the gay and the innocent. There have been moments when I had thoughts of another description — to plunge into the adventures of war, or to brave the dangers of the traveller in foreign and barbarous climates, to mingle in political intrigue, or to retire to the stern seclusion of the anchorites of our religion. All these are thoughts which have alternately passed through my mind, but each required an energy which was mine no longer after the withering stroke I had received. I vegetated on as I could in the same spot, fancy, feeling;

judgment, and health gradually decaying, like a tree whose bark has been destroyed, when first the blossoms fade, then the boughs, until its state resembles the decayed and dying trunk that is now before you. Do you now pity and forgive me ?

‘My lord,’ answered the Antiquary, much affected, ‘my pity, my forgiveness, you have not to ask, for your dismal story is of itself not only an ample excuse for whatever appeared mysterious in your conduct, but a narrative that might move your worst enemies — and I, my lord, was never of the number — to tears and to sympathy. But permit me to ask what you now mean to do, and why you have honoured me, whose opinion can be of little consequence, with your confidence on this occasion ?’

‘Mr. Oldbuck,’ answered the Earl, ‘as I could never have foreseen the nature of that confession which I have heard this day, I need not say that I had no formed plan of consulting you or any one upon affairs the tendency of which I could not even have suspected. But I am without friends, unused to business, and by long retirement unacquainted alike with the laws of the land and the habits of the living generation ; and when, most unexpectedly, I find myself immersed in the matters of which I know least, I catch, like a drowning man, at the first support that offers. You are that support, Mr. Oldbuck. I have always heard you mentioned as a man of wisdom and intelligence, I have known you myself as a man of a resolute and independent spirit, and there is one circumstance,’ said he, ‘which ought to combine us in some degree — our having paid tribute to the same excellence of character in poor Eveline. You offered yourself to me in my need, and you were already acquainted with the beginning of my misfortunes. To you, therefore, I have recourse for advice, for sympathy, for support.’

‘You shall seek none of them in vain, my lord,’ said Oldbuck, ‘so far as my slender ability extends ; and I am honoured by the preference, whether it arises from choice or is prompted by chance. But this is a matter to be ripely considered. May I ask what are your principal views at present ?’

‘To ascertain the fate of my child,’ said the Earl, ‘be the consequences what they may, and to do justice to the honour of Eveline, which I have only permitted to be suspected to avoid discovery of the yet more horrible taint to which I was made to believe it liable.’

‘And the memory of your mother?’

‘Must bear its own burden,’ answered the Earl with a sigh; ‘better that she were justly convicted of deceit, should that be found necessary, than that others should be unjustly accused of crimes so much more dreadful.’

‘Then, my lord,’ said Oldbuck, ‘our first business must be to put the information of the old woman, Elspeth, into a regular and authenticated form.’

‘That,’ said Lord Glenallan, ‘will be at present, I fear, impossible. She is exhausted herself, and surrounded by her distressed family. To-morrow, perhaps, when she is alone — and yet I doubt, from her imperfect sense of right and wrong, whether she would speak out in any one’s presence but my own. I too am sorely fatigued.’

‘Then, my lord,’ said the Antiquary, whom the interest of the moment elevated above points of expense and convenience, which had generally more than enough of weight with him, ‘I would propose to your lordship, instead of returning, fatigued as you are, so far as to Glenallan House, or taking the more uncomfortable alternative of going to a bad inn at Fairport, to alarm all the busybodies of the town — I would propose, I say, that you should be my guest at Monkbarns for this night. By to-morrow these poor people will have renewed their out-of-doors vocation, for sorrow with them affords no respite from labour; and we will visit the old woman, Elspeth, alone and take down her examination.’

After a formal apology for the encroachment, Lord Glenallan agreed to go with him, and underwent with patience in their return home the whole history of John of the Girnell, a legend which Mr. Oldbuck was never known to spare any one who crossed his threshold.

The arrival of a stranger of such note, with two saddle horses and a servant in black, which servant had holsters on his saddle-bow and a coronet upon the holsters, created a general commotion in the house of Monkbarns. Jenny Rintherout, scarce recovered from the hysterics which she had taken on hearing of poor Steenie’s misfortune, chased about the turkeys and poultry, cackled and screamed louder than they did, and ended by killing one-half too many. Miss Griselda made many wise reflections on the hot-headed wilfulness of her brother, who had occasioned such a devastation by suddenly bringing in upon them a papist nobleman. And she ventured to transmit to Mr. Blattergowl some hint of the

unusual slaughter which had taken place in the *basse-cour*, which brought the honest clergyman to inquire how his friend Monkbarns had got home, and whether he was not the worse of being at the funeral, at a period so near the ringing of the bell for dinner that the Antiquary had no choice left but to invite him to stay and bless the meat. Miss M'Intyre had on her part some curiosity to see this mighty peer, of whom all had heard, as an Eastern caliph or sultan is heard of by his subjects, and felt some degree of timidity at the idea of encountering a person of whose unsocial habits and stern manners so many stories were told that her fear kept at least pace with her curiosity. The aged housekeeper was no less flustered and hurried in obeying the numerous and contradictory commands of her mistress concerning preserves, pastry, and fruit, the mode of marshalling and dishing the dinner, the necessity of not permitting the melted butter to run to oil, and the danger of allowing Juno—who, though formally banished from the parlour, failed not to maraud about the out-settlements of the family—to enter the kitchen.

The only inmate of Monkbarns who remained entirely indifferent on this momentous occasion was Hector M'Intyre, who cared no more for an earl than he did for a commoner, and who was only interested in the unexpected visit as it might afford some protection against his uncle's displeasure, if he harboured any, for his not attending the funeral, and still more against his satire upon the subject of his gallant but unsuccessful single combat with the *phoca* or seal.

To these, the inmates of his household, Oldbuck presented the Earl of Glenallan, who underwent with meek and subdued civility the prosing speeches of the honest divine and the lengthened apologies of Miss Griselda Oldbuck, which her brother in vain endeavoured to abridge. Before the dinner hour Lord Glenallan requested permission to retire a while to his chamber. Mr. Oldbuck accompanied his guest to the Green Room, which had been hastily prepared for his reception. He looked around with an air of painful recollection.

'I think,' at length he observed—'I think, Mr. Oldbuck, that I have been in this apartment before.'

'Yes, my lord,' answered Oldbuck, 'upon occasion of an excursion hither from Knockwinnock; and since we are upon a subject so melancholy, you may perhaps remember whose taste supplied these lines from Chaucer which now form the motto of the tapestry?'

'I guess,' said the Earl, 'though I cannot recollect. She excelled me, indeed, in literary taste and information, as in everything else, and it is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, Mr. Oldbuck, that a creature so excellent in mind and body should have been cut off in so miserable a manner, merely from her having formed a fatal attachment to such a wretch as I am.'

Mr. Oldbuck did not attempt an answer to this burst of the grief which lay ever nearest to the heart of his guest, but, pressing Lord Glenallan's hand with one of his own and drawing the other across his shaggy eyelashes, as if to brush away a mist that intercepted his sight, he left the Earl at liberty to arrange himself previous to dinner.

CHAPTER XXXV

Life, with you,
Glow in the brain and dances in the arteries:
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy.
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling,
With its base dregs, the vessel that contains it.

Old Play.

NOW only think what a man my brother is, Mr. Blatter-gowl, for a wise man and a learned man, to bring this Yerl into our house without speaking a single word to a body! And there's the distress of thae Mucklebackits — we canna get a fin o' fish; and we hae nae time to send ower to Fairport for beef, and the mutton's but new killed; and that silly fliskmahoy, Jenny Rintherout, has taen the exies, and done naething but laugh and greet, the skirl at the tail o' the guffa, for twa days successfully; and now we maun ask that strange man, that's as grand and as grave as the Yerl himsell, to stand at the sideboard! And I canna gang into the kitchen to direct any thing, for he's hovering there making some pousowdie for my lord, for he doesna eat like ither folk neither. And how to sort the strange servant man at dinner-time — I am sure, Mr. Blattergowl, a'thegither it passes my judgment.'

'Truly, Miss Griselda,' replied the divine, 'Monkbarns was inconsiderate. He should have taen a day to see the invitation, as they do wi' the titular's condescendence in the process of valuation and sale. But the great man could not have come on a sudden to ony house in this parish where he could have been better served with "vivers" — that I must say, and also that the steam from the kitchen is very gratifying to my nostrils, and if ye have ony household affairs to attend to, Mrs. Griselda, never make a stranger of me; I can amuse myself very weel with the larger copy of Erskine's *Institutes*.'

And, taking down from the window seat that amusing folio

(the Scottish Coke upon Littleton), he opened it, as if instinctively, at the tenth title of Book Second, 'Of Teinds or Tythes,' and was presently deeply wrapped up in an abstruse discussion concerning the temporality of benefices.

The entertainment, about which Miss Oldbuck expressed so much anxiety, was at length placed upon the table; and the Earl of Glenallan, for the first time since the date of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board surrounded by strangers. He seemed to himself like a man in a dream, or one whose brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating potion. Relieved, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted his imagination, he felt his sorrows as a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a cast very different from that which he had been accustomed to. The bluntness of Oldbuck, the tiresome apologetic harangues of his sister, the pedantry of the divine, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which savoured much more of the camp than of the court, were all new to a nobleman who had lived in a retired and melancholy state for so many years that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasing. Miss M'Intyre alone, from the natural politeness and unpretending simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenallan's deportment less surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family dinner was provided (for, as Mr. Blattergowl had justly said, it was impossible to surprise Miss Griselda when her larder was empty), and though the Antiquary boasted his best port, and assimilated it to the Falernian of Horace, Lord Glenallan was proof to the allurements of both. His servant placed before him a small mess of vegetables — that very dish the cooking of which had alarmed Miss Griselda — arranged with the most minute and scrupulous neatness. He eat sparingly of these provisions; and a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain-head, completed his repast. 'Such,' his servant said, 'had been his lordship's diet for very many years, unless upon the high festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glenallan House, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine.' But at Monkbarns no anchoret could have made a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attacked his noble guest without scruple on the severity of his regimen.

'A few half-cold greens and potatoes, a glass of ice-cold water to wash them down—antiquity gives no warrant for it, my lord. This house used to be accounted a *hospitium*, a place of retreat for Christians; but your lordship's diet is that of a heathen Pythagorean or Indian Bramin; nay, more severe than either, if you refuse these fine apples.'

'I am a Catholic, you are aware,' said Lord Glenallan, wishing to escape from the discussion, 'and you know that our church——'

'Lays down many rules of mortification,' proceeded the dauntless Antiquary; 'but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practised. Bear witness my predecessor, John of the Girnell, or the jolly abbot who gave his name to this apple, my lord.'

And as he pared the fruit, in spite of his sister's 'O fie, Monkbarns,' and the prolonged cough of the minister, accompanied by a shake of his huge wig, the Antiquary proceeded to detail the intrigue which had given rise to the fame of the abbot's apple with more slyness and circumstantiality than was at all necessary. His jest, as may readily be conceived, missed fire, for this anecdote of conventual gallantry failed to produce the slightest smile on the visage of the Earl. Oldbuck then took up the subject of Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb; but Lord Glenallan had never so much as heard of any of the three, so little conversant had he been with modern literature. The conversation was now in some danger of flagging, or of falling into the hands of Mr. Blattergowl, who had just pronounced the formidable word, 'teind-free,' when the subject of the French Revolution was started; a political event on which Lord Glenallan looked with all the prejudiced horror of a bigoted Catholic and zealous aristocrat. Oldbuck was far from carrying his detestation of its principles to such a length.

'There were many men in the first Constituent Assembly,' he said, 'who held sound Whiggish doctrines, and were for settling the constitution with a proper provision for the liberties of the people.' And if a set of furious madmen were now in possession of the government, it was,' he continued, 'what often happened in great revolutions, where extreme

measures are adopted in the fury of the moment, and the state resembles an agitated pendulum which swings from side to side for some time ere it can acquire its due and perpendicular station. Or it might be likened to a storm or hurricane, which, passing over a region, does great damage in its passage, yet sweeps away stagnant and unwholesome vapours, and repays, in future health and fertility, its immediate desolation and ravage.'

The Earl shook his head; but, having neither spirit nor inclination for debate, he suffered the argument to pass uncontested.

This discussion served to introduce the young soldier's experiences; and he spoke of the actions in which he had been engaged with modesty, and at the same time with an air of spirit and zeal which delighted the Earl, who had been bred up, like others of his house, in the opinion that the trade of arms was the first duty of man, and believed that to employ them against the French was a sort of holy warfare.

'What would I give,' said he apart to Oldbuck, as they rose to join the ladies in the drawing-room — 'what would I give to have a son of such spirit as that young gentleman! He wants something of address and manner, something of polish, which mixing in good society would soon give him; but with what zeal and animation he expresses himself, how fond of his profession, how loud in the praise of others, how modest when speaking of himself!'

'Hector is much obliged to you, my lord,' replied his uncle, gratified, yet not so much so as to suppress his consciousness of his own mental superiority over the young soldier; 'I believe in my heart nobody ever spoke half so much good of him before, except perhaps the sergeant of his company, when he was wheedling a Highland recruit to enlist with him. He is a good lad notwithstanding, although he be not quite the hero your lordship supposes him, and although my commendations rather attest the kindness than the vivacity of his character. In fact, his high spirit is a sort of constitutional vehemence which attends him in everything he sets about, and is often very inconvenient to his friends. I saw him to-day engage in an animated contest with a *phoca* or seal — "sealgh," our people more properly call them, retaining the Gothic guttural *gh* — with as much vehemence as if he had fought against Dumourier. Marry, my lord, the *phoca* had the better, as the said Dumourier had of some other folks. And he'll talk with equal if not superior

rapture of the good behaviour of a pointer bitch as of the plan of a campaign.'

'He shall have full permission to sport over my grounds,' said the Earl, 'if he is so fond of that exercise.'

'You will bind him to you, my lord,' said Monkbarns, 'body and soul; give him leave to crack off his birding-piece at a poor covey of partridges or moor-fowl, and he's yours for ever. I will enchant him by the intelligence. But O, my lord, that you could have seen my phoenix Lovel! the very prince and chieftain of the youth of this age, and not destitute of spirit neither: I promise you he gave my termagant kinsman a *quid pro quo* — a Rowland for his Oliver, as the vulgar say, alluding to the two celebrated Paladins of Charlemagne.'

After coffee, Lord Glenallan requested a private interview with the Antiquary, and was ushered to his library.

'I must withdraw you from your own amiable family,' he said, 'to involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man. You are acquainted with the world, from which I have long been banished; for Glenallan House has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither fortitude nor spirit to break from.'

'Let me first ask your lordship,' said the Antiquary, 'what are your own wishes and designs in this matter?'

'I wish most especially,' answered Lord Glenallan, 'to declare my luckless marriage and to vindicate the reputation of the unhappy Eveline; that is, if you see a possibility of doing so without making public the conduct of my mother.'

'*Suum cuique tribuito*,' said the Antiquary, 'do right to every one. The memory of that unhappy young lady has too long suffered, and I think it might be cleared without further impeaching that of your mother than by letting it be understood in general that she greatly disapproved and bitterly opposed the match. All — forgive me, my lord — all who ever heard of the late Countess of Glenallan will learn that without much surprise.'

'But you forget one horrible circumstance, Mr. Oldbuck,' said the Earl, in an agitated voice.

'I am not aware of it,' replied the Antiquary.

'The fate of the infant — its disappearance with the confidential attendant of my mother, and the dreadful surmises which may be drawn from my conversation with Elspeth.'

'If you would have my free opinion, my lord,' answered Mr. Oldbuck, 'and will not catch too rapidly at it as matter of hope,

I would say that it is very possible the child yet lives. For thus much I ascertained by my former inquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, that a child and woman were carried that night from the cottage at the Craighburnfoot in a carriage and four by your brother, Edward Geraldin Neville, whose journey towards England with these companions I traced for several stages. I believed then it was a part of the family compact to carry a child whom you meant to stigmatise with illegitimacy out of that country where chance might have raised protectors and proofs of its rights. But I now think that your brother, having reason, like yourself, to believe the child stained with shame yet more indelible, had nevertheless withdrawn it, partly from regard to the honour of his house, partly from the risk to which it might have been exposed in the neighbourhood of the Lady Glenallan.'

As he spoke, the Earl of Glenallan grew extremely pale, and had nearly fallen from his chair. The alarmed Antiquary ran hither and thither looking for remedies; but his museum, though sufficiently well filled with a vast variety of useless matters, contained nothing that could be serviceable on the present or any other occasion. As he posted out of the room to borrow his sister's salts, he could not help giving a constitutional growl of chagrin and wonder at the various incidents which had converted his mansion, first into an hospital for a wounded duellist and now into the sick-chamber of a dying nobleman. 'And yet,' said he, 'I have always kept aloof from the soldiery and the peerage. My *cœnobitium* has only next to be made a lying-in hospital, and then I trow the transformation will be complete.'

When he returned with the remedy Lord Glenallan was much better. The new and unexpected light which Mr. Oldbuck had thrown upon the melancholy history of his family had almost overpowered him. 'You think, then, Mr. Oldbuck—for you are capable of thinking, which I am not—you think, then, that it is possible—that is, not impossible—my child may yet live?'

'I think,' said the Antiquary, 'it is impossible that it could come to any violent harm through your brother's means. He was known to be a gay and dissipated man, but not cruel nor dishonourable; nor is it possible that, if he had intended any foul play, he would have placed himself so forward in the charge of the infant as I will prove to your lordship he did.'

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet of his

ancestor, Aldobrand, and produced a bundle of papers tied with a black ribband and labelled, 'Examinations, etc., taken by Jonathan Oldbuck, J.P., upon the 18th of February 17—.' A little under was written in a small hand *Eheu Evelina!* The tears dropped fast from the Earl's eyes as he endeavoured in vain to unfasten the knot which secured these documents.

'Your lordship,' said Mr. Oldbuck, 'had better not read these at present. Agitated as you are, and having much business before you, you must not exhaust your strength. Your brother's succession is now, I presume, your own, and it will be easy for you to make inquiry among his servants and retainers, so as to hear where the child is, if, fortunately, it shall be still alive.'

'I dare hardly hope it,' said the Earl, with a deep sigh; 'why should my brother have been silent to me?'

'Nay, my lord! why should he have communicated to your lordship the existence of a being whom you must have supposed the offspring of——'

'Most true; there is an obvious and a kind reason for his being silent. If anything, indeed, could have added to the horror of the ghastly dream that has poisoned my whole existence, it must have been the knowledge that such a child of misery existed.'

'Then,' continued the Antiquary, 'although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your son must needs be still alive because he was not destroyed in infancy, I own I think you should instantly set on foot inquiries.'

'It shall be done,' replied Lord Glenallan, catching eagerly at the hope held out to him, the first he had nourished for many years; 'I will write to a faithful steward of my father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville; but, Mr. Oldbuck, I am not my brother's heir.'

'Indeed! I am sorry for that, my lord: it is a noble estate, and the ruins of the old castle of Neville's Burgh alone, which are the most superb relics of Anglo-Norman architecture in that part of the country, are a possession much to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relative.'

'He had not, Mr. Oldbuck,' replied Lord Glenallan; 'but my brother adopted views in politics and a form of religion alien from those which had been always held by our house. Our tempers had long differed, nor did my unhappy mother always

think him sufficiently observant to her. In short, there was a family quarrel, and my brother, whose property was at his own free disposal, availed himself of the power vested in him to choose a stranger for his heir. It is a matter which never struck me as being of the least consequence; for, if worldly possessions could alleviate misery, I have enough and to spare. But now I shall regret it if it throws any difficulty in the way of our inquiries; and I bethink me that it may, for, in case of my having a lawful son of my body and my brother dying without issue, my father's possessions stood entailed upon my son. It is not, therefore, likely that this heir, be he who he may, will afford us assistance in making a discovery which may turn out so much to his own prejudice.

'And in all probability the steward your lordship mentions is also in his service,' said the Antiquary.

'It is most likely; and the man being a Protestant, how far it is safe to entrust him ——'

'I should hope, my lord,' said Oldbuck, gravely, 'that a Protestant may be as trustworthy as a Catholic. I am doubly interested in the Protestant faith, my lord. My ancestor, Aldobrand Oldenbuck, printed the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, as I can show by the original edition now in this house.'

'I have not the least doubt of what you say, Mr. Oldbuck,' replied the Earl, 'nor do I speak out of bigotry or intolerance; but probably the Protestant steward will favour the Protestant heir rather than the Catholic — if, indeed, my son has been bred in his father's faith, or alas! if indeed he yet lives.'

'We must look close into this,' said Oldbuck, 'before committing ourselves. I have a literary friend at York, with whom I have long corresponded on the subject of the Saxon horn that is preserved in the minster there; we interchanged letters for six years, and have only as yet been able to settle the first line of the inscription. I will write forthwith to this gentleman, Dr. Dryasdust, and be particular in my inquiries concerning the character, etc., of your brother's heir, of the gentleman employed in his affairs, and what else may be likely to further your lordship's inquiries. In the meantime your lordship will collect the evidence of the marriage, which I hope can still be recovered?'

'Unquestionably,' replied the Earl; 'the witnesses who were formerly withdrawn from your research are still living. My tutor, who solemnised the marriage, was provided for by a living in France, and has lately returned to this country as

an emigrant, a victim of his zeal for loyalty, legitimacy, and religion.

'That's one lucky consequence of the French Revolution, my lord, you must allow that at least,' said Oldbuck; 'but no offence, I will act as warmly in your affairs as if I were of your own faith in politics and religion. And take my advice: if you want an affair of consequence properly managed, put it into the hands of an antiquary; for, as they are eternally exercising their genius and research upon trifles, it is impossible they can be baffled in affairs of importance. Use makes perfect, and the corps that is most frequently drilled upon the parade will be most prompt in its exercise upon the day of battle. And, talking upon that subject, I would willingly read to your lordship in order to pass away the time betwixt this and supper——'

'I beg I may not interfere with family arrangements,' said Lord Glenallan, 'but I never taste anything after sunset.'

'Nor I either, my lord,' answered his host, 'notwithstanding it is said to have been the custom of the ancients; but then I dine differently from your lordship, and therefore am better enabled to dispense with those elaborate entertainments which my womankind (that is, my sister and niece, my lord) are apt to place on the table, for the display rather of their own housewifery than the accommodation of our wants. However, a broiled bone, or a smoked haddock, or an oyster, or a slice of bacon of our own curing, with a toast and a tankard, or something or other of that sort, to close the orifice of the stomach before going to bed, does not fall under my restriction, nor, I hope, under your lordship's.'

'My "no supper" is literal, Mr. Oldbuck; but I will attend you at your meal with pleasure.'

'Well, my lord,' replied the Antiquary, 'I will endeavour to entertain your ears at least, since I cannot banquet your palate. What I am about to read to your lordship relates to the upland glens.'

Lord Glenallan, though he would rather have recurred to the subject of his own uncertainties, was compelled to make a sign of rueful civility and acquiescence.

The Antiquary, therefore, took out his portfolio of loose sheets, and, after premising that the topographical details here laid down were designed to illustrate a slight *Essay upon Castrametation*, which had been read with indulgence at several societies of antiquaries, he commenced as follows:—'The subject, my lord, is the hill-fort of Quicken Bog, with the site of

which your lordship is doubtless familiar. It is upon your store-farm of Mantanner, in the barony of Clochnaben.

'I think I have heard the names of these places,' said the Earl, in answer to the Antiquary's appeal.

'Heard the name! and the farm brings him six hundred a-year. O Lord!'

Such was the scarce subdued ejaculation of the Antiquary. But his hospitality got the better of his surprise, and he proceeded to read his essay with an audible voice, in great glee at having secured a patient, and, as he fondly hoped, an interested hearer.

'Quickens Bog may at first seem to derive its name from the plant quicken, by which, *Scotticæ*, we understand couch-grass, dog-grass, or the *Triticum repens* of Linnæus; and the common English monosyllable "bog," by which we mean, in popular language, a marsh or morass, in Latin *palus*. But it may confound the rash adopters of the more obvious etymological derivations to learn that the couch-grass or dog-grass, or, to speak scientifically, the *Triticum repens* of Linnæus, does not grow within a quarter of a mile of this *castrum* or hill-fort, whose ramparts are uniformly clothed with short verdant turf, and that we must seek a bog or *palus* at a still greater distance, the nearest being that of Gird-the-mear, a full half-mile distant. The last syllable, "bog," is obviously, therefore, a mere corruption of the Saxon *burgh*, which we find in the various transmutations of *burgh*, *burrow*, *brough*, *bruff*, *buff*, and *boff*, which last approaches very near the sound in question; since, supposing the word to have been originally *borgh*, which is the genuine Saxon spelling, a slight change, such as modern organs too often make upon ancient sounds, will produce first *bogh*, and then, *elisa h*, or compromising and sinking the guttural, agreeable to the common vernacular practice, you have either *boff* or *bog*, as it happens. The word "quickens" requires in like manner to be altered — decomposed, as it were — and reduced to its original and genuine sound, ere we can discern its real meaning. By the ordinary exchange of the *qu* into *wh*, familiar to the rudest tyro who has opened a book of old Scottish poetry, we gain either Whilkens or Whichensborgh — put, we may suppose, by way of question, as if those who imposed the name, struck with the extreme antiquity of the place, had expressed in it an interrogation, "To whom did this fortress belong?" Or, it might be Wackensburgh, from the Saxon *whacken*, to strike with the hand, as doubtless the

skirmishes near a place of such apparent consequence must have legitimated such a derivation,' etc. etc. etc.

I will be more merciful to my readers than Oldbuck was to his guest; for, considering his opportunities of gaining patient attention from a person of such consequence as Lord Glenallen were not many, he used, or rather abused, the present to the uttermost.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the morning of the following day the Antiquary, who was something of a sluggard, was summoned from his bed a full hour earlier than his custom by Caxon.

‘What’s the matter now?’ he exclaimed, yawning and stretching forth his hand to the huge gold repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk handkerchief, was laid safe by his pillow — ‘what’s the matter now, Caxon? it can’t be eight o’clock yet.’

‘Na, sir, but my lord’s man sought me out, for he fancies me your honour’s valley-de-sham; and sae I am, there’s nae doubt o’t, baith your honour’s and the minister’s, at least ye hae nae other that I ken o’; and I gie a help to Sir Arthur too, but that’s mair in the way o’ my profession.’

‘Well, well, never mind that,’ said the Antiquary, ‘happy is he that is his own valley-de-sham, as you call it; but why disturb my morning’s rest?’

‘Ou, sir, the great man’s been up since peep o’ day, and he’s steered the town to get awa an express to fetch his carriage, and it will be here briefly, and he wad like to see your honour afore he gaes awa.’

‘Gadso!’ ejaculated Oldbuck, ‘these great men use one’s house and time as if they were their own property. Well, it’s once and away. Has Jenny come to her senses yet, Caxon?’

‘Troth, sir, but just middling,’ replied the barber; ‘she’s been in a swither about the jocolate this morning, and was like to hae

toomed it a' out into the slap-basin, and drank it hersell in her ecstasies; but she's won ower wi't, wi' the help o' Miss M'Intyre.'

'Then all my womankind are on foot and scrambling, and I must enjoy my quiet bed no longer, if I would have a well-regulated house. Lend me my gown. And what are the news at Fairport?'

'Ou, sir, what can they be about but this grand news o' my lord,' answered the old man, 'that hasna been ower the door-stane, they threep to me, for this twenty years—this grand news of his coming to visit your honour!'

'Aha!' said Monkbarns, 'and what do they say of that, Caxon?'

'Deed, sir, they hae various opinions. Thae fallows that are the democraws, as they ca' them, that are again' the king and the law, and hair powder and dressing o' gentlemen's wigs—a when blackguards!—they say he's come down to speak wi' your honour about bringing down his hill lads and Highland tenantry to break up the meetings of the Friends o' the People; and when I said your honour never meddled wi' the like o' sic things where there was like to be straits and bloodshed, they said, if ye didna, your nevoy did, and that he was weel kend to be a king's-man that wad fight knee-deep, and that ye were the head and he was the hand, and that the Yerl was to bring out the men and the siller.'

'Come,' said the Antiquary, laughing, 'I am glad the war is to cost me nothing but counsel.'

'Na, na,' said Caxon, 'naebody thinks your honour wad either fight yoursell or gie ony feck o' siller to ony side o' the question.'

'Umph! well, that's the opinion of the democraws, as you call them. What say the rest of Fairport?'

'In troth,' said the candid reporter, 'I canna say it's muckle better. Captain Coquet, of the volunteers—that's him that's to be the new collector—and some of the other gentlemen of the Blue and a' Blue Club, are just saying it's no right to let papists that hae sae mony French friends as the Yerl of Glenallan gang through the country, and—but your honour will maybe be angry?'

'Not I, Caxon,' said Oldbuck; 'fire away as if you were Captain Coquet's whole platoon, I can stand it.'

'Weel, then, they say, sir, that as ye didna encourage the petition about the peace, and wadna petition in favour of the new tax, and as ye were again' bringing in the yeomanry at the

meal mob, but just for settling the folk wi' the constables — they say ye're no a gude friend to government; and that thae sort o' meetings between sic a powerfu' man as the Yerl and sic a wise man as you — odd, they think they suld be lookit after, and some say ye should baith be shankit aff till Edinburgh Castle.'

'On my word,' said the Antiquary, 'I am infinitely obliged to my neighbours for their good opinion of me! And so I, that have never interfered with their bickerings but to recommend quiet and moderate measures, am given up on both sides as a man very likely to commit high treason, either against king or people? Give me my coat, Caxon — give me my coat. It's lucky I live not in their report. Have you heard anything of Taffril and his vessel?'

Caxon's countenance fell. 'Na, sir, and the winds hae been high, and this is a fearfu' coast to cruise on in thae eastern gales: the headlands rin sae far out that a veshell's embayed afore I could sharp a razor; and then there's nae harbour or city of refuge on our coast, a' craigs and breakers. A veshell that rins ashore wi' us flees asunder like the powther when I shake the pluff, and it's as ill to gather ony o't again. I aye tell my daughter thae things when she grows wearied for a letter frae Lieutenant Taffril. It's aye an apology for him. "Ye suldna blame him," says I, "hinny, for ye little ken what may hae happened."'

'Ay, ay, Caxon, thou art as good a comforter as a *valet-de-chambre*. Give me a white stock, man; d'ye think I can go down with a handkerchief about my neck when I have company?'

'Dear sir, the Captain says a three-nookit handkercher is the maist fashionable overlay, and that stocks belang to your honour and me that are auld-warld folk. I beg pardon for mentioning us twa thegither, but it was what he said.'

'The Captain's a puppy and you are a goose, Caxon.'

'It's very like it may be sae,' replied the acquiescent barber; 'I am sure your honour kens best.'

Before breakfast Lord Glenallan, who appeared in better spirits than he had evinced in the former evening, went particularly through the various circumstances of evidence which the exertions of Oldbuck had formerly collected; and, pointing out the means which he possessed of completing the proof of his marriage, expressed his resolution instantly to go through the painful task of collecting and restoring the evidence concerning the birth of Eveline Neville which Elspeth had stated to be in his mother's possession.

And yet, Mr. Oldbuck,' he said, 'I feel like a man who receives important tidings ere he is yet fully awake, and doubt whether they refer to actual life or are not rather a continuation of his dream. This woman — this Elspeth — she is in the extremity of age, and approaching in many respects to dotage. Have I not — it is a hideous question — have I not been hasty in the admission of her present evidence, against that which she formerly gave me to a very — very different purpose?'

Mr. Oldbuck paused a moment, and then answered with firmness — 'No, my lord; I cannot think you have any reason to suspect the truth of what she has told you last, from no apparent impulse but the urgency of conscience. Her confession was voluntary, disinterested, distinct, consistent with itself, and with all the other known circumstances of the case. I would lose no time, however, in examining and arranging the other documents to which she has referred; and I also think her own statement should be taken down, if possible, in a formal manner. We thought of setting about this together. But it will be a relief to your lordship, and, moreover, have a more impartial appearance, were I to attempt the investigation alone, in the capacity of a magistrate. I will do this — at least I will attempt it — so soon as I shall see her in a favourable state of mind to undergo an examination.'

Lord Glenallan wrung the Antiquary's hand in token of grateful acquiescence. 'I cannot express to you,' he said, 'Mr. Oldbuck, how much your countenance and co-operation in this dark and most melancholy business gives me relief and confidence. I cannot enough applaud myself for yielding to the sudden impulse which impelled me, as it were, to drag you into my confidence, and which arose from the experience I had formerly of your firmness in discharge of your duty as a magistrate and as a friend to the memory of the unfortunate. Whatever the issue of these matters may prove — and I would fain hope there is a dawn breaking on the fortunes of my house, though I shall not live to enjoy its light — but whatsoever be the issue, you have laid my family and me under the most lasting obligation.'

'My lord,' answered the Antiquary, 'I must necessarily have the greatest respect for your lordship's family, which I am well aware is one of the most ancient in Scotland, being certainly derived from Aymer de Geraldin, who sat in parliament at Perth, in the reign of Alexander II., and who, by the less vouched yet plausible tradition of the country, is said to have been descended from the Marmor of Clochnaben. Yet, with all my

veneration for your ancient descent, I must acknowledge that I find myself still more bound to give your lordship what assistance is in my limited power, from sincere sympathy with your sorrows and detestation at the frauds which have so long been practised upon you. But, my lord, the matin meal is, I see, now prepared. Permit me to show your lordship the way through the intricacies of my *cænobitium*, which is rather a combination of cells, jostled oddly together, and piled one upon the top of the other, than a regular house. I trust you will make yourself some amends for the spare diet of yesterday.'

But this was no part of Lord Glenallan's system. Having saluted the company with the grave and melancholy politeness which distinguished his manners, his servant placed before him a slice of toasted bread, with a glass of fair water, being the fare on which he usually broke his fast. While the morning's meal of the young soldier and the old Antiquary was despatched in a much more substantial manner, the noise of wheels was heard.

'Your lordship's carriage, I believe,' said Oldbuck, stepping to the window. 'On my word, a handsome *quadriga*, for such, according to the best *scholium*, was the *vox signata* of the Romans for a chariot which, like that of your lordship, was drawn by four horses.'

'And I will venture to say,' cried Hector, eagerly gazing from the window, 'that four handsomer or better-matched bays never were put in harness. What fine forehands! What capital chargers they would make! Might I ask if they are of your lordship's own breeding?'

'I—I—rather believe so,' said Lord Glenallan; 'but I have been so negligent of my domestic matters that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Calvert' (looking at the domestic).

'They are of your lordship's own breeding,' said Calvert, 'got by Mad Tom out of Jemima and Yarico, your lordship's brood mares.'

'Are there more of the set?' said Lord Glenallan.

'Two, my lord—one rising four, the other five off this grass, both very handsome.'

'Then let Dawkins bring them down to Monkbarns tomorrow,' said the Earl. 'I hope Captain M'Intyre will accept them, if they are at all fit for service.'

Captain M'Intyre's eyes sparkled, and he was profuse in grateful acknowledgments; while Oldbuck, on the other hand,

seizing the Earl's sleeve, endeavoured to intercept a present which boded no good to his corn-chest and hay-loft.

'My lord — my lord — much obliged — much obliged. But Hector is a pedestrian, and never mounts on horseback in battle. He is a Highland soldier, moreover, and his dress ill adapted for cavalry service. Even Macpherson never mounted his ancestors on horseback, though he has the impudence to talk of their being car-borne; and that, my lord, is what is running in Hector's head: it is the vehicular, not the equestrian exercise, which he envies —

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat.

His noddle is running on a curricule, which he has neither money to buy nor skill to drive if he had it; and I assure your lordship that the possession of two such quadrupeds would prove a greater scrape than any of his duels, whether with human foe or with my friend the *phoca*.'

'You must command us all at present, Mr. Oldbuck,' said the Earl, politely, 'but I trust you will not ultimately prevent my gratifying my young friend in some way that may afford him pleasure?'

'Anything useful, my lord,' said Oldbuck, 'but no *curriculum*: I protest he might as rationally propose to keep a *quadriga* at once. And, now I think of it, what is that old post-chaise from Fairport come jingling here for? I did not send for it.'

'I did, sir,' said Hector, rather sulkily, for he was not much gratified by his uncle's interference to prevent the Earl's intended generosity, nor particularly inclined to relish either the disparagement which he cast upon his skill as a charioteer or the mortifying allusion to his bad success in the adventures of the duel and the seal.

'You did, sir?' echoed the Antiquary, in answer to his concise information. 'And pray, what may be your business with a post-chaise? Is this splendid equipage — this *biga*, as I may call it — to serve for an introduction to a *quadriga* or a *curriculum*?''

'Really, sir,' replied the young soldier, 'if it be necessary to give you such a specific explanation, I am going to Fairport on a little business.'

'Will you permit me to inquire into the nature of that business, Hector?' answered his uncle, who loved the exercise

of a little brief authority over his relative. 'I should suppose any regimental affairs might be transacted by your worthy deputy the sergeant—an honest gentleman, who is so good as to make Monkbarns his home since his arrival among us—I should, I say, suppose that he may transact any business of yours, without your spending a day's pay on two dog-horses and such a combination of rotten wood, cracked glass, and leather—such a skeleton of a post-chaise, as that before the door.'

'It is not regimental business, sir, that calls me; and, since you insist upon knowing, I must inform you, Caxon has brought word this morning that old Ochiltree, the beggar, is to be brought up for examination to-day, previous to his being committed for trial; and I am going to see that the poor old fellow gets fair play—that's all.'

'Ay? I heard something of this, but could not think it serious. And pray, Captain Hector, who are so ready to be every man's second on all occasions of strife, civil or military, by land, by water, or on the sea-beach, what is your especial concern with old Edie Ochiltree?'

'He was a soldier in my father's company, sir,' replied Hector; 'and besides, when I was about to do a very foolish thing one day, he interfered to prevent me, and gave me almost as much good advice, sir, as you could have done yourself.'

'And with the same good effect, I dare be sworn for it—eh, Hector? Come, confess it was thrown away.'

'Indeed it was, sir; but I see no reason that my folly should make me less grateful for his intended kindness.'

'Bravo, Hector! that's the most sensible thing I ever heard you say; but always tell me your plans without reserve. Why, I will go with you myself, man; I am sure the old fellow is not guilty, and I will assist him in such a scrape much more effectually than you can do. Besides, it will save thee half-a-guinea, my lad, a consideration which I heartily pray you to have more frequently before your eyes.'

Lord Glenallan's politeness had induced him to turn away and talk with the ladies when the dispute between the uncle and nephew appeared to grow rather too animated to be fit for the ear of a stranger, but the Earl mingled again in the conversation when the placable tone of the Antiquary expressed amity. Having received a brief account of the mendicant, and of the accusation brought against him, which Oldbuck did not hesitate to ascribe to the malice of Dousterswivel, Lord

Glenallan asked whether the individual in question had not been a soldier formerly. He was answered in the affirmative.

'Had he not,' continued his lordship, 'a coarse blue coat or gown, with a badge? Was he not a tall, striking-looking old man, with grey beard and hair, who kept his body remarkably erect, and talked with an air of ease and independence which formed a strong contrast to his profession?'

'All this is an exact picture of the man,' returned Oldbuck.

'Why, then,' continued Lord Glenallan, 'although I fear I can be of no use to him in his present condition, yet I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first person who brought me some tidings of the utmost importance. I would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement when he is extricated from his present situation.'

'I fear, my lord,' said Oldbuck, 'he would have difficulty in reconciling his vagrant habits to the acceptance of your bounty—at least I know the experiment has been tried without effect. To beg from the public at large he considers as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is so far a true philosopher as to be a contemner of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats, when thirsty he drinks, when weary he sleeps, and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which we make a fuss, that I suppose he was never ill-dined or ill-lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the district through which he travels—their genealogist, their newsman, their master of the revels, their doctor at a pinch, or their divine; I promise you he has too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor light-hearted old man to lie for weeks in a jail. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart.'

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glenallan, having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain M'Intyre of the freedom of his manors for sporting, which was joyously accepted.

'I can only add,' he said, 'that, if your spirits are not liable to be damped by dull company, Glenallan House is at all times open to you. On two days of the week, Friday and Saturday, I keep my apartment, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr. Glads-moor, who is a scholar and a man of the world.'

Hector, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through

the preserves of Glenallan House, and over the well-protected moors of Clochnaben — nay, joy of joys, the deer-forest of Strath-bonnel, made many acknowledgments of the honour and gratitude he felt. Mr. Oldbuck was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew; Miss M'Intyre was pleased because her brother was gratified; and Miss Griselda Oldbuck looked forward with glee to the potting of whole bags of moor-fowl and black-game, of which Mr. Blattergowl was a professed admirer. Thus — which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family where he has studied to appear obliging — all were ready to open in praise of the Earl as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the four admired bays. But the panegyric was cut short, for Oldbuck and his nephew deposited themselves in the Fairport hack, which, with one horse trotting and the other urged to a canter, creaked, jingled, and hobbled towards that celebrated seaport, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the rapidity and smoothness with which Lord Glenallan's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Yes ! I love justice well, as well as you do ;
But since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse me ;
If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb.
The breath I utter now shall be no means
To take away from me my breath in future.

Old Play.

BY dint of charity from the town's people in aid of the load of provisions he had brought with him into durance, Edie Ochiltree had passed a day or two's confinement without much impatience, regretting his want of freedom the less as the weather proved broken and rainy.

'The prison,' he said, 'wasna sae dooms bad a place as it was ca'd. Ye had aye a good roof ower your head to fend aff the weather, and, if the windows werna glazed, it was the mair airy and pleasant for the summer season. And there were folk enow to crack wi', and he had bread enough to eat, and what need he fash himsell about the rest o't ?'

The courage of our philosophical mendicant began, however, to abate when the sunbeams shone fair on the rusty bars of his grated dungeon, and a miserable linnet, whose cage some poor debtor had obtained permission to attach to the window, began to greet them with his whistle.

'Ye're in better spirits than I am,' said Edie, addressing the bird, 'for I can neither whistle nor sing for thinking o' the bonnie burnsidies and green shaws that I should hae been dandering beside in weather like this. But hae, there's some crumbs t' ye, an ye are sae merry ; and troth ye hae some reason to sing and ye kent it, for your cage comes by nae faut o' your ain, and I may thank mysell that I am closed up in this weary place.'

Ochiltree's soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrate. So he set forth in awful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them

'Then, Edie,' said the magistrate, 'since you will give me no information on the subject, I must send you back to prison till you shall be delivered in due course of law.'

'Aweel, sir, if it's Heaven's will and man's will, nae doubt I maun submit,' replied the mendicant. 'I hae nae great objection to the prison, only that a body canna win out o't; and if it wad please you as weel, Bailie, I wad gie you my word to appear afore the Lords at the Circuit, or in any other court ye like, on any day ye are pleased to appoint.'

'I rather think, my good friend,' answered Bailie Littlejohn, 'your word might be a slender security where your neck may be in some danger. I am apt to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited. If you could give me sufficient security, indeed —'

At this moment the Antiquary and Captain M'Intyre entered the apartment. 'Good morning to you, gentlemen,' said the magistrate; 'you find me toiling in my usual vocation, looking after the iniquities of the people; labouring for the *respublica*, Mr. Oldbuck; serving the king our master, Captain M'Intyre, for I suppose you know I have taken up the sword?'

'It is one of the emblems of justice, doubtless,' answered the Antiquary; 'but I should have thought the scales would have suited you better, Bailie, especially as you have them ready in the warehouse.'

'Very good, Monkbarns, excellent. But I do not take the sword up as justice, but as a soldier; indeed, I should rather say the musket and bayonet; there they stand at the elbow of my gouty chair, for I am scarce fit for drill yet. A slight touch of our old acquaintance podagra. I can keep my feet, however, while our sergeant puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain M'Intyre, if he follows the regulations, correctly; he brings us but awkwardly to the "present." And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.'

'I rejoice we have such zealous defenders, Bailie,' replied Mr. Oldbuck; 'and I daresay Hector will gratify you by communicating his opinion on your progress in this new calling. Why, you rival the Hecate of the ancients, my good sir—a merchant on the mart, a magistrate in the town-house, a soldier on the links; *quid non pro patria?* But my business is with the justice; so let commerce and war go slumber.'

'Well, my good sir,' said the Bailie, 'and what commands have you for me?'

'Why, here's an old acquaintance of mine, called Edie Ochiltree, whom some of your myrmidons have mewed up in jail on account of an alleged assault on that fellow Dousterswivel, of whose accusation I do not believe one word.'

The magistrate here assumed a very grave countenance. 'You ought to have been informed that he is accused of robbery as well as assault—a very serious matter indeed; it is not often such criminals come under my cognizance.'

'And,' replied Oldbuck, 'you are tenacious of the opportunity of making the very most of such as occur. But is this poor old man's case really so very bad?'

'It is rather out of rule,' said the Bailie, 'but, as you are in the commission, Monkbarns, I have no hesitation to show you Dousterswivel's declaration and the rest of the precognition.' And he put the papers into the Antiquary's hands, who assumed his spectacles and sat down in a corner to peruse them.

The officers in the meantime had directions to remove their prisoner into another apartment; but before they could do so M'Intyre took an opportunity to greet old Edie and to slip a guinea into his hand.

'Lord bless your honour,' said the old man; 'it's a young soldier's gift, and it should surely thrive wi' an auld ane. I see no refuse it, though it's beyond my rules; for, if they steek me up here, my friends are like eneugh to forget me: "Out o' sight out o' mind" is a true proverb. And it wadna be creditable for me, that am the king's bedesman, and entitled to beg by word of mouth, to be fishing for bawbees out at the jail window wi' the fit o' a stocking and a string.' As he made this observation he was conducted out of the apartment.

Mr. Dousterswivel's declaration contained an exaggerated account of the violence he had sustained and also of his loss.

'But what I should have liked to have asked him,' said Monkbarns, 'would have been his purpose in frequenting the ruins of St. Ruth, so lonely a place, at such an hour, and with such a companion as Edie Ochiltree. There is no road lies that way, and I do not conceive a mere passion for the picturesque would carry the German thither in such a night of storm and wind. Depend upon it, he has been about some roguery, and in all probability hath been caught in a trap of his own setting; *nec lex justitior ulla.*'

The magistrate allowed there was something mysterious in that circumstance, and apologised for not pressing Douster-

so stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of inquisitorial justice. The people, as the aged prisoner was led along by his decrepit guards, exclaimed to each other, 'Eh! see sic a grey-haired man as that is, to have committed a highway robbery wi' ae fit in the grave!' And the children congratulated the officers, objects of their alternate dread and sport, Puggie Orrock and Jock Ormston, on having a prisoner as old as themselves.

Thus marshalled forward, Edie was presented (by no means for the first time) before the worshipful Bailie Littlejohn, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall portly magistrate, on whom corporation crusts had not been conferred in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good deal inflated with the sense of his own power and importance, otherwise an honest, well-meaning, and useful citizen.

'Bring him in, bring him in!' he exclaimed. 'Upon my word, these are awful and unnatural times: the very bedesmen and retainers of his Majesty are the first to break his laws. Here has been an old Blue-Gown committing robbery! I suppose the next will reward the royal charity, which supplies him with his garb, pension, and begging license, by engaging in high treason or sedition at least. But bring him in.'

Edie made his obeisance, and then stood, as usual, firm and erect, with the side of his face turned a little upward, as if to catch every word which the magistrate might address to him. To the first general questions, which respected only his name and calling, the mendicant answered with readiness and accuracy; but when the magistrate, having caused his clerk to take down these particulars, began to inquire whereabout the mendicant was on the night when Dousterswivel met with his misfortune, Edie demurred to the motion. 'Can ye tell me now, Bailie, you that understands the law, what gude will it do me to answer ony o' your questions?'

'Good? no good certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may entitle me to set you at liberty.'

'But it seems mair reasonable to me, now, that you, Bailie, or ony body that has ony thing to say against me, should prove my guilt, and no to be bidding me prove my innocence.'

'I don't sit here,' answered the magistrate, 'to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you choose to answer

my question, whether you were at Ringan Aikwood the forester's upon the day I have specified?

'Really, sir, I dinna feel myself called on to remember,' replied the cautious bedesman.

'Or whether, in the course of that day or night,' continued the magistrate, 'you saw Steven, or Steenie, Mucklebackit? You knew him, I suppose?'

'O brawlie did I ken Steenie, puir fallow,' replied the prisoner; 'but I canna condeshend on ony particular time I have seen him lately.'

'Were you at the ruins of St. Ruth any time in the course of that evening?'

'Bailie Littlejohn,' said the mendicant, 'if it be your honour's pleasure, we'll cut a lang tale short, and I'll just tell ye I am no minded to answer ony o' thae questions. I'm ower auld a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble.'

'Write down,' said the magistrate, 'that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth he might be brought to trouble.'

'Na, na,' said Ochiltree, 'I'll no hae that set down as ony part o' my answer; but I just meant to say, that in a' my memory and practice I never saw ony gude come o' answering idle questions.'

'Write down,' said the Bailie, 'that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions, the declarant refuses —'

'Na, na, Bailie,' reiterated Edie, 'ye are no to come in on me that gait neither.'

'Dictate the answer yourself then, friend,' said the magistrate, 'and the clerk will take it down from your own mouth.'

'Ay, ay,' said Edie, 'that's what I ca' fair play; I'se do that without loss o' time. Sae, neighbour, ye may just write down that Edie Ochiltree, the declarant, stands up for the liberty — na, I maunna say that neither, I am nae Liberty Boy; I hae fought again' them in the riots in Dublin; besides, I have ate the king's bread mony a day. Stay, let me see. Ay, write that Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, stands up for the prerogative — see that ye spell that word right, it's a lang ane — for the prerogative of the subjects of the land, and winna answer a single word that sall be asked at him this day, unless he sees a reason for 't. Put down that, young man.'

swivel, as his declaration was voluntarily emitted. But for the support of the main charge he showed the declaration of the Aikwoods concerning the state in which Dousterswivel was found, and establishing the important fact that the mendicant had left the barn in which he was quartered, and did not return to it again. Two people belonging to the Fairport undertaker, who had that night been employed in attending the funeral of Lady Glenallan, had also given declarations that, being sent to pursue two suspicious persons who left the ruins of St. Ruth as the funeral approached, and who, it was supposed, might have been pillaging some of the ornaments prepared for the ceremony, they had lost and regained sight of them more than once, owing to the nature of the ground, which was unfavourable for riding, but had at length fairly lodged them both in Mucklebackit's cottage. And one of the men added, that 'he, the declarant, having dismounted from his horse and gone close up to the window of the hut, he saw the old Blue-Gown and young Steenie Mucklebackit, with others, eating and drinking in the inside, and also observed the said Steenie Mucklebackit show a pocket-book to the others; and declarant has no doubt that Ochiltree and Steenie Mucklebackit were the persons whom he and his comrade had pursued, as above mentioned.' And being interrogated why he did not enter the said cottage, declares, 'he had no warrant so to do; and that, as Mucklebackit and his family were understood to be rough-handed folk, he, the declarant, had no desire to meddle or make with their affairs. *Causa scientia patet.* All which he declares to be truth, etc.

'What do you say to that body of evidence against your friend?' said the magistrate, when he had observed the Antiquary had turned the last leaf.

'Why, were it in the case of any other person, I own I should say it looked *prima facie* a little ugly; but I cannot allow anybody to be in the wrong for beating Dousterswivel. Had I been an hour younger, or had but one single flash of your warlike genius, Bailie, I should have done it myself long ago. He is *nebulo nebulonum*, an impudent, fraudulent, mendacious quack, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his roguery; and my neighbour, Sir Arthur, God knows how much. And besides, Bailie, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to government.'

'Indeed?' said Bailie Littlejohn; 'if I thought that it would alter the question considerably.'

'Right; for in beating him,' observed Oldbuck, 'the bedesman must have shown his gratitude to the king by thumping his enemy; and in robbing him he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth it is lawful to spoil. Now, suppose this interview in the ruins of St. Ruth had relation to politics; and this story of hidden treasure and so forth was a bribe from the other side of the water for some great man, or the funds destined to maintain a seditious club?'

'My dear sir,' said the magistrate, catching at the idea, 'you hit my very thoughts! How fortunate should I be if I could become the humble means of sifting such a matter to the bottom! Don't you think we had better call out the volunteers and put them on duty?'

'Not just yet, while podagra deprives them of an essential member of their body. But will you let me examine Ochiltree?'

'Certainly; but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has hanged many an honest man than he is.'

'Well, but, Bailie,' continued Oldbuck, 'you have no objection to let me try him?'

'None in the world, Monkbarns. I hear the sergeant below, I'll rehearse the manual in the meanwhile. Baby, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below; it makes less noise there when we ground arms.' And so exit the martial magistrate, with his maid behind him bearing his weapons.

'A good squire that wench for a gouty champion,' observed Oldbuck. 'Hector, my lad, hook on, hook on. Go with him, boy; keep him employed, man, for half an hour or so; butter him with some warlike terms; praise his dress and address.'

Captain M'Intyre, who, like many of his profession, looked down with infinite scorn on those citizen soldiers who had assumed arms without any professional title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, observing that he should not know what to say to Mr. Littlejohn, and that to see an old gouty shopkeeper attempting the exercise and duties of a private soldier was really too ridiculous.

'It may be so, Hector,' said the Antiquary, who seldom agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down — 'it may possibly be so in this and some other instances; but at present the country resembles the suitors in

a small-debt court, where parties plead in person for lack of cash to retain the professed heroes of the bar. I am sure in the one case we never regret the want of the acuteness and eloquence of the lawyers; and so, I hope, in the other we may manage to make shift with our hearts and muskets, though we shall lack some of the discipline of you martinets.'

'I have no objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole world should fight if they please, if they will but allow me to be quiet,' said Hector, rising with dogged reluctance.

'Yes, you are a very quiet personage indeed,' said his uncle, 'whose ardour for quarrelling cannot pass so much as a poor *phoca* sleeping upon the beach!'

But Hector, who saw which way the conversation was tending, and hated all allusions to the foil he had sustained from the fish, made his escape before the Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Well, well, at worst, 't is neither theft nor coinage,
Granting I knew all that you charged me with.
What, tho' the tomb hath borne a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,
Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
Far less pure bounty.

Old Play.

THE Antiquary, in order to avail himself of the permission given him to question the accused party, chose rather to go to the apartment in which Ochiltree was detained than to make the examination appear formal by bringing him again into the magistrate's office. He found the old man seated by a window which looked out on the sea; and as he gazed on that prospect large tears found their way, as if unconsciously, to his eye, and from thence trickled down his cheeks and white beard. His features were, nevertheless, calm and composed, and his whole posture and mien indicated patience and resignation. Oldbuck had approached him without being observed, and roused him out of his musing by saying kindly, 'I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much cast down about this matter.'

The mendicant started, dried his eyes very hastily with the sleeve of his gown, and, endeavouring to recover his usual tone of indifference and jocularly, answered, but with a voice more tremulous than usual, 'I might weel hae judged, Monkbarns, it was you, or the like o' you, was coming in to disturb me; for it's ae great advantage o' prisons and courts o' justice, that ye may greet your een out an ye like, and nane o' the folk that's concerned about them will ever ask you what it's for.'

'Well, Edie,' replied Oldbuck, 'I hope your present cause of distress is not so bad but it may be removed.'

'And I had hoped, Monkbarns,' answered the mendicant in a tone of reproach, 'that ye had kend me better than to think that this bit trifling trouble o' my ain wad bring tears into my

auld een, that hae seen far different kind o' distress. Na, na! But here's been the puir lass, Caxon's daughter, seeking comfort, and has gotten unco little. There's been nae speerings o' Taffril's gun-brig since the last gale; and folk report on the key that a king's ship had struck on the Reef of Rattray, and a' hands lost. God forbid! for as sure as you live, Monkbarns, the puir lad Lovel, that ye liked sae weel, must have perished.'

'God forbid, indeed!' echoed the Antiquary, turning pale; 'I would rather Monkbarns House were on fire. My poor dear friend and coadjutor! I will down to the quay instantly.'

'I'm sure ye'll learn naething mair than I hae tauld ye, sir,' said Ochiltree, 'for the officer-folk here were very civil — that is, for the like o' them — and lookit up a' their letters and authorities, and could thraw nae light on't either ae way or another.'

'It can't be true, it shall not be true,' said the Antiquary, 'and I wón't believe it if it were. Taffril's an excellent seaman, and Lovel — my poor Lovel! — has all the qualities of a safe and pleasant companion by land or by sea — one, Edie, whom, from the ingenuousness of his disposition, I would choose, did I ever go a sea voyage — which I never do, unless across the ferry — *fragilem mecum solvere phaselum*, to be the companion of my risk, as one against whom the elements could nourish no vengeance. Nò, Edie, it is not and cannot be true: it is a fiction of the idle jade Rumour, whom I wish hanged with her trumpet about her neck, that serves only with its screech-owl tones to fright honest folks out of their senses. Let me know how you got into this scrape of your own.'

'Are ye axing me as a magistrate, Monkbarns, or is it just for your ain satisfaction?'

'For my own satisfaction solely,' replied the Antiquary. 'Put up your pocket-book and your keelyvine pen then, for I downa speak out an ye hae writing materials in your hands; they're a scaur to unlearned folk like me. Odd, ane o' the clerks in the neist room will clink down in black and white as muckle as wad hang a man before ane kens what he's saying.' Monkbarns complied with the old man's humour, and put up his memorandum-book.

Edie then went with great frankness through the part of the story already known to the reader, informing the Antiquary of the scene which he had witnessed between Dousterswivel and his patron in the ruins of St. Ruth, and frankly confessing that he could not resist the opportunity of decoying the adept once

more to visit the tomb of Misticot, with the purpose of taking a comic revenge upon him for his quackery. He had easily persuaded Steenie, who was a bold thoughtless young fellow, to engage in the frolic along with him, and the jest had been inadvertently carried a great deal farther than was designed. Concerning the pocket-book, he explained that he had expressed his surprise and sorrow as soon as he found it had been inadvertently brought off; and that publicly, before all the inmates of the cottage, Steenie had undertaken to return it the next day, and had only been prevented by his untimely fate.

The Antiquary pondered a moment, and then said, 'Your account seems very probable, Edie, and I believe it from what I know of the parties; but I think it likely that you know a great deal more than you have thought it proper to tell me about this matter of the treasure-trove. I suspect you have acted the part of the Lar Familiaris in Plautus—a sort of brownie, Edie, to speak to your comprehension, who watched over hidden treasures. I do bethink me you were the first person we met when Sir Arthur made his successful attack upon Misticot's grave, and also that, when the labourers began to flag, you, Edie, were again the first to leap into the trench and to make the discovery of the treasure. Now you must explain all this to me, unless you would have me use you as ill as Euclio does Staphyla in the *Aulularia*.'

'Lordsake, sir,' replied the mendicant, 'what do I ken about your Howlowlaria? it's mair like a dog's language than a man's.'

'You knew, however, of the box of treasure being there?' continued Oldbuck.

'Dear sir,' answered Edie, assuming a countenance of great simplicity, 'what likelihood is there o' that? D'ye think sae puir an auld creature as me wad hae kend o' sic a like thing without getting some gude out o't? And ye wot weel I sought nane and gat nane, like Michael Scott's man. What concern could I hae wi't?'

'That's just what I want you to explain to me,' said Oldbuck; 'for I am positive you knew it was there.'

'Your honour's a positive man, Monkbarns; and, for a positive man, I must needs allow ye're often in the right.'

'You allow then, Edie, that my belief is well founded?'

Edie nodded acquiescence.

'Then please to explain to me the whole affair from beginning to end,' said the Antiquary.

'If it were a secret o' mine, Monkbarns,' replied the beggar, 'ye suldna ask twice; for I hae aye said ahint your back that, for a' the nonsense maggots that ye whiles take into your head, ye are the maist wise and discreet o' a' our country gentles. But I'se e'en be open-hearted wi' you and tell you that this is a friend's secret, and that they suld draw me wi' wild horses, or saw me asunder, as they did the children of Ammon, sooner than I would speak a word mair about the matter, excepting this, that there was nae ill intended, but muckle gude, and that the purpose was to serve them that are worth twenty hundred o' me. But there's nae law, I trow, that makes it a sin to ken where ither folks' siller is, if we dinna pit hand till 't oursell?'

Oldbuck walked once or twice up and down the room in profound thought, endeavouring to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so mysterious, but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the prisoner.

'This story of yours, friend Edie, is an absolute enigma, and would require a second *Cædipus* to solve it. Who *Cædipus* was I will tell you some other time, if you remind me. However, whether it be owing to the wisdom or to the maggots with which you compliment me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth, the rather that you have not made any of those obtestations of the superior powers which I observe you and your comrades always make use of when you mean to deceive folks. (Here Edie could not suppress a smile.) If, therefore, you will answer me one question, I will endeavour to procure your liberation.'

'If ye'll let me hear the question,' said Edie, with the caution of a canny Scotchman, 'I'll tell you whether I'll answer it or no.'

'It is simply,' said the Antiquary, 'Did Dousterswivel know anything about the concealment of the chest of bullion?'

'He, the ill-fa'ard loon!' answered Edie, with much frankness of manner, 'there wad hae been little speerings o't had Dustanswivel kend it was there; it wad hae been butter in the black dog's hause.'

'I thought as much,' said Oldbuck. 'Well, Edie, if I procure your freedom, you must keep your day and appear to clear me of the bail-bond, for these are not times for prudent men to incur forfeitures, unless you can point out another *aulam auri plenam quadrilibrem* — another "Search No. I."'

'Ah!' said the beggar, shaking his head, 'I doubt the bird's flown that laid thae golden eggs; for I winna ca' her goose, though that's the gait it stands in the story-buick. But I'll keep my day, Monkbarns; ye'se no loss a penny by me. And troth I wad fain be out again, now the weather's fine; and then I hae the best chance o' hearing the first news o' my friends.'

'Well, Edie, as the bouncing and thumping beneath has somewhat ceased, I presume Bailie Littlejohn has dismissed his military preceptor, and has retired from the labours of Mars to those of Themis: I will have some conversation with him. But I cannot and will not believe any of those wretched news you were telling me.'

'God send your honour may be right!' said the mendicant, as Oldbuck left the room.

The Antiquary found the magistrate, exhausted with the fatigues of the drill, reposing in his gouty chair, humming the air, 'How merrily we live that soldiers be!' and between each bar comforting himself with a spoonful of mock-turtle soup. He ordered a similar refreshment for Oldbuck, who declined it, observing that, not being a military man, he did not feel inclined to break his habit of keeping regular hours for meals. 'Soldiers like you, Bailie, must snatch their food as they find means and time. But I am sorry to hear ill news of young Taffril's brig.'

'Ah, poor fellow!' said the Bailie, 'he was a credit to the town, much distinguished on the first of June.'

'But,' said Oldbuck, 'I am shocked to hear you talk of him in the preterite tense.'

'Troth, I fear there may be too much reason for it, Monkbarns; and yet let us hope the best. The accident is said to have happened in the Rattray reef of rocks, about twenty miles to the northward, near Dirlenalan Bay. I have sent to inquire about it; and your nephew run out himself as if he had been flying to get the gazette of a victory.'

Here Hector entered, exclaiming as he came in, 'I believe it's all a damned lie; I can't find the least authority for it but general rumour.'

'And pray, Mr. Hector,' said his uncle, 'if it had been true, whose fault would it have been that Lovel was on board?'

'Not mine, I am sure,' answered Hector; 'it would have been only my misfortune.'

'Indeed!' said his uncle; 'I should not have thought of that.'

'Why, sir, with all your inclination to find me in the wrong,' replied the young soldier, 'I suppose you will own my intention was not to blame in this case. I did my best to hit Lovel, and if I had been successful, 'tis clear my scrape would have been his and his scrape would have been mine.'

'And whom or what do you intend to hit now, that you are lugging with you that leathern magazine there, marked "gun-powder"?''

'I must be prepared for Lord Glenallan's moors on the twelfth, sir,' said M'Intyre.

'Ah, Hector! thy great *chasse*, as the French call it, would take place —

Omne cum Proteus pecus agitare

Visere montes —

Could you meet but with a martial *phoca*, instead of an unwarlike heath-bird?

'The devil take the seal, sir, or *phoca*, if you choose to call it so: it's rather hard one can never hear the end of a little piece of folly like that.'

'Well, well,' said Oldbuck, 'I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of it. As I detest the whole race of Nimrods, I wish them all as well matched. Nay, never start off at a jest, man; I have done with the *phoca*, though I daresay the Bailie could tell us the value of sealskins just now.'

'They are up,' said the magistrate — 'they are well up; the fishing has been unsuccessful lately.'

'We can bear witness to that,' said the tormenting Antiquary, who was delighted with the hank this incident had given him over the young sportsman. 'One word more, Hector, and

We'll hang a sealskin on thy recreant limbs.

Aha, my boy! Come, never mind it, I must go to business. Bailie, a word with you; you must take bail — moderate bail, you understand — for old Ochiltree's appearance.'

'You don't consider what you ask,' said the Bailie; 'the offence is assault and robbery.'

'Hush! not a word about it,' said the Antiquary. 'I gave you a hint before; I will possess you more fully hereafter; I promise you there is a secret.'

'But, Mr. Oldbuck, if the state is concerned, I, who do the whole drudgery business here, really have a title to be consulted, and until I am —'

'Hush! hush!' said the Antiquary, winking and putting his finger to his nose; 'you shall have the full credit, the entire management, whenever matters are ripe. But this is an obstinate old fellow, who will not hear of two people being as yet let into his mystery, and he has not fully acquainted me with the clue to Dousterswivel's devices.'

'Aha! so we must tip that fellow the alien act, I suppose?'

'To say truth, I wish you would.'

'Say no more,' said the magistrate, 'it shall forthwith be done; he shall be removed *tanquam suspect* — I think that's one of your own phrases, Monkbarns?'

'It is classical, Bailie; you improve.'

'Why, public business has of late pressed upon me so much that I have been obliged to take my foreman into partnership. I have had two several correspondences with the Under Secretary of State — one on the proposed tax on Riga hempseed and the other on putting down political societies. So you might as well communicate to me as much as you know of this old fellow's discovery of a plot against the state.'

'I will instantly when I am master of it,' replied Oldbuck; 'I hate the trouble of managing such matters myself. Remember, however, I did not say decidedly a plot against the state; I only say, I hope to discover, by this man's means, a foul plot.'

'If it be a plot at all, there must be treason in it, or sedition at least,' said the Bailie. 'Will you bail him for four hundred merks?'

'Four hundred merks for an old Blue-Gown! Think on the act 1701 regulating bail-bonds! Strike off a cipher from the sum; I am content to bail him for forty merks.'

'Well, Mr. Oldbuck, everybody in Fairport is always willing to oblige you; and besides, I know that you are a prudent man, and one that would be as unwilling to lose forty as four hundred merks. So I will accept your bail *meo periculo*; what say you to that law phrase again? I had it from a learned counsel: "I will vouch it, my lord," he said, "*meo periculo*."

'And I will vouch for Edie Ochiltree *meo periculo*, in like manner,' said Oldbuck. 'So let your clerk draw out the bail-bond and I will sign it.'

When this ceremony had been performed, the Antiquary communicated to Edie the joyful tidings that he was once more at liberty, and directed him to make the best of his way to Monkbarns House, to which he himself returned with his nephew, after having perfected their good work.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

As You Like It.

I WISH to Heaven, Hector,' said the Antiquary, next morning after breakfast, 'you would spare our nerves, and not be keeping snapping that arquebuss of yours.'

'Well, sir, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you,' said his nephew, still handling his fowling-piece; 'but it's a capital gun: it's a Joe Manton, that cost forty guineas.'

'A fool and his money are soon parted, nephew: there is a Joe Miller for your Joe Manton,' answered the Antiquary. 'I am glad you have so many guineas to throw away.'

'Every one has their fancy, uncle: you are fond of books.'

'Ay, Hector,' said the uncle, 'and if my collection were yours, you would make it fly to the gunsmith, the horse-market, the dog-breaker: *coemptos undique nobiles libros mutare loricis Iberis.*

'I could not use your books, my dear uncle,' said the young soldier, 'that's true; and you will do well to provide for their being in better hands; but don't let the faults of my head fall on my heart: I would not part with a Cordery that belonged to an old friend to get a set of horses like Lord Glenallan's.'

'I don't think you would, lad—I don't think you would,' said his softening relative. 'I love to tease you a little sometimes; it keeps up the spirit of discipline and habit of subordination. You will pass your time happily here having me to command you, instead of captain, or colonel, or "knight in arms," as Milton has it; and instead of the French,' he continued, relapsing into his ironical humour, 'you have the *gens humida ponti*; for, as Virgil says,

Sternunt se somno diversæ in littore phocæ,

which might be rendered,

Here *phoca* slumber on the beach,
Within our Highland Hector's reach.

Nay, if you grow angry I have done. Besides, I see old Edie in the courtyard, with whom I have business. Good-bye, Hector. Do you remember how she splashed into the sea like her master Proteus, *et se jactu dedit aquor in altum?*

M'Intyre — waiting, however, till the door was shut — then gave way to the natural impatience of his temper.

'My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed *phoca*, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies and never see his face again.'

Miss M'Intyre, gratefully attached to her uncle and passionately fond of her brother, was on such occasions the usual envoy of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on his return before he entered the parlour.

'Well, now, Miss Womankind, what is the meaning of that imploring countenance? Has Juno done any more mischief?'

'No, uncle; but Juno's master is in such fear of your joking him about the seal. I assure you, he feels it much more than you would wish; it's very silly of him, to be sure; but then you can turn everybody so sharply into ridicule —'

'Well, my dear,' answered Oldbuck, propitiated by the compliment, 'I will rein in my satire, and, if possible, speak no more of the *phoca*; I will not even speak of sealing a letter, but say "umph," and give a nod to you when I want the wax-light. I am not *monitoribus asper*, but, Heaven knows, the most mild, quiet, and easy of human beings, whom sister, niece, and nephew guide just as best pleases them.'

With this little panegyric on his own docility, Mr. Oldbuck entered the parlour, and proposed to his nephew a walk to the Mussel Crag. 'I have some questions to ask of a woman at Mucklebackit's cottage,' he observed, 'and I would willingly have a sensible witness with me; so, for fault of a better, Hector, I must be contented with you.'

'There is old Edie, sir, or Caxon; could not they do better than me?' answered M'Intyre, feeling somewhat alarmed at the prospect of a long *tête-à-tête* with his uncle.

'Upon my word, young man, you turn me over to pretty companions, and I am quite sensible of your politeness,' replied Mr. Oldbuck. 'No, sir, I intend the old Blue-Gown shall go with me, not as a competent witness, for he is at present, as our friend Bailie Littlejohn says — blessings on his learning! —'

tanquam suspectus, and you are *suspicione major*, as our law has it.'

'I wish I were a major, sir,' said Hector, catching only the last, and, to a soldier's ear, the most impressive word in the sentence; 'but, without money or interest, there is little chance of getting the step.'

'Well, well, most doughty son of Priam,' said the Antiquary, 'be ruled by your friends, and there's no saying what may happen. Come away with me, and you shall see what may be useful to you should you ever sit upon a court-martial, sir.'

'I have been on many a regimental court-martial, sir,' answered Captain M'Intyre. 'But here's a new cane for you.'

'Much obliged, much obliged.'

'I bought it from our drum-major,' added M'Intyre, 'who came into our regiment from the Bengal army when it came down the Red Sea. It was cut on the banks of the Indus, I assure you.'

'Upon my word, 'tis a fine ratan, and well replaces that which the *ph*—— Bah! what was I going to say?'

The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the sands towards Mussel Crag—the former in the very highest mood of communicating information, and the others, under a sense of former obligation and some hope for future favours, decently attentive to receive it. The uncle and nephew walked together, the mendicant about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of his neck, and without the trouble of turning round. Petrie, in his essay on *Good-breeding*, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience as tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all led captains, tutors, dependents, and bottle-holders of every description. Thus escorted, the Antiquary moved along full of his learning, like a lordly man of war, and every now and then yawing to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers.

'And so it is your opinion,' said he to the mendicant, 'that this windfall—this *arca auri*, as Plautus has it—will not greatly avail Sir Arthur in his necessities?'

'Unless he could find ten times as much,' said the beggar, 'and that I am sair doubtful of. I heard Puggie Orrock and the tother thief of a sheriff-officer or messenger speaking about it, and things are ill aff when the like o' them can speak crouselly

about any gentleman's affairs. I doubt Sir Arthur will be in stane wa's for debt unless there's swift help and certain.'

'You speak like a fool,' said the Antiquary. 'Nephew, it is a remarkable thing that in this happy country no man can be legally imprisoned for debt.'

'Indeed, sir?' said M'Intyre. 'I never knew that before; that part of our law would suit some of our mess well.'

'And if they arena confined for debt,' said Ochiltree, 'what is't that tempts sae many puir creatures to bide in the tolbooth o' Fairport yonder? They a' say they were put there by their creditors. Odd! they maun like it better than I do if they're there o' free will.'

'A very natural observation, Edie, and many of your betters would make the same; but it is founded entirely upon ignorance of the feudal system. Hector, be so good as to attend, unless you are looking out for another — Ahem! (Hector compelled himself to give attention at this hint.) And you, Edie, it may be useful to you, *rerum cognoscere causas*. The nature and origin of warrant for caption is a thing *haud alienum a Scævolar studiis*. You must know then, once more, that nobody can be arrested in Scotland for debt.'

'I haena muckle concern wi' that, Monkbarns,' said the old man, 'for naebody wad trust a bodle to a gaberlunzie.'

'I pr'ythee peace, man. As a compulsitor, therefore, of payment — that being a thing to which no debtor is naturally inclined, as I have too much reason to warrant from the experience I have had with my own — we had first the letters of four forms, a sort of gentle invitation, by which our sovereign lord the king, interesting himself, as a monarch should, in the regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by mild exhortation and afterwards by letters of more strict enjoinder and more hard compulsion — What do you see extraordinary about that bird, Hector? it's but a sea-maw.'

'It's a pictarnie, sir,' said Edie.

'Well, what an if it were — what does that signify at present? But I see you're impatient; so I will waive the letters of four forms, and come to the modern process of diligence. You suppose, now, a man's committed to prison because he cannot pay his debt? Quite otherwise; the truth is, the king is so good as to interfere at the request of the creditor, and to send the debtor his royal command to do him justice within a certain time — fifteen days, or six, as the case may be. Well, the man resists and disobeys; what follows? Why, that he be

lawfully and rightfully declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose command he has disobeyed, and that by three blasts of a horn at the market-place of Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. And he is then legally imprisoned, not on account of any civil debt, but because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate. What say you to that, Hector? there's something you never knew before.'¹

'No, uncle; but I own, if I wanted money to pay my debts, I would rather thank the king to send me some than to declare me a rebel for not doing what I could not do.'

'Your education has not led you to consider these things,' replied his uncle; 'you are incapable of estimating the elegance of the legal fiction, and the manner in which it reconciles that duress which, for the protection of commerce, it has been found necessary to extend towards refractory debtors with the most scrupulous attention to the liberty of the subject.'

'I don't know, sir,' answered the unenlightened Hector; 'but if a man must pay his debt or go to jail, it signifies but little whether he goes as a debtor or a rebel, I should think. But you say this command of the king's gives a license of so many days; now, egad, were I in the scrape, I would beat a march and leave the king and the creditor to settle it among themselves before they came to extremities.'

'So wad I,' said Edie; 'I wad gie them leg-bail to a certainty.'

'True,' replied Monkbarns; 'but those whom the law suspects of being unwilling to abide her formal visit, she proceeds with by means of a shorter and more uncereemonious call, as dealing with persons on whom patience and favour would be utterly thrown away.'

'Ay,' said Ochiltree, 'that would be what they ca' the "fugie" warrants; I hae some skeel in them. There's Border warrants too in the south country, unco rash uncanny things. I was taen up on ane at Saint James's Fair, and keepit in the auld kirk at Kelso the haill day and night; and a cauld goustie place it was, I'se assure ye. But whatna wife's this, wi' her creel on her back? It's puir Maggie hersell, I'm thinking.'

It was so. The poor woman's sense of her loss, if not diminished, was become at least mitigated by the inevitable necessity of attending to the means of supporting her family; and her salutation to Oldbuck was made in an odd mixture between the usual language of solicitation with which she

¹ See Imprisonment for Debt in Scotland. Note 9.

plied her customers and the tone of lamentation for her recent calamity.

'How's a' wi' ye the day, Monkbarns? I havena had the grace yet to come down to thank your honour for the credit ye did puir Steenie, wi' laying his head in a rath grave, puir fallow.' Here she whimpered and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron. 'But the fishing comes on no that ill, though the gudeman hasna had the heart to gang to sea himsell. Atweel I wad fain tell him it wad do him gude to put hand to wark, but I'm maist fear'd to speak to him, and it's an unco thing to hear ane o' us speak that gate o' a man. However, I hae some dainty caller haddies, and they sall be but three shillings the dozen, for I hae nae pith to drive a bargain e'ennow, and maun just take what ony Christian body will gie, wi' few words and nae flyting.'

'What shall we do, Hector?' said Oldbuck, pausing; 'I got into disgrace with my womankind for making a bad bargain with her before. These maritime animals, Hector, are unlucky to our family.'

'Pooh, sir, what would you do? Give poor Maggie what she asks, or allow me to send a dish of fish up to Monkbarns.'

And he held out the money to her; but Maggie drew back her hand. 'Na, na, Captain; ye're ower young and ower free o' your siller. Ye should never tak a fish-wife's first bode; and troth I think maybe a flyte wi' the auld housekeeper at Monkbarns or Miss Grizel would do me some gude. And I want to see what that hellicate quean Jenny Rintherout's doing; folk said she wasna weel. She'll be vexing hersell about Steenie, the silly tawpie, as if he wad ever hae lookit ower his shoulder at the like o' her! Weel, Monkbarns, they're braw caller haddies, and they'll bid me unco little indeed at the house if ye want crappit-heads the day.'

And so on she paced with her burden — grief, gratitude for the sympathy of her betters, and the habitual love of traffic and of gain chasing each other through her thoughts.

'And now that we are before the door of their hut,' said Ochiltree, 'I wad fain ken, Monkbarns, what has gar'd ye plague yoursell wi' me a' this length? I tell ye sincerely I hae nae pleasure in ganging in there. I downa bide to think how the young hae fa'en on a' sides o' me, and left me an useless auld stump wi' hardly a green leaf on 't.'

'This old woman,' said Oldbuck, 'sent you on a message to the Earl of Glenallan, did she not?'

'Ay!' said the surprised mendicant; 'how long ye that see weel?'

'Lord Glenallan told me himself,' answered the Antiquary; 'so there is no delation — no breach of trust on your part, as I as he wishes me to take her evidence down on some important family matters, I chose to bring you with me, because in her situation, hovering between delirium and consciousness, it is possible that your voice and appearance may awaken trains of recollection which I should otherwise have no means of exciting. The human mind ——— What are you about, Hector?'

'I was only whistling for the dog, sir,' replied the Captain; 'she always roves too wide. I knew I should be troublesome to you.'

'Not at all, not at all,' said Oldbuck, resuming the subject of his disquisition — 'The human mind is to be treated like a skein of unravelled silk, where you must cautiously secure one free end before you can make any progress in disentangling it.'

'I ken naething about that,' said the gaberlunzie; 'but an my auld acquaintance be hersell, or ony thing like hersell, she may come to wind us a pirl. It's fear-ome heith to see and hear her when she wampiches about her arms, and gets to her English, and speaks as if she were a prent book, let us be an auld fisher's wife. But, indeed, she had a grand education, and was muckle taen out afore she married an unco bit benenth hersell. She's aulder than me by half a score years; but I mind weel enough they made as muckle wark about her making a half-merk marriage wi' Simon Mucklebackit, this Saunders's father, as if she had been ane o' the gentry. But she got into favour again, and then she lost it again, as I hae heard her son say, when he was a muckle chield; and then they got muckle siller, and left the Countess's land and settled here. But things never throve wi' them. Howsomever, she's a weel-educate woman, and an she win to her English, as I hae heard her do at an orra time, she may come to fickle us a.'

CHAPTER XL

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves you stranded galley.
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give ; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.

Old Play.

AS the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative.

'The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.'

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—'O ay, hinnies, whisht, whisht! and I'll begin a bonnier ane than that.—

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and earle,
And listen, great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don an a',
And Hieland and Lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

I dinna mind the neist verse weel ; my memory's failed, and

there's unco thoughts come ower me. God keep us frae temptation !'

Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering.

'It's a historical ballad,' said Oldbuck, eagerly — 'a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy ! Percy would admire its simplicity ; Ritson could not impugn its authenticity.'

'Ay, but it's a sad thing,' said Ochiltree, 'to see human nature sae far overtaen as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a loss like hers.'

'Hush, hush !' said the Antiquary ; 'she has gotten the thread of the story again' ; and as he spoke she sung :

'They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.'

'Chafron !' exclaimed the Antiquary, 'equivalent, perhaps, to *cheveron*, the word's worth a dollar' ; and down it went in his red book.

'They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see :
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.

"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne ?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl ?"

Ye maun ken, hinnies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor and auld as I sit in the chimney-neuk, was my forebear, and an awfu' man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had fa'en ; for he blamed himsell for the counsel he

gave, to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns and Aberdeen and Angus.

Her voice rose and became more animated as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor:

“Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

“If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

“My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.”

‘Do you hear that, nephew?’ said Oldbuck; ‘you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors.’

‘I hear,’ said Hector, ‘a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's “Songs of Selma,” can be pleased with such trash. I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse halfpenny ballad; I don't believe you could match it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honour of the Highlands could be affected by such doggrel.’ And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices; for, ceasing her song, she called out, ‘Come in, sirs, come in; good-will never halted at the door-stane.’

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone, sitting ‘ghastly’ on the hearth, like the personification of Old Age in the *Hunter's Song of the Owl*,¹ ‘wrinkled, tattered, vile, dim-eyed, discoloured, torpid.’

‘They're a' out,’ she said, as they entered; ‘but, an ye will sit a blink, somebody will be in. If ye hae business wi' my gude-daughter or my son, they'll be in belyve: I never speak on business mysell. Bairns, gie them seats. The bairns are a' gane out, I trow (looking around her). I was crooning to keep them quiet a wee while since; but they hae cruppin out

¹ See Mrs. Grant on the *Highland Superstitions*, vol. II. p. 260, for this fine translation from the Gaelic.

some gate. Sit down, sirs, they'll be in belyve'; and she dismissed her spindle from her hand to twirl upon the floor, and soon seemed exclusively occupied in regulating its motion, as unconscious of the presence of the strangers as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business there.

'I wish,' said Oldbuck, 'she would resume that canticle or legendary fragment: I always suspected there was a skirmish of cavalry before the main battle of the Harlaw.'¹

'If your honour pleases,' said Edie, 'had ye not better proceed to the business that brought us a' here? I'se engage to get ye the sang ony time.'

'I believe you are right, Edie. *Do manus* — I submit. But how shall we manage? She sits there, the very image of dotage. Speak to her, Edie; try if you can make her recollect having sent you to Glenallan House.'

Edie rose accordingly, and, crossing the floor, placed himself in the same position which he had occupied during his former conversation with her. 'I'm fain to see ye looking sae weel, cummer; the mair, that the black ox has tramped on ye since I was aneath your roof-tree.'

'Ay,' said Elspeth, but rather from a general idea of misfortune than any exact recollection of what had happened, 'there has been distress amang us of late. I wonder how younger folk bide it; I bide it ill. I canna hear the wind whistle and the sea roar, but I think I see the coble whombled keel up, and some o' them struggling in the waves! Eh, sirs, sic weary dreams as folk hae between sleeping and waking, before they win to the lang sleep and the sound! I could amaist think whiles my son, or else Steenie, my oe, was dead, and that I had seen the burial. Isna that a queer dream for a daft auld carline? What for should ony o' them dee before me? it's out o' the course o' nature, ye ken.'

'I think you'll make very little of this stupid old woman,' said Hector, who still nourished, perhaps, some feelings of the dislike excited by the disparaging mention of his countrymen in her lay — 'I think you'll make but little of her, sir; and it's wasting our time to sit here and listen to her dotage.'

'Hector,' said the Antiquary, indignantly, 'if you do not respect her misfortunes, respect at least her old age and grey hairs. This is the last stage of existence, so finely treated by the Latin poet:

¹ See Battle of Harlaw. Note 10.

Omni

Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
 Nomina servorum, nec vultus agnoscit amici,
 Cum queis preterita cœnavit nocte, nec illos
 Quos genuit, quos eduxit.'

'That's Latin!' said Elspeth, rousing herself as if she attended to the lines which the Antiquary recited with great pomp of diction — 'that's Latin!' and she cast a wild glance around her. 'Has there a priest fund me out at last?'

'You see, nephew, her comprehension is almost equal to your own of that fine passage.'

'I hope you think, sir, that I knew it to be Latin as well as she did?'

'Why, as to that — But stay, she is about to speak.'

'I will have no priest, none,' said the beldam, with impotent vehemence; 'as I have lived I will die: none shall say that I betrayed my mistress, though it were to save my soul!'

'That bespoke a foul conscience,' said the mendicant; 'I wuss she wad mak a clean breast, an it were but for her ain sake,' and he again assailed her.

'Weel, gudewife, I did your errand to the Yerl.'

'To what Earl? I ken nae Earl. I kend a Countess ance, I wish to Heaven I had never kend her! for by that acquaintance, neighbour, there cam (and she counted her withered fingers as she spoke) first Pride, then Malice, then Revenge, then False Witness; and Murder tirl'd at the doorpin, if he camna ben. And werena thae pleasant guests, think ye, to take up their quarters in ae woman's heart? I trow there was routh o' company.'

'But, cummer,' continued the beggar, 'it wasna the Countess of Glenallan I meant, but her son, him that was Lord Geraldin.'

'I mind it now,' she said; 'I saw him no that lang syne, and we had a heavy speech thegither. Eh, sirs, the comely young lord is turned as auld and frail as I am: it's muckle that sorrow and heartbreak and crossing of true love will do wi' young blood. But suldna his mither hae lookit to that hersell? We were but to do her bidding, ye ken. I am sure there's naebody can blame me: he wasna my son, and she was my mistress. Ye ken how the rhyme says — I hae maist forgotten how to sing, or else the tune's left my auld head:

He turn'd him right and round again,

Said, Scorn na at my mither;

Light loves I may get mony a ane,

But minnie ne'er anither.

Then he was but of the half blude, ye ken, and hers was the right Glenallan after a'. Na, na, I maun never maen doing and suffering for the Countess Joscelin. Never will I maen for that.'

Then drawing her flax from the distaff, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to confess nothing, she resumed her interrupted occupation.

'I hae heard,' said the mendicant, taking his cue from what Oldbuck had told him of the family history — 'I hae heard, cummer, that some ill tongue suld hae come between the Earl, that's Lord Geraldin, and his young bride.'

'Ill tongue!' she said, in hasty alarm; 'and what had she to fear frae an ill tongue? She was gude and fair eneugh, at least a' body said sae. But had she keepit her ain tongue aff ithir folk she might hae been living like a leddy for a' that's come and gane yet.'

'But I hae heard say, gudewife,' continued Ochiltree, 'there was a clatter in the country, that her husband and her were ower sib when they married.'

'Wha durst speak o' that?' said the old woman, hastily — 'wha durst say they were married? Wha kend o' that? Not the Countess, not I; if they wedded in secret they were severed in secret. They drank of the fountains of their ain deceit.'

'No, wretched beldam,' exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, 'they drank the poison that you and your wicked mistress prepared for them.'

'Ha, ha!' she replied, 'I aye thought it would come to this: it's but sitting silent when they examine me. There's nae torture in our days; and if there is, let them rend me! It's ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats.'

'Speak to her, Edie,' said the Antiquary; 'she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily.'

'We shall mak naething mair out o' her,' said Ochiltree. 'When she has clinkit hersell down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we cam in. However, I'll try her ance mair to satisfy your honour. — So you canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin, has been removed?'

'Removed!' she exclaimed, for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her; 'then we maun a' follow. A' maun ride when she is in the saddle. Tell them to let Lord

Geraldin ken we're on before them; bring my hood and scarf—ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy and my hair in this fashion?

She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly; and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded in a hurried and interrupted manner, 'Call Miss Neville. What do you mean by Lady Geraldin? I said Eveline Neville, not Lady Geraldin; there's no Lady Geraldin; tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look sae pale. Bairn! what should she do wi' a bairn? maidens hae nane, I trow. Teresa, Teresa, my lady calls us! Bring a candle, the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight! We are coming, my leddy!' With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor.¹

Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms before he said, 'It's a' ower, she has passed away even with that last word.'

'Impossible,' said Oldbuck, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired with the last hurried word that left her lips; and all that remained before them were the mortal relics of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, joined to all the distresses of age and poverty.

'God grant that she be gane to a better place!' said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; 'but, oh! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. I have seen mony a ane dee, baith in the field o' battle and a fair-strae death at hame; but I wad rather see them a' ower again as sic a fearfu' flitting as hers!'

'We must call in the neighbours,' said Oldbuck, when he had somewhat recovered his horror and astonishment, 'and give warning of this additional calamity. I wish she could have been brought to a confession. And, though of far less consequence, I could have wished to transcribe that metrical fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!'

They left the hut accordingly and gave the alarm in the hamlet, whose matrons instantly assembled to compose the limbs and arrange the body of her who might be considered as the mother of their settlement. Oldbuck promised his assistance for the funeral.

¹ See Elspeth's Death. Note 11.

'Your honour,' said Ailison Breck, who was next in age to the deceased, 'suld send down something to us for keeping up our hearts at the lyke-wake, for a' Saunders's gin, puir man, was drucken out at the burial o' Steenie; and we'll no get mony to sit dry-lipped aside the corpse. Elspeth was unco clever in her young days, as I can mind right weel, but there was aye a word o' her no being that chaney. Ane suldna speak ill o' the dead — mair by token, o' ane's cummer and neighbour — but there was queer things said about a ledly and a bairn or she left the Craighburnfoot. And sae, in gude troth, it will be a puir lyke-wake unless your honour sends us something to keep us cracking.'

'You shall have some whisky,' answered Oldbuck, 'the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead. You observe, Hector, this is genuine Teutonic, from the Gothic *Leichnam*, a corpse. It is quite erroneously called *Late-wake*, though Brand favours that modern corruption and derivation.'

'I believe,' said Hector to himself, 'my uncle would give away Monkbarns to any one who would come to ask it in genuine Teutonic! Not a drop of whisky would the old creatures have got had their president asked it for the use of the *Late-wake*.'

While Oldbuck was giving some farther directions and promising assistance, a servant of Sir Arthur's came riding very hard along the sands, and stopped his horse when he saw the Antiquary. 'There had something,' he said, 'very particular happened at the Castle (he could not, or would not, explain what), and Miss Wardour had sent him off express to Monkbarns, to beg that Mr. Oldbuck would come to them without a moment's delay.'

'I am afraid,' said the Antiquary, 'his course also is drawing to a close. What can I do?'

'Do, sir!' exclaimed Hector, with his characteristic impatience. 'Get on the horse and turn his head homeward; you will be at Knockwinnock Castle in ten minutes.'

'He is quite a free goer,' said the servant, dismounting to adjust the girths and stirrups; 'he only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him.'

'I should soon be a dead weight off him, my friend,' said the Antiquary. 'What the devil, nephew, are you weary of me? or do you suppose me weary of my life, that I should get on the back of such a Bucephalus as that? No, no, my

friend, if I am to be at Knockwinnock to-day, it must be by walking quietly forward on my own feet, which I will do with as little delay as possible. Captain M'Intyre may ride that animal himself, if he pleases.'

'I have little hope I could be of any use, uncle, but I cannot think of their distress without wishing to show sympathy at least, so I will ride on before and announce to them that you are coming. I'll trouble you for your spurs, my friend.'

'You will scarce need them, sir,' said the man, taking them off at the same time and buckling them upon Captain M'Intyre's heels, 'he's very frank to the road.'

Oldbuck stood astonished at this last act of temerity. 'Are you mad, Hector?' he cried, 'or have you forgotten what is said by Quintus Curtius, with whom, as a soldier, you must needs be familiar, *Nobilis equus umbra quidem virgæ regitur; ignavus ne calcari quidem excitari potest*; which plainly shows that spurs are useless in every case, and, I may add, dangerous in most?'

But Hector, who cared little for the opinion of either Quintus Curtius or of the Antiquary upon such a topic, only answered with a heedless 'Never fear, never fear, sir.'

With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

'There they go, well matched,' said Oldbuck, looking after them as they started — 'a mad horse and a wild boy, the two most unruly creatures in Christendom! and all to get half an hour sooner to a place where nobody wants him; for I doubt Sir Arthur's griefs are beyond the cure of our light horseman. It must be the villainy of Dousterswivel, for whom Sir Arthur has done so much; for I cannot help observing that with some natures Tacitus's maxim holdeth good: *Beneficia eo usque lacta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum anteverere, pro gratia odium redditur*, from which a wise man might take a caution not to oblige any man beyond the degree in which he may expect to be requited, lest he should make his debtor a bankrupt in gratitude.'

Murmuring to himself such scraps of cynical philosophy, our Antiquary paced the sands towards Knockwinnock; but it is necessary we should outstrip him for the purpose of explaining the reasons of his being so anxiously summoned thither.

CHAPTER XLI

So, while the goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretch'd, impatient to destroy;
Stole on her secret nest the cruel boy,
Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid dream
For wings vain fluttering and for dying scream.

The Loves of the Sea-weeds.

FROM the time that Sir Arthur Wardour had become possessor of the treasure found in Misticot's grave, he had been in a state of mind more resembling ecstasy than sober sense. Indeed, at one time his daughter had become seriously apprehensive for his intellect; for, as he had no doubt that he had the secret of possessing himself of wealth to an unbounded extent, his language and carriage were those of a man who had acquired the philosopher's stone. He talked of buying contiguous estates that would have led him from one side of the island to the other, as if he were determined to brook no neighbour save the sea. He corresponded with an architect of eminence upon a plan of renovating the castle of his forefathers on a style of extended magnificence that might have rivalled that of Windsor, and laying out the grounds on a suitable scale. Troops of liveried menials were already in fancy marshalled in his halls, and — for what may not unbounded wealth authorise its possessor to aspire to? — the coronet of a marquis, perhaps of a duke, was glittering before his imagination. His daughter — to what matches might she not look forward? Even an alliance with the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes. His son was already a general, and he himself whatever ambition could dream of in its wildest visions.

In this mood, if any one endeavoured to bring Sir Arthur down to the regions of common life, his replies were in the vein of Ancient Pistol:

A fico for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys!

The reader may conceive the amazement of Miss Wardour when, instead of undergoing an investigation concerning the addresses of Lovel, as she had expected from the long conference of her father with Mr. Oldbuck upon the morning of the fated day when the treasure was discovered, the conversation of Sir Arthur announced an imagination heated with the hopes of possessing the most unbounded wealth. But she was seriously alarmed when Dousterswivel was sent for to the Castle, and was closeted with her father, his mishap condoled with, his part taken, and his loss compensated. All the suspicions which she had long entertained respecting this man became strengthened by observing his pains to keep up the golden dreams of her father, and to secure for himself, under various pretexts, as much as possible out of the windfall which had so strangely fallen to Sir Arthur's share.

Other evil symptoms began to appear, following close on each other. Letters arrived every post, which Sir Arthur, as soon as he had looked at the directions, flung into the fire without taking the trouble to open them. Miss Wardour could not help suspecting that these epistles, the contents of which seemed to be known to her father by a sort of intuition, came from pressing creditors. In the meanwhile the temporary aid which he had received from the treasure dwindled fast away. By far the greater part had been swallowed up by the necessity of paying the bill of six hundred pounds which had threatened Sir Arthur with instant distress. Of the rest, some part was given to the adept, some wasted upon extravagances which seemed to the poor knight fully authorised by his full-blown hopes, and some went to stop for a time the mouths of such claimants who, being weary of fair promises, had become of opinion with Harpagon that it was necessary to touch something substantial. At length circumstances announced but too plainly that it was all expended within two or three days after its discovery; and there appeared no prospect of a supply. Sir Arthur, naturally impatient, now taxed Dousterswivel anew with breach of those promises through which he had hoped to convert all his lead into gold. But that worthy gentleman's turn was now served; and, as he had grace enough to wish to avoid witnessing the fall of the house which he had undermined, he was at the trouble of bestowing a few learned terms of art upon Sir Arthur, that at least he might not be tormented before his time. He took leave of him with assurances that he would return to Knockwinnock the next morning with such

information as would not fail to relieve Sir Arthur from all his distresses.

For, since I have consulted in such matters, I have never,' said Mr. Herman Dousterswivel, 'approached so near de *arcanum*, what you call de great mystery — de Panchresta, de Polychresta; I do know as much of it as Pelaso de Taranta or Basilius, and either I will bring you in two and tree days de No. II. of Mr. Mishdigoat, or you shall call me one knave myself, and never look me in de face again no more at all.'

The adept departed with this assurance, in the firm resolution of making good the latter part of the proposition, and never again appearing before his injured patron. Sir Arthur remained in a doubtful and anxious state of mind. The positive assurances of the philosopher, with the hard words Panchresta, Basilius, and so forth, produced some effect on his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon to be absolutely relieved of his doubt, and he retired for the evening into his library in the fearful state of one who, hanging over a precipice, and without the means of retreat, perceives the stone on which he rests gradually parting from the rest of the crag and about to give way with him.

The visions of hope decayed, and there increased in proportion that feverish agony of anticipation with which a man, educated in a sense of consequence, and possessed of opulence, the supporter of an ancient name, and the father of two promising children, foresaw the hour approaching which should deprive him of all the splendour which time had made familiarly necessary to him, and send him forth into the world to struggle with poverty, with rapacity, and with scorn. Under these dire forebodings his temper, exhausted by the sickness of delayed hope, became peevish and fretful, and his words and actions sometimes expressed a reckless desperation which alarmed Miss Wardour extremely. We have seen on a former occasion that Sir Arthur was a man of passions lively and quick, in proportion to the weakness of his character in other respects; he was unused to contradiction, and if he had been hitherto, in general, good-humoured and cheerful, it was probably because the course of his life had afforded no such frequent provocation as to render his irritability habitual.

On the third morning after Dousterswivel's departure, the servant, as usual, laid on the breakfast table the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Wardour took up the former to avoid the continued ill-humour of her father, who had wrought

himself into a violent passion because the toast was over-browned.

'I perceive how it is,' was his concluding speech on this interesting subject: 'my servants, who have had their share of my fortune, begin to think there is little to be made of me in future. But while I *am* the scoundrels' master I will be so, and permit no neglect—no, nor endure a hair's-breadth diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them.'

'I am ready to leave your honour's service this instant,' said the domestic upon whom the fault had been charged, 'as soon as you order payment of my wages.'

Sir Arthur, as if stung by a serpent, thrust his hand into his pocket and instantly drew out the money which it contained, but which was short of the man's claim. 'What money have you got, Miss Wardour?' he said, in a tone of affected calmness, but which concealed violent agitation.

Miss Wardour gave him her purse; he attempted to count the bank notes which it contained, but could not reckon them. After twice miscounting the sum, he threw the whole to his daughter, and saying in a stern voice, 'Pay the rascal; and let him leave the house instantly!' he strode out of the room.

The mistress and servant stood alike astonished at the agitation and vehemence of his manner.

'I am sure, ma'am, if I had thought I was particularly wrang I wadna hae made ony answer when Sir Arthur challenged me. I hae been lang in his service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I wad like ill ye should think I wad start for a hasty word. I am sure it was very wrang o' me to speak about wages to his honour, when maybe he has something to vex him. I had nae thoughts o' leaving the family in this way.'

'Go downstairs, Robert,' said his mistress; 'something has happened to fret my father—go downstairs, and let Alick answer the bell.'

When the man left the room, Sir Arthur re-entered, as if he had been watching his departure. 'What's the meaning of this?' he said, hastily, as he observed the notes lying still on the table. 'Is he not gone? Am I neither to be obeyed as a master or a father?'

'He is gone to give up his charge to the housekeeper, sir; I thought there was not such instant haste.'

'There is haste, Miss Wardour,' answered her father, inter-

rupting her. 'What I do henceforth in the house of my forefathers must be done speedily or never.'

He then sate down and took up with a trembling hand the basin of tea prepared for him, protracting the swallowing of it, as if to delay the necessity of opening the post-letters which lay on the table, and which he eyed from time to time, as if they had been a nest of adders ready to start into life and spring upon him.

'You will be happy to hear,' said Miss Wardour, willing to withdraw her father's mind from the gloomy reflections in which he appeared to be plunged — 'you will be happy to hear, sir, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig has got safe into Leith Roads. . I observe there had been apprehensions for his safety; I am glad we did not hear them till they were contradicted.'

'And what is Taffril and his gun-brig to me?'

'Sir!' said Miss Wardour in astonishment; for Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind, took a fidgety sort of interest in all the gossip of the day and country.

'I say,' he repeated, in a higher and still more impatient key, 'what do I care who is saved or lost? It's nothing to me, I suppose?'

'I did not know you were busy, Sir Arthur; and thought, as Mr. Taffril is a brave man, and from our own country, you would be happy to hear —'

'O, I am happy, as happy as possible; and, to make you happy too, you shall have some of my good news in return.' And he caught up a letter. 'It does not signify which I open first, they are all to the same tune.'

He broke the seal hastily, run the letter over, and then threw it to his daughter. 'Ay; I could not have lighted more happily! this places the copestone.'

Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter. 'Read it — read it aloud!' said her father. 'It cannot be read too often; it will serve to break you in for other good news of the same kind.'

She began to read with a faltering voice, 'Dear Sir.'

'He "dears" me too, you see — this impudent drudge of a writer's office, who a twelvemonth since was not fit company for my second table. I suppose I shall be "dear Knight" with him by and by.'

'Dear Sir,' resumed Miss Wardour; but, interrupting herself, 'I see the contents are unpleasant, sir; it will only vex you my reading them aloud.'

'If you will allow me to know my own pleasure, Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on; I presume, if it were unnecessary, I should not ask you to take the trouble.'

'Having been of late taken into copartnery,' continued Miss Wardour, reading the letter, 'by Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, son of your late correspondent and man of business, Girnigo Greenhorn, Esq., writer to the signet, whose business I conducted as parliament-house clerk for many years, which business will in future be carried on under the firm of Greenhorn and Grinderson — which I memorandum for the sake of accuracy in addressing your future letters — and having had of late favours of yours, directed to my aforesaid partner, Gilbert Greenhorn, in consequence of his absence at the Lamberton races, have the honour to reply to your said favours.'

'You see my friend is methodical, and commences by explaining the causes which have procured me so modest and elegant a correspondent. Go on, I can bear it.'

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is perhaps the most fearful expression of mental misery. Trembling to proceed, and yet afraid to disobey, Miss Wardour continued to read: 'I am, for myself and partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking out for the sums you mention, or applying for a suspension in the case of Goldiebirds' bond, which would be more inconsistent as we have been employed to act as the said Goldiebirds' procurators and attorneys, in which capacity we have taken out a charge of horning against you, as you must be aware by the schedule left by the messenger, for the sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence one-fourth of a penny Sterling, which, with annual rent and expenses effeiring, we presume will be settled during the currency of the charge, to prevent further trouble. Same time, I am under the necessity to observe our own account, amounting to seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds ten shillings and sixpence, is also due, and settlement would be agreeable; but, as we hold your rights, title-deeds, and documents in hypothec, shall have no objection to give reasonable time — say till the next money term. I am, for myself and partner, concerned to add that Messrs. Goldiebirds' instructions to us are, to proceed *peremptorie* and *sine mora*, of which I have the pleasure to advise you to prevent future mistakes, reserving to ourselves otherwise to *agé* as accords. I am, for self and partner, dear sir, your obliged humble servant, Gabriel Grinderson, for Greenhorn and Grinderson.'

'Ungrateful villain!' said Miss Wardour.

'Why, no; it's in the usual rule, I suppose. The blow could not have been perfect if dealt by another hand; it's all just as it should be,' answered the poor Baronet, his affected composure sorely belied by his quivering lip and rolling eye. 'But here's a postscript I did not notice; come, finish the epistle.'

'I have to add — not for self but partner — that Mr. Greenhorn will accommodate you by taking your service of plate, or the bay horses, if sound in wind and limb, at a fair appreciation, in part payment of your accmpt.'

'G—d confound him!' said Sir Arthur, losing all command of himself at this condescending proposal; 'his grandfather shod my father's horses, and this descendant of a scoundrelly blacksmith proposes to swindle me out of mine! But I will write him a proper answer.'

And he sat down and began to write with great vehemence, then stopped and read aloud: 'Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, In answer to two letters of a late date, I received a letter from a person calling himself Grinderson, and designing himself as your partner. When I address any one I do not usually expect to be answered by deputy. I think I have been useful to your father, and friendly and civil to yourself, and therefore am now surprised — And yet,' said he, stopping short, 'why should I be surprised at that or anything else, or why should I take up my time in writing to such a scoundrel? I shan't be always kept in prison, I suppose, and to break that puppy's bones when I get out shall be my first employment.'

'In prison, sir?' said Miss Wardour, faintly.

'Ay, in prison, to be sure. Do you make any question about that? Why, Mr. what's-his-name's fine letter for self and partner seems to be thrown away on you, or else you have got four thousand so many hundred pounds, with the due proportion of shillings, pence, and half-pence, to pay that aforesaid demand, as he calls it.'

'I, sir? O if I had the means! But where's my brother? Why does he not come, and so long in Scotland? He might do something to assist us.'

'Who, Reginald? I suppose he's gone with Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn, or some such respectable person, to the Lamberton races. I have expected him this week past; but I cannot wonder that my children should neglect me as well as every other person. But I should beg your pardon, my love, who never either neglected or offended me in your life.'

And, kissing her cheek as she threw her arms round his neck, he experienced that consolation which a parent feels, even in the most distressed state, in the assurance that he possesses the affection of a child.

Miss Wardour took the advantage of this revulsion of feeling to endeavour to soothe her father's mind to composure. She reminded him that he had many friends.

'I *had* many once,' said Sir Arthur; 'but of some I have exhausted their kindness with my frantic projects, others are unable to assist me, others are unwilling; it is all over with me. I only hope Reginald will take example by my folly.'

'Should I not send to Monkbarns, sir?' said his daughter.

'To what purpose? He cannot lend me such a sum, and would not if he could, for he knows I am otherwise drowned in debt; and he would only give me scraps of misanthropy and quaint ends of Latin.'

'But he is shrewd and sensible, and was bred to business, and, I am sure, always loved this family.'

'Yes, I believe he did: it is a fine pass we are come to when the affection of an Oldbuck is of consequence to a Wardour! But when matters come to extremity, as I suppose they presently will, it may be as well to send for him. And now go take your walk, my dear; my mind is more composed than when I had this cursed disclosure to make. You know the worst, and may daily or hourly expect it. Go take your walk; I would willingly be alone for a little while.'

When Miss Wardour left the apartment her first occupation was to avail herself of the half permission granted by her father, by despatching to Monkbarns the messenger, who, as we have already seen, met the Antiquary and his nephew on the sea-beach.

Little recking, and indeed scarce knowing, where she was wandering, chance directed her into the walk beneath the Briery Bank, as it was called. A brook, which in former days had supplied the castle moat with water, here descended through a narrow dell, up which Miss Wardour's taste had directed a natural path, which was rendered neat and easy of ascent, without the air of being formally made and preserved. It suited well the character of the little glen, which was overhung with thickets and underwood, chiefly of larch and hazel, intermixed with the usual varieties of the thorn and brier. In this walk had passed that scene of explanation between Miss Wardour and Lovel which was overheard by old Edie Ochiltree.

With a heart softened by the distress which approached her family, Miss Wardour now recalled every word and argument which Lovel had urged in support of his suit, and could not help confessing to herself it was no small subject of pride to have inspired a young man of his talents with a passion so strong and disinterested. That he should have left the pursuit of a profession in which he was said to be rapidly rising to bury himself in a disagreeable place like Fairport, and brood over an unrequited passion, might be ridiculed by others as romantic, but was naturally forgiven as an excess of affection by the person who was the object of his attachment. Had he possessed an independence, however moderate, or ascertained a clear and undisputed claim to the rank in society he was well qualified to adorn, she might now have had it in her power to offer her father, during his misfortunes, an asylum in an establishment of her own. These thoughts, so favourable to the absent lover, crowded in, one after the other, with such a minute recapitulation of his words, looks, and actions as plainly intimated that his former repulse had been dictated rather by duty than inclination. Isabella was musing alternately upon this subject and upon that of her father's misfortunes when, as the path winded round a little hillock covered with brush-wood, the old Blue-Gown suddenly met her.

With an air as if he had something important and mysterious to communicate he doffed his bonnet, and assumed the cautious step and voice of one who would not willingly be overheard. 'I hae been wishing muckle to meet wi' your leddyship; for ye ken I darena come to the house for Dousterswivel.'

'I heard indeed,' said Miss Wardour, dropping an alms into the bonnet — 'I heard that you had done a very foolish, if not a very bad thing, Edie, and I was sorry to hear it.'

'Hout, my bonny leddy — fulish? A' the world's fules, and how should auld Edie Ochiltree be aye wise? and for the evil, let them wha deal wi' Dousterswivel tell whether he gat a grain mair than his deserts.'

'That may be true, Edie, and yet,' said Miss Wardour, 'you may have been very wrong.'

'Weel, weel, we'se no dispute that e'enow; it's about yoursell I'm gaun to speak. Div ye ken what's hanging ower the house of Knockwinnock?'

'Great distress, I fear, Edie,' answered Miss Wardour; 'but I am surprised it is already so public.'

'Public! Sweepclean, the messenger, will be there the day

wi' a' his tackle. I ken it frae ane o' his concurrents, as they ca' them, that's warned to meet him; and they'll be about their wark belyve. Whare they clip there needs nae kame: they sheer close enough.'

'Are you sure this bad hour, Edie, is so very near? come I know it will.'

'It's e'en as I tell you, leddy! but dinna be cast down; there's a heaven ower your head here, as weel as in that fearful night atween the Ballyburgh Ness and the Halket Head. D'ye think He wha rebuked the waters canna protect you against the wrath of men, though they be armed with human authority?'

'It is, indeed, all we have to trust to.'

'Ye dinna ken — ye dinna ken; when the night's darkest the dawn's nearest. If I had a gude horse, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there wad be help yet. I trusted to hae gotten a cast wi' the Royal Charlotte, but she's coupit yonder, it's like, at Kittlebrig. There was a young gentleman on the box, and he behaved to drive; and Tam Sang, that suld hae mair sense, he behaved to let him, and the daft callant couldna tak the turn at the corner o' the brig, and odd! he took the curb-stane, and he's whomled her as I wad whomle a toom bicker — it was a luck I hadna gotten on the tap o' her. Sae I came down atween hope and despair to see if ye wad send me on.'

'And, Edie, where would ye go?' said the young lady.

'To Tannonburgh, my leddy' (which was the first stage from Fairport, but a good deal nearer to Knockwinnock), 'and that without delay; it's a' on your ain business.'

'Our business, Edie? Alas! I give you all credit for your good meaning, but —'

'There's nae "buts" about it, my leddy, for gang I maun,' said the persevering Blue-Gown.

'But what is it that you would do at Tannonburgh? or how can your going there benefit my father's affairs?'

'Indeed, my sweet leddy,' said the gaberlunzie, 'ye maun just trust that bit secret to auld Edie's grey pow, and ask nae questions about it. Certainly if I wad hae wared my life for you yon night, I can hae nae reason to play an ill pliskie t'ye in the day o' your distress.'

'Well, Edie, follow me then,' said Miss Wardour, 'and I will try to get you sent to Tannonburgh.'

'Mak haste then, my bonny leddy, mak haste, for the love o' goodness!' and he continued to exhort her to expedition until they reached the Castle.

CHAPTER XLII

Let those go see who will ; I like it not.
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothings he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of stern necessity ;
Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish.

Old Play.

WHEN Miss Wardour arrived in the court of the Castle, she was apprised by the first glance that the visit of the officers of the law had already taken place. There was confusion, and gloom, and sorrow, and curiosity among the domestics, while the retainers of the law went from place to place, making an inventory of the goods and chattels falling under their warrant of distress, or poinding, as it is called in the law of Scotland. Captain M'Intyre flew to her, as, struck dumb with the melancholy conviction of her father's ruin, she paused upon the threshold of the gateway.

'Dear Miss Wardour,' he said, 'do not make yourself uneasy ; my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure he will find some way to clear the house of these rascals.'

'Alas ! Captain M'Intyre, I fear it will be too late.'

'No,' answered Edie, impatiently, 'could I but get to Tannonburgh. In the name of Heaven, Captain ! contrive some way to get me on, and ye'll do this poor ruined family the best day's doing that has been done them since Red-hand's days ; for as sure as e'er an auld saw came true, Knockwinnock house and land will be lost and won this day.'

'Why, what good can you do, old man ?' said Hector.

But Robert, the domestic with whom Sir Arthur had been so much displeased in the morning, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to display his zeal, stepped hastily forward and said to his mistress, 'If you please, ma'am, this auld man,

Ochiltree, is very skeely and auld-farrant about mony things, as the diseases of cows, and horse, and sic like, and I am sure he disna want to be at Tannonburgh the day for naething, since he insists on 't this gate; and, if your leddyship pleases, I'll drive him there in the taxed cart in an hour's time. I wad fain be of some use; I could bite my very tongue out when I think on this morning.'

'I am obliged to you, Robert,' said Miss Wardour; 'and if you really think it has the least chance of being useful——'

'In the name of God,' said the old man, 'yoke the cart, Robie, and if I am no o' some use, less or mair, I'll gie ye leave to fling me ower Kittlebrig as ye come back again. But, O man, haste ye, for time's precious this day.'

Robert looked at his mistress as she retired into the house, and, seeing he was not prohibited, flew to the stable-yard, which was adjacent to the court, in order to yoke the carriage; for, though an old beggar was the personage least likely to render effectual assistance in a case of pecuniary distress, yet there was among the common people of Edie's circle a general idea of his prudence and sagacity which authorised Robert's conclusion, that he would not so earnestly have urged the necessity of this expedition had he not been convinced of its utility. But so soon as the servant took hold of a horse to harness him for the tax-cart, an officer touched him on the shoulder—'My friend, you must let that beast alone, he's down in the schedule.'

'What,' said Robert, 'am I not to take my master's horse to go my young leddy's errand?'

'You must remove nothing here,' said the man of office, 'or you will be liable for all consequences.'

'What the devil, sir,' said Hector, who, having followed to examine Ochiltree more closely on the nature of his hopes and expectations, already began to bristle like one of the terriers of his own native mountains, and sought but a decent pretext for venting his displeasure, 'have you the impudence to prevent the young lady's servant from obeying her orders?'

There was something in the air and tone of the young soldier which seemed to argue that his interference was not likely to be confined to mere expostulation, and which, if it promised finally the advantages of a process of battery and deforcement, would certainly commence with the unpleasant circumstances necessary for founding such a complaint. The legal officer, confronted with him of the military, grasped with one doubtful hand the greasy bludgeon which was to enforce his

authority, and with the other produced his short official baton, tipped with silver, and having a movable ring upon it — ‘Captain M’Intyre, sir, I have no quarrel with you, but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself deforced.’

‘And who the devil cares,’ said Hector, totally ignorant of the words of judicial action, ‘whether you declare yourself divorced or married? And as to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent the lad from harnessing the horses to obey his mistress’s orders.’

‘I take all who stand here to witness,’ said the messenger, ‘that I showed him my blazon and explained my character. “He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar,”’ and he slid his enigmatical ring from one end of the baton to the other, being the appropriate symbol of his having been forcibly interrupted in the discharge of his duty.

Honest Hector, better accustomed to the artillery of the field than to that of the law, saw this mystical ceremony with great indifference, and with like unconcern beheld the messenger sit down to write out an execution of deforcement. But at this moment, to prevent the well-meaning hot-headed Highlander from running the risk of a severe penalty, the Antiquary arrived puffing and blowing, with his handkerchief crammed under his hat and his wig upon the end of his stick.

‘What the deuce is the matter here?’ he exclaimed, hastily adjusting his headgear; ‘I have been following you in fear of finding your idle loggerhead knocked against one rock or other, and here I find you parted with your Bucephalus and quarrelling with Sweepclean. A messenger, Hector, is a worse foe than a *phoca*, whether it be the *phoca barbata* or the *phoca vitulina* of your late conflict.’

‘D—n the *phoca*, sir,’ said Hector, ‘whether it be the one or the other—I say d—n them both particularly! I think you would not have me stand quietly by and see a scoundrel like this, because he calls himself a king’s messenger, forsooth—I hope the king has many better for his meanest errands—insult a young lady of family and fashion like Miss Wardour?’

‘Rightly argued, Hector,’ said the Antiquary; ‘but the king, like other people, has now and then shabby errands, and, in your ear, must have shabby fellows to do them. But even supposing you unacquainted with the statutes of William the Lion in which, *capite quarto, versu quinto*, this crime of deforce-

ment is termed *despectus domini regis*, a contempt, to wit, of the king himself, in whose name all legal diligence issues, could you not have inferred, from the information I took so much pains to give you to-day, that those who interrupt officers who come to execute letters of caption, are *tanquam participes criminis rebellionis*? seeing that he who aids a rebel is himself, *quodammodo*, an accessory to rebellion. But I'll bring you out of the scrape.'

He then spoke to the messenger, who, upon his arrival, had laid aside all thoughts of making a good bye-job out of the deforcement, and accepted Mr. Oldbuck's assurances that the horse and taxed cart should be safely returned in the course of two or three hours.

'Very well, sir,' said the Antiquary, 'since you are disposed to be so civil, you shall have another job in your own best way — a little cast of state politics — a crime punishable *per Legem Juliam*, Mr. Sweepclean. Hark thee hither.'

And, after a whisper of five minutes, he gave him a slip of paper, on receiving which the messenger mounted his horse, and, with one of his assistants, rode away pretty sharply. The fellow who remained seemed to delay his operations purposely, proceeded in the rest of his duty very slowly, and with the caution and precision of one who feels himself overlooked by a skilful and severe inspector.

In the meantime Oldbuck, taking his nephew by the arm, led him into the house, and they were ushered into the presence of Sir Arthur Wardour, who, in a flutter between wounded pride, agonised apprehension, and vain attempts to disguise both under a show of indifference, exhibited a spectacle of painful interest.

'Happy to see you, Mr. Oldbuck, always happy to see my friends in fair weather or foul,' said the poor Baronet, struggling not for composure, but for gaiety, an affectation which was strongly contrasted by the nervous and protracted grasp of his hand, and the agitation of his whole demeanour — 'I am happy to see you. You are riding, I see; I hope in this confusion your horses are taken good care of: I always like to have my friends' horses looked after. Egad, they will have all my care now, for you see they are like to leave me none of my own, he! he! he! — eh, Mr. Oldbuck?'

This attempt at a jest was attended by a hysterical giggle, which poor Sir Arthur intended should sound as an indifferent laugh.

'You know I never ride, Sir Arthur,' said the Antiquary.

'I beg your pardon; but sure I saw your nephew arrive on horseback a short time since. We must look after officers' horses, and his was a handsome grey charger, as I have seen.'

Sir Arthur was about to ring the bell, when Mr. Oldbuck said, 'My nephew came on your own grey horse, Sir Arthur.'

'Mine!' said the poor Baronet — 'mine, was it? then the sun had been in my eyes. Well, I'm not worthy having a horse any longer, since I don't know my own when I see him.'

'Good Heaven,' thought Oldbuck, 'how is this man altered from the formal stolidity of his usual manner! he grows wanton under adversity; *sed percuncti mille figura.*' He then proceeded aloud: 'Sir Arthur, we must necessarily speak a little on business.'

'To be sure,' said Sir Arthur; 'but it was so good that I should not know the horse I have ridden these five years, ha! ha! ha!'

'Sir Arthur,' said the Antiquary, 'don't let us waste time which is precious; we shall have, I hope, many better seasons for jesting; *desipere in loco* is the maxim of Horace. I more than suspect this has been brought on by the villainy of Dousterswivel.'

'Don't mention his name, sir!' said Sir Arthur; and his manner entirely changed from a fluttered affectation of gaiety to all the agitation of fury: his eyes sparkled, his mouth foamed, his hands were clenched — 'don't mention his name, sir,' he vociferated, 'unless you would see me go mad in your presence! That I should have been such a miserable dolt, such an infatuated idiot, such a beast endowed with thrice a beast's stupidity, to be led and driven and spur-galled by such a rascal, and under such ridiculous pretences. Mr. Oldbuck, I could tear myself when I think of it.'

'I only meant to say,' answered the Antiquary, 'that this fellow is like to meet his reward; and I cannot but think we shall frighten something out of him that may be of service to you. He has certainly had some unlawful correspondence on the other side of the water.'

'Has he? has he? has he, indeed? Then d—n the household goods, horses, and so forth: I will go to prison a happy man, Mr. Oldbuck. I hope in Heaven there's a reasonable chance of his being hanged?'

'Why, pretty fair,' said Oldbuck, willing to encourage this diversion, in hopes it might mitigate the feelings which seemed

like to upset the poor man's understanding; 'honest' men have stretched a rope, or the law has been sadly cheated. But this unhappy business of yours — can nothing be done? Let me see the charge.'

He took the papers; and as he read them his countenance grew hopelessly dark and disconsolate. Miss Wardour had by this time entered the apartment, and fixing her eyes on Mr. Oldbuck, as if she meant to read her fate in his looks, easily perceived, from the change in his eye and the dropping of his nether jaw, how little was to be hoped.

'We are then irremediably ruined, Mr. Oldbuck?' said the young lady.

'Irremediably! I hope not; but the instant demand is very large, and others will doubtless pour in.'

'Ay, never doubt that, Monkbarns,' said Sir Arthur; 'where the slaughter is, the eagles will be gathered together. I am like a sheep which I have seen fall down a precipice, or drop down from sickness: if you had not seen a single raven or hooded crow for a fortnight before, he will not lie on the heather ten minutes before half a dozen will be picking out his eyes (and he drew his hand over his own), and tearing at his heart-strings before the poor devil has time to die. But that d—d long-scented vulture that dogged me so long — you have got him fast, I hope?'

'Fast enough,' said the Antiquary; 'the gentleman wished to take the wings of the morning and bolt in the what d'ye call it — the coach and four there. But he would have found twigs limed for him at Edinburgh. As it is, he never got so far, for the coach being overturned — as how could it go safe with such a Jonah? — he has had an infernal tumble, is carried into a cottage near Kittlebrig, and, to prevent all possibility of escape, I have sent your friend, Sweepclean, to bring him back to Fairport *in nomine regis*, or to act as his sick nurse at Kittlebrig, as is most fitting. And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to have some conversation with you on the present unpleasant state of your affairs, that we may see what can be done for their extrication;' and the Antiquary led the way into the library, followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

They had been shut up together for about two hours, when Miss Wardour interrupted them, with her cloak on as if prepared for a journey. Her countenance was very pale, yet expressive of the composure which characterised her disposition.

'The messenger is returned, Mr. Oldbuck.'

'Returned! What the devil! he has not let the fellow go?'

'No; I understand he has carried him to confinement; and now he is returned to attend my father, and says he can wait no longer.'

A loud wrangling was now heard on the staircase, in which the voice of Hector predominated. 'You an officer, sir, and these ragamuffins a party! a parcel of beggarly tailor fellows! tell yourselves off by nine, and we shall know your effective strength.'

The grumbling voice of the man of law was then heard indistinctly muttering a reply, to which Hector retorted — 'Come, come, sir, this won't do; march your party, as you call them, out of this house directly, or I'll send you and them to the right about presently.'

'The devil take Hector,' said the Antiquary, hastening to the scene of action; 'his Highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the bailiff. Come, Mr. Sweepclean, you must give us a little time; I know you would not wish to hurry Sir Arthur.'

'By no means, sir,' said the messenger, putting his hat off, which he had thrown on to testify defiance of Captain M'Intyre's threats; 'but your nephew, sir, holds very uncivil language, and I have borne too much of it already; and I am not justified in leaving my prisoner any longer after the instructions I received, unless I am to get payment of the sums contained in my diligence.' And he held out the caption, pointing with the awful truncheon which he held in his right hand to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

Hector, on the other hand, though silent from respect to his uncle, answered this gesture by shaking his clenched fist at the messenger with a frown of Highland wrath.

'Foolish boy, be quiet,' said Oldbuck, 'and come with me into the room; the man is doing his miserable duty, and you will only make matters worse by opposing him. I fear, Sir Arthur, you must accompany this man to Fairport; there is no help for it in the first instance. I will accompany you to consult what farther can be done. My nephew will escort Miss Wardour to Monkbarns, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled.'

'I go with my father, Mr. Oldbuck,' said Miss Wardour, firmly; 'I have prepared his clothes and my own. I suppose we shall have the use of the carriage?'

'Anything in reason, madam,' said the messenger; 'I have ordered it out, and it's at the door. I will go on the box with the coachman, I have no desire to intrude; but two of the concurrents must attend on horseback.'

'I will attend too,' said Hector, and he ran down to secure a horse for himself.

'We must go then,' said the Antiquary.

'To jail,' said the Baronet, sighing involuntarily. 'And what of that?' he resumed, in a tone affectedly cheerful; 'it is only a house we can't get out of, after all. Suppose a fit of the gout, and Knockwinnock would be the same. Ay, ay, Monkbarns, we'll call it a fit of the gout without the d—d pain.'

But his eyes swelled with tears as he spoke, and his faltering accent marked how much this assumed gaiety cost him. The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Banians, who drive the real terms of an important bargain by signs, while they are apparently talking of indifferent matters, the hand of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the real state of his internal agony. They stepped slowly down the magnificent staircase, every well-known object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to assume a more prominent and distinct appearance than usual, as if to press themselves on their notice for the last time.

At the first landing-place Sir Arthur made an agonised pause; and as he observed the Antiquary look at him anxiously, he said with assumed dignity—'Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, the descendant of an ancient line—the representative of Richard Red-hand and Gamelyn de Guardover—may be pardoned a sigh when he leaves the castle of his fathers thus poorly escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1745, it was upon a charge becoming our birth—upon an accusation of high treason, Mr. Oldbuck. We were escorted from Highgate by a troop of life-guards, and committed upon a secretary of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a miserable creature like that (pointing to the messenger), and for a paltry concern of pounds, shillings, and pence.'

'At least,' said Oldbuck, 'you have now the company of a dutiful daughter and a sincere friend, if you will permit me to say so, and that may be some consolation, even without the certainty that there can be no hanging, drawing, or

quartering on the present occasion. But I hear that choleric boy as loud as ever. I hope to God he has got into no new broil! It was an accursed chance that brought him here at all.'

In fact, a sudden clamour, in which the loud voice and somewhat northern accent of Hector were again pre-eminently distinguished, broke off this conversation. 'The cause we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLIII

Fortune, you say, flies from us. She but circles,
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim. Experience watches,
And has her on the wheel.

Old Play.

THE shout of triumph in Hector's warlike tones was not easily distinguished from that of battle. But as he rushed upstairs with a packet in his hand, exclaiming, 'Long life to an old soldier! here comes Edie with a whole budget of good news!' it became obvious that his present cause of clamour was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Oldbuck, shook Sir Arthur heartily by the hand, and wished Miss Wardour joy, with all the frankness of Highland congratulation. The messenger, who had a kind of instinctive terror for Captain McIntyre, drew towards his prisoner, keeping an eye of caution on the soldier's motions.

'Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you, you dirty fellow,' said the soldier. 'There's a guinea for the fright I have given you; and here comes an old Forty-Two man, who is a fitter match for you than I am.'

The messenger (one of those dogs who are not too scornful to eat dirty puddings) caught in his hand the guinea which Hector chucked at his face, and abode warily and carefully the turn which matters were now to take. All voices meanwhile were loud in inquiries, which no one was in a hurry to answer.

'What is the matter, Captain McIntyre?' said Sir Arthur.

'Ask old Edie,' said Hector; 'I only know all's safe and well.'

'What is all this, Edie?' said Miss Wardour to the mendicant.

‘Your leddyship maun ask Monk barns, for he has gotten the yepistolary correspondensh.’

‘God save the king!’ exclaimed the Antiquary, at the first glance of the contents of his packet, and, surprised at once out of decorum, philosophy, and phlegm, he skimmed his cocked hat in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in its fall by a branch of the chandelier. He next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have sent after the beaver, had not Edie stopped his hand, exclaiming, ‘Lordsake! he’s gaun gyte; mind Caxon’s no here to repair the damage.’

Every person now assailed the Antiquary, clamouring to know the cause of so sudden a transport, when, somewhat ashamed of his rapture, he fairly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and, ascending the stair by two steps at a time, gained the upper landing-place, where, turning round, he addressed the astonished audience as follows:—

‘My good friends, *favete linguis*. To give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of it myself; and therefore, with your leaves, I will retire into the library to examine these papers. Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour will have the goodness to step into the parlour; Mr. Sweepclean, *secede paulisper*, or, in your own language, grant us a supersedere of diligence for five minutes. Hector, draw off your forces and make your bear-garden flourish elsewhere; and, finally, be all of good cheer till my return, which will be *instantanter*.’

The contents of the packet were indeed so little expected that the Antiquary might be pardoned, first his ecstasy, and next his desire of delaying to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged and digested in his own mind.

Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., of Monk barns, of the following purport:—

‘DEAR SIR—To you, as my father’s proved and valued friend, I venture to address myself, being detained here by military duty of a very pressing nature. You must by this time be acquainted with the entangled state of our affairs; and I know it will give you great pleasure to learn that I am as fortunately as unexpectedly placed in a situation to give effectual assistance for extricating them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with severe measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a creditable man of business here, I have procured the inclosed writing, which I understand will

stop their proceedings until their claim shall be legally discussed and brought down to its proper amount. I also inclose bills to the amount of one thousand pounds to pay any other pressing demands, and request of your friendship to apply them according to your discretion. You will be surprised I give you this trouble, when it would seem more natural to address my father directly in his own affairs. But I have yet had no assurance that his eyes are opened to the character of a person against whom you have often, I know, warned him, and whose baneful influence has been the occasion of these distresses. And as I owe the means of relieving Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend, it is my duty to take the most certain measures for the supplies being devoted to the purpose for which they were destined, and I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done. My friend, as he claims an interest in your regard, will explain some views of his own in the inclosed letter. The state of the post-office at Fairport being rather notorious, I must send this letter to Tannomburgh; but the old man Ochiltree, whom particular circumstances have recommended as trustworthy, has information when the packet is likely to reach that place, and will take care to forward it. I expect to have soon an opportunity to apologise in person for the trouble I now give, and have the honour to be, your very faithful servant,

REGINALD GAMELYN WARDOUR.

'EDINBURGH, 6th August 179—.'

The Antiquary hastily broke the seal of the inclosure, the contents of which gave him equal surprise and pleasure. When he had in some measure composed himself after such unexpected tidings, he inspected the other papers carefully, which all related to business; put the bills into his pocket-book, and wrote a short acknowledgment to be despatched by that day's post, for he was extremely methodical in money matters; and, lastly, fraught with all the importance of disclosure, he descended to the parlour.

'Sweepclean,' said he, as he entered, to the officer, who stood respectfully at the door, 'you must sweep yourself clean out of Knockwinnock Castle with all your followers, tag-rag and bob-tail. See'st thou this paper, man?'

'A sist on a bill o' suspension,' said the messenger, with a disappointed look; 'I thought it would be a queer thing if ultimate diligence was to be done against sic a gentleman as'

Sir Arthur: Weel, sir, I'se go my ways with my party. And who's to pay my charges?

'They who employed thee,' replied Oldbuck, 'as thou full well dost know. But here comes another express: this is a day of news, I think.'

This was Mr. Mailsetter on his mare from Fairport, with a letter for Sir Arthur, another to the messenger, both of which, he said, he was directed to forward instantly. The messenger opened his, observing, that Greenhorn and Grinderson were good enough men for his expenses, and here was a letter from them desiring him to stop the diligence. Accordingly, he immediately left the apartment, and, staying no longer than to gather his posse together, he did then, in the phrase of Hector, who watched his departure as a jealous mastiff eyes the retreat of a repulsed beggar, evacuate Flanders.

Sir Arthur's letter was from Mr. Greenhorn, and a curiosity in its way. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments:—

'SIR—[Oh! I am *dear* sir no longer; folks are only dear to Messrs. Greenhorn and Grinderson when they are in adversity]—Sir, I am much concerned to learn, on my return from the country, where I was called on particular business [a bet on the sweepstakes, I suppose], that my partner had the impropriety, in my absence, to undertake the concerns of Messrs. Goldiebirds in preference to yours, and had written to you in an unbecoming manner. I beg to make my most humble apology, as well as Mr. Grinderson's [come, I see he can write for himself and partner too], and trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for, the constant patronage which my family [*his* family! curse him for a puppy!] have uniformly experienced from that of Knockwinnock. I am sorry to find, from an interview I had this day with Mr. Wardour, that he is much irritated, and, I must own, with apparent reason. But, in order to remedy as much as in me lies the mistake of which he complains [pretty mistake, indeed! to clap his patron into jail], I have sent this express to discharge all proceedings against your person or property; and at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr. Grinderson is of opinion that, if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs. Goldiebird's present claim which would greatly reduce its amount [so, so, willing to play the rogue on either side]; and that there is not the slightest hurry in settling the

balance of your accompt with us ; and that I am, for Mr. G. as well as myself, Dear Sir [O, ay, he has written himself into an approach to familiarity] your much obliged and most humble servant,

GILBERT GREENHORN.

'Well said, Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn,' said Monkbarne. 'I see now there is some use in having two attorneys in one firm. Their movements resemble those of the man and woman in a Dutch baby-house. When it is fair weather with the client, out comes the gentleman partner to fawn like a spaniel ; when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bull-dog. Well, I thank God that my man of business still wears an equilateral cocked hat, has a house in the Old Town, is as much afraid of a horse as I am myself, plays at golf of a Saturday, goes to the kirk of a Sunday, and, in respect, he has no partner, hath only his own folly to apologise for.'

'There are some writers very honest fellows,' said Hector ; 'I should like to hear any one say that my cousin, Donald M'Intyre, Strathtudlem's seventh son — the other six are in the army — is not as honest a fellow —'

'No doubt, no doubt, Hector ; all the M'Intyres are so ; they have it by patent, man. But I was going to say that in a profession where unbounded trust is necessarily reposed, there is nothing surprising that fools should neglect it in their idleness and tricksters abuse it in their knavery. But it is the more to the honour of those — and I will vouch for many — who unite integrity with skill and attention, and walk honourably upright where there are so many pitfalls and stumbling-blocks for those of a different character. To such men their fellow-citizens may safely entrust the care of protecting their patrimonial rights, and their country the more sacred charge of her laws and privileges.'

'They are best off, however, that hae least to do with them,' said Ochiltree, who had stretched his neck into the parlour door ; for the general confusion of the family not having yet subsided, the domestics, like waves after the fall of a hurricane, had not yet exactly regained their due limits, but were roaming wildly through the house.

'“Aha, old truepenny, art thou there ?”' said the Antiquary. 'Sir Arthur, let me bring in the messenger of good luck, though he is but a lame one. You talked of the raven that scented out the slaughter from afar ; but here's a blue pigeon — somewhat of the oldest and toughest, I grant — who smelled the good

news six or seven miles off, flew thither in the taxed cart, and returned with the olive branch.'

'Ye owe it a' to puir Robie that drave me; puir fallow,' said the beggar, 'he doubts he's in disgrace wi' my leddy and Sir Arthur.'

Robert's repentant and bashful face was seen over the mendicant's shoulder.

'In disgrace with me!' said Sir Arthur, 'how so?' for the irritation into which he had worked himself on occasion of the toast had been long forgotten. 'O, I recollect. Robert, I was angry, and you were wrong; go about your work, and never answer a master that speaks to you in a passion.'

'Nor any one else,' said the Antiquary; 'for "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

'And tell your mother, who is so ill with the rheumatism, to come down to the housekeeper to-morrow,' said Miss Wardour, 'and we will see what can be of service to her.'

'God bless your leddyship,' said poor Robert, 'and his honour Sir Arthur, and the young laird, and the house of Knockwinnoch in a' its branches, far and near; it's been a kind and a gude house to the puir this mony hundred years.'

'There,' said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, 'we won't dispute; but there you see the gratitude of the poor people naturally turns to the civil virtues of your family. You don't hear them talk of Red-hand, or Hell-in-Harness. For me I must say, *Odi accipitrem qui semper vivit in armis*; so let us eat and drink in peace, and be joyful, Sir Knight.'

A table was quickly covered in the parlour, where the party sat joyously down to some refreshment. At the request of Oldbuck, Edie Ochiltree was permitted to sit by the sideboard in a great leathern chair, which was placed in some measure behind a screen.

'I accede to this the more readily,' said Sir Arthur, 'because I remember in my father's days that chair was occupied by Ailshie Gourlay, who, for ought I know, was the last privileged fool or jester maintained by any family of distinction in Scotland.'

'Aweel, Sir Arthur,' replied the beggar, who never hesitated an instant between his friend and his jest, 'mony a wise man sits in a fule's seat, and mony a fule in a wise man's, especially in families o' distinction.'

Miss Wardour, fearing the effect of this speech (however worthy of Ailshie Gourlay or any other privileged jester) upon

the nerves of her father, hastened to inquire whether ale and beef should not be distributed to the servants and people whom the news had assembled around the Castle.

'Surely, my love,' said her father; 'when was it ever otherwise in our families when a siege had been raised?'

'Ay, a siege laid by Saunders Sweepclean, the bailiff, and raised by Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie, *par nobile fratrum*,' said Oldbuck, 'and well pitted against each other in respectability. But never mind, Sir Arthur, these are such sieges and such reliefs as our time of day admits of, and our escape is not less worth commemorating in a glass of this excellent wine. Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think.'

'Were there anything better in the cellar,' said Miss Wardour, 'it would be all too little to regale you after your friendly exertions.'

'Say you so?' said the Antiquary; 'why, then, a cup of thanks to you, my fair enemy, and soon may you be besieged as ladies love best to be, and sign terms of capitulation in the chapel of Saint Winnox.'

Miss Wardour blushed; Hector coloured and then grew pale.

Sir Arthur answered, 'My daughter is much obliged to you, Monkbarus; but, unless you'll accept of her yourself, I really do not know where a poor knight's daughter is to seek for an alliance in these mercenary times.'

'Me, mean ye, Sir Arthur? No, not I; I will claim the privilege of the duello, and, as being unable to encounter my fair enemy myself, I will appear by my champion. But of this matter hereafter. What do you find in the papers there, Hector, that you hold your head down over them as if your nose were bleeding?'

'Nothing particular, sir; but only that, as my arm is now almost quite well, I think I shall relieve you of my company in a day or two, and go to Edinburgh. I see Major Neville is arrived there. I should like to see him.'

'Major whom?' said his uncle.

'Major Neville, sir,' answered the young soldier.

'And who the devil is Major Neville?' demanded the Antiquary.

'O, Mr. Oldbuck,' said Sir Arthur, 'you must remember his name frequently in the newspapers, a very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am happy to say that Mr. M'Intyre need not leave Monkbarus to see him, for my son writes that the Major is to come with him to Knockwinnoch;

and I need not say how happy I shall be to make the young gentlemen acquainted — unless, indeed, they are known to each other already.

‘No, not personally,’ answered Hector; ‘but I have had occasion to hear a good deal of him, and we have several mutual friends, your son being one of them. But I must go to Edinburgh, for I see my uncle is beginning to grow tired of me, and I am afraid ——’

‘That you will grow tired of him?’ interrupted Oldbuck. ‘I fear that’s past praying for. But you have forgotten that the ecstatic twelfth of August approaches, and that you are engaged to meet one of Lord Glenallan’s gamekeepers, God knows where, to persecute the peaceful feathered creation.’

‘True, true, uncle, I had forgot that,’ exclaimed the volatile Hector; ‘but you said something just now that put everything out of my head.’

‘An it like your honours,’ said old Edie, thrusting his white head from behind the screen, where he had been plentifully regaling himself with ale and cold meat — ‘an it like your honours, I can tell ye something that will keep the Captain wi’ us amaist as weel as the pouting. Hear ye na the French are coming?’

‘The French, you blockhead!’ answered Oldbuck. ‘Bah!’

‘I have not had time,’ said Sir Arthur Wardour, ‘to look over my lieutenancy correspondence for the week — indeed, I generally make a rule to read it only on Wednesdays, except in pressing cases, for I do everything by method; but from the glance I took of my letters I observed some alarm was entertained.’

‘Alarm!’ said Edie; ‘troth there’s alarm; for the provost’s gar’d the beacon light on the Halket Head be sorted up — that suld hae been sorted half a year syne — in an unco hurry, and the council hae named nae less a man than auld Caxon himsell to watch the light. Some say it was out o’ compliment to Lieutenant Taffril, for it’s neist to certain that he’ll marry Jenny Caxon; some say it’s to please your honour and Monkbarns, that wear wigs; and some say there’s some auld story about a periwig that ane o’ the bailies got and ne’er paid for. Ony way, there he is, sitting cockit up like a skart upon the tap o’ the craig, to skirl when foul weather comes.’

‘On mine honour, a pretty warder,’ said Monkbarns; ‘and what’s my wig to do all the while?’

‘I asked Caxon that very question,’ answered Ochiltree, ‘and he said he could look in ilka morning and gie’t a touch

afere he gaed to his bed, for there's another man to watch in the daytime, and Caxon says he'll frizz your honour's wig as weel sleeping as wauking.

This news gave a different turn to the conversation, which ran upon national defence, and the duty of fighting for the land we live in, until it was time to part. The Antiquary and his nephew resumed their walk homeward, after parting from Knockwinnoch with the warmest expressions of mutual regard, and an agreement to meet again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XLIV

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her :
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms ?
Or sigh because she smiles, and smiles on others ?
Not I, by Heaven ! I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

Old Play.

‘H ECTOR,’ said his uncle to Captain M‘Intyre, in the course of their walk homeward, ‘I am sometimes inclined to suspect that in one respect you are a fool.’

‘If you only think me so in *one* respect, sir, I am sure you do me more grace than I expected or deserve.’

‘I mean in one particular *par excellence*,’ answered the Anti-quary. ‘I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour.’

‘Well, sir,’ said M‘Intyre, with much composure.

‘Well, sir!’ echoed his uncle. ‘Deuce take the fellow, he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world that he, a captain in the army, and nothing at all besides, should marry the daughter of a baronet.’

‘I presume to think, sir,’ said the young Highlander, ‘there would be no degradation on Miss Wardour’s part in point of family.’

‘O, Heaven forbid we should come on that topic! No, no, equal both, both on the table-land of gentility, and qualified to look down on every *roturier* in Scotland.’

‘And in point of fortune we are pretty even, since neither of us have got any,’ continued Hector. ‘There may be an error, but I cannot plead guilty to presumption.’

‘But here lies the error, then, if you call it so,’ replied his uncle; ‘she won’t have you, Hector.’

‘Indeed, sir?’

‘It is very sure, Hector; and to make it double sure I must inform you that she likes another man. She misunderstood

some words I once said to her, and I have since been able to guess at the interpretation she put on them. At the time I was unable to account for her hesitation and blushing; but, my poor Hector, I now understand them as a death-signal to your hopes and pretensions. So I advise you to beat your retreat, and draw off your forces as well as you can, for the fort is too well garrisoned for you to storm it.'

'I have no occasion to beat any retreat, uncle,' said Hector, holding himself very upright, and marching with a sort of dogged and offended solemnity; 'no man needs to retreat that has never advanced. There are women in Scotland besides Miss Wardour, of as good family——'

'And better taste,' said his uncle. 'Doubtless there are, Hector; and, though I cannot say but that she is one of the most accomplished as well as sensible girls I have seen, yet I doubt much of her merit would be cast away on you. A showy figure, now, with two cross feathers above her noddle—one green, one blue; who would wear a riding-habit of the regimental complexion, drive a gig one day, and the next review the regiment on the grey trotting pony which dragged that vehicle, *hoc erat in votis*—these are the qualities that would subdue you, especially if she had a taste for natural history, and loved a specimen of a *phoca*.'

'It's a little hard, sir,' said Hector, 'I must have that cursed seal thrown into my face on all occasions; but I care little about it, and I shall not break my heart for Miss Wardour. She is free to choose for herself, and I wish her all happiness.'

'Magnanimously resolved, thou prop of Troy! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene. Your sister told me you were desperately in love with Miss Wardour.'

'Sir,' answered the young man, 'you would not have me desperately in love with a woman that does not care about me?'

'Well, nephew,' said the Antiquary, more seriously, 'there is doubtless much sense in what you say; yet I would have given a great deal, some twenty or twenty-five years since, to have been able to think as you do.'

'Anybody, I suppose, may think as they please on such subjects,' said Hector.

'Not according to the old school,' said Oldbuck; 'but, as I said before, the practice of the modern seems in this case the most prudential, though I think scarcely the most interesting. But tell me your ideas now on this prevailing subject of an invasion. The cry is still, They come.'

Hector, swallowing his mortification, which he was peculiarly anxious to conceal from his uncle's satirical observation, readily entered into a conversation which was to turn the Antiquary's thoughts from Miss Wardour and the seal. When they reached Monkbarns, the communicating to the ladies the events which had taken place at the Castle, with the counter-information of how long dinner had waited before the womankind had ventured to eat it in the Antiquary's absence, averted these delicate topics of discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and, as Caxon had not yet made his appearance, he began mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and small talk, of which the experuquier was a faithful reporter, and which habit had made as necessary to the Antiquary as his occasional pinch of snuff, although he held, or affected to hold, both to be of the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vacuity peculiar to such a deprivation was alleviated by the appearance of old Ochiltree sauntering beside the clipped yew and holly hedges, with the air of a person quite at home. Indeed, so familiar had he been of late, that even Juno did not bark at him, but contented herself with watching him with a close and vigilant eye. Our Antiquary stepped out in his nightgown, and instantly received and returned his greeting.

'They are coming now in good earnest, Monkbarns. I just cam frae Fairport to bring ye the news, and then I'll step away back again; the "Search" has just come into the bay, and they say she's been chased by a French fleet.'

'The "Search"?' said Oldbuck, reflecting a moment. 'Oho!'

'Ay, ay, Captain Taffril's gun-brig, the "Search."'

'What! any relation to "Search No. II."?' said Oldbuck, catching at the light which the name of the vessel seemed to throw on the mysterious chest of treasure.

The mendicant, like a man detected in a frolic, put his bonnet before his face, yet could not help laughing heartily. 'The deil's in you, Monkbarns, for garring odds and evens meet. Wha thought ye wad hae laid that and that thegither? Odd, I am clean catch'd now.'

'I see it all,' said Oldbuck, 'as plain as the legend on a medal of high préservation: the box in which the bullion was found belonged to the gun-brig and the treasure to my phoenix?' (Eddie nodded assent.) 'And was buried there that Sir Arthur might receive relief in his difficulties?'

'By me,' said Edie, 'and twa o' the brig's men; but they

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didna ken its contents, and thought it some bit smuggling concern o' the Captain's. I watched day and night till I saw it in the right hand; and then, when that German deevil was glowering at the lid o' the kist — they liked mutton weel that licket where the yowe lay — I think some Scottish deevil put it into my head to play him you ither cantrip. Now, ye see, if I had said mair or less to Bailie Littlejohn, I behoved till hae come out wi' a' this story; and vexed would Mr. Lovel hae been to have it brought to light; sae I thought I would stand to ony thing rather than that.

'I must say he has chosen his confidant well,' said Oldbuck, 'though somewhat strangely.'

'I'll say this for mysell, Monkbarns,' answered the mendicant, 'that I am the fittest man in the hail country to trust wi' siller, for I neither want it nor wish for it, nor could use it if I had it. But the lad hadna muckle choice in the matter, for he thought he was leaving the country for ever — I trust he's mistaen in that though — and the night was set in when we learned, by a strange chance, Sir Arthur's sair distress, and Lovel was obliged to be on board as the day dawned. But five nights afterwards the brig stood into the bay, and I met the boat by appointment, and we buried the treasure where ye fand it.'

'This was a very romantic, foolish exploit,' said Oldbuck; 'why not trust me, or any other friend?'

'The blood o' your sister's son,' replied Edie, 'was on his hands, and him maybe dead outright; what time had he to take counsel? or how could he ask it of you, by ony body?'

'You are right. But what if Dousterswivel had come before you?'

'There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur; he had gotten a sair gliff the night afore, and never intended to look near the place again, unless he had been brought there sting and ling. He kend weel the first pose was o' his ain hiding, and how could he expect a second? he just havered on about it to make the mair o' Sir Arthur.'

'Then how,' said Oldbuck, 'should Sir Arthur have come there unless the German had brought him?'

'Umph!' answered Edie, drily, 'I had a story about Misticot wad hae brought him forty miles, or you either. Besides, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he fand the first siller in: he kend na the secret o' that job. The siller being in this shape, Sir Arthur in utter

difficulties, and Lovel determined he should never ken the hand that helped him — for that was what he insisted maist upon — we couldna think o' a better way to fling the gear in his gate, though we simmered it and wintered it e'er sae lang. And if by ony queer mischance Doustercivil had got his claws on't, I was instantly to hae informed you or the sheriff o' the hail story.'

... 'Well, notwithstanding all these wise precautions, I think your contrivance succeeded better than such a clumsy one deserved, Edie. But how the deuce came Lovel by such a mass of silver ingots?'

'That's just what I canna tell ye. But they were put on board wi' his things at Fairport, it's like, and we stowed them into ane o' the ammunition-boxes o' the brig, baith for concealment and convenience of carriage.'

'Lord!' said Oldbuck, his recollection recurring to the earlier part of his acquaintance with Lovel; 'and this young fellow, who was putting hundreds on so strange a hazard — I must be recommending a subscription to him, and paying his bill at the Ferry! I never will pay any person's bill again, that's certain. And you kept up a constant correspondence with Lovel, I suppose?'

'I just gat ae bit scrape o' a pen frae him, to say there wad, as yesterday fell, be a packet at Tannonburgh, wi' letters o' great consequence to the Knockwinnock folk; for they jaloused the opening of our letters at Fairport. And that's as true, I hear Mrs. Mailsetter is to lose her office for looking after ither folks' business and neglecting her ain.'

'And what do you expect, now, Edie, for being the adviser, and messenger, and guard, and confidential person in all these matters?'

'Deil haet do I expect, excepting that a' the gentles will come to the gaberlunzie's burial; and maybe ye'll carry the head yoursell, as ye did puir Steenie Mucklebackit's. What trouble was't to me? I was ganging about at ony rate. O but I was blythe when I got out of prison, though; for, I thought, what if that weary letter should come when I am closed up here like an oyster, and a' should gang wrang for want o't? And whiles I thought I maun make a clean breast and tell you a' about it; but then I couldna weel do that without contravening Mr. Lovel's positive orders, and I reckon he had to see somebody at Edinburgh afore he could do what he wussed to do for Sir Arthur and his family.'

'Well, and to your public news, Edie. So they are still coming, are they?'

'Troth, they say sae, sir; and there's come down strict orders for the forces and volunteers to be alert; and there's a clever young officer to come here forthwith to look at our means o' defence. I saw the Bailie's lass cleaning his belts and white breeks; I gae her a hand, for ye maun think she wasna ower clever at it, and sae I gat a' the news for my pains.'

'And what think you, as an old soldier?'

'Troth, I kenna; an they come sae mony as they speak o', they'll be odds against us. But there's mony yauld chields amang thae volunteers; and I maunna say muckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gate mysell. But we'se do our best.'

'What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?'

Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires!

I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for?'

'Me no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town? Deil!' he continued, grasping his pikestaff with great emphasis, 'an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping.'

'Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land.'

Their further conversation reverted to the particulars of the night passed by the mendicant and Lovel in the ruins of St. Ruth, by the details of which the Antiquary was highly amused.

'I would have given a guinea,' he said, 'to have seen the scoundrelly German under the agonies of those terrors which it is part of his own quackery to inspire into others, and trembling alternately for the fury of his patron and the apparition of some hobgoblin.'

'Troth,' said the beggar, 'there was time for him to be cowed; for ye wad hae thought the very spirit of Hell in-

Harness had taken possession o' the body o' Sir Arthur. But what will come o' the landlouser?'

'I have had a letter this morning, from which I understand he has acquitted you of the charge he brought against you, and offers to make such discoveries as will render the settlement of Sir Arthur's affairs a more easy task than we apprehended. So writes the sheriff; and adds, that he has given some private information of importance to government, in consideration of which I understand he will be sent back to play the knave in his own country.'

'And a' the bonnie engines and wheels, and the coves and sheughs, doun at Glen Withershins yonder, what's to come o' them?' said Edie.

'I hope the men, before they are dispersed, will make a bonfire of their gimcracks, as an army destroy their artillery when forced to raise a siege. And as for the holes, Edie, I abandon them as rat-traps, for the benefit of the next wise men who may choose to drop the substance to snatch at a shadow.'

'Hech, sirs! guide us a'! to burn the engines? that's a great waste. Had ye na better try to get back part o' your hundred pounds wi' the sale o' the materials?' he continued, with a tone of affected condolence.

'Not a farthing,' said the Antiquary, peevishly, taking a turn from him, and making a step or two away. Then returning half-smiling at his own pettishness, he said, 'Get thee into the house, Edie, and remember my counsel: never speak to me about a mine, or to my nephew Hector about a *phoca*, that is a sealgh, as you call it.'

'I maun be ganging my ways back to Fairport,' said the wanderer; 'I want to see what they're saying there about the invasion; but I'll mind what your honour says, no to speak to you about a sealgh, or to the Captain about the hundred pounds that you gied to Douster—'

'Confound thee! I desired thee not to mention that to me.'

'Dear me!' said Edie, with affected surprise; 'weel, I thought there was naething but what your honour could hae studden in the way o' agreeable conversation, unless it was about the prætorian yonder, or the bodle that the packman sauld to ye for an auld coin.'

'Pshaw, pshaw,' said the Antiquary, turning from him hastily, and retreating into the house.

The mendicant looked after him a moment, and with a chuckling laugh, such as that with which a magpie or parrot

applauds a successful exploit of mischief, he resumed once more the road to Fairport. His habits had given him a sort of restlessness, much increased by the pleasure he took in gathering news; and in a short time he had regained the town which he left in the morning, for no reason that he knew himself, unless just to 'hae a bit crack wi' Monkbarns.'

CHAPTER XLV

Red glared the beacon on Pownell,
On Skiddaw there were three ;
The bugle-horn on moor and fell
Was heard continually.

JAMES HOGG.

THE watch who kept his watch on the hill and looked towards Birnam probably conceived himself dreaming when he first beheld the fated grove put itself into motion for its march to Dunsinane. Even so old Caxon, as, perched in his hut, he qualified his thoughts upon the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Taffril, with an occasional peep towards the signal-post with which his own corresponded, was not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusting his observation by a cross-staff which had been placed so as to bear upon the point. And behold the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer, 'with fear of change perplexing nations.'

'The Lord preserve us!' said Caxon, 'what's to be done now? But there will be wiser heads than mine to look to that, sae I'se e'en fire the beacon.'

And he lighted the beacon accordingly, which threw up to the sky a long wavering train of light, startling the sea-fowl from their nests, and reflected far beneath by the reddening billows of the sea. The brother warders of Caxon being equally diligent, caught and repeated his signal. The lights glanced on headlands and capes and inland hills, and the whole district was alarmed by the signal of invasion.¹

Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and two maid-servants.

¹ See Note 12.

'What the devil is the matter?' said he, starting up in his bed; 'womankind in my room at this hour of night! are ye all mad?'

'The beacon, uncle!' said Miss M'Intyre.

'The French coming to murder us!' screamed Miss Griselda.

'The beacon, the beacon! the French, the French! murder, murder! and waur than murder!' cried the two hand-maidens, like the chorus of an opera.

'The French!' said Oldbuck, starting up. 'Get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my things on. And, hark ye, bring me my sword.'

'Whilk o' them, Monkbarns?' cried his sister, offering a Roman falchion of brass with the one hand, with the other an Andrea Ferrara without a handle.

'The langest, the langest,' cried Jenny Rintherout, dragging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

'Womankind,' said Oldbuck, in great agitation, 'be composed, and do not give way to vain terror. Are you sure they are come?'

'Sure! sure!' exclaimed Jenny — 'ower sure! a' the sea fencibles and the land fencibles, and the volunteers and yeomanry, are on fit, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can gang; and auld Mucklebackit's gane wi' the lave — muckle good he'll do. Hech, sirs! *he'll* be missed the morn wha wad hae served king and country weel!'

'Give me,' said Oldbuck, 'the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five; it hath no belt or baldrick, but we'll make shift.'

So saying, he thrust the weapon through the cover of his breeches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

'Where are your arms, nephew?' exclaimed Oldbuck; 'where is your double-barrelled gun, that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for such vanities?'

'Pooh! pooh! sir,' said Hector, 'who ever took a fowling-piece on action? I have got my uniform on, you see: I hope I shall be of more use if they will give me a command than I could be with ten double-barrels. And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for the quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion.'

'You are right, Hector: I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too. But here comes Sir Arthur War-

dour, who, between ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much either one way or other.'

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for, dressed in his lieutenancy uniform, he was also on the road to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldbuck with him, having had his original opinion of his sagacity much confirmed by late events. And, in spite of all the entreaties of the womankind that the Antiquary would stay to garrison Monkbarne, Mr. Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glancing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and clamoured in the market-place. The yeomanry, pouring from their different glens, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six, as they had met on the road. The drums and fifes of the volunteers beating to arms were blended with the voice of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeple. The ships in the harbour were lit up, and boats from the armed vessels added to the bustle by landing men and guns destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffril with much activity. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion when Sir Arthur Wardour, Oldbuck, and Hector made their way with difficulty into the principal square, where the town-house is situated. It was lighted up, and the magistracy, with many of the neighbouring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of inexperience.

The magistrates were beset by the quartermasters of the different corps for billets for men and horses. 'Let us,' said Bailie Littlejohn, 'take the horses into our warehouses and the men into our parlours, share our supper with the one and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal government, and now is the time to show we know its value.'

A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present, and the substance of the wealthy, with the persons of those of

all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the country.

Captain M'Intyre acted on this occasion as military adviser and aid-de-camp to the principal magistrate, and displayed a degree of presence of mind and knowledge of his profession totally unexpected by his uncle, who, recollecting his usual *insouciance* and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of precaution that his experience suggested, and gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular materials of which they were composed, in great force of numbers, and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment overbalance all other claims to consequence that even old Edie, instead of being left, like Diogenes at Sinope, to roll his tub when all around were preparing for defence, had the duty assigned him of superintending the serving out of the ammunition, which he executed with much discretion.

Two things were still anxiously expected — the presence of the Glenallan volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps, and the arrival of the officer before announced, to whom the measures of defence on that coast had been committed by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would entitle him to take upon himself the full disposal of the military force.

At length the bugles of the Glenallan yeomanry were heard, and the Earl himself, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform. They formed a very handsome and well-mounted squadron, formed entirely out of the Earl's Lowland tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped in the Highland dress, whom he had brought down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The clean and serviceable appearance of this band of feudal dependents called forth the admiration of Captain M'Intyre; but his uncle was still more struck by the manner in which, upon this crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of the Earl, their leader. He claimed and obtained for himself and his followers the post most likely to be that of danger, displayed great alacrity in making the necessary dispositions, and showed equal acuteness in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in upon the

military counsels of Fairport while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people announced, 'There's the brave Major Neville come at last, with another officer'; and their post-chaise and four drove into the square, amidst the huzzas of the volunteers and inhabitants. The magistrates, with their assessors of the lieutenancy, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, when they became aware that the handsome uniform and military cap disclosed the person and features of the pacific Lovel! A warm embrace and a hearty shake of the hand were necessary to assure him that his eyes were doing him justice. Sir Arthur was no less surprised to recognise his son, Captain Wardour, in Lovel's, or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young officers were a positive assurance to all present that the courage and zeal which they had displayed were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an acceptable proof of their spirit and promptitude.

'The watchman at Halket Head,' said Major Neville, 'as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally misled by a bonfire which some idle people had made on the hill above Glen Withershins, just in the line of the beacon with which his corresponded.'

Oldbuck gave a conscious look to Sir Arthur, who returned it with one equally sheepish and a shrug of the shoulders.

'It must have been the machinery which we condemned to the flames in our wrath,' said the Antiquary, plucking up heart, though not a little ashamed of having been the cause of so much disturbance. 'The devil take Dousterswivel with all my heart! I think he has bequeathed us a legacy of blunders and mischief, as if he had lighted some train of fireworks at his departure. I wonder what cracker will go off next among our shins. But yonder comes the prudent Caxon. Hold up your head, you ass; your betters must bear the blame for you. And here, take this what-d'-ye-call-it (giving him his sword). I wonder what I would have said yesterday to any man that would have told me I was to stick such an appendage to my tail.'

Here he found his arm gently pressed by Lord Glenallan, who dragged him into a separate apartment. 'For God's sake, who is that young gentleman who is so strikingly like ——'

'Like the unfortunate Eveline,' interrupted Oldbuck. 'I

felt my heart warm to him from the first, and your lordship has suggested the very cause.'

'But who — who is he?' continued Lord Glenallan, holding the Antiquary with a convulsive grasp.

'Formerly I would have called him Lovel, but now he turns out to be Major Neville.'

'Whom my brother brought up as his natural son, whom he made his heir. Gracious Heaven! the child of my Eveline!'

'Hold, my lord — hold!' said Oldbuck; 'do not give too hasty way to such a presumption; what probability is there?'

'Probability! none. There is certainty — absolute certainty. The agent I mentioned to you wrote me the whole story. I received it yesterday, not sooner. Bring him, for God's sake, that a father's eyes may bless him before he departs.'

'I will; but, for your own sake and his, give him a few moments for preparation.'

And, determined to make still farther investigation before yielding his entire conviction to so strange a tale, he sought out Major Neville, and found him expediting the necessary measures for dispersing the force which had been assembled.

'Pray, Major Neville, leave this business for a moment to Captain Wardour and to Hector, with whom, I hope, you are thoroughly reconciled (Neville laughed, and shook hands with Hector across the table), and grant me a moment's audience.'

'You have a claim on me, Mr. Oldbuck, were my business more urgent,' said Neville, 'for having passed myself upon you under a false name, and rewarding your hospitality by injuring your nephew.'

'You served him as he deserved,' said Oldbuck; 'though, by the way, he showed as much good sense as spirit to-day. Egad, if he would rub up his learning, and read Cæsar and Polybius and the *Stratagemata Polyæni*, I think he would rise in the army, and I will certainly lend him a lift.'

'He is heartily deserving of it,' said Neville; 'and I am glad you excuse me, which you may do the more frankly when you know that I am so unfortunate as to have no better right to the name of Neville, by which I have been generally distinguished, than to that of Lovel, under which you knew me.'

'Indeed! then I trust we shall find out one for you to which you shall have a firm and legal title.'

'Sir! I trust you do not think the misfortune of my birth a fit subject——'

'By no means, young man,' answered the Antiquary,

interrupting him; 'I believe I know more of your birth than you do yourself; and, to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Geraldin Neville of Neville's Burgh, in Yorkshire, and, I presume, as his destined heir?'

'Pardon me; no such views were held out to me. I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long entertained some ideas of marriage, though he never carried them into effect.'

'You say your *supposed* father? What leads you to suppose Mr. Geraldin Neville was not your real father?'

'I know, Mr. Oldbuck, that you would not ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gratification of idle curiosity. I will, therefore, tell you candidly that last year, while we occupied a small town in French Flanders, I found in a convent near which I was quartered a woman who spoke remarkably good English. She was a Spaniard, her name Teresa D'Acunha. In the process of our acquaintance she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had charge of my infancy. She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injustice done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland, during whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret. She also intimated that Mr. Geraldin Neville was not my father. We were attacked by the enemy and driven from the town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity by the republicans. The religious orders were the particular objects of their hate and cruelty. The convent was burned, and several nuns perished, among others Teresa, and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth: tragic by all accounts it must have been.'

'*Raro antecedentem scelestum*, or, as I may here say, *scelestam*,' said Oldbuck, '*deservit poena*, even Epicureans admitted that; and what did you do upon this?'

'I remonstrated with Mr. Neville by letter, and to no purpose. I then obtained leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun. He refused, and, on my importunity, indignantly upbraided me with the favours he had already conferred; I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father, and we parted in mutual displeasure. I renounced the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you knew me. It

was at this time, when residing with a friend in the north of England who favoured my disguise, that I became acquainted with Miss Wardour, and was romantic enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind wavered on various plans of life, when I resolved to apply once more to Mr. Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth. It was long ere I received an answer; you were present when it was put into my hands. He informed me of his bad state of health, and conjured me, for my own sake, to inquire no farther into the nature of his connexion with me, but to rest satisfied with his declaring it to be such and so intimate that he designed to constitute me his heir. When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second express brought me word that he was no more. The possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now regarded my conduct to my benefactor, and some hints in his letter appearing to intimate that there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinary illegitimacy, I remembered certain prejudices of Sir Arthur.'

'And you brooded over these melancholy ideas until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the whole story?' said Oldbuck.

'Exactly; then came my quarrel with Captain M'Intyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity.'

'From love and from poetry — Miss Wardour and the *Caledoniad*?'

'Most true.'

'And since that time you have been occupied, I suppose, with plans for Sir Arthur's relief?'

'Yes, sir; with the assistance of Captain Wardour at Edinburgh.'

'And Edie Ochiltree here; you see I know the whole story. But how came you by the treasure?'

'It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my uncle, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Some time before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Glenallan arms upon it.'

'Well, Major Neville, or let me say Lovel, being the name in which I rather delight, you must, I believe, exchange both of your *alias*'s for the style and title of the Honourable William Geraldin, commonly called Lord Geraldin.'

The Antiquary then went through the strange and melancholy circumstances concerning his mother's death.

'I have no doubt,' he said, 'that your uncle wished the report to be believed that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more; perhaps he might himself have an eye to the inheritance of his brother — he was then a gay wild young man. But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil conscience of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Teresa's story and your own fully acquit him. And now, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of introducing a son to a father.'

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The proofs on all sides were found to be complete, for Mr. Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transaction with his confidential steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy so long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day the yeomanry and volunteers of Glenallan drank prosperity to their young master. In a month afterwards Lord Geraldin was married to Miss Wardour, the Antiquary making the lady a present of the wedding ring, a massy circle of antique chasing, bearing the motto of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, *Kunst macht Gunst*.

Old Edie, the most important man that ever wore a blue-gown, bowls away easily from one friend's house to another, and boasts that he never travels unless on a sunny day. Latterly, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock, to which Caxon retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order to be in the neighbourhood of the three parochial wigs, which he continues to keep in repair, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, 'This is a gey bein place, and it's a comfort to hae sic a corner to sit in in a bad day.' It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The bounty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously upon Mrs. Hadoway and upon the Mucklebackits. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Edie Ochiltree; and they do not accept it without grumbling at the channel through which it is conveyed.

Hector is rising rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the *Gazette*, and rises proportionally high in his uncle's favour. And, what scarcely pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two seals, and thus put an end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the *phoca*. People talk of a marriage between Miss M'Intyre and Captain Wardour ; but this wants confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knockwinnock and Glenallan House, ostensibly for the sake of completing two essays, one on the mail-shirt of the Great Earl and the other on the left-hand gauntlet of Hell-in-Harness. He regularly inquires whether Lord Geraldin has commenced the *Caledoniad*, and shakes his head at the answers he receives. *En attendant*, however, he has completed his notes, which, we believe, will be at the service of any one who chooses to make them public, without risk or expense to THE ANTIQUARY.



NOTES TO THE ANTIQUARY

NOTE 1. — PRÆTORIUM, p. 31

It may be worth while to mention that the incident of the supposed *prætorium* actually happened to an antiquary of great learning and acuteness, Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, one of the Barons of the Scottish Court of Exchequer, and a parliamentary commissioner for arrangement of the Union between England and Scotland. As many of his writings show, Sir John was much attached to the study of Scottish antiquities. He had a small property in Dumfries-shire, near the Roman station on the hill called Birrenswark. Here he received the distinguished English antiquarian Roger Gale, and of course conducted him to see this remarkable spot, where the lords of the world have left such decisive marks of their martial labours.

An aged shepherd whom they had used as a guide, or who had approached them from curiosity, listened with mouth agape to the dissertations on foss and vallum, ports *dextra, sinistra*, and *decumana* which Sir John Clerk delivered *ex cathedra*, and his learned visitor listened with the deference due to the dignity of a connoisseur on his own ground. But when the cicerone proceeded to point out a small hillock near the centre of the inclosure as the *prætorium*, Corydon's patience could hold no longer, and, like Edie Ochiltree, he forgot all reverence, and broke in with nearly the same words — 'Prætorium here, prætorium there; I made the bourock mysell with a slaughter-spade.' The effect of this undeniable evidence on the two lettered sages may be left to the reader's imagination.

The late excellent and venerable John Clerk of Eldin, the celebrated author of *Naval Tactics*, used to tell this story with glee, and, being a younger son of Sir John's, was perhaps present on the occasion.

NOTE 2. — MR. RUTHERFORD'S DREAM, p. 81

The legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since in the south of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances that it merits being mentioned in this place. Mr. Rutherford of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropiators of the tithes). Mr. Rutherford was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to sup-

port his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose:—His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. Rutherford thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. 'You are right, my son,' replied the paternal shade; 'I did acquire right to these tinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney), who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible,' pursued the vision, 'that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern.

Mr. Rutherford awakened in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but, on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them; so that Mr. Rutherford carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. Rutherford a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. Rutherford had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours.

It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. Rutherford, whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night.

NOTE 3. — NICKSTICKS, p. 128

A sort of tally generally used by bakers of the olden time in settling with their customers. Each family had its own nickstick, and for each loaf as delivered a notch was made on the stick. Accompts in Exchequer,

kept by the same kind of check, may have occasioned the Antiquary's partiality. In Prior's time the English bakers had the same sort of reckoning.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers away'd?
Her tallies useless lie and idle,
If placed exactly in the middle.

NOTE 4. — MARTIN WALDECK, p. 156

The outline of this story is taken from the German, though the author is at present unable to say in which of the various collections of the popular legends in that language the original is to be found.

NOTE 5. — SPECTER OF THE HAEZ, p. 156

The shadow of the person who sees the phantom being reflected upon a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

NOTE 6. — DOUSTERSWIVEL'S LEGENDS, p. 195

A great deal of stuff to the same purpose with that placed in the mouth of the German adept may be found in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Third Edition, folio, London, 1665. The appendix is entitled, 'An Excellent Discourse of the Nature and Substance of Devils and Spirits, in two Books: the First by the aforesaid author (Reginald Scot), the Second now added in this Third Edition as succedaneous to the former, and conducing to the completing of the whole work.' This Second Book, though stated as succedaneous to the first, is, in fact, entirely at variance with it; for the work of Reginald Scot is a compilation of the absurd and superstitious ideas concerning witches so generally entertained at the time, and the pretended conclusion is a serious treatise on the various means of conjuring astral spirits.

NOTE 7. — NAE WAUR, p. 204

It is, I believe, a piece of freemasonry, or a point of conscience, among the Scottish lower orders never to admit that a patient is doing better. The closest approach to recovery which they can be brought to allow is, that the party inquired after is 'Nae waur.'

NOTE 8. — SCOTTISH FISHER-WOMEN, p. 244

In the fishing villages on the Firths of Forth and Tay, as well as elsewhere in Scotland, the government is gynocracy, as described in the text. In the course of the late war, and during the alarm of invasion, a fleet of transports entered the Firth of Forth, under the convoy of some ships of war which would reply to no signals. A general alarm was excited, in consequence of which all the fishers who were enrolled as sea-fencibles got on board the gun-boats, which they were to man as occasion should require, and sailed to oppose the supposed enemy. The foreigners proved to be Russians, with whom we were then at peace. The county gentlemen of Mid-Lothian, pleased with the zeal displayed by the sea-fencibles at a critical moment, passed a vote for presenting the community of fishers with a silver punch-bowl, to be used on occasions of festivity. But the fisher-

women, on hearing what was intended, put in their claim to have some separate share in the intended honorary reward. The men, they said, were their husbands; it was they who would have been sufferers if their husbands had been killed, and it was by their permission and injunctions that they embarked on board the gun-boats for the public service. They therefore claimed to share the reward in some manner which should distinguish the female patriotism which they had shown on the occasion. The gentlemen of the county willingly admitted the claim; and, without diminishing the value of their compliment to the men, they made the females a present of a valuable brooch, to fasten the plaid of the queen of the fisher-women for the time.

It may be farther remarked, that these Nereids are punctilious among themselves, and observe different ranks according to the commodities they deal in. One experienced dame was heard to characterise a younger damsel as 'a puir silly thing, who had no ambition, and would never,' she prophesied, 'rise above the *mussell line* of business.'

NOTE 9. — IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IN SCOTLAND, p. 356

The doctrine of Monkbarns on the origin of imprisonment for civil debt in Scotland may appear somewhat whimsical, but was referred to, and admitted to be correct, by the Bench of the Supreme Scottish Court on 5th December 1828, in the case of *Thom v. Black*. In fact, the Scottish law is in this particular more jealous of the personal liberty of the subject than any other code in Europe.

NOTE 10. — BATTLE OF HARLAW, p. 362

The great battle of Harlaw, here and formerly referred to, might be said to determine whether the Gaelic or the Saxon race should be predominant in Scotland. Donald, Lord of the Isles, who had at that period the power of an independent sovereign, laid claim to the Earldom of Ross during the Regency of Robert, Duke of Albany. To enforce his supposed right, he ravaged the north with a large army of Highlanders and Islesmen. He was encountered at Harlaw, in the Garloch, by Alexander, Earl of Mar, at the head of the northern nobility and gentry of Saxon and Norman descent. The battle was bloody and indecisive; but the invader was obliged to retire in consequence of the loss he sustained, and afterwards was compelled to make submission to the Regent, and renounce his pretensions to Ross; so that all the advantages of the field were gained by the Saxons. The battle of Harlaw was fought 24th July 1411.

NOTE 11. — ELSPETH'S DEATH, p. 365

The concluding circumstance of Elspeth's death is taken from an incident said to have happened at the funeral of John, Duke of Roxburghe. All who were acquainted with that accomplished nobleman must remember that he was not more remarkable for creating and possessing a most curious and splendid library than for his acquaintance with the literary treasures it contained. In arranging his books, fetching and replacing the volumes which he wanted, and carrying on all the necessary intercourse which a man of letters holds with his library, it was the Duke's custom to employ, not a secretary or librarian, but a livery servant, called Archie, whom habit had made so perfectly acquainted with the library that he knew every book, as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by what is called head-mark, and could bring his master whatever volume he wanted, and afford all the mechanical aid the Duke required in his literary researches. To secure the attendance of Archie, there was a bell hung in his room, which was used on no occasion except to call him individually to the Duke's study.

His Grace died in Saint James's Square, London, in the year 1804; the body was to be conveyed to Scotland, to lie in state at his mansion of Fleurs, and to be removed from thence to the family burial-place at Bowden.

At this time Archie, who had been long attacked by a liver-complaint, was in the very last stage of that disease. Yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of the master whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons assured him he could not survive the journey. It signified nothing, he said, whether he died in England or Scotland; he was resolved to assist in rendering the last honours to the kind master from whom he had been inseparable for so many years, even if he should expire in the attempt. The poor invalid was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland; but when they reached Fleurs he was totally exhausted, and obliged to keep his bed, in a sort of stupor which announced speedy dissolution. On the morning of the day fixed for removing the dead body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell by which he was wont to summon his attendant to his study was rung violently. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a scene, although the people of the neighbourhood prefer believing that the bell sounded of its own accord. Ring, however, it did; and Archie, roused by the well-known summons, rose up in his bed, and faltered, in broken accents, 'Yes, my Lord Duke—yes; I will wait on your Grace instantly'; and with these words on his lips he is said to have fallen back and expired.

NOTE 12. — ALARM OF INVASION, p. 404

The story of the false alarm at Fairport, and the consequences, are taken from a real incident. Those who witnessed the state of Britain, and of Scotland in particular, from the period that succeeded the war which commenced in 1803 to the battle of Trafalgar must recollect those times with feelings which we can hardly hope to make the rising generation comprehend. Almost every individual was enrolled either in a military or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to resist the long-suspended threats of invasion which were echoed from every quarter. Beacons were erected along the coast and all through the country, to give the signal for every one to repair to the post where his peculiar duty called him, and men of every description fit to serve held themselves in readiness on the shortest summons. During this agitating period, and on the evening of the 2d February 1804, the person who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumberland, which he took for the corresponding signal-light in that county with which his orders were to communicate, lighted up his own beacon. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English Border. If the beacon at Saint Abb's Head had been fired, the alarm would have run northward and roused all Scotland. But the watch at this important point judiciously considered that, if there had been an actual or threatened descent on our eastern sea-coast, the alarm would have come along the coast, and not from the interior of the country.

Through the Border counties the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion when that country was the scene of perpetual and unceasing war was the summons to arms more readily obeyed. In Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire the volunteers and militia got under arms with a degree of rapidity and alacrity which, considering the distance individuals lived from each other, had something in it very surprising; they poured to the alarm-posts on the sea-coast in a state so well armed and so completely appointed, with baggage, provisions, etc., as was accounted by the best military judges to render them fit for instant and effectual service.

There were some particulars in the general alarm which are curious and interesting. The men of Liddesdale, the most remote point to the westward

which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field that they put in requisition all the horses they could find, and when they had thus made a forced march out of their own country, they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got back safe to their own stables. Another remarkable circumstance was, the general cry of the inhabitants of the smaller towns for arms, that they might go along with their companions. The Selkirkshire Yeomanry made a remarkable march, for, although some of the individuals lived at twenty and thirty miles' distance from the place where they mustered, they were nevertheless embodied and in order in so short a period that they were at Dalkeith, which was their alarm-post, about one o'clock on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle. Two members of the corps chanced to be absent from their homes, and in Edinburgh on private business. The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed mother of the other, sent the arms, uniforms, and chargers of the two troopers, that they might join their companions at Dalkeith. The Author was very much struck by the answer made to him by the last-mentioned lady, when he paid her some compliment on the readiness which she showed in equipping her son with the means of meeting danger, when she might have left him a fair excuse for remaining absent. 'Sir,' she replied, with the spirit of a Roman matron, 'none can know better than you that my son is the only prop by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that hearth than hear that he had been a horse's length behind his companions in the defence of his king and country.' The Author mentions what was immediately under his own eye and within his own knowledge; but the spirit was universal, wherever the alarm reached, both in Scotland and England.

The account of the ready patriotism displayed by the country on this occasion warmed the hearts of Scottishmen in every corner of the world. It reached the ears of the well-known Dr. Leyden, whose enthusiastic love of Scotland, and of his own district of Teviotdale, formed a distinguished part of his character. The account, which was read to him when on a sick-bed, stated (very truly) that the different corps, on arriving at their alarm-posts, announced themselves by their music playing the tunes peculiar to their own districts, many of which have been gathering-signals for centuries. It was particularly remembered that the Liddesdale men before mentioned entered Kelso playing the lively tune—

O wha dare meddle wi' me,
And wha dare meddle wi' me !
My name it is little Jock Elliot,
And wha dare meddle wi' me !

The patient was so delighted with this display of ancient Border spirit that he sprang up in his bed and began to sing the old song with such vehemence of action and voice that his attendants, ignorant of the cause of excitement, concluded that the fever had taken possession of his brain; and it was only the entry of another Borderer, Sir John Malcolm, and the explanation which he was well qualified to give, that prevented them from resorting to means of medical coercion.

The circumstances of this false alarm, and its consequences, may be now held of too little importance even for a note upon a work of fiction; but at the period when it happened it was hailed by the country as a propitious omen that the national force, to which much must naturally have been trusted, had the spirit to look in the face the danger which they had taken arms to repel; and every one was convinced that, on whichever side God might bestow the victory, the invaders would meet with the most determined opposition from the children of the soil.

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- ABDIEL**, a seraph who withstands Satan when he counsels revolt, in *Paradise Lost*, bk. v.
- ABOU HASSAN**, an allusion to *The Arabian Nights*, 'The Sleeper Awakened'
- ADRACADABRA**, a cabalistic word used as a charm
- ABUNE**, above
- AE**, one
- ÆQUAM SERVARE MENTEM**, to preserve equanimity
- AGAIN E'EN**, by or towards evening
- AGÉ**, to act as may be necessary and legal, a Scottish law term
- AGGER**, a mound, rampart
- AGRICOLA DICAVIT**, etc. (p. 30), *Agricola* dedicated [this] willingly, heartily
- AIBLINS**, perhaps
- AIR**, oak
- AIRN**, iron
- AITMEAL**, oatmeal
- ALEXANDRIA AFFAIR**, in all probability the battle is meant in which Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, or the evacuation of Alexandria by the French immediately afterwards, though the date (1801) does not quite agree
- ALIUNDE**, from some other authority, quarter
- ALLE GUTEN GEISTER(N)**, etc. (p. 196), all ye good spirits, praise the Lord
- ALLERBESTMOST**, a mongrel English-German compound word, meaning 'the very, very best'
- ALMANZOR**, a character in Dryden's tragedy, *Conquest of Granada*
- ANALECTA**, excerpts, scraps, selections
- AN ANES OUR WAMES ARE FU'**, if once our bellies are filled
- ANE ON TUESDAY WAS A WEEK**, one on Tuesday week
- ANES, ANCE**, once
- ARCA AURI**, chest of gold
- ABOUT THEE**, get thee gone
- ARTEM HABENT SINE ARTE**, etc. (p. 110), they have an art of their own, and a part where right they have none, their element is lying, and beggary their vocation
- ATWEEL**, well
- AUGHT, own; WHA'S AUGHT YE?** whose are you?
- AULAM AURI PLENAM QUADRILIBREM**, a four-pound-weight jar full of gold
- AULD-FARRANT**, sagacious
- AULULARIA**, one of the plays of Plautus
- AUREUM QUIDEM OPUS**, a work of great value
- AUTOMEDON**, the charioteer of Achilles, a coachman
- AWMOUS**, alms
- AYE OUT-TAKEN**, always excepting
- AZOGH, LATO, ZERNICH**, etc., alchemical terms, quoted from Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, Act ii. Sc. 1
- BAARENHAUTER**, or **BÄRENHÄUTER**, a nickname for a German mercenary soldier
- BACHA, or BACA**, an allusion of Psalm lxxxiv. 6
- BACK-SEX**, sirloin
- BAIN, BANE**, bone
- BAN**, curse
- BANNOCK-FLUKE**, turbot
- BARN-BREAKING**, larking, playing tricks
- BARTHOLINUS, THOMAS**, author of *Antiquitates Danicæ* (1689)
- BASILIVS (-VALENTINE)**, a celebrated Saxon alchemist of the 15th (or later) century, who believed that he had found a universal panacea in antimony
- BASSE-COUR**, poultry-yard
- BAUDRONS**, a pet word for a cat
- BEDRAL**, sexton
- BEIN**, comfortable
- BELXE**, directly, immediately
- BEN**, in, within
- BICKER**, a wooden bowl or dish
- BIELD**, shelter
- BIG**, to build
- BIGGING, BIGGIN'**, building
- BINK**, wall plate-rack
- BIRSE**, bristle, temper
- BIRTH**, an obsolete form of *berth*, a situation, office, post
- BLACK-NEE**, one suspected of sympathising with the French Revolutionists
- BLINK**, a moment, short space of time
- BONE**, offer, bid
- BODLE**, copper coin = $\frac{1}{2}$ d of English halfpenny
- BOGLE**, bogie, scarecrow
- BOLE**, window aperture
- BONNET-LAIRD**, a petty proprietor, who had the same dress and the same habits as a yeoman
- BONNIE WAWLIES**, gewgaws
- BOURD**, jest
- BOURCK**, small heap of stones

BOUSE, haul with tackle
BOWK, bulk
BRANKING, prancing
BRAW, brave; BRAWLY, excellently well; BRAWS, fine clothes

BROCK, badger
BRUNT, burnt

BUCK OF THE CABRACH, a mountain near the western boundary of Aberdeenshire
BURROWSTOWN, or BORROWS-TOWN, belonging to a borough

BUSK THE LAIRD'S FLEES, dress the squire's flies (for fishing)

BUTTER IN THE BLACK DOG'S HAUSE (throat), something irrecoverable

BUZZ WIG, a large bushy wig
BY, besides; EYE, beyond

CAIUS CALIGULA, etc. (p. 30), Caius Caligula built this lighthouse

CALLANT, lad

CALLER, fresh

CANKERED, crabbed, in ill-temper with

CANNY, cautious, quiet, sensible

CANTON, a division of a shield in heraldry

CANTRIP, frolic, trick

CAPTION, arrest by judicial process

CAR-CAKE, small cake eaten on Shrove Tuesday

CARUFFLE, or CURUFFLE, excitement, agitation

CARLE, fellow

CARLIN, CARLINE, witch, old woman

CARTS, cards

CARVY-SEED, caraway seed

CAST, lot, fate

CASTRA ESTIVA, summer camp

CASTRAMETATION, the art of laying out a camp

CASTRA STATIVA, permanent camp

CA'-THRO', an ado

CAUSA SCIENTIE PATET, the reason is sufficiently obvious

CAUSEY, causeway

CHAFFRON, war-horse's head-piece

CHAMONT, a character in Otway's *Orphan*

CHANCEY, lucky, favoured by good fortune

CHIEL, CHIELD, fellow

CITO PERITURA, soon to go to ruin

CLAES, CLAITH, clothes

CLARTIER, dirtier

CLASHES, gossip, scandal

CLEEDS, clothes

CLEUGH, rugged precipice

CLINKIT DOWN, sit down energetically, forcibly

CLIPPING-TIME, the nick of time

CLOD, to dash, hurl

CLOGDOGDO, a nonsense word for a woman. See Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act iv. Sc. 1

CLOUTED SHOES, shoes the soles of which were protected with large nails

COBLE, a small boat

COCK-PADLE, lump-fish

COEMPTOS UNDIQUE, etc. (p. 352), barter your hoard of books for Spanish arms

COLLOPS, minced meat

COLOPHON, in old books, the inscription on the last page, giving place and date of publication

COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND, a verse broadside, of date 1547, relating to the murder of Darnley

COMPLETE SYREN, a collection of songs, published at London in 1739

CONCURRENT, an assistant to a sheriff's officer

COPPER OTHO, a coin so rare that its authenticity has been doubted. Otho, emperor of Rome, reigned only three months

CORBIE, crow, raven

CORDERY. Maturin Corderius, teacher of Calvin, and author of a book of Latin dialogues (*Colloquiorum Centuria Selecta*, edited by John Clarke), formerly much used in schools

CORONACH, the Highland lament for the dead

COUPRT, upset, overturned

COVES, caves, mining-pits

CRACK, gossip, chat

CRAIG, a crag; the neck or throat

CRAIGSMAN, a fowler or cragsman

CRAPPIT-HEADS, haddocks' heads stuffed with oatmeal, suet, onions, and pepper

CREEESH, to grease

CROUSELY, with confidence, boldly

CRUPPEN, crept

CUM DECIMIS INCLUSIS, etc. (p. 169), with tithes included, compounded as

well as collected, and not yet allocated

CUMMER, gossip, neighbour
CUM TOTO CORPORE REGNI, with the whole strength of the kingdom
CUTIKINS, leggings, gaiters

DAMMER AND SINKER, a miner

DAUNDER, DANDER, saunter, roam

DEIL GAED O'ER JOCK WABSTER, everything went to the mischief

DESIPERE IN LOCO, to jest in season

DEVVEL, stunning blow

DIE, toy

DING, force, beat, overcome

DIRGE, or DIRGIE, dirge-ale or soul-ale, consumed at a funeral

Div, do

DOITED, confused, stupid

DONNARD, grossly stupid, stolid

DOOMS, confoundedly

DOUKING, ducking, plunging into water; bathing

DOUP, end, bottom

DOUR, stubborn, obstinate

DOW, be able; DOWNA BIDE, cannot bear

DOW-COT, dove-cote

DREEING A SAIR WEIRD, enduring a sore misfortune

DROUKIT, drenched

DREDGING-BOX, DREDGING-BOX, flour-box

DUMOSA PENDERE PROCUL DE RUPE, hang far over the bushy crag

DUNSE, i. e. Duns Scotus, the theologian and schoolman

DWAM, swoon

EARDED, or ERDED, buried

EASELWARD, eastward

EEN, eyes; EE, eye

EFFER, belong to, become

FIL'ING, fuel

EITHLY, easily

ESPIÈGLERIE, arch humour

ET SE JACTU, etc. (p. 353), and flung herself into the deep sea

EWKING, itching

EXIES, hysterics

EXPEDITUS, RELICTUS IMPEDIMENTIS, speedily, without encumbrance

FA'ARD, favoured; WEEL-FA'ARD, well-favoured, good-looking

FAE, who

FAIRPORT, this is supposed to be Arbroath in Forfarshire

- FAIR-STEAD DEATH**, natural death in peace and quietness
- FAN**, when
- FASH**, trouble; fashious, troublesome
- FAVETE LINGUIS**, be silent
- FEAL-DIKE**, turf dike or wall
- FECK**, quantity, part
- FECKLESS**, feeble, spiritless
- FEE AND DOUNTITH**, wages, perquisites included
- FEEL**, fool
- FENDING**, provisions
- FERT NATURE**, wild animals, game
- FIRUAN**, landholder paying ground-rent to a superior
- FICKLE**, puzzle
- FIFTEEN, THIR**, the supreme law-court of Scotland, presided over by fifteen judges
- FIRE-FLAUGHT**, flash of fire, lightning
- FISCHER, J. C.**, a celebrated oboist, played at the Vauxhall concerts in London from 1768, and in the Queen's band
- FISSIL**, rustle (like a mouse)
- FIT**, foot
- FLAUGHTER**, flicker
- FLAUGHTER-SPADE**, turf-spade
- FLAW**, a blast of wind
- FLEE**, a fly
- FLIGHTERING**, quivering, flitting
- FLISKMAHOY**, a flirt, giddy girl
- FLYING**, scolding, badgering
- FORNYE**, besides
- FOREBEAR**, ancestor
- FORFAIRN**, destitute, worn out
- FORNABINA**, a baker's wife
- FOUNDER**, stun
- FRAGILEM MECUM**, etc. (p. 346), to unmoor with me the fragile boat
- FRIAR'S CHICKEN**, chicken broth, with eggs beaten up and dropped into it
- FRONDE SUPER VIRIDI**, under the green leaves
- FUGIE WARRANT**, warrant to prevent flight
- FUST, or FAUST, JOHANN**, an associate of Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of printing; he is sometimes confounded with Dr. Faust, the hero of the well-known legend
- GABERLUNZIE, or BLUE-GOWN**, a beggar carrying a wallet, see p. ix
- GAE-DOWN**, drinking bout
- GAIT, or GATE**, way, manner, direction
- GAR**, make, force
- GAUDÉ-DAY**, festive day
- GAWRIE**. See **PETER WILKINS** below
- GEAR**, property
- GECK**, mock, gibe, taunt
- GELT**, money
- GENS HUMIDA FONTI**, moist race of the sea, fish, etc.
- GEY**, considerably, pretty
- GIR**, start backward
- GIE OUR AIN FISH-GUTS TO OUR AIN SEA-MAWS**, keep our own good things for our own people
- GILL-STOUR**, a flagon
- GIN**, if
- GLEG**, sharp, quick, keen
- GLIFF**, fright
- GLOWER**, gaze, stare
- GLUM**. See **PETER WILKINS** below
- GLUM AND GLUNCH**, sulky and sour-looking
- GOOD-NATTERED MAN**, a play by Goldsmith
- GOUSTY, GOUSTIE**, ghostly, vacant and dreary
- GOWE**, fool
- GRANE**, groan
- GREET**, cry, weep
- GREYBEARD**, an old-fashioned stoneware Flemish liquor-jar
- GUDEMITHER**, mother-in-law
- GUDESIRE**, grandfather
- GUDEWIFE**, wife
- GUEBRES**, the ancient fire-worshippers or Zoroastrians of Persia, the modern Parsis of Bombay
- GUFFA**, guffaw; **THE SKIRL AT THE TAIL O' THE GUFFA**, a wild scream following close upon a loud laugh
- GULLY**, large knife
- GY**, a guide rope
- GYRE-CARLIN**, ogre, hobgoblin
- GYTE**, beside oneself, delirious
- HADDIE**, haddock
- HÆC DATA**, etc. (p. 141), this is the penalty for length of days
- HAET**, the smallest thing conceivable
- HAGGIS**, a Scotch pudding, consisting of minced meat, with oatmeal, beef-suet, onions, etc., boiled in a skin bag
- HALL AND FERE**, vigorous and well
- HALF-MERK (or clandestine) MARRIAGE**, probably so called from the price of the ceremony
- HALLAN**, cottage partition
- HALLENSHAKER, or HALLAN-SHAKER**, sturdy beggar, a shabbily-dressed fellow
- HALSE, HAUSE**, the throat
- HANG-CHOICE**, the position of one who has to choose between two evils
- HANK (A) OVER**, advantage, ground for teasing
- HANTLE**, a good deal;
- HANTLE SILLER**, a good sum of money
- HARNS**, brains
- HARRAGON**, the miser in Molière's *L'Avare*
- HAUD ALIENUM A SCÆVOLÆ STUDIIS**, not foreign to the pursuits of Scævola (a lawyer)
- HAUSE, HALSE**, the throat
- HAVERED**, talked nonsense, jargon, at random
- HAWTHORNSEN**, the seat of the poet Drummond, about 8 miles south of Edinburgh
- HEILIGKEIT**, holiness
- HELLICATE**, giddy
- HERD**, man in charge of the cattle on a Scotch farm
- HEDGH**, a crag
- HETESBURY, WILLIAM**, an Oxford logician of the 14th century
- HINNEY**, honey, an affectionate form of address
- HIREN**, a female swaggerer in Peele's *The Turkish Mahomet*. See also *Henry IV.*, Part II. Act ii. Sc. 4
- HIRLE**, hobble
- HOAST**, cough
- HOC ERAT IN VOTIS**, this is how your wishes run
- HOLLIN, or HOLYN**, holly
- HOODECRAW**, hooded crow
- HOOLY**, softly, slowly
- HORNING**, charge of, the royal letter calling upon a debtor to pay his debt under pain of being declared a rebel. See *Imprisonment for Debt in Scotland* (pp. 355, 418)
- HORS DE PROPOS**, ill-timed, unseasonable
- HOUDIE**, midwife
- HOUE, or HOWK**, dig
- HOWLIT**, owl
- HURLING**, rushing, whirling (of water)
- ILLE CALEDONIIS**, etc. (p. 30), he who pitched his camp among Caledonian snows
- ILLUMINÉ**, a member of the Illuminati, a society

founded at Ingoldstadt in Bavaria in 1776 for the promotion of rational enlightenment, and the combating of ignorance and the tyranny of the Jesuits
INOLE, the fire, fireplace
IN-OWER AND OUT-OWER, within and without
IN PETTO, in reserve, readiness for

JALOUSSED, suspected
JIMP, scarcely
JOE MANTON, a London gunsmith, died in 1835, aged 69, who improved the flint-lock and other sporting-guns
JOHN THOMSON'S WALLET, equivalent to 'anybody's' wallet
JOWING, rolling

KAIL-BLADE, leaf of colewort or cabbage

KAIM, camp, hillock

KALE-SUPPER O' FREE, a term applied to Fifeshire people, who were great consumers of 'kale' or broth

KAME, comb

KEELYVINE, black-lead pencil
KEEP ON THIS SIDE. The real words on a stone found in Northumberland, which, on being sent to a learned society, was variously interpreted by its members as being an abbreviated Latin inscription. See *Town and Country Magazine*, 1771, p. 595

KEMP, strive

KILT, to tuck up

KIMMER, neighbour or gossip
KING'S KEYS, the crowbars and hammers used to force doors and locks, in execution of the king's warrant
KIPPAGE, fluster, rage

KIRCHER, ATHANASIUS, a German philosopher and antiquary of the 17th century

KIST, chest

KITTLE, ticklish

LAIGH, low, low-lying

LAITH, loth, unwilling

LANDLOUPER, adventurer

LANDWARD TOWN, country house or farm with adjoining cottages

LAPPER MILK, soured, curdled milk

LATO. See *Azoch*

LAUGH, law

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI, one who praises the 'good old times'

LAVE, remainder

LEASING, lies, falsehood

LEAKING-MAKING, high treason

LEZE-MAJESTY, treason

LIBERTY BOYS, a body of Irish volunteers levied originally on the Earl of Meath's 'liberties'. It embraced (1784) many Roman Catholics of the lowest class, and became a democratic society

LIFT, the sky, firmament

LILT, a cheerful tune; to sing or hum such

LIMMER, a jade, scoundrel

LOANING, lane, meadow

LOON, or **LOUNE**, utensil, vessel

LOON, a fellow, low person

LOUND, tranquil, calm

LOUNDER, heavy stroke

LOVEL our dog, formerly a common name for a dog. Wm. Collingborne was executed in the reign of Richard III. (in 1484) for writing the couplet—

The rat, the cat, and Lovel our dog
 Rule a' England under the hog—

the rat being Ratcliffe, the cat Gatesby, Lovel Lord Lovel, and the hog of course Richard the king

LUCKIE, a title given to old ladies, landladies of inns, nurses, etc.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO, a grove (is so named) from its not giving light. Generally used to denote any self-contradictory etymology

LUNGIE, guillemot bird

LYKE-WAKE, a watch over the dead, a wake

MAEN, or **MENE**, to complain, utter lamentations

MAGISTERIUM, the authoritative doctrines of magic

MAHOUND or **TERMAGANT**, names of opprobrium, applied in the mediæval mystery-plays to Mohammed, who was represented as a devil

MAILING, a rented farm

MAIR PURPOSE-FA'ARD, more becoming

MANSE, the parsonage

MANTY-MAKER, dressmaker

MARMOR, or **MAORMOR**, a

royal steward appointed formerly in Scotland to govern a province; an earl
MARSTHORE, or **MARSTHORA**, an ancient name for a dungeon, derived from the Moorish language, perhaps as far back as the time of the Crusades

MASTER O' MORPHIE, presumably Robert Graham of Morphie in Kincardineshire, a gentleman of extravagant habits and member of a family noted for their love of good horses

MATERN, talk incoherently, ramble

MEAN, mare

MEIN HIMMEL, Heaven!

MEO ARITHMO, in my judgment

MEEK, Scotch silver coin, value 1s. 1½d.

MIDDER, dunghill

MIRR, a fit of pettish temper

MISSE, mother

MIRK, dark

MISCA, abuse

MONITORIUS ASTER, churlish to notice

MORRION, a crab-louse

MOUL, moulds, a rod

MOUST, or **MUST**, to powder the hair

MUCKLE, much, large

MUNTS HIS NEAR, mounts his mare

MUTCHKIN, a liquid measure equal to an English pint

NAIN, own

NAPIER'S BONES, small rods of bone used in calculations, invented by Napier of Merchiston

NEBULO NEBULONUM, anarrant rascal

NEC LEX JUSTITIÆ ULLA, nor could any law be more just

NE'ER-EE-LICKIT, not a vestige, not a scrap

NEIST, next

NIFFER, barter, higgler

NOBILIS EQUUS UMBRA, etc. (p. 367), the shadow of the switch is enough for a good horse, but the spur can't make a bad one go

ODER, or

ODI ACCIPITREM, etc. (p. 392), I hate the sparrow-hawk that always has its feathers plumed for fight

OE, grandson

OMNE CUM PROTEUS, etc. (p. 350), when Proteus drove

- ALL HIS BACK TO SHOW THE
 HIGH MOUNTAINS
 ORNAMENTED, RICHES, etc.
 (p. 55), that loss of mental
 power, worse than all
 bodily decay, which de-
 prives us of the recollection
 of our very existence
 named the features of last
 night's guests, or even our
 children and nurseries
 ORNITHOLOGY, Dr. a scholar of
 the Rev. Josiah Carroll
 type, in Frances Burney's
 novel *Clarelle*
 OWAL, old; OWAL TIME, on
 occasion
 OZZY, abroad, some dis-
 tance away
 OWEN HEAD, each, per head
 OYERLOOK, to overlook, not
 to heed
 OZZEL, a blackbird
 PANCHRETA, a sort of cure-
 all, panacea
 PARATY, orientations dis-
 play
 PAR SOCIETY FRATERN, a noble
 pair of brothers
 PARTAS, crab
 PATERE, shallow saucer-like
 vessels of the ancient Ro-
 mans
 PERRY, dog-top
 PELUSO DE TARANTA, presum-
 ably Filippo Pelazio, an
 Italian medical writer of
 the 18th century
 PENTACLE, a geometrical fig-
 ure used in magical incan-
 tations
 PENTAPOLIN, an allusion to
Don Quixote
 PERIAPT, a charm, amulet
 PETER WILKINS, the hero of
 a fictitious book of travel
 by R. Pultock, published
 in 1750. Glum and Gawrie
 were races of flying crea-
 tures met with by Wilkins
 PETHIE, ADAM, wrote *Rules*
of Good Deportment or of
Good Breeding, Edin-
 burgh, 1720
 PETRUS THYRAEUS, author of
Loca Infesta (1598), a work
 on localities haunted by
 demons and spirits of the
 departed, and similar
 books
 PICKLE, a very little, small
 quantity, few
 PICTARNE, great tern or sea-
 swallow
 PINNERS, lappets of a
 woman's cap
 PIEN, reel
 PLACEBO, make-peace
 PLAINTANA, payment
 PLEURE, truck
 PLEUR, an instrument for
 powdering a wig
 PLEURER, permanent
 PLEUR, to detain
 PLEUR, truck, box, sack
 POLYCHRETA, a sort of cure-
 all, panacea
 POTALE, trickle, gurgles
 POUT, a secret hoard
 POUT SCOTS, worth 1s. 8d.
 POUTER, a mass of in-
 cellaneous fields
 POTTING, putting, shooting
 partridges or grouse
 POW, head
 PRINT BOOK, printed book
 PRINCE, gift
 PUNAR, a lug
 PUND SCOTS, worth one-
 twelfth of an English
 pound
 QUAM PRIMUM, as soon as
 possible
 QUI AMELAT, etc. (p. 55),
 he who walks in darkness
 knows not whither he is
 going
 QUID NON PRO PATRIA? what
 will you not do for your
 country?
 RAGMAN ROLL, list of Scots
 nobles, gentry, clergy, and
 burghesses who swore fealty
 to Edward I. in 1296
 RAMILLES, a wig with a long,
 tapering tail, a large bow
 at top and a small one at
 bottom
 RANDE, a scold
 RARI, ET RARIORES, ETIAM
 RARISSIMI! rare, rarer, yet
 most rare!
 RARO ANTECEDENTEM, etc.
 (p. 410), punishment has
 seldom failed to overtake
 crime
 RATH, early, sudden
 RATTON, rat
 REIST, to refuse to go for-
 ward
 REI SUAE PRODIGUS, lavish of
 his means
 REMIGIUS, NICOLAUS, Nich-
 olas of Remy, author of
Demonolatricæ (1595),
 treating of wizards and
 witches
 REMORA, delay
 RERUM COGNOSCERE CAUSAS,
 to know the causes of
 things
 RICKLE, heap
 ROTURIER, a commoner
 ROUGHIES, links or torches,
 made of dry twigs or sticks
 ROST, rust
 ROUTH, plenty
 ROW, to roll
 RUDAS, stubborn, masculine
 RUGGING AND RIVING, or RY-
 ING, robbing and plunder-
 ing
 SACKLESS, innocent
 SAIN, to bless
 SAINT JAMES'S FAIR, at
 Kelso, held on 5th August,
 was one of the most im-
 portant of those formerly
 important gatherings in
 the south of Scotland
 SAPIENS DOMINABITUR ASTRIS,
 a wise man will rule the
 stars
 SAULIES, hired mourners,
 mutes
 SAXON HORN at York. See
Frankoe, Dedictory
 Epistle
 SCAVE, crag or bluff; scarce,
 cause of alarm
 SCHRÖFFER or SCHREFFEN,
 J. G., a Leipzig innkeeper
 who made himself notori-
 ous throughout Saxony as
 an exorciser of spirits
 SCONNER, or SCUNNER, loath-
 ing, abhorrence, disgust
 SCOT AND LOT, parish taxes
 SCULL, shallow basket for
 fish
 SEANNACHIE, Highland bard
 or genealogist
 SECERE PAULISPER, retire a
 little
 SED PEREUNTI, etc. (p. 382),
 but he who is passing away
 sees a thousand shapes
 SHANKIT AFF, hurried away
 SHATHMONT, a measure of six
 inches
 SHAW, wood
 SHEUGH, ditch, furrow
 SHIRRA, sheriff
 SHULE, shovel
 SIR, related by blood
 SIC, SICCAN, such
 SIDE AND WIDE, long and wide
 SIGIL, an occult sign or mark
 in magic
 SIGNATUM ATQUE SIGILLATUM,
 signed and sealed
 SI INSANORUM VISIT, etc. (p.
 117), if we should not put
 faith in madmen's visions,
 I know not why we should
 credit those of dreamers,
 which are much more dis-
 ordered
 SIMMER AND WINTER, to
 ponder over, spend much
 time in forming a plan
 SINE MORA, without delay

- SINGLE SOLDIER, a private soldier
 SINSYNE, since
 SIST, a warrant to stay legal proceedings
 SISTER MARGARET. The book alluded to is *The History of the Proceedings in the Case of Margaret, commonly called Peg, only lawful Sister to John Bull, Esq.* (1761), attributed to Dr. Adam Ferguson
 SKART, cormorant
 SKEEL, skill, experience; SKEELY, skilful
 SKIRL, scream
 SKREIGH, a shrill cry; to shriek, scream
 SLAISTER, to bedaub, make a mess of
 SLINK, a cheat, deceiver
 SNEESHIN, snuff; SNEESHIN-MULL, snuff-box
 SNEEL AND DURE, severe and stubborn
 SNOOD, fillet for binding up the hair
 SOMEDELE, somewhat, something
 SONSX, plump, jolly
 SOUGH, whisper, vague rumour; to murmur, mumble
 SOUTER, shoemaker
 SOWDER, solder
 SOWNDER, or SOUNDER, a boar of two years old
 SPEEL, or SPELE, climb
 SPEERINGS, tidings
 SPOLIA OPIMA, arms taken from a defeated and slain enemy
 SPONTOON, a half-pike formerly carried by officers of infantry
 STADTHAUS, town-house, town-hall
 STANG, a long pole
 STEEK, shut
 STEER, to touch, meddle with; disturb
 STEERY, bustle, tumult
 STEEVER, firmer
 STING AND LING, entirely, wholly
 STIRRA, sturdy, active boy; a corruption of sirrah
 STOUT, flagon, pitcher, mug
 STOUTH AND ROUTH, plenty, abundance
 STRAKE, struck
 STREEK, stretch, lay out for burial
 STUDE, stood, withstood
 SUAVE EST MARI MAGNO, 'tis pleasant on the great sea
 SUPFLAMINA, stay a little
 SUNT QUOS CURRICULO, etc. (p. 333), there are some who rejoice in having stirred up the Olympic dust (in the games) with their racing chariot
 SUPERSEDERE, equivalent to Sist, above
 SUS. PER FUNEM THAN SUS. PER COLL., rather hanging by the rope than hung by the neck
 SUSPICIONE MAJOR, above suspicion
 SWEER, unwilling
 SWITHER, confusion, perplexity
 TAE, the one
 TALE-PYET, tell-tale
 TAMMIE NORIE, a puffin
 TANQUAM PARTICIPES CRIMINIS REBELLIONIS, virtually participants in rebellion
 TANQUAM SUSPECT, under suspicion
 TAWPIE, awkward slovenly girl
 TEINDS, tithes
 TENT, care
 TENUES SECESSIT IN AURAS . . . MANSIT ODOR, vanished into thin air . . . the odour remained
 TERES ATQUE ROTUNDUS, the comfortable-looking man
 THACK (thatch) AND RAPE (rope), a thorough covering
 THREEP, persist, insist
 THROUGH-STANE, or THRUCH-STANE, a flat gravestone
 THUMB, tell, prose over
 TILL, a stiff clay
 TINTAMARRE, an uproar, confused noise
 TIRL, to uncover; TIRL'D AT THE DOORPIN, twirled the latch
 TIRLIE-WIRLIE, twisting about, intricate
 TITTVILLITIUM, small trifle
 TOCHER, dowry; WHEEL-TOCHERED, having a large dowry, well provided for
 TOP, a bush; a fox
 TOLEBOOTH, prison, house of detention
 TOOM, empty
 TOPIARIAN, relating to landscape gardening. Ars TOPIARIA, the art of clipping yew hedges into fantastic figures
 TOUZLE OUT, to search out, turn out confusedly
 TOW, a rope
 TRIG, neat, trim, shipshape
 TRIMMER, vixen
 TROCK, traffic
 TURNPIKE STAIR, a spiral or winding staircase
 TWAL, twelve
 UGSOME, noisome, exciting abomination
 ULTRA CREFIDAM, meddling in others' business
 ULYTE, oil
 UNBRIZZED, unbruised
 UNCO, uncommonly
 VILE SABINUM, poor Sabine wine
 VIVERS, victuals, sustenance
 VOIE DE FAIT, assault, main force
 VOLE, at cards winning all the tricks of a hand
 VOX SIGNATA, correct term
 WALE, the pick, choice
 WALLACE'S STRAITS, strokes as powerful as Sir William Wallace's
 WAME, belly; WAME O' A WAVE, trough of a wave
 WAMTISH, to throw about
 WANLE, strong, active
 WARE, to spend
 WARP, four, the unit of sale applied to oys ers
 WASSIA QUASSIA, a poor thin liquid, drunk by the peasantry
 WAUR, worse; WAURED, worsted
 WEAN, child
 WEARY, vexatious, troublesome
 WEIZE, guide, incline
 WHA'S AUGHT YE? whose are you?
 WHATEN A GATE? WHATNA GATE? what way? what sort of a way?
 WHEEN, a few
 WHITE WITCH, a wizard or witch benevolently disposed
 WHOMLE, or WHUMMIL, turn over
 WILYARD, wayward, unmanageable
 WIND A FIRN, work mischief
 WIN OUT, get out; WIN THROUGH, get through
 WORRECCOW, hobgoblin
 WUSSING, wishing
 YAUULD, active
 YEEL, earl
 YESTREEN, yesternight
 YOWE, ewe
 ZERNICH. See Azoch

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